Poetry.

From Heaven to Earth to Come in the Shades.

SOPHANISTES.

As 'tis now, my dear TULLY, some weeks since I visited,
By railroad, for earth, having passed, we are posted,
To drop you one line, by the Penny Letter post,
Just to say how I thrive, in my new state of ghost,
And how decently old this lire would all appear
To a man who's been dead these last three hundred years.

I now take up my pen (sit, as now from this spinet
Hasn't touch'd our Olympus for many a year,
Shall, from time to time, jotting what you think of your
mind,
By rebating the strange things I meet upon earth.

In my way to these shores, taking fairly due,
Lest the change from Elysium should sudden night bring,
I forgot not to touch at Cloud Tower here in whose, of yore,
You took leaving from Parvus in cook-ery's lore,—
Turn'd aside from the halls both of reason and Muse,
To dispense the rich merits of stew and sauce.
And prefer'd to all honours of triumph or trophy
A feast of fat pressing with the sick little Sorry.

Having Fonty on such classical musings awhile,
I set off, by a conveyance, for the last isle,
(A conveyance you've no'er, I think, call'd by MARK TULLY,
And, therefore, per mail, I'll describe it more fully.)
Having heard, on the way, what afflicts my mind greatly,
That England's o'er-run by idolators lately,—
Stark, staring adepts of word and of stone,
Who will let neither stick, stock, or stone stand,
But turn all into gods, for some views of their own;—
Nay, so fond are of idols, so hungrily without them,
They n'er carry small pocket godlings about them,
And, 'tis fear'd, if not kept down by power's strong hand,
Will, by dint of mill images, ruin the land!!

Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,
Who from sports sacramental was hurrying back,
To look after his tithes,—seeing clearly 'twould follow
That, just as of old, your great idol, APOLLO,
Devour'd all the Tenths,* so the vile things in question,
These English-made gods, may have equal digestion,
And, much as the Rector such idols despises,
May eat up the tithe-pig which he idolizes!

LYCNOS.

'Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry reigns,
In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!
On arriving just now, my first business and care
Being, as usual, to seek out some poor House of Prayer,
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,
I was shown to—what think you?—a downright Pantheon,
A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls,†
Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St. Paul's,
Though 'tis clearly the place where th' idolatrous crew,
Whom the Rector complained of, their vile rites pursue;
And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Abe'nam's father curs'd out,‡
That he ever curs'd stranger than these I much doubt.

Were it ev'n, my dear TULLY, your Helios and Graces,
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints' places,
I should'nt so much mind,—and, in this classic dome,
Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.
But the gods they've got here!—such a queer omnium gatherum
Of nicknacks strange, with no post to father 'em;—
Brimstone, in light, summer-wear for the skies,—
Old Thomas, stam'd to stone, to his no small surprise;
Father Nile, too,—a portrait (in spite of what's said,
Tho' on mount o'er jut out, gets a glimpse of his head)!—
And a Congreve, which MERCY would think somewhat fit for's,
A full grown Director, in stone, having sat for 't;—
Not to mention th' at cement of Greek and Sphinxes,
Puss, Viet'ry, and other such semi-chel minxes;—
Sea-Captains, §—the idols here most idolized;
Of whom note, too, poor fellows, might well be compriz'd
Among ready-made Saints, as they died consecrated;—
With a rabble of other such cockney-fied deities,
Which had in such pomp that quite shocking it is
Not have I what better the Rector could do
Than to shrine there his own beloved quadruped too;
As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is
A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is

But I'm half'd off to dinner—grow just hot has been said,
And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.

* See his letters, lib. 2, epist. 13, 20, &c. &c.
† Jonathan equilibrum cum Sophia Regina.—Lib. 4, epist. 10.
‡ Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo.
§ See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Pusey, p. 1, Indica xxv. 2.
¶ ——— "Nec contigit ali
Hac villosa capra." CLAUDIAN.
** The Odyssey of the Hinds.
†† Captain Rock, Rice, &c. &c.

Legend of Glammis.

From Edith of Glammis, a new Scotch Novel.

