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Miscellany.

From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

THE GAMBLER.

[CONTINUED.]

Quits the Stage.—Enters the University.—His conduct.—His companions.—A Swindler.—Their confederacy, and mutual dislike.

After six months, I quitted the stage, and appeared to devote myself to the domestic comfort of the man who had furnished me with such a luxurious home. He soon declared his intention of sending me to Cambridge, provided I would make up my mind to study for the Bar, a profession, he said, in which he was satisfied I should cut a figure. The idea of going to the University was one which I had often hopelessly entertained. The prospect of its now being realized, imparted to my heart a joy that I cannot pretend to express. My patron proposed to allow me four hundred a-year, and that I should draw upon him for the additional charge of a private tutor. The thought of being emancipated from the restraint under which I felt it prudent to live beneath my patron's roof, gave such elasticity to my spirits, that I could scarcely repress them in his presence.

"At the age of twenty-one, after having seen more of life's changes and chances than most men who have arrived at the close of a long life, I entered myself at ——— College, Cambridge, and kept my first term without the occurrence of any event worth recording. I soon became acquainted with all the gay men, of a certain class, at the university, and before the expiration of the first term, had the reputation of being one of the best riders and best billiard-players in the country. About this time I heard of my uncle's death: he fell dead in a fit of intoxication, without leaving behind him a sixpence. The whole of my property having been dissipated by this base guardian.

"My career at the university was brilliant, but immoral to the last degree. My natural acuteness of understanding rendered me a favourite at my college; and while I stood first at the different examinations, my delinquencies were either overlooked, or only noticed by an occasional reprimand. I seduced several young men who had large allowances from their friends, to gamble, and many were the victims who owed their final ruin to a companionship with me. I was almost invariably successful at play, and for two reasons:—first, because I played with great dexterity, and next, because my conscience was none of that tender kind which shrinks from taking any unfair advantage that may be seized, without being perceived by an adversary. I had no principles of honour. Indeed, as far as I have perceived, honour, in the legitimate sense of the word, is nowhere recognised by the habitual gambler. The moment a man becomes the one, he withdraws himself, as by a criminal instinct, from the other. I have witnessed scenes amid the lurid silence of those hells, as they are emphatically called, into which the professed gambler stalks, like a demon to his infernal home, that would reach a heart in the centre of a sea-girt rock. I have seen the cool villain, with a sedate smile upon his smooth inflexible cheek, over which no expression but that of sordid avarice ever played, gaze on the agonies of the frantic dreamer, who has embraced the mad alternative of temporary gain or utter ruin, and sunk blasted and pennyless upon the floor, while the gibe of mockery rang in his ear from the heartless miscreant who had goaded him on to beggary, and defrauded him of his last shilling.

"I can now feel, as the shadows of memory flit across my brain, like departed ghosts of the past, what spectacles of misery have been presented before my eyes, and wrought out by my villany. By me, hundreds have been warped from a high sense of honour, to an utter abandonment of all that she upholds and sanctifies. By me, hundreds have been dragged into the den of pollution, who else might have been a credit to their generation, and a solace, instead of a degradation, to their families. The consciousness of this shakes me, at this moment, in spite of myself; the misdeeds of my short, but busy life, busy only in crime, start up like so many spectres around me, and give the lie to that infidelity, behind the doubtful fences of which I have intrenched my wavering and unconfiding belief. If I had been the only victim of my own guilt,—if I had not withdrawn so many others from the fair and flowery paths of virtue,—if I had not depraved the minds of hundreds, who, but for me, might now be happy in their innocence,—I should not be so overborne by a fiery remorse in this day of visitation. But I have no time for such fruitless reflections. The sad hour of summons advances rapidly: I will, therefore, while the time is yet before me, produce the dark calendar of guilt which has marked my eventful career.

