SLAVES FOR SALE.

SEVERAL Slaves of both sexes are offered for sale on reasonable terms.—Among them are two able bodied Young Men, accustomed to work on a Farm, two healthy Young Women used to house-work, and several children. They must not be removed from the State. Enquire at the office of the Maryland Gazette, Annapolis.

The Baltimore Chronicle and Republican will publish the above twice a week for three weeks in the country papers, and forward their accounts to this office.

Sept. 11.

MR. & MRS. HAMILTON'S

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THIS Institution is situated in the most healthful and pleasant part of the city, corner of Saratoga and Courtland sts. Baltimore.

After having conducted an extensive Boarding School for young ladies, for several years in North Carolina, and Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton removed to this city in 1831, and opened a Seminary for young Ladies, upon a scientific plan, which has received an almost unprecedented patronage.

Mr & Mrs. H. have liberally provided the school with every apparatus necessary to illustrate their instruction. Their philosophical apparatus is equal to any, rather that can be found in private Seminaries in this country, and their chemical is sufficiently extensive to illustrate any subject treated upon in the text books of the school. Their Cabinet of minerals though small yet contains upwards of 700 specimens. Their Seminary is also furnished with an Armillary Sphere, Cary's, Wilson's and Gardner's Globes, several Pianos and a Harp. Mr. & Mrs. H. beg leave to remark, that the instruments they possess, are the best they could procure in this country or in England.

The Library contains upwards of 1500 volumes of the best authority, as connected with the studies pursued in the school, to which the young ladies have general access.

In all the departments the most competent teachers have been engaged, whose instructions are given under the immediate eye of the principals.

The course of instruction in this institution is carried on in a regular and continued series of academic studies embracing all the scientific and ornamental branches necessary to a complete course of female education.

Parents and guardians who wish for more particular information, can obtain a prospectus of the seminary by applying to the editors.

Baltimore Aug. 21.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of sundry writs of fieri facias issued out of Anne-Arundel County Court, and to me directed, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements, of Upton D. Welch at suit of Reuben Warfield, Christian Capito, Isabella Dinsmore and Anna Kile, and others, I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, interest and property, claim and demand, both at law and in equity, of said Upton D. Welch, of, in and to all that tract or parts of a tract of Land and premises, called 'John's Last Shift,' containing Two Hundred Acres of Land, more or less; also one other Tract called 'Lot No. 2,' containing One Hundred and Ninety Acres of Land, more or less, being the Land and premises at present occupied by Upton D. Welch, lying and being in Anne-Arundel county, near Sykesville; also the following Negroes, one Negro Man named Sale, one Negro Woman named Rachael, and one Negro Boy named William; sundry Stock, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and Plantation Utensils, and on THURSDAY, 25th September instant, at Sykesville, I shall proceed to sell the said property to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy the debts due as aforesaid.—Sale to commence at eleven o'clock.

R. WELCH, of Ben.
Sh'ff. A. A. County.

WALDIE'S

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

NOTICE.—For the sake of combining the old and new series, and making the bound volume correspond both in date and manner, the subscriber has concluded to print *thirteen* additional numbers to the second volume of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished *gratuitously* to those who commenced with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, or who shall have paid it before the 26th No. of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unsettled at the publication of that No. will be struck off the list, and charged SIX DOLLARS, as last year announced.

To those who have *really patronized* the "Library," by prompt payment of their subscription, very sincere acknowledgements are tendered, and a continuance of their patronage respectfully requested.

ADAM WALDIE.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, commenced her route on TUESDAY the 9th inst. leaving the lower end of Dugan's Wharf, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis, (Cambridge by Castle Haven,) and Easton, and return from the Eastern Shore on every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Easton at 7 A. M. by Castle Haven and Annapolis. She will commence her Chestertown Trip on Monday, 22d April, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, and return the same day, leaving Chestertown at 8 o'clock, calling at Corsica wharf, for the Centreville passengers.

N. B. All baggage at the owners risk.

Passage to or from Easton or Cambridge,	$2.50
Passage to or from Annapolis,	1.50
Passage to Chestertown or Corsica,	2.00
Children under 12 years of age half price.	

LEM'L. G. TAYLOR, Master.

