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recommend, in cases of sleep-walking, to seize the arms suddenly, and halloo in the ears until the sleeper awake; or the application of a jug of cold water, by pouring it suddenly upon the head. In this latter case, however, care should be taken to have the body well rubbed with dry towels after the operation.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

One day as Cromwell was walking with Lord Broghill in one of the galleries of Whitehall, a man very meanly clad presented himself; Cromwell immediately quitted Lord Broghill, and, taking the stranger by the hand, showed him into his closet. Here Cromwell learned from him that the Spaniards were sending a considerable sum to pay their army in Flanders; that this sum was aboard a Dutch vessel, and the Jew described the very part of the vessel where the money was stowed. Cromwell immediately despatched advice of this to Sir Jeremy Smith, who was cruising in the channel, with orders not to fail in seizing the Spanish treasure as soon as the Dutch ship should enter the straits. When it appeared, Smith sent a message demanding to visit it; but the Dutch captain answering that he would suffer none but his masters to come aboard his ship, Smith threatened to sink him.—The Dutchman, too weak for defending himself, at length submitted. The money was found and sent to London: Cromwell received it, and soon after seeing Lord Broghill, told him, that were it not for the poor Jew they had seen a few days before, that good fortune would have slipped out of his hands.

OPINIONS OF LORD BYRON AND DR. JOHNSON ON THE SUBJECT OF LOVE.

It is curious to compare the ideas entertained on this subject by two men the most opposite in nature—the one a poet and a sensualist, the other a stern moralist and philosopher.

Lord Byron thus finely pictures the *beau ideal* of love.

“Oh, Love, no inhabitant of earth thou art!
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee;
A faith, whose martyrs are the broken heart;
But never eye hath seen, nor e'er shall see
Thy unimagined form as it should be.
The mind hath made thee, as it peoples heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy;
And to a thought such shape and substance given,
As haunts the unquench'd soul, wearied, wrung, and
riven.”

Doctor Johnson, more intelligibly and practically, thus speaks on the subject:

Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished; but that fondness, which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for awhile be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard, and every thing seen, recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred—some petty quarrel, or some friendly endearment.”



HERMITAGE OF ST. EIRC:

To the south of the handsome little village of Slane, which lies about twenty-four Irish miles to the north of the metropolis, on the margin of the river Boyne, are the ruins of the Hermitage of St. Eirc, who is said to have resided in the abbey of Slane, and to have died in the year 544. In 1512, the period at which the ancient abbey of Slane was renovated and refounded by Christopher Fleming, the then Lord of Slane, there were still two friars of the order of St. Francis dwelling in a recess of

the Hermitage. They were of course removed to the abbey, on which fresh endowments had been made. Several members of the Slane family lie interred within the walls of the Hermitage.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here lies old father Gripe, who never cried ‘*Jam satis*,
Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone
gratis.