

POETRY.

[From the New Hampshire Patriot.]

MY NATAL COT.

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee!

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

My natal Cot! how often turns My weary, lonely thoughts to thee! My natal Cot! how often turns

port. Not that Jack liked wine but he had a cumbersome balance in his pocket which impeded his walking.

Boniface made his appearance when Jack, in the fullness of his wisdom, told him that he wished to pay him double.

The necessary orders were given to the servants—Jack paid double, and continued to do so, until he reached the place of his destination and found the vessel gone.

Well—in goes Jack—dines sumptuously—chuckling all the while at the astonishment which his fellow travellers had exhibited at his novel mode of discharging his turpique fare.

They proceeded onward until they reached another of Jack's hotels when the severity of the weather getting the better of the Jew's parsimony, they accompanied him in, and engaged a bed but wished no supper.

They pursued their march to the great city, the enchanted hat rendering a purse unnecessary for Jack, until they reached the last stage. The pedlars had held repeated consultation by the way, and the result was that Jack's hat must be purchased, cost what it would.

His last inn was now entered, and the same farce acted over again. The virtues of Jack's beaver (by the way it was made of wool) had now ceased, and it would have been an accommodation to him if otherwise situated, to have parted with it for half a crown; but he well knew he could replenish his purse with it, at the expense of the credulous Israelites, who would have sworn upon the old testament, until they were black in the face, that it could enable the holder to eat, and drink, and lodge free, ad infinitum.

They were now within a mile of London, and the hat not purchased. A few minutes more, and they might be forever separated from this eighth wonder of the world—No time was to be lost.—They resolved to strike a bold stroke, and offered 100 guineas for Jack's head piece. He laughed the offer to scorn. This made the luckless yet more anxious, and after a great deal of higgling, a bargain was struck, whereby Jack got 160 guineas and the new hat of one of the circumcised, (for he was too proud to make his appearance in town bareheaded,) for property not intrinsically worth eighteen pence. The money in his purse, and the new beaver on his head Jack took the earliest opportunity to dis-

solve the co-partnership, by leaving our pedlars in the lurch—they exulted as he departed, and were not a little tickled at the idea of their having over-reached a christian.—They were now to eat and drink the best, and pay no turnpikes, so long as they both should live. They made up their minds to seek the best house and take a fortnight's holiday. Their circumstances and rigid economy had hitherto deprived them of the luxury of a comfortable meal, and they would now make themselves, ample amends for all former privations—Yes—dat dey would! It occurred to Moses, however, who had rather more sense than his brother Aaron, (they were so named,) that, as they were to put up at the first hotel, and live as gentlemen, they ought to dress as such.

Fashionable second-hand clothing was to be procured, a bargain, and after their frolic was over they could dispose of them in the country at a profit. They forthwith repaired to a barber's, and got well shaved, (for their beards had been in a mourning a twelvemonth) mounted tasty wigs—from thence bent their course to Monmouth street, were accommodated with every fine requisite—cheap—cheap—dirt cheap—fixed upon a hotel—drove thither in an elegant hired carriage—engaged apartments for a fortnight—ordered a magnificent dinner—and retired to their sitting room, which was furnished with a pair of full length pier glasses.

The coast being clear they viewed themselves in them, and were charmed with their appearance; and well they might, for neither of them had ever before been master of a decent suit. Mine Got!, said Aaron, 'mother Rebecca, and father Levi, and aunt Ruth, and sister Rachel, if dey cout only zee us now, how dey vout stare!'