The Maryland Gazette.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JONAS GREEN, AT THE BRICK BUILDING ON THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. LXXXIX. ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1834. NO. 40.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ENGLISH BOY.

By Mrs. Hemans.

Go tell by song in mirth, them what a debt
They owe the ancestors, and make them swear
To pay it by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
born.

Akenside.

Look from the ancient mountains down,
My noble English Boy!
Thy country's fields around thee gleam
In moonlight and in joy.
Again the mighty stream of Roman's march
Flows down the old forest's reeds,
Rivers of Gaul and Britain's freedom hold
Intercourse and troth of love.

Come with me, my English Boy!
Another and a nobler thought
From every cloudless star!
There, in the skies of old time,
Thy fathers wrought their fame,
Which poured forth in the noble of yore,
Our England's chivalry.

Hence search and trace a lineage
They stand in their pride and yew!
Whence Cressy's yeomen proudly framed
The bow, in the battle true.

And round the walls, the good swords hang,
Whose faith knew no alloy,
And shields of knightliest, gone from strife,
Lie on my English Boy!

Gaze where the hamlet's ivied church
Gleams on the sunny rim,
Or where the minster lifts the cross
High through the air's blue realm;

Mingles in a shower of their free heart's blood,
That England's sons might rise,
From those green graves of her thoughtful years,
Unfettered to the skies.

Along their aisles, beneath their traces,
The earth's mighty ones are dust,
Quiet fired with love, valor, wisdom, song,
Belief in holy trust.

Gaze—Gaze further yet—
My gallant English Boy!
To the sea-beat isle of country's Boy,
The billows' pride and joy!

Those waves in many a fight have closed
Across the startled deck;
The red-cross flag victoriously
Has floated o'er their bed.

They perished—this green turf to keep
Its hoards sacred unstrode by;
Their kingly halls invisible
Time touches unprofaned.

All high and clear, their memory's light
Along our shore is seen,
Awakening an unswerving beacon fire
Shall burn or kindled yet!

Thy heart, my English Boy!
As fervent, like them to stand,
Should God summon thee, to guard
The altars of the land.

European Correspondence of the U. States Gazette.

LONDON, June, 1834.

LONDON.

What a world of people may be got together! one would think that men love one another. Is this the Thames! This rivulet, which, in America, would be given over to the barge and the broad horn, or to some packet steamboat, such as sneaks up the Ohio or Kentucky in the summer season? is this the famous stream, whence issue navies to sweep, and claim the sovereignty of oceans, and to which, as to a great central vortex, ten is the commerce of the whole world? To one who has plodded up the Mississippi, for weeks, without finding the end or beginning, it looks like a ditch, but still it is a ditch where countless squadrons float, in lieu of splatter decks; and such endless lines of chimneys, or towers and steeples, as was never seen before, take the places of reeds. But what is the fame of the Mississippi, the Plata, or the Amazon, to this mighty little river? What, indeed, are the Rhine, the Danube, the Tigris and Ganges, with their immense cities, their fertility, their wealth, their historical celebrity, compared with this muddy brook? Rome rose from the insignificant Tiber; London lies on the Thames.

The propriety of the phrase "forest of masts," I never appreciated, until the steam packet in which I crossed the channel, from Calais, was threading her way among the great fleets moored in mooring, in a mass extending almost from Sheerness to London Bridge. How the pilot steered us along through the labyrinth, I could no more understand than I can now, when I am perched in an omnibus, how Jehu makes his way through the chaos of carriages to Piccadilly and down Cheapside. It is all a mystery.