"Among my choice companions at Cambridge, was a man much of my own character, with whom I was constantly associated in acts of the most abominable fraud. He was the younger son of a wealthy commoner, and having spent a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, left him by an uncle, his father threatened to discard him from his family for ever, unless he kept his terms at Cambridge to qualify him for wearing a barrister's wig, in order that he might be ultimately able to cover his delinquencies under the sanction of a respectable profession. He was some years older than myself, though many younger in experience. He was, in the strictest sense of the word, an illiterate man; but possessing great acuteness, and such a rapid and clear perception of character, as to be seldom mistaken in his opinion of men, after a short intercourse. He was addicted to excesses of all kinds, and, except when he desired to have his head clear for some purpose of villany at the billiard or hazard tables, never went to bed but in a state of beastly intoxication. I have seen him drink four bottles of wine after dinner, and repeat it for six successive days; and yet this man was the delight of every company into which he was admitted. He possessed an original and racy wit. His fund of anecdote was inexhaustible. Nothing escaped his observation; and, having a quick sense of the ridiculous, he gave an air of smart lively humour to everything he told. The general impression of his character was, that he was the best tempered creature in the world, while, in truth, he happened to be one of the most consummate villains. His scottish habits were redeemed, in the eyes of the young and thoughtless men whom he was in the habit of assembling around him, by that sparkling vivacity of conversation, for which he was distinguished above all the men I have ever known. This unpremeditated gaiety of character gained for him the entire confidence of the inexperienced and unsuspecting, and he never failed to take fearful advantage of the confidence reposed in him.

"Such was the man with whom I was allied in the lowest acts of petty swindling. We used to play with loaded dice, and so successfully as perfectly to escape detection. Though so liberally provided with money by my patron, my habits of extravagance were such, that my whole allowance was often exhausted before the expiration of a single term. Although I was as morally depraved as a man well could be, yet, as intoxication was not among my vices, I stood in much better odour with the master and tutors of my college than many more deserving men, who were addicted to this indulgence. I had, besides, the skill to disguise my delinquencies: thus, though I was considered a gay man, I was not looked upon as a depraved one.

"The only person in the university really acquainted with my character was he of whom I have just spoken. There was really no cordiality of feeling between us, but we were united by a league of mutual interest, which, externally, cemented a friendship of the world, not of the heart. We felt secure of each other's secrecy, while the bond which we mutually held, could not be broken without a community of loss and disgrace. We never had any differences, but still we were never cordial; and when I now calmly examine my heart, as to the state of my feelings towards N——, at the time when I was associated with him in so close a bond of alliance, I feel that hatred, suppressed, indeed, but not extinguished, lurked within it."

CHAPTER III.

The Gambler's Narrative continued.—A victim.—The rupture.—A discovery.—Its consequences.—The Duel.—His expulsion from College.—His return to his Patron.—His proposals to Mary—He marries her.—His unkindness.—Her death.

"About this time, a young nobleman came, a freshman to Cambridge, with no experience and plenty of money. This embryo Peer we fixed upon as a promising victim. We soon discovered that he was an easy youth, full of vanity and simplicity, and one that might be easily flattered into losing his money, by being assured that he was a dexterous player. We soon contrived to ease this young noble, though noble only in the aristocratic sense of the word,—of fifteen hundred pounds. It happened that while we were employed in the mysteries of our unhallowed confederation against the purse of this youthful aristocrat, a coldness took place between us, in consequence of N——suspecting that I had weaned from him the affection of a young female, to whom he was paying his addresses. He had made her an offer, which she refused.

"His rejection he chose to attribute to me, because the girl had taken my arm instead of his, one Sunday afternoon, on our return from church. In the bitterness of his disappointment, he accused me of having created in her mind a prejudice against him, in order to ingratiate myself in her favour. This did not happen to be the case, though he was perhaps justified in suspecting it, as he knew me sufficiently well to be assured that I should not hesitate to do that of which he suspected me, if it either suited my purpose or my inclination. I, however, unhesitatingly denied the accusation, when he charged me with an attempt, as he said, somewhat ludicrously, against his happiness. He received my denial with an implied distrust of my veracity, which, though I was conscious of deserving it, nevertheless aggravated me extremely, and many words of mutual and bitter recrimination passed between us. We parted in anger, but after the ebullition had subsided, we met with the appearance, at least, of reconciliation.

"On the following day we were both engaged at hazard with the young nobleman of whom I have already spoken. After a few throws for trifling stakes, and just as I had won a hundred and fifty pounds, to my astonishment, N—— exclaimed in an affected tone of indignation, that I was playing with loaded dice. This produced a vehement altercation between us, which ended in his exposing the deception. I was called upon to refund my winnings, which I declined doing, but walking to the grate, threw the charged dice into the fire.

