

## BRIGHTON.

Brighton is like a great city, built entire, and at one job, to order. It is fresh and modern all over. It looks finished, too, for there is no sign of building, and in that it is unlike an American city. The cliffs are broad streets, beautifully macadamised, with rows of Palaces on one side, and the surf of the sea on the other. I think the two cliffs, which form a crescent with the Queen's Pavilion and the chain pier in the centre, are something more than three miles long. The most magnificent feature in this long terrace, is a succession of squares, receding from the beach, and with one side open to the sea—the houses are of a very highly ornamented style of building, and surmounted with balconies, low windows and belvideres, so as to command from every room and chamber a prospect of the sea. These three-sided squares are all large, with an enclosed park in the centre, and in such a windy place as Brighton, form very snug and sheltered promenades. Kemp Town, as it is called, forms the Eastern extremity of the horn, and the Square last built, though standing a hundred feet above the beach, has subterranean passages running under the street, and connecting every house with baths on the sea. This is the finest bit of Brighton in point of architecture, and in one of its plainest houses lives the Duke of Devonshire.

The other features of the cliffs are small phaetons to let for children, drawn each by a pair of goats, well groomed and appointed, hand carriages for invalids; all sorts of pony chaises spattering about with fat ladies, and furnished invariably with the smallest conceivable boy behind; any quantity of lumbering 'double frys' or two-horse coaches, drawn by one animal, and occupied usually by a fat cit and his numerous family; great numbers of remarkably single-looking ladies, hanging to their parasols with one hand and fighting the wind out of their petticoats with the other; yellow-visaged East Indians forgetting their livers while they watch the struggles of these unwilling aeronauts; here and there a dandy, looking blue and damp with the chill of the salt air; and all along the beach, half in the water and half in the sand, in singular contrast to all this townishness, groups of rough sailors cleaning their boats, drying their nets, and cooking their messes on cross sticks, apparently as unconscious of the luxury and magnificence on the other side of the street, as if it were a mirage on the horizon.

The Royal Pavilion is not on the sea, and all you can see of it from the street, is a great number of peaked balloons, some small and some large, which peer above the shrubbery and wall, like the tops of the castors beyond a dish of salad.

The seed of this great flower upon the sea-side was a whim of George the Fourth's, and to the excessive fright of the Brightonians, little Victoria, has taken a particular dislike to it, and makes her visits briefer and briefer.—*Willis.*

GENERAL PUTNAM.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress, his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was pondering on what should be done, General Putnam came to him, and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world she was taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam. Amherst smiled, and asked how. "Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet used for driving wedges,) and a few men of my own choice." Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left her. In the morning, the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, was easily taken.

EVENING SCENES ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—From the moment the sun is down, everything becomes silent on the shore, which our windows overlook, and the murmurs of the broad St. Lawrence, more than two miles immediately before us, and, a little way to the right, spreading to five or six miles in breadth, are sometimes for an hour the only sounds that arrest our attention. Every evening since we have been here, black clouds and splendid moonlight have hung over, and embellished this tranquil scene; and on two of these evenings we have been attracted to the window, by the plaintive Canadian boat-song. In one instance, it arose from a solitary voyager, floating in his light canoe, which occasionally appeared and disappeared, on the sparkling river, and in its distant course seemed no larger than some sportive insect. In another instance, a larger boat, with more numerous and less melodious voices, not indeed in perfect harmony, passed nearer to the shore, and gave additional life to the scene. A few minutes after, the moon broke out from a throne of dark clouds, and seemed to convert the whole expanse of water into one vast sheet

of glittering silver; and, in the very brightest spot, at the distance of more than a mile, again appeared a solitary boat, but too distant to admit of our hearing the song, with which the boatman was probably solacing his lonely course.

## THE SABBATH BELL.

How sweetly, through the lengthened dell,  
When wintry airs are mild and clear,  
Floats chiming up the sabbath bell,  
In softened echoes to the ear!  
"Come, gentle neighbours, come away!"  
So doth the welcome summons say;  
"Come, friends and kindred, 'tis the time!"  
So seems to peal the sabbath chime.

Done are the week's debasing cares,  
And worldly ways and worldly will;  
And earth itself an aspect wears  
Like heaven, so bright, so pure, so still!  
Hark, how by turns, each mellow-note,  
Now low, now louder, seems to float,  
And falling, with the wind's decay,  
Like softest music dies away!

"And now," it says, "where heaven resorts,  
Come with a meek and quiet mind;  
Oh, worship in these earthly courts,  
But leave your earth-born thoughts behind."  
And, neighbours, while the sabbath bell  
Peals slowly up the winding dell,  
Come, friends and kindred, let us share  
The sweet and holy rapture there.

G. LUNT.

THE SCEPTICISM OF IGNORANCE.—The history of James Bruce and his Travels in Abyssinia supplies a remarkable illustration of this kind of scepticism. When the book came out in 1790, it was admired by a judicious few—and it is so far honourable to the understanding of George III., that he was of this number; but from the great mass one loud cry of contemptuous incredulity burst forth. The author stated that in Abyssinia fossil salt was used as money, a thing which had never before been heard of, and which therefore could not be true. He related how he had seen three soldiers, travelling with a cow, throw the animal down, and cut two slices of meat from her body, which they ate raw, closing up the wound at the same time with skewers—a statement in which there was too strong a combination of the ludicrous and horrible to allow of its being any thing but a fiction. He gave drawings of many plants of extraordinary appearance and properties, previously unknown in Britain—one, for instance, giving out milk when cut; likewise of many singular animals, particularly of a fly named *Zimb*, which had been known to destroy whole armies. These were evidently gross falsehoods. Accordingly, the book was scouted; the author even met with personal insult; and the last years of a life which had been devoted to the public service, were spent in morose solitude, instead of the enjoyment of those honours which his magnanimous hardihood and great sufferings, his industry, learning, and talent, had deserved. How has the question ultimately turned out? Several years after the grave had closed over the ill-used Bruce, Dr. Clarke met at Cairo an Abyssinian clergyman, who, on being interrogated as to the above and many other points in the work, confirmed every thing which the author had stated, excepting a few trivial matters in which Bruce had evidently been mistaken, and which only served to show how entirely he had written in good faith.