And this then is London, thought I, as we plunged into the smoke bank that surrounded the cockney city, and beheld the distant dome of St. Paul's followed by steeple after steeple, come looming up mistily out of obscurity. Woolwich (the diabolical laboratory and worship, wherein, since the days of Marlborough, have been fabricated all those infernal compounds and engines, with which Great Britain carries on the work of glory,) with its royal arsenal and dockyard, academy and barracks, was passed. Greenwich, with the palace in which was born the great virago Bess, and which was converted by Charles II, (the only good work of this dissolute king) into a magnificent hospital, a refuge for those patriotic tars whom Britain has robbed of legs and arms; and its Observatory, the seat of science, where Maskelyne and Herschell pursued their sublime researches, was left behind. Deptford and the Isle of Dogs crept in the rear. The Commercial and West India Docks, (what a grand country for docks,) ceased to confuse the eye, and we plunged on deeper and deeper into the wilderness of civilization. Who ever beheld such old, ugly, dismal looking houses! Their walls looked like banks of soot, and their red tiled roofs like the shelves of a crockery woman. There seemed no end to them. By and by, we were passing between Rotherhithe and the London Docks, there was a buz on board,—we were sailing over the Tunnel! the subaqueous highway, commenced with such noble audacity by Brunel, a Frenchman; who became an engineer, in his youth, on the shores of Ontario; to bestow on the British nation, in his old age, the circular saw, and a comfort bit lounge at the bottom of the Thames. Now St. Paul's lifts up his monstrous dome with a still more commanding effect; not that he seems much increased in magnitude, but because you begin to trace the outlines, and distinguish the bulk and altitude of the edifices at his feet. He is like a mountain, that preserves, for miles, the same apparent bulk, even when the great buildings about him are blended by distance into one undistinguishable mass. But what cluster of houses, old, disjointed, irregular and scrambling, is this, surrounded by a wall circumscribing some ten or a dozen acres of ground, with sentinels stalking on it, and a big square white house, with turrets at the corners, all inexpressibly ugly, sweeping over the top of it? This is the Tower, the redoubtable Tower, the place where the state prisoners used to be committed, and where Britannia keeps locked up such stores of muskets and swords, that one would think she intended, some day, to murder the whole world. Here Raleigh suffered and Sidney bled. You can hear, as you pass, the water of the moat gurgling out from the traitor's gate.

The Custom House, a noble structure, fronting five hundred feet on the river, relieves the eye and the mind from the contemplation of the hideous Tower, and we now stalk through its prodigious halls to witness the bustle of six hundred officers engaged in the peaceable adjustment of the affairs of commerce, you are made aware of the true grandeur, not what sounds in compliment, the true interests of the great empire.

But let us not waste time on a house devoted to such cockney affairs. In London, one's not talk about the piles which attest Britain's glory. Neither must we seem to occupy our minds with the tropes of trade: the great folk at the West will rate us down among those vulgar beings who hold together the ends of the earth, and scrape away the riches thereof, the merchants, shopkeepers! Let us hurry through the crowded purlieus of business, the contemptible place of exchanges and banks, of lord mayor's and hospital buildings, the cog-hole that lies east of Temple Bar—the city—and get among the squares and parks, the palaces, terraces and macadamized roads, that make up that heaven of a city's ambition, the West End.

From the platform of a Custom House, we step right among the shambles of a fish market. What noises! what salmon! what turbot! prawns! crabs! lobsters! Oh is seized with fear at the sight of so many ugly old women; but with more terror still, when the courteous policeman, in answer to your question, informs you that you are in Billingsgate! In Billingsgate? You move by every lady dowager of sprats and mackerel, as you would by a belle in a ball, respectfully and humbly; you know not at what moment may be tumbled about your ears a tempest of that elegant dialect—the Doric of the English language—which all history has admonished you of, is spoken here, because here originating, in its fullest perfection. Your fears are groundless; a dozen policemen, with white branded collars and cuffs on their blue coats, and varnished cocks to their hats, are scattering a bouquet to keep the ladies in order. Profanity and obscenity shock you no more: Billingsgate is a real language. That old lady that stands yonder waving a dead mackerel before your eyes, exclaiming, 'Buy mackerel? As good fish as is,' will not beat you; she will not even scold. The hand of reform has here done wonders. Really this Billingsgate is quite a tidy place. But who can stand a fish market.

You pass the great London Bridge, a chain of vast stone arches, such as they throw over the Thames.—You catch a glimpse of the thousands and tens of thousands of coal barges that lie blackening the mud above the bridge, like king crabs along the Jersey beach on the Delaware Bay, and of the large colliers with their Spanish brown sails, Charon's barges, to appearance, that go flitting up and down like a fleet of wherries, as sharp, long, and light as the prows of South Sea Islanders. You turn up fish street hill, peep up at the summit of the Monument, a tower of two hundred feet in height, built to resemble a fluted column, and to commemorate the great fire of 1666: start at the name *East Cheap*, painted on a corner, and pass on by Lombard street, or Cornhill, by 'Change of the Bank; till you are buried in the torrent of life that thunders into Cheapside.