"A tremendous uproar ensued, in which N—— bore a conspicuous part, calling me sharper, and pouring upon me every epithet of malignant opprobrium. In vain I recriminated: no one present would believe that the man who had exposed me was a sharer in my business. He was known to be a shrewd man, and my detection was therefore attributed to his acuteness and vigilance. This galled me beyond what I can express. I was mortified at being so completely outwitted.

"Although I had always known that N—— was an unprincipled scoundrel, I had never for a moment calculated that his malignity would lead him to the length of betraying me, when he was so nearly interested in his association with me. I knew his love of money to be great, but had to discover that his love of vengeance was greater. I retired from the scene of exposure, boiling with rage. It was clear to me that I could no longer remain a member of the University, and therefore determined to anticipate my expulsion, and quit it on the following day. I had, however, an account to settle with the author of my disgrace, which I resolved should be final.

"I was an admirable shot. I had a brace of Manton's pistols, and it was my habit to fire at a mark, for some time, every day; and, so expert, had I become, by constant practice, that, at a distance of fourteen yards, I could pass a ball through the section of an apple, converting it into a hollow circle, by leaving only a narrow margin beyond the circumference of the ball.

"On this day I continued my practice much longer than usual, and in the evening sent a hostile message to N——, appointing a meeting by sunrise the following morning. My adversary, as well as myself, was a practised shot. This I knew, as I had frequently seen specimens of his skill, but had always taken care to keep my own dexterity a secret, that, in case I ever happened to be engaged in a duel, the circumstance might not tell against me, should the result prove fatal to my antagonist.—N——, conscious of his own sureness of aim, and imagining that I was without skill in the use of a pistol, readily accepted my challenge, and the place of meeting was appointed about a mile and a half from the town. The gall at this moment overflowed my heart, and boiled like a lava flood within me: but I was calm,—yet mine was the calm of a stagnant and implacable malice, which nothing could either move or modify. My countenance was a mask, on which a dusky smile undulated over the features, that resembled the gloomy repose of the elements just before the tempest bursts, and lashes them into a fury that brings along with it disaster, desolation, and death.

I never shall forget my feelings at that hour.—They had frequently been excited, frequently been roused into fearful commotion, but never before to such an extent. They had prompted me to murder, which I had executed with cold and fiendish premeditation; but my soul now lusted for vengeance with so savage a craving, that I felt as if I could endure the rack without a groan, could I but see my enemy lifeless at my feet. My blood bounded through my veins with an impetus which almost maddened me, and so painful was the tumult within that at an early hour of the evening I threw myself upon my bed, in order to seek relief in the forgetfulness of sleep; but slumber was a stranger to my senses. It mocked my wooing, and I arose by daylight feverish and unrefreshed.

"I was bent upon inflicting death. I knew the certainty of my aim, and resolved that my antagonist should go to his account, though I might also follow him to mine—but for that I cared not. Accompanied by my second I walked to the appointed place of meeting, with a firm step. The fierce emotions of my bosom were kept down by an effort of stubborn pride, which would not for a moment entertain the thought of appearing before the man whom I abhorred, but with an unruffled brow, and an air of easy indifference.

"Shortly after we reached the ground, N—— appeared with his second. His face was flushed; but there was an expression of defiant scorn, curling the corners of his pale lip, that stung me to the soul. I observed in his small gray eye a gleam of anticipated triumph. I retorted the glance, and my cheek quivered as I said,—

"'Come, sir,—this is not a matter to waste time upon. I thought I should have found you more ready.'"

"'Nay,' said he bitterly, 'you might have spared your insolence, in consideration of my condescending to meet a common sharper, a fellow who plays with loaded dice; but he shall see that I can as readily meet a knave and a bully, when he insults me, as I can an honest man.'

