

malicious influence, that, instead of enjoying what they already possess, people are continually striving after more, though experience proves that more to be only an additional cypher—a null whose value is altogether arbitrary and imaginary, contributing nothing to their satisfaction, perhaps leaving them all the poorer, the gain being but nominal, while the disappointment it brings with it is too real. Nevertheless, there is something to be said also on the contrary side unless we would altogether deny the existence of those pleasures of the imagination which arise from contemplating the figure we make in other people's eyes, or what amounts to the same thing, the figure we fancy that we there make. Unsparingly abused, as it is, by moralists, even poor human vanity does some good in the world, as well as no little mischief; for if it prompts some to indiscretion and folly, it also excites some to noble exertions, whose ultimate reward comes merely in the intangible shape of public opinion. Indeed, a little vanity of that species, at least, which constitutes the last infirmity of noble minds, is a very necessary ingredient in a sound moral constitution. If we altogether abstract what others feel, what others think, our enjoyments become very contracted, and we place ourselves in the condition of Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island—happy mortal that he was, if happiness entirely depends upon being perfectly independent of other people's eyes. We, however who do not live in desert islands, cannot claim Robinson's privilege, but must pay regard—that is, a due regard, to appearances. True, exclaims some reader, yet how are we to interpret that qualifying epithet 'due?' for though so much depends upon it, it is so pliable and elastic in meaning, that it has no fixed meaning at all. Such is, we own, the fact there every one must be left to take advice of Messrs Commonsense and Discretion, as regards his own particular case; and if that be followed, the *due* medium will be observed.

If error there be at all, it will be safer on the side of too little than of too much; a caution many would do well to attend to, because mistakes of the latter kind are most prevalent and most ruinous. It is a very bad symptom when people begin to talk of what they can contrive to afford and make excuses to themselves for running into unnecessary expenses, upon the delusive plea that it is only so and so much, the only being perhaps about half the ultimate expense incurred. Such *onlys*, moreover, seldom come alone, but succeed each other, if not in troops, yet in long procession, like that of the royal visions in Macbeth; for if they be once admitted, to *visionary* wants there is no end. Hence nothing more common than for people to get into a 'false position,' a quagmire from which they cannot always extricate themselves before it is too late, and all in consequence of their determination to outlive their acquaintance, *coute que coute*. There is a certain kind of pleasure—less gross, doubtless, than those of eating and drinking—in being the object of envy to one's 'friends.' Still this pleasure is attended with many drawbacks upon it, not the least of these being, that the envious are, from their peculiar sensitiveness, very liable to become envious in turn, when their mortification is in proportion to their previous triumph. Those who attach so much importance to the opinion of the world as to be unable to dispense with its favour, are placed at the world's mercy. Their vanity renders them constantly beggars for admiration; and if that be withheld, what should contribute to enjoyment becomes only a source of chagrin and vexation, though the one may be masked in smiles, and the other should put on an air of gaiety.

After the philosopher, it is only the very proud man, or the very humble man, who is independent of other people's opinion; the one because he sets no value upon its outward distinction, the other because he has no idea of aspiring to it; whereas the mass of mankind are so dependent upon it, that they enjoy life only in proportion as they obtain credit for doing so from their neighbours. Such, at least, is by far too commonly the case, especially among the class who, being already in possession of all the reasonable comforts of life, have no other object of pursuit than its vanities, and who frequently sacrifice the substance of happiness to the mere shadow, toiling incessantly, and with far more painful thought and anxiety, than do those who labour for their daily bread. Of such persons, the chief happiness consists in being thought happy: neither will that content them, for they must also be thought happier than every one else moving in the same sphere. Strange to those who are at perfect liberty to please themselves, and to consult only their own tastes, are precisely the persons who most anxiously consult the tastes of others, and who suffer themselves to be domineered over and controlled by the opinion of the world. Even those who pique themselves upon being above prejudices, are not unfrequently the dupes, as well as the slaves, of the 'vulgar prejudices' and the fanciful superstitions of fashion.