Through this mass, the densest and most confounding in the world, deafened by the roar of omnibuses and sharp yells of their conductors, captivated by the display of shops, perplexed by the crowd, squeezed jostled and hurried along, less by your own legs than the elbows of your own neighbours, you give yourself up to your own fate, and pass on, wondering and stupified. What is this? this huge this tremendous pile, with a doom like an Indian barrow, and lofty walls like bluffs on the Mississippi? St. Paul's!! It occupies two acres of ground; but how soon you are swept away from it! The crowd carries you on; you are in the fleet—you have passed Blackfriars, you see the temple Bar arching over the street, you pass it, you are in the West End, and you hope to be in quiet. No such thing: the million float along up the Strand, the omnibuses and hackney coaches, the lumbering cord wagons and brewer's drays, with horses like elephants, the darting cab, the creeping carriage, are here as thick as ever, the water carts are still turning the dust into mud, the beggars, plying the brush on the crossings, and the 'Buy a-Broom' women in Swiss caps, and the 'Buy a-Rose' wenches in London filth attack you with increasing importunity. Stupor yields to nervousness, you feel in a passion, and bestow no more halfpennies—you would give all in your pockets to be in some place of rest. But where will you seek it? You have reached Charing Cross; but this is the vortex of the vortex, here meet three floods of the bustle, from the Strand, from Cockspur street, and from Whitehall: east, west and north are jumbled together.

You cannot cross by the King's statue, (not a bit of a cross is there here,) there are too many wheels rolling over the broad pavement. So you go on whether the tumultuous crowd will have you, and [illegible] to escape by the first [illegible] present, and flattering yourself with [illegible] hopes, as the grey towers of the Abbey grow nearer and more distinct.

You eye is caught by the glitter of marble [illegible] across the street. You are [illegible] the horse guards, [illegible] Adelphi and Pomona. Two [illegible] follows [illegible] with drawn [illegible] sitting [illegible] and black horses, as [illegible] two [illegible] between which towers is the great portal, open and [illegible] to bid. A glance, you [illegible] [illegible] which is seen the [illegible] of a public square. You spring across the street, give among [illegible] coaches and black [illegible], cross the wide and crowded Parade, behind the [illegible], and giving but a glance at the Monumental Pillar of the Duke of York, and the palaces that surround it, give it to St. James' Park, to enjoy the delights of the country in the heart of Babylon.