"'Scoundrel,' I roared—

"Here our seconds interfered, and declared they would leave the ground, if we continued the altercation. In a moment I felt a horrid pause, as it were, in the leaping of my blood, and a deathly calm came over my tortured spirit. Every nerve was strung to a tension that precluded anything like a tremor. Ten paces were measured, and I grasped the engine of death with an untrembling clutch and a deadliness of purpose never to be forgotten. N—— confronted me with the same scornful smile. The wild thought shot through my brain, that in a few moments more he would be a lifeless thing—a lump of senseless earth, & I then wished, for his sake, that there might hereafter be a hell!

"It was agreed, that at the words 'present—fire' given by my second, we should discharge our pistols together. Intense as had been my excitement, I was now as cool and collected as if I had just risen from the most refreshing slumber. My greedy ear drank in the signal with agonizing delight, and, as the last word passed from the lip of him who gave it, I discharged my engine of death. The ball, true to an unerring hand, entered the breast of my antagonist; he sprung from the ground, with a quick, sharp shriek, and fell upon his face. His pistol was not discharged. For two or three seconds he lay, while I stood on the very spot where I had fired, gazing with demoniacal satisfaction, on my fallen foe. After a short interval, he rose upon his knee, and desired his second to lift him. The gore bubbled from his lips. I saw, with a smile of savage joy, that he was dying. He desired that the pistol might again be put into his hand. He grasped it with trembling eagerness. 'Leave me,' he cried, to his second, who still supported him, and, standing alone, he coolly raised the instrument of destruction. I suppose his sight became dim, as he directed it obliquely. He paused an instant with his pistol raised, staggering rapidly towards me. His features were convulsed with the deep concentrated purpose which urged him on. He did not pause, but continued his career, with a certain oscillation of movement, that showed the last gleam of consciousness to be fading from his brain. When he came within my reach, I dashed his arm upwards; the pistol exploded, the ball passed harmlessly over my head. Nature had made her last effort: the miserable man fell forward, dead. Exasperated by the desperate attempt upon my life, I spurned the corse, with a loud and savage curse.

"I quitted the ground, entered a post-chaise, which I had ordered to wait for me, at a village, about half-a-mile from the scene of action, and proceeded towards Birmingham. As I had anticipated I was expelled. I was tried, as is usual on these occasions of honourable murder, and acquitted. My protector received me kindly, though mortified at my expulsion. He believed my version of the matter, and looked upon me as a much abused young man.

"For some months after this affair, I was very regular in my conduct, in order that I might not rouse the suspicions of my confiding and generous friend. He applauded my sobriety, and I was satisfied that he knew not how venomous a snake he was harbouring in his bosom. It had long been evident to me that the niece of this kind old man,—a pretty tender-hearted girl, with more beauty and gentleness of nature, than readiness of perception, or strength of mind,—entertained for my an affection that could not be mistaken. She had a small fortune of five thousand pounds; and there could be no doubt that she would ultimately come into possession of the whole of her uncle's property, as she was the nearest relation he had in the world, and he was greatly attached to her.

"The uncle was not long in discovering her predilection for me, which he endeavoured to prevail on her to discourage, as he considered my principles to be yet too unsettled, to render an alliance with me, for the present, a prudent measure. He moreover, looked forward to her marrying a member of some family of distinction; for he had often said, that she was fit to become the wife of a duke. It soon appeared, however, that her affections were so deeply fixed, as to render opposition to her wishes a measure more than likely to entail misery upon her future life; and he did not oppose our union, when he saw it was the settled object of both our hearts. The fact is, that I entertained nothing but the most selfish feeling towards this gentle creature, who loved me with a devotedness which I knew neither how to appreciate, nor how to return. I was gratified by her preference. I was pleased with her beauty. I was flattered, that others, wealthy and highborn men, sought her hand, and were rejected for my sake; but I loved her not with that pure and absorbing affection which alone can beam the light of joy upon the domestic hearth, imparting bloom and freshness to the fair blossoms of hope, and mingling the subtle element of happiness with every inspiration imbibed from the great fountain of life.

"Mary ——— knew me not; she was too unsuspecting to discover the reptile which I harboured within my bosom. The money she possessed, and her great expectations, decided me at once to render her miserable, by making her the wife of one who knew not how to love. She little dreamed into what a gulf of misery she was about to precipitate herself, when she accepted my proffered hand, with my declaration, that it was the pledge of her having won a heart as sincere and fervent as her own. Her uncle, it is true, consented to our union with some reluctance, yet he put a check for fifteen thousand pounds into my hand, and gave me his blessing; and on the following morning I led the innocent Mary ——— to the altar.