Nevertheless, in this as well as in many other cases, so much may be said on both sides, that it becomes, upon the whole, doubtful whether the deference so universally paid to other people's opinions, and to other people's eyes, is attended with more evil or of good to society. It is all very well for poets to rail at all pomp save that of nature; all other luxuries except the luxury of *vagabondising* in groves and through wilds; or for moralists to rail at vanity, its extravagances, and its vagaries. Moralists are not manufacturers, and therefore do not choose to see that it is the very vanity they so much abuse which helps to support our manufacturers and our commerce,

which imparts vigour to trade, and affords patronage to art. Cure the world of its fondness for idle gauds; top off from the list of human wants those innumerable superfluities which constitute the most craving wants of those who 'want for nothing,' and what would be the result?—a more complete stagnation of trade than was ever caused by a general mourning. Within six months, there would be a 'live long' holiday for half the shops in London, and half the trades now carried on in it would be all but completely annihilated. Tailors and dressmakers, milliners and jewellers, might exclaim with the Moor, 'Our occupation's gone!' since, were it not for the respect we pay to other people's eyes, there would be a final farewell to all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious dress;' a blanket would serve just as well as the costliest cashmere shawl. Nor would the strange revolution be confined to matters of dress and personal appearance alone, but would extend itself to everything now intended to gratify the sight, or to be imposing in the eyes of our neighbors. Deny it who will, it is for their eyes rather than our own that we furnish our houses 'in style,' and fill our rooms with a thousand nicknackeries, not only useless in themselves, but which afford but little other gratification than what is borrowed from the idea of the admiration or the envy they may excite in others. If there be any one thing in which the indulgence of our own eyes would be ample enjoyment in itself, apart from all extrinsic considerations, it would assuredly be painting. Yet who would buy pictures if his satisfaction was to be limited by the mere pleasure of looking at them by himself? It is the pleasure of possessing, not that of looking at such things, which secures purchasers for them, and that not only among those who can really appreciate and enjoy them as works of art, but those also to whom they are in themselves objects of indifference, and valuable only on account of the sort of distinction they confer; so true is Pope's admirable couplet.

'Abstract what others feel, what others think, All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink.'

Lord Chesterfield, therefore, displayed more of malice than of his usual wordly sagacity, when he said of a nobleman who had built a very handsome front to his mansion, that he should go and live just opposite, in order that he might have the satisfaction of constantly seeing it. Pity that it did not occur also to Chesterfield, that were he to have ridden on horseback beside his own carriage, he himself also might have enjoyed the sight of arduous bearing of its panels.

Truly, were it not for the sake of other people's eyes, there would be very small encouragement to any of those arts which minister to more than our necessities, and both multiply and refine the *necessaries* of civilised life. Neither is the magic influence of those eyes altogether unproductive of good in regard to other matters than those above alluded to. On the contrary, it is quite wonderful to observe what a sudden and exceedingly happy change for the better they frequently produce in regard to temper and disposition. Two persons—we leave to the reader to decide if married—who have been either sulking or snapping at each other so long as there were only four eyes in the room, will at once become as mild as lambs, or as affectionate as two doves, should even but a single other pair of eyes intrude upon them. Whether they be otherwise particularly agreeable or not, *society* is certainly composed of most amiable, good-tempered, and obliging people—satisfied with themselves, and well-disposed to be delighted with everybody and everything around them. So long as the spell lasts, a whole party are transformed into the pleasantest persons in the world; and in what consists this wonder-working spell, except in other people's eyes? unless we attribute some portion of it, as indeed we ought, to other people's ears; for the metamorphose extends to words and voice as well as looks, and if many a vinegar face is thus, for a while, converted into one of honey, so too do the war-trumpet tones of many a voice subside to the soft and quiet breathings of a flute. It is a thousand pities that the happy change thus effected should be of such brief duration; that the amiability so skilfully paraded, should, in many cases be only a masquerade character sustained for the evening; and that, on returning home, many should throw off their captivating masquerade dress, and put on their old clothes, by resuming their old habits. The dishabille of dress is one of the privileges of home, but the dishabille of disposition and behaviour, of voice, looks, and temper, is so far from being a privilege, that it constitutes its misery, and deprives it of all its charms. It is precisely when they are at home, and with no other society than their own family, that persons ought to keep their tempers and dispositions in *full dress*, and to be most of all upon their guard, all external check upon their conduct being removed. Happy, indeed, would it be for us all, even the wisest and best of us, if we could uniformly be as perfect as we strive to appear in other people's eyes.

From the North of Scotland Gazette.
SAFETY FROM LIGHTNING.

People and cattle in an open level part of the country are very liable to be struck down, injured, or killed, during thunder storms. A few simple precautions may be the means of saving lives. A person leading an animal with a metal chain, no part of which is touching the ground, is in the most dangerous circumstances. If one be struck, the other will rarely, perhaps never, escape. This was exemplified, near the Bridge of Dee,

in the case of an old woman and her cow, some year or two ago. If part of the chain, the more the better, be touching the ground, both person and animal may be struck and escape injury. The chain being the better conductor, the discharge would pass through the metal to the earth. In such circumstances the best arrangement, when danger is apprehended, would be to pass the chain over the head of the person and the back of the animal, and drive the iron pin at the end into the ground. A person leading an animal with a rope is tolerably safe, especially if the animal be large and horned and the rope quite dry. The chances of safety to the person would be increased by wrapping a bit of cloth of my kind (a napkin, for example, and silk is the best) round the part of the rope which is held in the person's hand. The two persons who were leading the bull which was killed near Rhynie lately, must have been isolated by a rope or some non-conducting substance. Had they been connected to the animal by any conducting metal, no part of which was touching the ground at the instant of the shock, their destruction would have been as certain as that of the old woman and her cow.