SAGACITY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The Asia was one of the fastest ships in the fleet, and we stretched away to the westward for several miles, till a gun from the commodore gave us notice to close. We had seen nothing of the boat, but we saw a strange schooner, Yankee rigged, that was standing towards the rocks, and we hoped that if the long boat was yet in existence, there would be a chance of her being picked up by the schooner; though the general idea was, that she had gone down, and every soul had perished. We had scarcely wore ship for the purpose of joining the convoy, when a dense haze obscured them from sight, and as evening was closing on fast, every officer was stationed in different parts to keep a look out. We had retraced about half our distance, and the passengers were conversing in melancholy mood upon the events of the past night and the probable fate of the long boat, when a noble Newfoundland dog that had lain sleeping on deck, suddenly raised his head, and gave a short growl. The captain was pacing to and fro with the chief mate, but stopped near the animal and addressing it, said 'Halloo, Nep! what's the matter with you, old boy? The creature wagged his long bushy tail at hearing his master's voice, and then composed to slumber again; but in less than a minute he resumed his growling and raised himself upon his forepaws. 'He hears something beyond our knowledge,' exclaimed the captain: 'Up, Nep, up my boy, and see to 'em!' The animal at first rose lazily, stretching his limbs and shaking his coat; but in an instant he stood immovable in the fixed attitude of attention, and then sprung away upon the poop-ladder, running from side to side, and barking most vehemently, till at last he took his station to windward, and seemed perfectly furious. 'We cannot be within six miles of the fleet,' said the captain, 'and yet I am confident there is something near us. Weather cathead there, do you see or hear any thing to windward? Silence, Nep,—down boy! down!' and the animal became perfectly tranquil, wagging his fine tail, and rubbing his head affectionately against his master's hand. The officer on the lookout replied in the negative, as did also several others who had cautiously looked round, and attentively listened. 'I'll stake my existence on the dog's sagacity, 'said the captain, addressing the chief mate. 'By heavens! it may be the missing boat!—haul up the main sail, and square the after yards; keep her course, quarter master, till I tell you to luff to the wind, and let there be silence fore and aft.' The orders were immediately and punctually obeyed, and then the captain patting the head of the huge animal, exclaimed, 'Now, Nep, we must trust to you, old boy; look for 'em, Nep! seek 'em out!' The dog whined with a languid playfulness, as if satisfied that he had awakened attention, when there arose a low, hollow moan, that seemed like a heavy groan, issuing from the very bowels of the ocean. The ship, though moving through the water, was greatly retarded by the shivering of the sails; and the dashing noise occasioned by her velocity had ceased. 'Forecastle, there,' cried the captain, 'do you see any thing on the weather beam?' 'No sir,' replied the officer, 'but there was a sound came down upon the wind just now—though I fear—' he stopped short, but added in a whisper—'It was no living creature uttered such a groan as that!' 'The boat—the boat, Nep!' said the captain patting the dog, 'look out for the boat, sir.' The animal raised his forepaws, laid them on the rail, and crossing his head upon them, looked intently to windward, moving his ears rapidly. In a few seconds he gave a shrill howl, and then cracking, jumped down, and fawned upon his master. 'Lanterns in the fore and main rigging!' shouted the captain, 'clear away a gun there, forward; and Mr. ——, burn blue lights,' when, caressing the dog, he added, 'where, my good Neptune, say to 'em, lad—look to 'em?' Neptune appeared to comprehend what was said to him, for, jumping on a coop, he snuffed the wind and kept his eyes steadfastly about a point abaft the weather beam. The lanterns were displayed, and blue lights sent forth their clear blaze, when again that hollow moan was heard, and the dog, with loud barking, leaped from his station, and fawned upon the captain, who exclaimed, 'Brace the yards sharp up—clear main tacks and quintermintes, keep her close in full and by; at all events, we'll see the end of this!' The sails were nicely trimmed and the gallant ship upon a bowline near to the breeze, and dashed the spray from her bows. Blue lights were still burnt occasionally, the lanterns were shown aloft, and in a half an hour the ship was close in stays, and soon was reaching away on the starboard tack. In another half hour (for the captain and it were his watch) the mainsail was hauled up, and the affair ended. We were in the act of [illegible] squadron, when the officer at the weather [illegible] 'A boat to windward—[illegible] weather bow!' Every eye was instantly directed towards the spot, and there [illegible] through the gloom a small dark [illegible] was heard for [illegible] shouting, and waving [illegible] were exchanged among all classes on the deck, as there now could be no doubt that it was the missing party. The main and mizen topsails were [illegible] to the mast; the small cutter was lowered from the quarter, and sent away to tow the long out alongside; and in another half hour seventy six human beings, who in all probability, would otherwise have perished, were safe upon our decks.

Leaves from my Log Book.

LITERARY.

Beckford's New Work.—The extraordinary being who built Fontahill Abbey, and lived in its glorious apartments surrounded by all the elegancies and luxuries of a monarch who had the taste not only of a prince, but of an artist and an author, has at length been induced to publish his gorgeous descriptions of Italy, Spain and Portugal, as they existed under the old regimes, before Bonaparte overran and conquered those countries, and a more surprising literary efforts it has not fallen to our lot to read this many a day.—Lord Byron, who designated Beckford as 'England's wealthiest son,' has described the palace of Cintra in Portugal where our author first began to exhibit his taste for luxury and the fine arts, by collecting round him all the elegancies and expensive toys which money could purchase.