You seem to be acquainted with these parts, sir knight; and if so, cannot be ignorant that tradition narrates, St. Orland's stone to have been erected to the memory of Malcolm II. who was murdered upon the spot. Towards the close of a cold and dreary evening in December, the bold monarch was riding, unattended, on his way to the princely castle of Glammis—you may see its proud turrets rising among the trees on your left. He had passed the rude bridge over the Kerlaer, whose stream, now glising so sweetly past, was at that time bound in the icy fetters of winter. Little thought of horse or foot pressed the brave king's breast; and as he rode over the snowy waste, gazing upon the few straggling stars peeping over the eastern range of the Grampians, his heart danced within him at the near prospect of his journey's end. The castle was in sight, and, through the long vista of the leafless forest he already beheld its gay light glimmering from a hundred windows. But alas! his journey's end was nearer. It was written even in those stars that rolled so silently above him, that the young king whose heart beat so high with every benevolent feeling of life, and youth, and joy, should, ere many hours had passed, be carried into that gay castle a lifeless and bloody corpse. There was but one dark spot on all this white and dreary waste. It was yonder small clump of pines—and their aspect appeared still more gloomy, by its striking contrast to the dazzling whiteness of every thing around. As the king passed the spot, a presentiment of evil seemed to cross his mind. A cold shudder ran through every vein, and popular superstition would have said that he had trodden upon his grave. In this instance it was true. Three dark-looking figures, armed and masked, darted from beneath the shadow of the gloomy grove. The proud horse on which Malcolm rode, frayed by the sudden glancing of their arms, started aside, reared furiously, and would have darted forward with resistless speed; but a strong hand grasped his bridle, and ere he had yet recovered, his royal master was dragged to the ground, and long before he could draw his sword to defend himself, his life-blood, rushing from many a gaping wound, stained the whiteness of the pure snow, and the brave, the generous king, was a stiff and bloody corpse. Plunder was not the object of the ruffians, for the moment the deed was done they fled. The king's horse, meantime, had darted forward to the gates of the castle; and you may imagine the confusion its appearance there, masterless, and with torn and bloody reins, created. All gave orders, and none obeyed. The lord of the castle was sought for, to direct what was to be done, but he was nowhere to be found, and it was not till after a considerable delay had taken place, that a party of the servants, headed by the aged warder of the castle, proceeded in search of their royal master. Their search was not of long duration. Guided by the tracks of the horse's hoofs upon the snow, they soon reached the bed of the fallen monarch's last repose. But life was quite extinct, and he lay there as cold and pale as the snow on which he was extended. The same means which had led them to the body of the king, now enabled the retainers of the house of Glammis to trace the route of the murderers. No time was lost; and ere the ruffians had reached the lake of Forfar, the shouts of the avengers were close upon their track. As a last attempt to baffle their pursuers, they quitted the land, where the traces of their footsteps were marked upon the untrodden snow, and betaking themselves to the darkness of the frozen lake, attempted to gain the shelter of the thick woods that clothe its northern bank. But the vengeance of heaven was not asleep. Ere they had gained the middle of the lake, the ice gave way beneath them, and their wild despairing cries for help and mercy rose upon the stillness of the night. But there was no hand near to aid them—mercy they could not expect—and when their pursuers reached the margin of the silent lake, they beheld the unfortunate men struggling amidst its waves, and heard their faint imploring cries repeated, till the overwhelming waves choked the sound, and the stillness that ensued told them that the murderers had met their doom. They returned to the castle with heavy hearts. But there was one heart among them heavier than the rest. The old warden had seen but two men struggling in the waters of the lake, but he had observed the print of three different footsteps in the snow. Whatever his suspicions might be, however, he kept them to himself, and for many a long day forbore to mention the circumstance to a human being; but from that hour he was never seen to smile, and whenever his once loved lord approached him, a convulsive spasm seemed to shake his aged frame.

Shortly after, this stone was erected to the memory of the murdered king; and in the rude sculpture of the period you may trace the history of the sad event. In this lower department, these two men, with hatchets, are supposed to be the murderers in consultation. Observe, sir knight, the diabolical expression of their features.—These four men on horseback, trampling the wild boar and dragon under foot, are the ministers of justice in pursuit; and these rudely sculptured fishes are symbolical of the lake, and tell the share it had in the events of that memorable night.

