

a century ago, and was once the leading journal, having among its contributors such men as Goldsmith. It has now sunk into the organ of the auctioneers, and makes a profit of \$4,000 a year on its advertisements. . . . The Belfast School of Design has been closed. It was established in 1849; and the Board of Trade then guaranteed, in effect at least, an annual grant of £500 towards the maintenance of an entirely untried project. The school has now been closed for want of funds. The Limerick school has also been closed. . . . We regret to hear that Martin's celebrated picture of "Belshazzar's Feast" was irrecoverably injured by a late railway accident. . . . Mr. W. Carleton, the celebrated Irish writer of fiction, announces through the columns of the *Nation*, that he is about to leave Ireland forever, and to close the remainder of his life in Canada. . . . An English paper says that Macaulay, the historian, being lately desirous of obtaining information respecting eighteenth century poetry as material for his new volumes, took his way from Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads from a singing boy. Happening to turn round as he reached home again, he perceived that the youth, with a circle of young friends, was keeping close to his heels. "Have I not given you your price, sir?" was the great man's indignant remonstrance. "All right, gov'nor," was the response, "we're only waiting till you begin to sing." . . . A French paper states that Lord Brougham has placed the following inscription over the entrance of his chateau at Cannes:—

"Iveni portum; spes et fortuna, valeta.
Satis me lusistis; ludite nunc alios."

That is, "I have reached my haven; hope and fortune, farewell; you have sported with me enough; now find another dupe." Lord Brougham's French neighbours construe this as "an announcement of his intention to retire from public life, and to pass the remainder of his days among them in the genial climate of Var." However that may be, the adoption of such a motto, at the end of the career of such a brilliant statesman, is a very instructive fact. He stands forth like Solomon at the end of life, writing "vanity of vanities" on all. . . . The memoirs and letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith, privately printed by his daughter, Lady Holland, will be published, it is said, with certain omissions, early in the present season. The few who are permitted to see the work are delighted with the letters. . . . Mr. Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has given a gold medal for the encouragement of literature in Liberia.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

There is said to be quite a stir in the English Literary world at the present time. Many new books are announced to be in course of preparation, and among them are some which will attract much attention, as well from the reputation of their authors as from their intrinsic literary merit. Lord John Russell is preparing two more volumes of Moore's *Life and Letters*. Sir David Brewster is about publishing the memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton, and Thackeray, besides his Christmas book, is getting ready a second course of lectures upon English literature. William Howitt has under way a note book of adventures in the wilds of Australia, and Tennyson, the poet laureate, is composing a poem upon the battle of the Alma. It is currently reported, also, that two additional volumes of Macaulay's *History of England* will soon make their appearance. . . . Among the literary promises for the ensuing spring is one of a complete edition of Lord Brougham's works, edited by himself. The noble Lord is even now engaged upon the task, for Messrs. Griffins, of Glasgow. The volumes are to issue quarterly. . . . Washington Irving breaks silence at length. Putnam, of New York, announces a new work by Geoffrey Crayon, similar to the "Sketch Book." The title of the new volume is "Wolfert's Roost," and other Papers. . . . Chevalier Bunsen, the late Russian ambassador, who resides now in Heidelberg, has finished his manuscript on "Egypt's Position in Universal History," which is soon to appear; he is now engaged in writing a critical *Life of Jesus Christ*.

DEATHS OF LITERARY PERSONS.

John Gibson Lockhart expired at Abbotsford on the evening of the 25th Nov. He was a man of note on various grounds. He was an author of no mean qualifications; he was the son-in-law of Scott; and he was the editor of the *Quarterly Review* after Gifford. Without being a man of genius, a great scholar, or politically or morally eminent, he had sufficient ability and accomplishment to ensure considerable distinction in his own person, and his interesting connections did the rest. He was a man of considerable mark. . . . *The Rev. Dr. Kitto* died on the 25th Nov. at Canstatt, near Stuttgart. By a singular coincidence he died on the same day as Mr. Lockhart, as mentioned above. Dr. Kitto was a man of great perseverance and ability. And

although blind for many years, he has contributed most largely to Bible criticism and literature. He has also written interesting and valuable works on the "Lost Sense"—and of which he could touchingly write from painful experience. . . . *Mary Russell Mitford* the poetess and writer died last month at Reading, England, aged 63. Miss Mitford was the authoress of "Our Village," and other tales, and her works have long been popular. . . . *Others*. Death has laid a heavy hand upon England during 1854, and taken away many illustrious and celebrated men, among others the Marquis of Anglesey and Professor Wilson; among lawyers, Plunket, Denman, and Talford; among literary men, besides Wilson, James Montgomery, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Samuel Phillips, and F. K. Hunt; among artists, John Martin, Clint, Ramsey, Brokedon and Bartlett.