ON THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.—Though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet if he had not studied the solid things in them as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence, appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; and we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

NON-ARRIVAL OF A STEAM SHIP.—The Steam ship "British Queen" has been hourly looked for during the past three days, and accordingly a goodly space in this page was reserved for recording the news brought by her. But, alas! she is still only looked for. These steam-ships play the mischief with the poor New York editors; they are so punctual in their arrival, considering the immense distance they traverse, that when one of them chances to be a few days behind her time, everything is thrown into confusion. Speculation is immediately rife as to the probable cause of her detention—the betting improves as the various chances of accident or foul weather, westerly winds, or the "southern passage," seem to multiply as you reflect upon them. If she is out quite too long the Insurance officers begin to get nervous—the "Humane Societies" look to their life boats, and talk of immortality, and then the Collector despatches a fast-sailing

Revenue-cutter to cruise off the Hook, and try to learn if there is any distress on board.

But these are public and general considerations; in a newspaper office it is the deuce itself. A new sub is to be retained to sit up o' nights to clip items from the files she is expected to bring—the editor himself sleeps less soundly than is his wont, dreaming now of a "horrid steam-boat explosion," and then of what is worse, the loss of all his magazines—the boys in the printing-office get nervous and restless, and you are anxious lest any of them should run off and be found wanting when the crisis *does* arrive—extra hands are engaged to drive on the work with rapidity; and you feel a little qualmish yourself about this extra expense—then a great blank has to be left in your paper, to be filled, if the ship comes not, with cheese-parings and clippings from a thousand mouldy sheets, all being stuff that you would never have touched or thought of, had you gone about your work in your usual mode—these are a tithe of the disagreeable attendants upon the non-arrival of one of the great steam-ships. Nor is this the worst of the business, for just as you get an article written announcing their non-arrival, lo! in they come, as in the present instance.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE EGLINTON TILTING MATCH.—A London paper says:—"The most splendid and magnificent specimen of ancient armour, to be worn on this interesting occasion is generally considered to be that recently brought from the armoury of the baronial hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, Durham. This princely and gorgeous suit is made of pure-Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and elaborately wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighs nearly forty pounds, and the bars of the vizor are of solid gold. This warlike specimen of the olden time is in beautiful preservation, and is said to have cost one thousand guineas nearly five hundred years ago, when it was worn by the then Baron of Hylton at the victorious battle of Cressy.

Lord Eglinton is descended in a direct line from Roger de Mundingumerie, since changed to Montgomery, who followed William of Normandy at the time of the conquest. One of the family afterwards settled in France, early in the reign of Francis the First, and his son John de Montgomery, better known by the title of Captain de Lorraine, was renowned for his address in all kinds of warlike exercises, which, however, did not prevent his wounding with a burning brand, Francis the First, in the forehead, during a mock siege, given for the entertainment of the court at the Hotel Saint-Pol.

This gentleman's son, Salme de Montgomery, was also a great admirer of tournaments, and had the misfortune in one given in the Rue St. Antoine, to wound mortally King Henry the Second, who was his adversary. After a life of great vicissitude, caused by his involuntary regicide, he was taken prisoner in 1574, shut up in one of the towers of the Conciergerie, and had his head cut off by order of Catherine de Medicis, who thus avenged her husband's death twenty-four years after. It is singular enough that two ages and a half after, his descendant should again exhibit marks of the same inclination for tournaments.

THE GOODWOOD CUP (OR PLATE) VALUE THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS.—The manufacturers are Messrs. Garrard, London, whose works of the same character we have, of late, had so many opportunities of noticing with deserved recommendation. The design and modelling are by Cotterell, a gentleman whose talent in this branch of the art has been long acknowledged; and his object has been, while aiming at novelty, to embody in his subject something in which "the horse" should form a prominent feature—the merits of that noble animal constituting the title to so splendid a prize. In carrying out his views he has been most successful; two Arabian chargers, in their native desert, constitute the principal figures in the group; and in the execution in silver from the original model, the manufacturers have sustained their high reputation, preserving, with extraordinary fidelity, the beautiful symmetry of the animals, and, with an anatomical accuracy perfectly faultless, portraying their most minute developments of grace and muscle. The group, it will be seen, is assembled at the base of an obelisk, covered with hieroglyphic characters denoting the proximity of water to the travellers in the desert. Two Bedouin Arabs and their coursers have just reached this locality. One has dismounted, and, after having examined the impression of footsteps, visible in the sands, points to the direction in which the wayfarers have gone. And here it is meant to illustrate the sagacity with which these wanderers of the desert can discover, from the marks which are thus implanted, not only the course taken, but the character and numbers of those of whom they are in pursuit. The natural expression of inquiry and communication preserved in these figures is admirable, while their costume and general appointments are most accurate, well justifying the high encomiums which the whole work received, not only from the brilliant circle assembled at the mansion of the Duke of Richmond, but from the assembled multitude in the Grand Stand, where it was displayed for public observation. To the whole of the artists whose skill has been devoted to perfecting the work, the highest meed of praise is due.—*Spirit of the Times, N. Y.*