* * * * * * *

Years passed away, and beneath that cross which you have but now admired, the lord of Glammis was daily wont to kneel. Some said it was in expiation of an unknown sin—others that it was a self-inflicted penance—and a few, more charitably disposed, that he there poured forth his daily prayers for the repose of the murdered monarch's soul. But be that as it may, in the progress of time, the proud lord Douglas and his no less haughty daughter arrived at the castle of Glammis. She, it is said, was beautiful, but many an evil passion lurked within her fair breast. The lord of Glammis, however, saw her—and seeing, loved her. Day after day, and week after week, they wandered through the wild surrounding scenery. But they never entered the cottage of the poor peasant; and wherever they moved, their proud overbearing looks and haughty minnes commanded more of terror than respect. They were both eminently handsome; but the blessing of the poor never rested upon their heads.

During their rambles, the lord of Glammis neglected his daily prayers at St. Orland's stone. His visits to it were less frequent; and it was observed that he never drew the steps of the lady Jane in that direction. Slight chance, however, hath oftentimes counteracted the deepest designs. What is written in the book of fate will not be blotted out by the hand of man. One bright day their steps had almost unconsciously wandered within a short distance of this spot—you see, sir knight, how singularly wild and beautiful it is—and, overcome either by real or pretended fatigue, nothing would serve the lady but here she must repose. She seated herself on the base of the pillar, and the blessed sign of the cross was extended above her head. The haughty lord knelt at her feet, and pointed out the spot where their good king had been slain. He told her the history of the erection of the stone on which she sat—he pointed out the rude sculpture upon it, and explained its meaning, and narrated many other legends connected with the place, and they laughed together, in the gaiety of their hearts, at what they termed the idle superstitions of the peasantry. They had long understood each other, and now they talked of love, till, at last, in the exuberance of his spirit, the lord of Glammis proposed that above the grave of their murdered monarch they should plight their troth. It was deemed a fair thought by the happy lady. She yielded to his wish. They knelt before this rudely sculptured cross, and, calling on the shades of the departed monarch to bear witness to their truth, they solemnly and irrevocably plighted their faith to each other. It is said that the spirit of the monarch did bear witness to their vows—that his shade appeared as they pledged them; and, while the mid-day sun sunk beneath a black cloud as if unwilling to look upon the hardened ones of earth, that he gazed upon them with a frowning aspect, and raising his finger in a warning, threatening posture, slowly shook his head and disappeared. Whether it be so or not, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that the lady was brought home senseless to the castle, and the pale lips and haggard aspect of their lord, shewed to his domestics that which he would willingly have concealed from every eye. Shortly afterwards the two were united, and this ill-omined marriage formed the first link of connection between the house of Douglas and that of Glammis. Years passed on; but from the day of their marriage, every thing in this world seemed to go against them. One after another of their children died. One little innocent was drowned in the lake; another fell from the battlements of the castle and was dashed to pieces; and a third was gored to death by a wild stag, at no great distance from the place where we now sit, as if its guiltless blood had been spilt to appease the manes of the murdered monarch. Moreover, their tempers could not agree. They were as two streams rushing against each other, and the contentions betwixt them were hot and strong. Both sought to rule—and both being equally proud and haughty, neither could endure the other's sway. Many tales were told of their unhappy life; and the lady was often heard, to say, that it would have been far better if both had been consigned to their graves on the day they pledged their faith at St. Orland's stone; while the lord, on the other hand, no whit behind her, cursed the hour and the day on which her form had first darkened the entrance to his princely abode. In the course of time, however, he died, but not without suspicion of foul play. His death was sudden, and the night before it happened, the contention betwixt his lady and him had been unusually fierce and loud. There was none, however, to urge enquiry into the matter. The lady had now her own way, and ruled with an iron hand. But her triumph was of short duration. She did not long survive her lord. She too died, and was buried in the ruined chapel. The castle was then deserted for many years; it became the habitation of the owl and the bat, while the hare and the leveret crouched unheeded and undisturbed in the wide chase around.

It was sometime after these events happened, that a chance traveller, straying amidst the surrounding wilds, discovered these lines, engraved it is said by no mortal hand, on St. Orland's stone.

As she spoke, Edith arose, and pushing aside the clustering wild flowers that hung around the stone, Sir Percy beheld the following legend, chiselled in small and very ancient characters, on the base of the pillar:

"Ras wall—but woe
To them shall flow
That pledge their faith this cross below."

A Leper—Affecting Scene.

From the Oriental Annual.