DEATH OF TWELVE SCOTTISH JUDGES SINCE 1850.—One of the most noticeable circumstances in Scotland is the demise of another Judge of the Supreme Court—Lord Robertson,—who dropped down suddenly and expired in his own house, at Edinburgh, on the 10th ult. The mortality which has occurred in the Scottish Bench is unexampled. Since Lord Jeffrey's decease, in 1850, no fewer than nine of the thirteen judges of the Court of Session then on the Bench have died, besides three appointed since 1850. These twelve judges were Jeffrey, Mackenzie, Moncreiff, Lord President Boyle, Fullarton, Medwyn, Cunningham, Cockburn, Robertson, Dundrennan, Anderson, and Rutherford; the three last named having been appointed subsequently to Lord Jeffrey's death. The vacancy caused by the demise of Lord Rutherford has been filled up by the elevation of Mr. Craufurd, Solicitor-General of Scotland, who takes the title of Lord Ardmillan, and who is succeeded in his former office by Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, sheriff of Ross and Cromarty. Lord Robertson was called to the Bar so early as 1815, and raised to the Bench in 1843. As a lawyer he was eminent; but law was not his only attainment. He was a man of remarkable humour, and of late years, to the astonishment of the public, he revealed a vein of poetry for which he had not received credit.

MONUMENT TO WORDSWORTH.—A fine statue of white marble from the chisel of Mr. Thrupp, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the memory of the poet Wordsworth. It represents the author of the "Excursion" sitting in the open air, in a contemplative mood, as if communing with nature, under whose habitual sway he may be said to have lived. He is resting on a moss and ivy-mantled stone or knoll, with the green sward at his feet enamelled with flowers; the legs are crossed; his right hand and arm are wound gracefully round one knee; the left hand, with the fore finger slightly uplifted, is laid upon an open book, which the poet has just been reading; the eyes are bent, in pensive admiration, upon the flowers at his feet: and the spectator may fancy him saying—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

As yet, no inscription appears upon the base of the monument; but the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth has caused a copy of the poet's Sonnet on Baptism to be placed in immediate contiguity to it, as if it were in contemplation to make that part of the inscription. The statue is not habited in the modern costume.

VETERANS—NON-COMBATANT.—Another year reminds us of the veterans in literature, art and the stage, still in the body among us. Our oldest poet is, of course, Mr. Rogers—now in his ninetieth year. Our oldest historian is Mr. Hallam—now in his seventy-fourth year. Our oldest critic is Mr. Wilson Croker—now in his seventy-fifth year. Our oldest novelist is Lady Morgan—but we shall conceal her Ladyship's age. Our oldest topographer is Mr. Britton—now, if we remember rightly, in his eighty-third year. Our oldest topographer in point of publication is the historian of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, whose first work was a quarto, published before 1779. We refer to Sir Henry Ellis, still the active Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Mr. Leigh Hunt was a poet with a printed volume of his effusions in verse, and his own portrait before it, more than half a century ago, and is now, in good health, in his seventy-first year. Our oldest artist is Sir Richard Westmacot, the sculptor, the father of the Royal Academy.

AGES OF BRITISH STATESMEN.—Lord Lyndhurst, 83; Lord Brougham, 76; Marquis of Lansdowne, 75; Earl of Aberdeen, 71; Lord Hardinge, 70; Lord Palmerston, 70; Lord Raglan, 67; Lord John Russell, 62; Earl of Derby, 56; Earl of Harrowby, 57; Earl of Clarendon, 55; Earl of Malmesbury, 48; Earl Grey, 52; Earl Granville, 40; Earl of Carlisle, 53; Duke of Newcastle, 44; Lord Cranworth, (Lord Chancellor,) 64; the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, 62; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, 45; the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, 57; the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, 42; the Right Hon.