From Jerrold's Magazine.

LOVE HER STILL.

Love her still!

She hath fallen very low,
Thou, who knew'st her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity;
But, though sin had left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all had fled,
And life's shame is hers instead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let no harsh cold word,
Man, from lips of thine be heard;
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thou her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world-forsaken one,
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above.
Fainting blossoms, leave with them
Freshen'd leaf, and straighten'd stem;
Sunshine oft doth give again
Bloom, the bitter storm had ta'en;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers
May be found as dear a boon
As God's blessed rain and sun,
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too,
Love her still!

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
From the wrong and misery,
To the better paths where peace
Waiteth her, with sweat release
From life's heart-ache;—so once more
In her breast the hope of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly less doth cope,
Earthly sin, and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto heaven.
Oh! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this,
Loving friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale, sad face—wilt at time,
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall know the while we pray,
To His Angels, God doth say,
LOVE HER STILL.

T. WESTWOOD.

From the Asiatic Journal.

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sir Walter Scott walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. 'I was thinking answered Park, how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface.' It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mahomedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in

Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St Andrew's castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1746, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging 'certain stamp duties on the plantations in America,' the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet, if he had not found the Faery Queen in his mother's parlour; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity, if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion Mary Oates while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd-boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cimabue as he went that way.

Colonial News.

Newfoundland.

Royal Gazette, September 29.

In our last paper we furnished an account of the destructive effects of the awful storm of the 19th instant, at St. John's and the neighbouring Outports; and, as we then apprehended, have now to record further and equally lamentable results therefrom in more remote settlements.

By a letter which we subjoin from Bay-de-Verds, it appears that the storm had been felt with peculiar severity at Grates' Cove and on the South Shore of Trinity Bay—where vast numbers of boats, stages, flakes, &c., with several vessels, and large quantities of fish and oil, were swept away by the sea or dashed in pieces against the rocks; and in Conception Bay, as will be seen by annexed extract from the Weekly Herald, its effects had also been very disastrous.

In addition to the lamentable account of the results of the storm upon the sea-board between Cape St. Francis and Cape Race, already published, we learn that at Ferryland, Caplin Bay, Fermeuse, and neighbouring harbours a great amount of damage was sustained, and some lives lost. The Courier states, too, that "at Quidi Vidi, oil, nets, boats, fish, flakes, and everything within reach of the waves, were swept into the vortex caused by the tempest, and a loss of not less than £1000 occasioned, the greater part of which falls on poor fishermen, the proceeds of whose summer's labours were ready for market and were destroyed in a few hours."

On the South-West coast an immense amount of loss has been occasioned.—We hear at St. Mary's, where there were a number of fine boats, and several ready to sail for St. John's, laden with the produce of the fisheries, every craft afloat, excepting two skiffs, were wrecked. Mr. Abraham Le Messurier's vessel, with from two to three hundred qts. fish, and a few tons of oil on board, was also lost, and a great deal of other damage was sustained there.

From Burin, we learn, under date of the day succeeding the storm, that much anxiety existed as to the fate of the crews of 12 or 13 large boats belonging to that place and neighbourhood, employed in fishing at Cape St. Mary's and which had not been heard from. At St. Peter's and Miquelon, several vessels were driven on shore and lost—viz, at the last mentioned Island, the hired schr. Comet, having on board the acting Assistant Judge and Officers of the Southern Circuit Court, on the voyage from Harbour Britain to Burin—at St Peter's, a Nova Scotian, a P. E. Island, and a French vessel, were wrecked.

Previously to the occurrence of this destructive hurricane, the situation and prospects the Colony, from a succession of indifferent fisheries and the destruction of its capital by fire, were sufficiently gloomy—they are now, we think alarmingly so. The greater part of the immense loss sustained by the fire, fell upon merchants and others in possession of ample means to enable them to commence business anew, on as large a scale as extensive as before the occurrence of that event, and upon tradesmen, artificers and labourers, who have since resumed their ordinary occupation, the latter with increased remuneration for their labour; and their is little doubt but that the trade and people generally would soon have rallied from the effects of that visitation.

This last calamity has fallen with the greatest weight upon a class of persons very ill able to sustain it, the Outport fishermen—many of whom have lost the means of support they possessed, and are left, at the approach of a long and