A day or two after our arrival at Bombay, I was strolling, about sunset, on the beach of Colaba, a small island separated from Bombay, only when the tide rises, by a narrow creek, the passage being perfectly dry at low water—when my attention was arrested by a particular object. A man approached me, in the common costume of the lowest orders, having only a cloth wrapped round his loins. I could not help being forcibly attracted by his appearance. His skin was perfectly white, as white as chalk; and when he came near me I perceived that it seemed glazed, as if it had been seared with a hot iron. His hair, for he wore no turban, was precisely the colour of his skin, and hung in long strips upon his lean and wiskered shoulders. His eyes, excepting only the pupils, were of a dull, murky red, and he directed them perpetually towards the ground, as if the light was painful to him, which, upon inquiry, I discovered to be the case. His gait was slow and tottering, and his limbs were shrunk to a state of attenuation, quite ghastly. His ribs were so prominent, that they might be counted at the distance of several yards, and the whole anatomical development was so singularly conspicuous, that he seemed to stand before me a living skeleton. He did not, at first, venture to approach within several yards of me. I advanced, but he gently retreated, beseeching me to give a miserable man a few pice, to save him from death, as he was an object of universal scorn, and an outcast from his tribe. His supplication was piteously imploring. He bid me not come near him, as he was a polluted creature, against whom the hand of every one was raised, and for whom there was no pity. By speaking kindly to him, I, in a short time, obtained his confidence, when he stood still, and allowed me to stand close beside him. I asked him the reason of his extraordinary appearance. He told me that he had been for years a martyr to the leprosy, which, though at length cured, had left upon him the brand of irremediable pollution. The very hue of his skin had changed from a deep brown to a cadaverous and sickly white, and no one could mistake that he had been a leper. In India, lepers are held to be accursed of the Deity; and they are in consequence universally shunned, and many poorly die in an abject state of destitution, more deplorable, from the immoral abandonment to which their dreadful visitation exposes them. Though this poor man was of the lowest cast, none of the members of his tribe would hold intercourse with him, and he was cast forth a wanderer, where he could find none but such as were labouring under a similar infliction, who felt any sympathy in his wretchedness. Nothing can be more melancholy than the thought of a human creature so situated. Not only an outcast from general society, but shunned even by the most degraded of his tribe, he has no home but such as he makes for himself, apart from the haunts of men, who frequently drive him into the jungles, where he becomes the prey of wild beasts; or when he refuses to withdraw himself beyond the remotest neighbourhood of human habitation, in violation of every law both human and divine, the members of his own family will frequently put the wretched creature to a cruel death. So attached are the Hindoos to life generally, which they consider upon any terms, the greatest boon of heaven, that they seldom relinquish it by a voluntary death, except when the fanaticism, which with them is a positive frenzy, urges them to some deed of self-immolation, in order to obtain the immediate possession of an immortality of bliss. But although these acts of frantic devotion are not uncommon, yet the circumstance of Hindoos putting themselves to death merely to get rid of the burthen of a sorrowful existence is comparatively rare. The leper will bear about with him the curse of his leprosy, with all its attendant miseries, and pour forth his complaints to the unconscious winds; yet, even in the midst of privations and bodily sufferings which it is appalling to contemplate, he will endure his load of misery, and cling to life with a pertinacity scarcely to be conceived.

Effects produced on the Scotch by their Popular Songs.

From the Monthly Repository for April.

No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland, will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him; but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber the nain!—I maun gang back—Na!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Bedenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave. He who writes once travelled a road in Perthshire, in company with an old, ignorant, very ignorant man, a common beggar. Unused to sympathy, when he found himself sympathised with, his heart was opened, and he told something of his past life. From his earliest years he had been an outcast, one of that class who form the hewers of wood and drawers of water, in our great manufacturing towns. Instruction of any sort, save in evil-doing, he had never received; he was one of those who are kept in ignorance, and crushed and driven into vice, and then punished for that very ignorance and vice. At the commencement of the war he enlisted for a soldier, and was ultimately sent to Portugal. His comrade happened to be a Scotsman who was well acquainted with the poetical literature of his country, and this poor and ignorant soldier felt all that was good in him so attracted by the sound and the sentiment, when he could understand it, of those songs, that he learned many of them by heart. Much evil he saw and committed; and much hardship, heart-rending and grievous hardship, did he endure in the course of that long and bloody war; but at length it approached its close, and the British army was advancing on France. One day while encamped, this soldier, while strolling in the neighbourhood of the camp, came suddenly on a small house embowered among trees. It happened to be tenanted solely by a woman; and thoughts of hell, of such agonies as make the heart shudder, and the hair bristle, and the lips curse, even in the name of God, war and warriors, came throng-ing into this ignorant and debased man's mind; but even in that hour of projected sin, a remembrance came faintly at first, but gradually stronger and stronger, of the scenes, the peace and the innocence, described in the songs he had learned; and the beauty, and manliness, and goodness pictured in them, seemed, in his own words, to take a divine shape, and lead him away from iniquity. And that old and miserable man wept while he remembered how Scotland's songs had been instrumental in keeping a damning stain from his darkened but still immortal soul. The old beggar thought guardian spirits ever hovered round the paths of men, covered with the misty mantle of superstition a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

