

POLITICS.

MAURIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Carthage! I love thee! thou hast run
As I, a warlike race;
And now thy Glory's radiant sun
Hath veiled in clouds his face:
Thy days of pride—as mine—depart;
Thy Gods desert thee, and thou art
A thing as nobly base
As he whose sullen footstep falls
To night around thy crumbling walls.
And Rome hath heard her woes and pains
Alike on me and thee;
And thou dost sit in servile chains,—
But mine they shall not be!
Though fiercely o'er this aged head
The wrath of angry Jove is shed,
Maurius shall still be free,
Free—in the pride that scorns his foe,
And bares the head to meet the blow.
I wear not yet thy slavery's vest,
As desolate I roam;
And though the sword were at my breast,
The torches in my home,
Still—still, for orison and vow,
I'd fling them back my curse—as now;
I scorn, I hate thee—Rome!
My voice is weak to word and threat—
My arm is strong to battle yet!

TO A SNOWDROP.

Why dost thou, silver-vested flower!
While tempests howl, and snow-storms lower
Thus boldly brave rude Winter's power,
And rear thy head?
Why so impatient? Why not stay
Till zephyrs drive rude blasts away;
And day's bright orb, with cheering ray,
Warm thy cold bed?
Why stay not till the primrose pale,
With simple beauty spots the vale,
Till violets load the passing gale
With luscious balm?
Till moist-eyed April's genial showers,
Bring Elora's train of painted flowers,
And songsters fill the leafy bowers
With music's charm!
Fair flower! thy hardy front defies
The rigour of inclement skies;
The blast of Winter o'er thee flies
Nor chills thy form.
Thus virtue stands with placid mien,
Whilst whirlwinds desolate the scene;
And cheered by Hope with mind serene
Smiles at the storm!

FROM RUSH'S RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON FROM 1817 TO 1826.

One of the things that strike me most, is their press. I live north of Portman Square, nearly three miles from the House of Commons. By nine in the morning the newspapers are on my breakfast table, containing the debate of the preceding night. This is the case, though it may have lasted until one, two, or three, in the morning. There is no disappointment; hardly a typographical error. The speeches on both sides are given with like care; a mere rule of justice, to be sure, without which the paper would have no credit, but fit to be mentioned where party-feeling always runs as high as in England.

This promptitude is the result of what alone could produce it; an unlimited command of subdivided labour of the hand and mind. The proprietors of the great newspapers employ as many stenographers as they want. One stays until his sheet is full. He proceeds with it to the printing-office, where he is soon followed by another with his; and so on until the last arrives. Thus the debate as it advances, is in progress of printing, and when finished, is all in type but the last part. Sometimes it will occupy twelve and fourteen broad closely-printed columns. The proprietors enlist the most able pens for editorial articles; and as correspondents, from different parts of Europe. Their ability to do so may be judged of from the fact, that the leading papers pay to the Government an annual tax in stamps of from twenty to fifty thousand pounds sterling. I have been told that some of them yield a profit of fifteen thousand a year, after paying this tax, and all expenses. The profits of the "Times," are said to have exceeded eighteen thousand a year.—The cost of a daily paper to a regular subscriber is about ten pounds sterling a year. But subdivision comes in to make them cheap. They are circulated by agents at a penny an hour in London. When a few days old, they are sent to the provincial towns, and through the country at reduced prices. In this manner, the parliamentary debates and proceedings, impartially and fully reported go through the nation. The

newspaper sheet is suited to all this service being substantial, and the type good. Nothing can exceed the despatch with which the numerous impressions are worked off, the mechanical operations having reached a perfection calculated to astonish those who would examine them.

What is done in the courts of law, is disseminated in the same way. Every argument trial, and decision, of whatever nature, or before whatever court, goes immediately into the newspapers. There is no delay.—The following morning ushers it forth. I took the liberty of remarking to one of the Judges, upon the smallness of the rooms in which the Courts of King's Bench and Chancery sit, when the proceedings were so interesting that great numbers of the public would like to hear them. "We sit," said he, "every day in the newspapers."—How much did that answer comprehend! What an increase of responsibility in the Judge! I understood from as high a source not less high, that the newspapers are to be as much relied upon, as the books of law reports in which the cases are afterwards published; that in fact, the newspaper report is apt to be the best, being generally the most full, as well as quite accurate. If not accurate, the newspaper giving it, would soon fall before competitors. Hence, he who keeps his daily London paper, has, at the year's end, a volume of the annual reports of the kingdom, besides all other matter.