'Yes' said Moses, (who always bore the main chance in mind,) and tink dat we vas frittering away our substance: but dey cant no bout de hat, bruder Aaron, I cout die vid laffing ven I tink of dat fool man of a sailor to zell zuch a treasure. Don't you think it is time, courteous reader, that I should conclude this ridiculous story?—Suffice it to say then, that they lived upon the fat of the land for a fortnight, and then determined to go to work again. Indeed, they could not relish a life of idleness having never been accustomed to it. Their bill was asked for: It amounted to the trifling sum of 65 guineas—but they possessed the hat, and would not take the trouble to examine the items. The woollen beaver was twirled, and twirled, and twirled again. Vell, zir, (to the landlord,) yat dove owes you now—ha? Sixty five guineas, gentlemen, as by account rendered. Oh my goot Got! said Aaron, and their countenances lengthened at least a yard by the square. But stop, Moses—may be you an't tun it rite. Gif me de hat.—And he twirled it to no better purpose.—The patience of their host was soon exhausted, and when he discovered that the hat was expected to pay for all, he considered his boarders as swindlers, and became outrageous. His money, or a jail, with a prosecution under a swindling act, were the only alternatives he offered for their consideration. They had already tasted the sweets of Newgate, at the bare mention of it, the hair upon their heads bristled up, like quills upon the fretted porcupine! They were yet masters of 300 guineas, they produced the board, discharged the debt and narrowly escaped being kicked out of the door. They were proceeding on foot to Duke's with all expedition, for a carriage was no more to be thought of, when passing by a fashionable reading room, and hearing repeated bursts of laughter issue therefrom, curiosity prompted them to walk in. Assuredly their evil genius directed them thitherward. For Jack had blabbed—the hoax he put upon them had found its way into the News, and had occasioned the boisterous merriment which attracted their attention. They retreated, overwhelmed with confusion, saying one to the other, with Smollet's gambler, (they had read Peregrine Pickle I suppose) "A tale by—!"

[From Moore's Life of Lord Byron.] It was about this period, when he was not quite eight years old, that a feeling partaking more of the nature of love than it is easy to believe possible in so young a child, took, according to his own account, entire possession of his thoughts, and showed how early, in this passion as in most others, the sensibilities of his nature were awakened. The name of the object of this attachment was Mary Duff; and the following passage from a Journal, kept by him in 1813, will show how freshly, after an interval of seventeen years, all the circumstances of this early love still lived in his memory.

"I have been thinking lately a good deal of Mary Duff. How very odd that I should have been so utterly, devotedly fond of that girl, at an age when I could neither feel passion, nor know the meaning of the word. And the effect!—My mother used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, when I was sixteen, she told me one day, 'Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Coe. And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account

for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject to me—and contented herself with saying it to all my acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the same children. I had and have been at least fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house, not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love in our way.

"How the duce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl was so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see her now; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. * * *

for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much, that after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject to me—and contented herself with saying it to all my acquaintance. Now, what could this be? I had never seen her since her mother's faux-pas at Aberdeen had been the cause of her removal to her grandmother's at Banff; we were both the same children. I had and have been at least fifty times since that period; yet I recollect all we said to each other, all our caresses, her features, my restlessness, sleeplessness, my tormenting my mother's maid to write for me to her, which she at last did, to quiet me. Poor Nancy thought I was wild, and, as I could not write for myself, became my secretary. I remember, too, our walks, and the happiness of sitting by Mary, in the children's apartment, at their house, not far from the Plainstones at Aberdeen, while her lesser sister Helen played with the doll, and we sat gravely making love in our way.

"How the duce did all this occur so early? where could it originate? I certainly had no sexual ideas for years afterwards; and yet my misery, my love for that girl was so violent, that I sometimes doubt if I have ever been really attached since. Be that as it may, hearing of her marriage several years after was like a thunder stroke—it nearly choked me—to the horror of my mother and the astonishment and almost incredulity of every body. And it is a phenomenon in my existence (for I was not eight years old) which has puzzled, and will puzzle me to the latest hour of it; and lately, I know not why, the recollection (not the attachment) has recurred as forcibly as ever. I wonder if she can have the least remembrance of it or me? or remember her pitying sister Helen for not having an admirer too? How very pretty is the perfect image of her in my memory—her brown dark hair, and hazel eyes; her very dress! I should be quite grieved to see her now; the reality, however beautiful, would destroy, or at least confuse, the features of the lovely Peri which then existed in her, and still lives in my imagination, at the distance of more than sixteen years. I am now twenty-five and odd months. * * *

"I think my mother told the circumstances (on my hearing of her marriage) to the Parkyness, and certainly to the Pigot family, and probably mentioned it in her answer to Miss A. who was well acquainted with my childish penchant, and had sent the news on purpose for me, and thanks to her!