"Almost from that hour she was a miserable woman. I took possession of her money; for her I cared little, and almost immediately slighted her. Poor Mary!—she soon found that the rose of happiness, which opened so fairly before her, had a worm at the root, and was now a withered scentless thing. Her peace was already 'with the things o'erpast.' She was stunned by my unexpected neglect. She drooped in silence; not a murmur escaped her lips,—but the kind uncle, my generous patron, saw the warm glow of health recede from her cheek, and he upbraided me with my indifference. I was too proud to conciliate where I had once given cause for anger; yet I forbore to exasperate him, because I knew that it could not benefit me, but might greatly mar my interest. I promised amendment, but grew colder still. My wife was neglected for the society of sharpers and demireps. Still her uncle knew not the excess of my iniquity. As I never treated her with positive harshness, and took care to conceal from him the nature of my pursuits, and the sort of companions with whom I held intercourse, he merely imagined that I was cold, but hoped, when years had added sobriety to my experience, I should better appreciate the rare qualities of my wife, and make amends for present indifference.

"Alas, he knew me not. He little then thought how soon that indifference would plant the shaft of death into the purest bosom that ever breathed. Poor Mary never uttered a reproach. She always received me with smiles—with caresses; but the languid eye, the pale cheek, and tottering gait, at length convinced me that she was rapidly passing to a more congenial world.

"The first time this thought struck me, I was confounded. It called up, for a moment, the better feelings of my nature. I reflected upon her goodness, her innocence, her beauty. I repented, sought her society, and treated her with a tenderness usually foreign to my nature: but it was too late. The tender blossom had been shaken too rudely. She received my caresses with hysterical joy, and died in my arms, blessing me. Her death afflicted me deeply. I never felt anything of the kind so strongly; and, under the influence of real emotion, I wrote the following lines, on the night of her death:

MARY.

The tear was in her eye:
Upon the lid it hung—
Yet smiles were on her cheek,
And music on her tongue.
The pure hue of her soul
Was traced upon her brow—
How bright a thing on earth!
But how much brighter now!

The sunshine of her smile
Was soon to be o'ercast;
For o'er her spirit's bloom
The blight of sorrow past.
The worm that never dies
But with the dying breath,
Gnawed deep, and on her cheek
Spread the pale hues of death.

She perished in her prime.
Brief was her life's eclipse;
Yet e'en in death the smile
Played on her faded lips:
She seemed but in a sleep,—
So calm the spirit past,—
And, like a setting star,
Was lovely to the last.

[*To be concluded next week.*]