Consequence Hurt.—The veteran commander, the pioneer of our glory, is on furlough, making a tour in the Mediterranean with his family. At Malta, where he arrived in February last, a few days after his grand ship, old Ironsides had touched there, he was treated by the British officers in the first and gentlemanly manner, by a singular coincidence, was Capt. Dacres, in command of a 74—with a degree of courtesy and ceremony from the Admiral downwards, which a royal person might have envied. Dacres called on him almost every day, and showed him about as a lion. This was magnanimous and worthy of a British heart and gallant officer.—*American Paper.*

The late Rev. John Scott, D. D.

From the Greenock Advertiser.

On Saturday morning, about six o'clock, the Rev. John Scott, D.D., who, for nearly 43 years was minister of the Mid Parish, was removed from this life in the 73d year of his age. In May, 1829, the deceased sustained a severe paralytic shock, which incapacitated him from the discharge of his ministerial functions. During his long incumbency, Dr. Scott endeared himself to his numerous flock, by the faithfulness and ability with which he discharged the duties of his sacred calling. His prolonged and severe sufferings were borne with a patience and resignation which a firm belief in the sublime doctrines he had so long inculcated, could alone bestow; and made those who visited his sick-bed feel that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate," is indeed a spot peculiarly privileged, and pregnant with lessons well calculated to make impressions far more deep and lasting than the shining expositions of the same truths elsewhere. We have been favoured with a copy of the *Glasgow Courier*, of the 7th August, 1799, which contains the following notice of his predecessor. The number of coincidences in the history of both is very striking, and the character given of the Rev. Dr. Adam is quite as applicable to his successor:—

"On Sabbath the 5th instant, died, at Greenock, in the 74th year of his age and 46d of his ministry, the Rev. Dr. John Adam, Minister of the Gospel in the parish of Greenock. The Doctor, at an early period of life, was called to preach the Gospel in the Chapel of Ease in Kilmarnock. In the year 1751, he was ordained assistant and successor to his father, the Rev. Mr. John Adam, minister of West Kilbride. In 1770 he was translated from that place to the new parish of Greenock. Whilst Mr. Adam enjoyed health, he performed all the duties of his sacred office with unwearied diligence, and with much acceptance to a most affectionate people. About six years ago he was seized with a paralytic disorder, which rendered him unfit for public service; but, as he had taught his flock to do the will of God whilst he was able to preach, so, during the last six years of his life he taught them by example to suffer God's will, for he bore his trouble with true Christian fortitude. The Doctor was passionately fond of his profession, and that ruling passion appeared strong even in death. Unaffected devotion, universal benevolence, and affection with respect to his friends, attention to the distressed, and charity to the poor, were the leading features in Dr. Adam's character. Whilst he lived, he was highly esteemed by his relations and flock, who now most sincerely lament the loss which they have sustained by his death."

Summary.