"Next to the beginning, the conclusion has often occupied my reflections, in the way of investigation. That the facts are thus, others know as well as I, and my memory yet tells me so, in more than a whisper. But, the more I reflect, the more I am bewildered to assign any cause for this precocity of affection."

The Hon. Jack R—distinguished for his volubility and eloquence, is said to be superstitious. The following tale is told of him: He was once under the necessity of passing after night, a grave yard, which had the reputation of being haunted. He was riding a mule called Low. The burying ground was a solitary, gloomy place, and a few gentlemen, concluding that here they would be uninterrupted, had selected it as a convenient place in which to amuse themselves by studying the history of the "four kings." As he approached this mansion of the dead, he was surprised to see a glimmering light; as he drew nearer, he heard some one say "Jack; ah said he, 'that's me,' another cried 'Low;' that's my mule; a third said 'Game,' 'ah! we'er game for them.' He determined, however, to proceed, and that he might see nothing frightful, shut his eyes and commenced whipping and spurring his mule. In the mean time, the noise became louder and more appalling. A row had begun among the gamblers. But the obstinate animal, in no way alarmed and unused to kicking and beating, refused to go on. In this extremity, the rider seeing that the ghosts would inevitably have him, bethought himself of praying; and while he was whipping and spurring with all his might, he began, as he could think of nothing else, "Here I lay me down to sleep," and continued repeating this supplication, until the increasing clamor and uproar of the gamblers convinced him, they were mere mortals; when he and his mule laying aside their alarm, resumed their journey.

A Potatoe Story. The National Intelligencer after repeating a statement in a Vermont paper that a man had raised a little short of three bushels from a single potatoe, and which the Intelligencer disbelieves, tells the story of a farmer near Washington who planted 80 bushels of seed potatoes and gathered from them, a crop of less than fifty bushels. This latter agriculturalist was hardly as successful as an old fellow of our acquaintance in Connecticut. He insisted upon it that he could always tell to a single potatoe, the amount of his crop. "That Wicks, is a very improbable story" says one of his neighbors. "Not at all," replies Wicks, "I always raise just as many as I plant, for I'll be darned to darnation if my land is strong enough to rot em.

Two or three little anecdotes related to me of General Paez, which the character of the man. On one occasion, he overtook a Major of cavalry, who was riding bravely; but when the General saw him in the act of running the Major's horse, he exclaimed, "Oh! General, had not been better mounted on I should have been an over-matched man. On which the General said, "We change horses, and renew the fight was acceded to by the Major, who never found himself on the back of the General's horse, than he galloped off at speed, followed by his enemy who, finding that he was losing ground on the Major's horse, threw his lasso at him, which caught the Major and dismounted him; but as the General thought this scarcely fair play, and as his antagonist had defended himself well on their first rencontre, he gave him quarter—a favour seldom bestowed by the General or his lancers.

[Col. Hamilton's Colombia.] An Irish lodger being asked how he had passed the night, replied, "Aye indeed, well enough for I slept so cold, I was awake the whole night."

A man without fortitude, is like an oyster without shell—liable to be swallowed by every wave that washes away by every wave.