Culture of Cotton.—Like silk and grapes, the cotton plant, cheap as it is, and common as it seems, can only be raised with the greatest care, and even after all is subject to tremendous risks. A single night's frost will destroy the germinating seeds: a north-east wind will blight the young plants in a few hours; or the cutworm will destroy them. These escaped, there comes the labour of thinning the plants, which must be successively performed; and at each thinning the soil must be gathered round the remaining plants to support them against the wind, by which they are easily bent over, on account of their short slender stems: and as the fields should be entirely shaded from the sun when the broad leaves of the cotton shrubs are fully developed, the distance between their roots must be adapted to this circumstance. The next source of solicitude to the cotton planter is the heavy rains of August: as they frequently cause the plant to part with its fruit, and even its leaves. The August full moon is likewise the time when the catterpillar makes its appearance. It is the offspring of a small brown moth, resembling the candle moth, which deposits its eggs upon the leaf of the *gossypium* always a night or two before the full or new moon. They hatch a few hours after they are deposited, and are so small at first as to be hardly discernible by the naked eye. They do little or no damage during the first nine or ten days of their life, like the silk-worms, eating little in their infancy; but a few days before they complete their growth, they become so excessively voracious as to destroy an entire plantation in a few hours. Mr. Spalding has seen four hundred acres of cotton of a promising aspect, which four days thereafter did not possess a green leaf or scarcely a solitary pod upon a plant. Experience has led to the belief that these catterpillar ravages may be expected once in the space of seven years. When cotton fields have escaped injury from rains, winds, and worms, they display as beautiful a scene as the admirer of vegetable nature could desire to behold: wide waving groups of viny foliage blended with three-coloured blossoms of brilliant hues, and pods of darker shades in various states of ripeness. When the flower comes forth, it has a fine yellow colour, which it retains during the first day; under the influence of the night it changes to a red or crimson hue; in the third day it darkens into a chocolate brown; and then falls to the ground, leaving a pod already half an inch in diameter. The interval between the appearance of the blossom and the maturation of the fruit is very variable, being altogether dependant on the season. Mr. Spalding has at one time observed hundreds of flowers which afforded perfectly ripe fruit in the space of twenty-one days, and at another he has seen six weeks required for the same effect; but such delays are always hurtful. The cotton pods begin to open about the 1st of August; from which time to the 1st of December the whole attention of the cultivator is directed to the *picking in* of the cotton as the pods daily open. During the autumnal season in Georgia and South Carolina, upon the sea-coast, the winds are violent and the rains heavy, so that the picking is a tedious though not a laborious operation; and the persons (slaves) employed may be expected to gather from the fields twenty-five pounds a day when the weather permits them to work. In the more favourable times, fifty pounds is a good daily average picking of seed cotton; but latterly ten pounds may be a day's work. Taking the mean product of cotton plantations, Mr. Spalding considers that four acres will not yield more than five hundred weight of clean cotton separated from the seeds by the gin, of which four hundred weight is white, and one hundred weight coloured or stained cotton wool. These five hundred weights of cotton wool have averaged to the planter for the last fifteen years twenty cents (about 1d) per pound for the white, and ten cents for the stained, fetching in American money ninety dollars to the husbandman. Mr. Spalding justly remarks that this is a small remuneration, not calculated to excite the envy or hostility of those engaged in other productive occupations.—*Dr. Ure's Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain.*

THE CITY OF HAMBURG.

Hamburg, the first commercial city of Germany, and probably of the whole continent, is one of the four free towns which are admitted, as independent states, into the German Confederation,—the three others being Frankfort, Lubeck, and Bremen. Its situation is highly advantageous, and is the chief cause of its present importance, as it was also of its prosperity in former times. It is built on the northern bank of the Elbe, at the distance of about eighty miles from the sea, and just at the point where the navigation of that river, by large vessels, ceases, and where the use of rafts, or flat-bottomed boats, begins. Opposite the city the river is about four miles broad; but just above it is divided by islands into several narrow and intricate channals, which do not admit the passage of ships. Two small streams, the Alster and the Bille, flow into the Elbe through the town; the first is by far the more considerable of the two; and forms, in the northern part of the town, a sort of reservoir, or small lake, from which the water is distributed so as to turn several mills, to supply numerous fountains, and to fill the canals which intersect the city, and especially the lower part of it, in such numbers that about ninety bridges are required for crossing them.

The origin of Hamburg is referred to the beginning of the ninth century, when Charlemagne built a citadel and a church on the heights between the Elbe and the eastern banks of the Alster: his object was to establish a station which might be a bulwark against a tribe of Sclavonian Pagans, who were settled on the southern coasts of the Baltic. In spite of the various vicissitudes which it underwent, this place speedily became the resort of many traders and settlers; and, in the year 833, it was raised by Louis Le Debonnaire, the son and successor of Charlemagne, to be the seat of an archbishopric. In 845 the city was pillaged and partially destroyed by Danes; and scarcely had it recovered from that disaster, when it suffered a similar infliction at the hands of the Sclavonians. About half a century afterwards, the Emperor Otho erected Saxony into a duchy, and Hamburg, being within the district which went by that name, passed from under the immediate sovereignty of the empire, and became subject to the dukes of the new fief, from whom again, in the twelfth century, it passed to the counts of Holstein. In the meanwhile, much progress had been made in the extension of industry and commerce; and already the principles of freedom had begun to develope themselves in the rising community. As early as the middle of the twelfth century, corporations, or guilds, were formed for the protection and encouragement of different crafts and occupations. In the year 1152, we find that the union of "the Company of Mercers and Drapers" was confirmed by the approbation of the reigning duke, Henry the Lion. Riches, too, came to flow into the hands of the industrious burghers, and enabled them, according to the common practice of the middle ages, to extract, from the neediness of their sovereign lord, the grant of many privileges and immunities, which gave a fresh impulse to their growing prosperity.