DREADFUL FIRE AT SOUTH HETTON COLLIERY.—On Saturday last, about seven o'clock in the evening, the No. 1, engine-house, of South Hetton Colliery, in this county, the property of Colonel Braddyll, was discovered to be on fire. It appears to have originated in a closet containing hemp for the use of the engines, and was first discovered by the brakesman. At that time there were two men down the shaft of the pit, at the depth of nearly 100 fathoms, repairing the wood tractions, preparing for the regular working of coal on the Monday following. The brakesman had the presence of mind to hasten immediately to the cauchion, in order to get the men to bank. By the time this was accomplished the flames had reached nearly half way up the building, which was composed entirely of wood, and were spreading with great rapidity. Mr. Turnbull, the engineer of the colliery, was on the spot in a few minutes, and finding that the flames had reached the top of the building, caused the fire-engine to play, copiously on the main-brace, to prevent the flames communicating with the main framing, but seeing that the raging element could not be easily subdued, Mr. Turnbull immediately flew to the main-brace, as the only means of running the main engine (which was of greater consequence than the one which had been destroyed), at great peril cut the brace through with a saw, in order to sever the connion of the pulleys with the main framing. Another engine arrived from Hetton in about an hour afterwards, and rendered every efficient service. During the time the above was taking place, sparks or flakes of fire, from the burning mass, fell on the shede which cover eight screens, and entirely consumed them. The scene at this time was awfully grand, and the colliery being in an elevated part of the country, the fire was seen from Durham, the Newcastle road, and various parts of the surrounding neighbourhood. Immediately after Mr. Turnbull had succeeded in breaking the connexion between the main-brace and the main framing, the whole of the machinery, with an engine of sixty horse power, fell with a tremendous crash. By the fall, the main-brace wheels and planes were broken to fragments, the cylinder was destroyed, the main levers broken to pieces; the cylinder, piston, and connecting rods being the only parts capable of repair or use. Had not the fire been arrested when and where it was, or had the wind been high at the time, the whole of the splendid machinery must have been destroyed; and the probability is, that the engine, &c. would in that case fall have closed the shafts of the pit, thus destroying immense property, depriving a number of families of employment for many months, and perhaps the individuals in the pit of life.—*Sunderland Herald.*

THE LATE GALES.—We have received accounts from Havre, dated Tuesday, shewing the disasters occasioned by the late tremendous gales. Two American packets, the *Francis Depos*, and *Harriet and Jane*, sailing for that port, were for a long time tossed about, at the mercy of the storm, under bare poles. At length the *Francis Depos* was driven with such violence on one side of the entrance into the harbor, that it was impossible to get her afloat again without taking out her cargo; and there is even reason to fear she has received so much injury that, though she may be recovered, it will be with great difficulty. The *Harriet and Jane*, after a tremendous struggle, was at length brought by the skill of her pilot, safe into the outer harbour, contrary to the expectation of all who beheld her perilous situation. The American brig *Corinthian* is at Havre, after quitting the port in safety, though the fog was so thick that she was not perceived till she entered. The English brig *Diligent*, which was wrecked a month ago, and whose hull and materiel had remained visible from the pier, entirely disappeared during the tempest. The Dutch vessel *Adelaid Hagan*, is totally lost at the entrance of Granville, nothing being saved but her anchors and chains. The Rouen journals contain accounts of numerous disasters occasioned in that town and neighbourhood by the violence of the wind, but do not mention that any lives were lost.—*Globe.*

On Thursday the ship *Jane Brown* arrived at Greenock, direct from Canton, after the extraordinary short passage of four months and one day. She left Canton on the 23d of November, having performed the voyage from Greenock to Batavia, Singapore, and Canton, and back, in 10 months and 20 days. Shortly after her arrival a tug-steamer moved alongside, and towed her up the river to the Broomielaw, where she arrived in the afternoon. The ship is the first Clyde vessel that ever arrived in any port of our river with teas direct from China, and she is the first vessel that has arrived at the Broomielaw with teas direct from the East. Her cargo, we learn, is the first importation of the last tea crop, and the sale is looked forward to with intense interest by the trade, who have been waiting with impatience for this importation.—*Glasgow Courier.*

His Majesty's sloop *Scylla*, Commander E. T. Carpenter, arrived yesterday afternoon in twenty days from Bermuda, bringing Despatches from the Right Hon. Vice-Admiralty Sir George Cockburn; these might have been sent by mail, but the *Scylla* was compelled to come to England in consequence of a leak, which has gradually increased from the hour she left Spanish-head, a year since, to the extent that when she is now on the starboard tack, in a fresh breeze, she makes 125 inches of water in twenty-four hours. She was careened at Bermuda Dockyard on the 1st of this month, but though her copper was found in a bad state, and the caulking of her seemed very slack, such was the deficiency of stores in that Naval Establishment, that no repairs, at least effectual ones, could be done for her, and to England she is sent at a probability to be paid off. Including her passage across the Atlantic and home again, the *Scylla* has gone within the last twelve months nearly 20,000 miles by the log. The *President* frigate was at Bermuda when the *Scylla* left; the *Forte* frigate was at Jamaica, with the *Harpy*, 18, which latter vessel had recently gone to Vera Cruz to purchase dollars for the use of the Government; and had bought 437,000 of them, which were paid for by Treasury bills, instead of buying them in Jamaica as is retofore. This arrangement, which was an advantageous one for the Government, had been effected by Mr. Wilson, deputy commissary general.