There is nothing falls with such a withering blight upon human susceptibilities and the fine sympathies of the heart, as the mildews of self interest. This is a sorry world we live in, aye a most villainous world. To find an honest man in these degenerate times—a man who would scorn to take the advantage of his neighbour for the sake of lucre, is a search equivalent in difficulty to that of the philosopher's stone. Almost all men are naturally or artificially villains. Within a twelve month I have known a would be pink of morality swindle his brother out of all his earthly possessions and then chuckle at the fraud. In this case both brothers were knaves, and the one, strange as it may seem, considered it a merit to outreach the other, even in vice. Still after the fashion of the world they are loving brothers. But the ties of consanguinity cannot cope with those of self interest. They melt like wax before the fire of the furnace. The motto of these men is, "get money honestly if you can but by all means get money."

Their lives unfold the practice of this doctrine. Yet I never knew a villain who did not sooner or later overreach himself. Hypocrisy and vice of every character are inseparable, and be that habitually takes advantage of another's goodness of heart will ultimately betray himself. As the end of guilt is infamy, so the utmost daring of a hypocrite will eventuate in his own inward wretchedness. Man may pretend to defy and scorn the wrath to come, but there is a destiny upon him that bids his soul tremble at the watches of midnight; a terror in his fate, that calls tremulous thoughts into his toward bosom, and makes him recoil like a slave beneath the lash, from the crowd of bewildering phantoms that press themselves before his mental eye. Yet mammon is to man a terrible god; a Juggernaut that destroys the fine tendrils of the heart, rather than crushes and deforms the outward man. The young, the fair, the gifted—the brightest and most beautiful of God's creatures, are victims and votaries to the shrine of Plutus. Faculties are wasted—virtues are sacrificed; affections are broken down—hearts are broken, and heaven is lost, and all for the transitory pageantry of an hour—all for a grasp of the gilded straw that floats upon life's surface, when perchance that grasp may welm us in interminable ruin. It is not well for man to be above his wants. Indolence naturally nurtures vice, and he on whom fortune lavishes her favours, loses his proper dependence upon heaven. Misfortune and penury are generally productive either of the despair of desperation, or the submissiveness to a divine will, which has an affinity to that meekness of heart so characteristic of a true christian. The effects of affluence are for the most part precisely opposite. Yet the power of mammon is the paramount power on the earth. Mind may occasionally rise above the turbulent waves of oppression, and shine with the effulgence of midday. But the reign of mind is regulated by a fluctuating ordeal—the fortuitous circumstances of life are altogether accessory to its development, as well as appreciation. Even when Maturin was entirely engaged in the most brilliant productions of human genius—his wants were satisfied in a manner too horrible to be detailed. Away from the busy hum of city life—in secluded villages and retired hamlets, there may be some pure waters of nature—some hearts uninfluenced by the all absorbing passions of self interest—but here, in this thronged city, where numberless beings are congregated together in the daily pursuits of life—all are bowing low at the feet of mammon—all are led away from the path of virtue, honour and religion, by that eternal curse—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

MONSIEUR & RELIGIOUS.

MAMMON.

There is nothing falls with such a withering blight upon human susceptibilities and the fine sympathies of the heart, as the mildews of self interest. This is a sorry world we live in, aye a most villainous world. To find an honest man in these degenerate times—a man who would scorn to take the advantage of his neighbour for the sake of lucre, is a search equivalent in difficulty to that of the philosopher's stone. Almost all men are naturally or artificially villains. Within a twelve month I have known a would be pink of morality swindle his brother out of all his earthly possessions and then chuckle at the fraud. In this case both brothers were knaves, and the one, strange as it may seem, considered it a merit to outreach the other, even in vice. Still after the fashion of the world they are loving brothers. But the ties of consanguinity cannot cope with those of self interest. They melt like wax before the fire of the furnace. The motto of these men is, "get money honestly if you can but by all means get money."