In the year 1189, when Frederick the First, surnamed Barbarossa, went out upon the third land crusade, the people of this city supplied their master, Adolph the Third, with the means of accompanying his sovereign upon that unfortunate expedition; and, in return, they obtained the concession of various privileges which are important in the history of Hamburg, as the basis of its subsequent liberty, and the possession of which was guaranteed by two distinct charters; one signed by the count, and the other by the emperor. The tendency of these was to secure their independence, the freedom of their commerce, and their exemption from a variety of imposts; among them were stipulations that no fort should be erected within two miles of the city,—that the burghers should trade freely on the Elbe, from the city down to the sea,—and that they should not be liable to any charges on account of the foreign or domestic campaigns of their lord.

Scarcely had the thirteenth century begun, when the city was again embroiled in active warfare. Its old enemies, the Danes, took it three times in the space of fifteen years, and then sold it, for 700 marks of silver, to a certain Count Albrecht of Orlamund; but the purchaser, finding his title disputed by the Holstein family, resold the city to its own inhabitants for 1500 marks of silver; that is to say, for the consideration of that sum, he renounced all his rights of sovereignty over it. The inhabitants then began to govern themselves according to a constitution of their own framing; but, strangely enough, while their political freedom this commenced, the archbishopric, which the son of Charlemagne had founded in their city, was transferred to Bremen. It happened, however, that the man who had sold them their freedom was defeated in his struggle with the count of Holstein; they were consequently obliged to open their city to the victorious Adolph, (the fourth of that name,) though they carefully secured the full enjoyment of all their privileges. —How extensive these were may be conceived from the fact of their comprising the power of entering into treaties with foreigners. In 1238 the city formed a commercial alliance with the people inhabiting the country between the Elbe and the Weser; and, in 1241, entered into that union with Lubeck which is regarded as the commencement of the famous Hanseatic league.

From that time forward the advancement of Hamburg in wealth and independence was steadily progressive; its commerce became gradually more extended, and the ties which bound it in obedience to the counts of Holstein relaxed in the same degree. At last, being constituted, in 1365, the seat of an Imperial Fair, the city boldly refused to pay homage and fealty to its feudal lord, acknowledging a direct dependence upon the emperor only, and styling itself a free and imperial city of the German empire. In succeeding centuries it was not without a full share of the troubles arising from internal dissensions and external hostilities; the king of Denmark was its constant enemy, and his efforts to reassert his lost rights of sovereignty over it, caused many calamities to the inhabitants. In spite, however, of all these, the prosperity of the city continued; and the convention entered into with Denmark, in 1768, by which the Danish sovereign resigned his claims, and formally acknowledged its independence, relieved it of its last source of apprehension. Thus, at the beginning of the present century, Hamburg was one of the richest and most prosperous of the free cities of Germany.

But its disastrous days then began. In the year 1803 the French entered Hanover, and closed the Elbe against the English; our fleets in return blockaded the mouth of the river, and thus put a stop to the commerce of Hamburg. The French then compelled the inhabitants to advance the sum of 2,125,000 marks; similar exactions were repeatedly practised, until at length, in 1810, Hamburgh was regularly incorporated with the French empire, as the capital of the newly-created department of the *Bouches de l' Elbe*, or "Mouths of the Elbe." In the month of March, 1813, when Napoleon's reverses had begun, the invaders were obliged to withdraw; but by the end of May they were again in possession of the city, and the unfortunate inhabitants were then made to pay dearly for their temporary release. A fine of 48,000,000 of francs was exacted, and all respect for private property was set aside by the French commander Davoust, in his endeavours to convert the place into a military position; but before he could fortify it the war had been ended, and they quitted the city in the month of May, 1814. The loss which it had sustained between November, 1806, and the period of its deliverance, was estimated at about 140,000,000 of marks, or about £1,200,000; and the only compensation obtained was an assignment of French stock to the value of 500,000 francs, on the restoration of the Bourbons. When the French left the city the Russians entered it, and there they remained till the end of the year; since that time it has been left entirely to its own government. Hamburg bears the marks of its antiquity visibly about it at the present day; the streets are narrow, crooked, and ill-paved, the houses small, high, and ill-built, and the whole city has a close and contracted appearance, seeming like what it really is—too small for its dense population. Its different portions are huddled together, as it were; no open places or squares interrupt the continuous masses of building, and impart salubrity, as well beauty, to the city. There are, indeed, several which bear the name, but none which are justly entitled to it, unless we except the *Jungfern Stieg*, a famous public promenade, running above the border of the lake or basin, which we noticed as being formed by the Alster in the northern part of the town.