On Sunday a murder of a father by his son took place at Bridgnin, Glasgow. During the day there had been bitter quarrelling between the father, whose name was James M'Innally, and his son Robert; and at length the passion of the latter got to such an ungovernable height, as his father attempting to throw some canary birds of his out of the window, that he seized a poker, chased his father out of the house, and at a blow knocked the bowl end of it more than an inch into the forehead of his parent. In this deplorable condition, with the poker actually sticking in his skull, the old man returned to the house, when one of two individuals attempted in vain to take it out, but it was at last extracted by his wife. After all this, although there is no doubt the brain must have been injured, the unfortunate man walked to the police office, and afterwards to the infirmary, where every attention was paid him, and his deplorable position taken by the authorities. He died on Wednesday. The son, who is about 18 years of age, is in custody. Both father and son were hawkers of whiting, and occasionally of fish.

THE COCKNEY ECONOMISTS.—The Cockneys, finding that their state and dignity are to be pulled to pieces by the Corporation Commissioners, have been indulging in debates upon their own cost and their own dignity. Some very rare fun has arisen upon the question of the value of the Lord Mayor, and a report has been made of what the citizens have annually to pay for keeping up his consequence. The amount seems to be:—

Dignity (per annum)	0	0	2
Turtle Soup	1,000	0	10
Real Importance	0	0	8
Mock ditto	4,000	0	4
Hobler	15	18	2
Total	5,016	0	0

The Committee of Inquiry has, in addition to their estimates, indulged in a rare quantity of multiplication, addition, division, subtraction, and other elaborate cipherings, for the purpose of calculating what his Lordship the Mayor would cost if every piece of civic grandeur had been originally purchased for him, and the cost of the present day, according to such estimate, has cost a most formidable penny to the citizens. But they have charged the poor mayor with every expense of every Lord Mayor for the last thousand years. In fact, one of the items is:—

Much for knocking down Wat Tyler 0 0 1—Figure.

AUSTRIAN ARMY.—"If we are," says the *Cour'er Français*, "to credit the information that reaches us from Germany, it would appear that Austria contemplates to raise her standing army to about 450,000 men, including the militia, a maximum which it had not attained since 1809, for during the last two years it could hardly dispose of 400,000 men. The following is a statement of the force M. de Metternich wishes to exhibit to Europe, in spite of his pacific dispositions and saving ideas of his august master:—

Infantry—Troops of the line, to be completed	220,000
Light Infantry	50,000
Battalions of the Landwehr in active service	64,000
Artillery and Engineers	26,000
Cavalry	50,000
Frontier regiments ready to take the field	40,000
Total	450,000

The English ladies are in general reputed as stiff, cold and prudish, and praised only for their beauty. To the last I have always done justice; but the same justice calls on me to contradict the other parts of the description. In the first place, most of the ladies are very well informed, so that the conversation is by no means confined (as is very often the case in Italy) to trivial compliments and common place. I am inclined also to affirm that the English women have more real sensibility, a more engaging variability, than the continentals as my inexperienced knowledge of the language allowed me to express but half a thought or feeling. I found them ready to comprehend and meet it, and that in such a lively, cheerful, natural manner, that I cannot conceive any thing more agreeable; and a trace of natural affected dignity, so instinct, so just, so feminine, sound medium between the two extremes. The same may be said of their figures; it is, on the whole, more simple than the Italian and French—nay, there appears, now and then, a certain indifference to the arts of the toilet. On the other hand, it is seldom that you see them dressed up and laced and tortured. You may, perhaps, find I am partial; but, if I am, at least, very disinterested, for that is to say, I find the English ladies so, though none of them has returned, or ever returns, the compliment to an old decrepit Italian manuscript like myself.—*Rumor's England.*

A journeyman engraver has just made a discovery of much importance for the service, caused by it in the manufacturing of fire-arms. The stocks of guns, that usually require much labour, are made quite mechanically by the aid of a machine which he has invented. Government, it is said, has bought his invention at the price of 300,000f. and the inventor is ordered to set up machines of this kind in one of the arsenals.—*French Paper.*

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