Here Beckford enjoyed the society of the royal family and the highest dignitaries of the church, and hired the best musicians of the continent to minister to his pleasures. In his book he has given an account of this residence as well as curious anecdotes of the royal families of both Spain and Portugal. This work which has lain unpublished for fifty years, is now given to the world to vindicate the author's claim to certain original ideas which Lord Byron, Moore and Rogers, who had read it in the confidence of friendship, had filched and turned into poetry. The work has excited, of course, a very great sensation in England, and from the extracts furnished by the July number of the London Quarterly Review, we were led to expect the highest gratification from the contents; we need scarcely say, that having been favoured with the proofs as they came from the American press, we have derived that species of pleasure from the perusal which attends the reading of the works of the master minds of romance, but here all is reality—gorgeous, splendid, nervous poetry dressed in garb of prose.—Well may the Quarterly Review remark, that they 'risk nothing in predicting that Mr. Beckford's Travels will henceforth be classed among the most elegant productions of modern literature,' the reviewer adds, 'they will be forthwith translated into every language of the continent, and will keep his name alive centuries after all the brass and marble he ever piled together.'

THOMAS JENKINS.

A Self-Taught Coloured Man.

Jenkins' birth and early employment—Fondness for learning—Found with a book and slate—Teaches himself Latin and Greek—Becomes a teacher—Goes to college—Resumes his teaching—Is sent a missionary to Mauritius.

Thomas Jenkins was the son of an African king on the coast of Guinea, who took it into his head to send his son to England for his education. The British captain, to whom the king consigned him, and who gave him the name of Thomas Jenkins, died soon after he returned home, and Jenkins was thrown destitute upon the world. A farmer who was a very distant relative of the captain, at length took him home with him, and employed him in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs, &c. He was successively advanced to the offices of cow herd and teamster. When he went to live with the farmer, he could hardly understand a word of English, but he very soon acquired a good knowledge of the common dialect.

After he became 'a stout boy,' he was transferred to another gentleman, where he became a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He was cowherd, stable boy, errand boy, or any thing else convenient. He was soon found to have a taste for learning, and to have actually made some progress. How he acquired his first lessons, nobody ever knew. Perhaps it was through the medium of the servants.

The lady of the house was soon surprised to find that he had a strange fondness for candle ends. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with, was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stables; and unpleasant suspicions began to be raised against him. On watching him, at one time, after he had retired to his den, it was found, to the great astonishment of all, that he was engaged with a book and a slate, in making rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was also found that he kept an old fiddle by him; and that it cost the horses many sleepless nights.

His master now put him to an evening school where he made such progress as astonished all who knew it; and though constantly occupied still, during the day, he soon began to instruct himself in Latin and Greek. A boy in the neighbourhood lent him many books; and the family and others favoured him. Without the means of any regular instruction, he soon gained, a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek, and began the study of Mathematics.

His eye now turned toward a dictionary; and going one night to an auction, he (with the assistance of another boy, and about a shilling from a gentleman who stood by,) bid off one.

When he was twenty years of age, a vacancy occurring in a small parish school, among other candidates for the office, Jenkins, with a heap of books under his arm, made his appearance. The committee were surprised, but on examining him, and the testimonials of character he brought, his knowledge was found so thorough and his morals so correct, that he was received in preference to the other candidates. The Presbytery, however, in prejudice, voted him out again; but the circumstance produced so much excitement, that an 'opposition school' was soon got up, and Jenkins was placed at the head of it.

The result was most happy. In his method of communicating knowledge and of governing his school, he was excellent; and he was beloved by all his pupils. No teacher ever possessed a kinder disposition or better temper. Five days of every week were spent in the school, and the sixth he occupied in walking four or five miles, and reciting his own lessons to another teacher.

By conducting the school one or two years, he was able to save nearly one hundred dollars. Now it was that he began to think of spending a winter at College. Many were surprised at this, and among the professors, most of whom generously relinquished their fees. One gentleman, perceiving what the bent of his mind was, gave him a draft on a merchant in the city for whatever money he wanted. Having spent the winter in Edinburgh, he returned, once more, to his professional duties.

The sequel of history is not very well known. It appears, however, that he was deputed by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, as a missionary to Mauritius, and that he still resides there. He entered this field of labour about ten years ago.—It were greatly to be wished he had been restored by some benevolent society to his native friends and country, where his influence in civilizing and instructing his fellow men would probably have been much greater than in Mauritius.

DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

If in the onset of life, things do not go on smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life, in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it we find it all up hill. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so, to our disappointment, if we build on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerfulness as possible—and to el-