Dr. Thos. Nugent, who visited Germany in 1766, thus describes "the Jungfern Stieg, or Maiden Walk, where the inhabitants resort for the sake of company, air, and exercise. It is situated at the head of the Alster, and extends along this beautiful basin into the heart of the city. Its length may be about a-thousand feet but it is rather too narrow, being not above twenty or twenty-five feet broad; it is bordered round by a row of trees, and railed in on the water-side: there are several stairs for the convenience of boats and covered barges, which will hold eight or ten people, with a table: in these they frequently sup, being rowed up and down, and music playing. On the other side is a handsome street with a row of fine houses."

The following extract from the pen of a more recent writer, will convey a lively and correct picture of its present appearance.

"Some Hanoverians" says Mr. Hodgskin, "had described to me with ecstacy a public promenade at Hamburg, called the *Jungfern Stieg*, and I had been so long accustomed to their own quietness, that I was almost prepared to join in their opinions when I saw the quantity of people, and of apparent enjoyment on this walk, on the evening of my arrival in Hamburg. On one side, throughout its whole length, there is a row of handsome houses, a broad carriage-road, a walk planted with four rows of trees, and the other side is bounded by a small handsome lake, formed by the Alster, a river that flows into Elbe at Hamburgh. The coffee houses may almost vie with those of the Palais Royal for splendour; and towards evening it seemed as if the whole population of the town were collected on this single spot. The busy hum of the conversation of such a multitude, and their restless movement, was like the waves as they break on the shore. Many were walking; many were sitting about the coffee-houses or on benches, and many were idly gazing on the still waters. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the moon shone both in the heavens and in the lake. Several boats floated on it, and the people in them were still, and seemed more disposed to enjoy than to disturb the serenity. The multitude were of all ages, of all descriptions, and all countries, and remained enjoying themselves late in the night. In other parts of Germany the people go quietly home and to bed towards ten o'clock; but at midnight, the walk was yet crowded, and it was long before all the revellers had retired."

The love of truth is a most important habit to cultivate, and it claims an alliance with the heart as well as the head. It must be grounded on a virtuous disposition, for no vicious person can be a lover of truth. We ought always to remember that our reasoning faculties were not given us to exercise them as mere whim or fancy might dictate, but to be the active instruments of guiding us to truth, and promoting our happiness as rational and immortal creatures. To enter into verbal or written disputations for the mere sake of argument, is a pernicious practice. It will, if continued for any length of time, make a person altogether insensible to truth, and will unhinge the whole fabric of his mind. Unless, therefore, a love of truth occupies a conspicuous station among our mental excellencies, we shall make no progress in real knowledge. Our mind will present an unseemly and disorderly assemblage of contradictory systems and opinions: it will be without order, symmetry, or grace, and the clouds of prejudice will hang over the chaotic mass, just admitting as much light through the hazy medium, as to make the scattered fragments of truth darkly visible.—*Blakey.*

Things that I like.—I like to see men neat and clean in their persons; it induces health, and health gives vigour and strength to the mind. I have also greater respect for those who have a due regard to their personal appearance, than I have for a slothful, heedless, slovenly person, yet I would have men dress to correspond with their duties and business of life.

I like to see men methodical and just in their personal relations with each other. I would sooner trust a man of this description with my money,—solicit his friendship and advice,—be governed by his counsel and example, than one of an opposite character.

I like to see men extend mutual recognitions of acquaintance, and to [illegible] in the every day business of life, [illegible] a zest to the pleasures of society, and [illegible] them more agreeable to others and happy in themselves. I cannot bear a cold look, a reserved nod, an affected smile of approbation, critical friendship.