Their lives unfold the practice of this doctrine. Yet I never knew a villain who did not sooner or later overreach himself. Hypocrisy and vice of every character are inseparable, and be that habitually takes advantage of another's goodness of heart will ultimately betray himself. As the end of guilt is infamy, so the utmost daring of a hypocrite will eventuate in his own inward wretchedness. Man may pretend to defy and scorn the wrath to come, but there is a destiny upon him that bids his soul tremble at the watches of midnight; a terror in his fate, that calls tremulous thoughts into his toward bosom, and makes him recoil like a slave beneath the lash, from the crowd of bewildering phantoms that press themselves before his mental eye. Yet mammon is to man a terrible god; a Juggernaut that destroys the fine tendrils of the heart, rather than crushes and deforms the outward man. The young, the fair, the gifted—the brightest and most beautiful of God's creatures, are victims and votaries to the shrine of Plutus. Faculties are wasted—virtues are sacrificed; affections are broken down—hearts are broken, and heaven is lost, and all for the transitory pageantry of an hour—all for a grasp of the gilded straw that floats upon life's surface, when perchance that grasp may welm us in interminable ruin. It is not well for man to be above his wants. Indolence naturally nurtures vice, and he on whom fortune lavishes her favours, loses his proper dependence upon heaven. Misfortune and penury are generally productive either of the despair of desperation, or the submissiveness to a divine will, which has an affinity to that meekness of heart so characteristic of a true christian. The effects of affluence are for the most part precisely opposite. Yet the power of mammon is the paramount power on the earth. Mind may occasionally rise above the turbulent waves of oppression, and shine with the effulgence of midday. But the reign of mind is regulated by a fluctuating ordeal—the fortuitous circumstances of life are altogether accessory to its development, as well as appreciation. Even when Maturin was entirely engaged in the most brilliant productions of human genius—his wants were satisfied in a manner too horrible to be detailed. Away from the busy hum of city life—in secluded villages and retired hamlets, there may be some pure waters of nature—some hearts uninfluenced by the all absorbing passions of self interest—but here, in this thronged city, where numberless beings are congregated together in the daily pursuits of life—all are bowing low at the feet of mammon—all are led away from the path of virtue, honour and religion, by that eternal curse—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

There is nothing falls with such a withering blight upon human susceptibilities and the fine sympathies of the heart, as the mildews of self interest. This is a sorry world we live in, aye a most villainous world. To find an honest man in these degenerate times—a man who would scorn to take the advantage of his neighbour for the sake of lucre, is a search equivalent in difficulty to that of the philosopher's stone. Almost all men are naturally or artificially villains. Within a twelve month I have known a would be pink of morality swindle his brother out of all his earthly possessions and then chuckle at the fraud. In this case both brothers were knaves, and the one, strange as it may seem, considered it a merit to outreach the other, even in vice. Still after the fashion of the world they are loving brothers. But the ties of consanguinity cannot cope with those of self interest. They melt like wax before the fire of the furnace. The motto of these men is, "get money honestly if you can but by all means get money."

Their lives unfold the practice of this doctrine. Yet I never knew a villain who did not sooner or later overreach himself. Hypocrisy and vice of every character are inseparable, and be that habitually takes advantage of another's goodness of heart will ultimately betray himself. As the end of guilt is infamy, so the utmost daring of a hypocrite will eventuate in his own inward wretchedness. Man may pretend to defy and scorn the wrath to come, but there is a destiny upon him that bids his soul tremble at the watches of midnight; a terror in his fate, that calls tremulous thoughts into his toward bosom, and makes him recoil like a slave beneath the lash, from the crowd of bewildering phantoms that press themselves before his mental eye. Yet mammon is to man a terrible god; a Juggernaut that destroys the fine tendrils of the heart, rather than crushes and deforms the outward man. The young, the fair, the gifted—the brightest and most beautiful of God's creatures, are victims and votaries to the shrine of Plutus. Faculties are wasted—virtues are sacrificed; affections are broken down—hearts are broken, and heaven is lost, and all for the transitory pageantry of an hour—all for a grasp of the gilded straw that floats upon life's surface, when perchance that grasp may welm us in interminable ruin. It is not well for man to be above his wants. Indolence naturally nurtures vice, and he on whom fortune lavishes her favours, loses his proper dependence upon heaven. Misfortune and penury are generally productive either of the despair of desperation, or the submissiveness to a divine will, which has an affinity to that meekness of heart so characteristic of a true christian. The effects of affluence are for the most part precisely opposite. Yet the power of mammon is the paramount power on the earth. Mind may occasionally rise above the turbulent waves of oppression, and shine with the effulgence of midday. But the reign of mind is regulated by a fluctuating ordeal—the fortuitous circumstances of life are altogether accessory to its development, as well as appreciation. Even when Maturin was entirely engaged in the most brilliant productions of human genius—his wants were satisfied in a manner too horrible to be detailed. Away from the busy hum of city life—in secluded villages and retired hamlets, there may be some pure waters of nature—some hearts uninfluenced by the all absorbing passions of self interest—but here, in this thronged city, where numberless beings are congregated together in the daily pursuits of life—all are bowing low at the feet of mammon—all are led away from the path of virtue, honour and religion, by that eternal curse—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

