

## WHAT IS LIFE?

HOME.

## VARIETIES.

*By John Mackay Wilson.*

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days!—then there is hope—my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the sick? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived; there is no hope. Already my doom is sealed: already the angel has sealed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

gain the rider with the mail had reach-  
moor of Tweedmouth, and a second  
he bore with him the doom of Sir  
Cochrane. He spurred his horse  
to the utmost speed—he looked cautious-  
before, behind, and around him, and in  
right hand he carried a pistol to de-  
himself. The moon shed a ghostly  
across the heath, which was only  
sufficient to render desolation dimly visi-  
and it gave a spiritual embodiment  
every shrub. He was turning the an-  
of a straggling copse, when his horse  
at the report of a pistol, the fire of

is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and we may only add, that Grizel Chirane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late John Stewart, of Allanbank, in Berwickshire, and great great grandmother of J. Cougts, the celebrated banker.

man Gray, in the form of a Mr. F., a rich  
leman from the south, rather advance  
years, but having ample store of the  
y. The parents were charmed with  
glittering of gold—and of course used  
their endeavours to break the lady's  
engagement with Mr. C.; but she, true  
er first love, resisted all their efforts,  
to her lover concerning her situation,  
planned an elopement ere the dread-  
day of her union with Mr. F. should  
e. The sordid parents, suspecting  
her cheerfulness of their victim, that  
things were not right, ordered the mar-  
rites one day earlier than anticipat-  
ed. The poor girl was consequent-  
carried to the altar more like a statue  
anything else—and the ceremony was  
ormed. The Boston lover, in the  
while, had not been idle; he station-  
relay of horses on the road—and ar-  
at Putney just in time to be too late  
rites had just been said. Not in the  
disheartened, he put his wits to  
s—and soon found out that the  
s had not been published, and Miss  
as not a wife in the eyes of the law.  
consequently stole an interview with  
and had an explanation of affairs.—  
hour for retiring" had not yet ar-  
—and the groom began to be in the

East India Company is the worst of all com-  
 DOR  
 SALS  
 KEN  
 MIRE  
 WOOD  
 NORT  
 SHER  
 GAG  
 KIN  
 HAM  
 SHAM

est. A lady fresh from Calcutta, once en-  
 gured to curry Johnson's favour by talk-  
 of nothing but howdahs, doolies, and bun-  
 wals, till the Doctor took as usual, to *teffin*.  
 "adam," said he, in a tone that would have  
 a tiger out of a jungle. "India's very  
 for a rubber or for a bandana, or for a  
 of ink; but what with its Bhurtpore,  
 ampore, Barrackpore, Hyderabad, Singa-  
 and Nagpore, its Hyderabad, Astrabad,  
 lebad, Sindbad, and Guzzaratbadbad, its  
 and bad country together."

Boswell one day expatiated at some length in the moral and religious character of his countrymen, and remarked triumphantly that there was a cathedral at Kirkwall, and the remains of a Bishop's Palace. "Sir," said Johnson, "it must have been the poorest of Sees: take your *Rum and Egg* and *Mull* altogether, and they won't provide for a *Bishop*."

Caleb Whitford, the famous punster, once quipped of Dr. Johnson whether he had really considered that a man ought to be transported like Barrington, the pickpocket, for being guilty of a double meaning? "Sir," said Johnson, "if a man means well, the more means the better."

*Notice.*

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