There is nothing falls with such a withering blight upon human susceptibilities and the fine sympathies of the heart, as the mildews of self interest. This is a sorry world we live in, aye a most villainous world. To find an honest man in these degenerate times—a man who would scorn to take the advantage of his neighbour for the sake of lucre, is a search equivalent in difficulty to that of the philosopher's stone. Almost all men are naturally or artificially villains. Within a twelve month I have known a would be pink of morality swindle his brother out of all his earthly possessions and then chuckle at the fraud. In this case both brothers were knaves, and the one, strange as it may seem, considered it a merit to outreach the other, even in vice. Still after the fashion of the world they are loving brothers. But the ties of consanguinity cannot cope with those of self interest. They melt like wax before the fire of the furnace. The motto of these men is, "get money honestly if you can but by all means get money."

Their lives unfold the practice of this doctrine. Yet I never knew a villain who did not sooner or later overreach himself. Hypocrisy and vice of every character are inseparable, and be that habitually takes advantage of another's goodness of heart will ultimately betray himself. As the end of guilt is infamy, so the utmost daring of a hypocrite will eventuate in his own inward wretchedness. Man may pretend to defy and scorn the wrath to come, but there is a destiny upon him that bids his soul tremble at the watches of midnight; a terror in his fate, that calls tremulous thoughts into his toward bosom, and makes him recoil like a slave beneath the lash, from the crowd of bewildering phantoms that press themselves before his mental eye. Yet mammon is to man a terrible god; a Juggernaut that destroys the fine tendrils of the heart, rather than crushes and deforms the outward man. The young, the fair, the gifted—the brightest and most beautiful of God's creatures, are victims and votaries to the shrine of Plutus. Faculties are wasted—virtues are sacrificed; affections are broken down—hearts are broken, and heaven is lost, and all for the transitory pageantry of an hour—all for a grasp of the gilded straw that floats upon life's surface, when perchance that grasp may welm us in interminable ruin. It is not well for man to be above his wants. Indolence naturally nurtures vice, and he on whom fortune lavishes her favours, loses his proper dependence upon heaven. Misfortune and penury are generally productive either of the despair of desperation, or the submissiveness to a divine will, which has an affinity to that meekness of heart so characteristic of a true christian. The effects of affluence are for the most part precisely opposite. Yet the power of mammon is the paramount power on the earth. Mind may occasionally rise above the turbulent waves of oppression, and shine with the effulgence of midday. But the reign of mind is regulated by a fluctuating ordeal—the fortuitous circumstances of life are altogether accessory to its development, as well as appreciation. Even when Maturin was entirely engaged in the most brilliant productions of human genius—his wants were satisfied in a manner too horrible to be detailed. Away from the busy hum of city life—in secluded villages and retired hamlets, there may be some pure waters of nature—some hearts uninfluenced by the all absorbing passions of self interest—but here, in this thronged city, where numberless beings are congregated together in the daily pursuits of life—all are bowing low at the feet of mammon—all are led away from the path of virtue, honour and religion, by that eternal curse—"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."