In the discussions of the journals editorial or otherwise, there is a remarkable fearlessness. Things which in Junius's time would have put London in a flame, pass almost daily without notice. Neither the Sovereign nor his family are spared. Parliament sets the example, and the newspapers follow. Of this, the debates on the royal marriages in the course of the present month give illustrations. There are countries in which the press is more free by law, than with the English; for although they impose no previous restraints, their definition of libel is inherently vague. But perhaps nowhere has the press so much latitude.

Every thing goes into the newspapers. In other countries matter of a public nature may be seen in them; here, in addition, you see perpetually even the concerns of private individuals. Does a private gentleman come to town? you hear it in the newspapers; does he build a house, or buy an estate? they give the information; does he entertain his friends? you have all their names next day in type; is the drapery of a lady's drawing room changed from red damask and gold, to white satin and silver? the fact is publicly announced. So of a thousand other things. The first burst of it all upon Madame de Staël, led her to remark that the English had realized the fable of living with a window in their bosoms. It may be thought that this is confined to a class, who surrounded by the allurements of wealth, seek emblazonment. If it were only so, the class is immense. But its influence affects other classes, giving each in their way the habit of allowing their personal inclinations and objects to be dealt with in print; so that altogether, these are thrown upon the public in England to an extent without parallel in any country, ancient or modern. When the drama at Athens, took cognizance of private life, what was said became known first to a few listeners; then to a small town; but in three days a London newspaper reaches every part of the kingdom, and in three months, every part of the globe.

Some will suppose, that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing would be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the Government, but in the country itself far above them. It lies in the educated classes. True, the daily press is of the educated class. Its conductors hold the pen of scholars, often of statesmen. Hence you see no editorial personalities; which moreover the public would not bear. But what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals at least in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number.—The bulk of these are unmoved by what newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions; which passing quickly from one to another in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its first efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people in England live in towns. This augments moral as physical power: the last by strengthening rural parts through demand for their products—the first by sharpening intellect through opportunities of collision. The daily press could master opposing mental forces, if scattered; but not when they can combine. Then, the general literature of the country reacts against newspapers. The permanent press, as distinct from the daily tems with productions of a commanding character. There is a great class of authors always existent in England, whose sway exceeds that of the newspapers, as the main body the pioneers. Periodical literature is also effective. It is a match at least for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary; less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal, and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organized corps,

full of spirit and always ready; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind, that can rally and defeat it. From the latter source it may also be presumed, that a more deliberate judgement will in the end be formed on difficult questions, than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily journals. The latter move in their orbit by fleeting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled. Such are some of the considerations that strike the stranger reading their daily newspapers. They make a wonderful part of the social system in England. Far more might be said by those having inclination and opportunity to pursue the subject.

Expenditure for the year has been about the same as income. In its great branches, it may be classed thus: for interest on the public debt, twenty nine millions. For the Army nine millions; the military force on the present peace establishment, amounting to about a hundred thousand men. For the Navy seven millions; the peace establishment of that arm being one hundred and thirty ships, twenty thousand seamen, and six thousand marines. For the Ordnance, one million. The civil list, and miscellaneous items absorb the residue. In statements whether of British income or expenditure, I observe that fractions of a million or two seem to be unconsidered. They are scarcely understood but by those who will be at the pains of tracing them amidst the rubbish of accounts and not always then.

As to the debt, what shall I say? If I specify any sum, I may unconsciously commit a fractional error of fifty millions! To find out precisely what it is, seems to baffle enquiry. Dr Hamilton in his work on this subject states a curious fact. He says, that in an account of the public debt presented to the House of Commons in 1799, it was found impossible to ascertain the sums raised at different periods which created the funds existing prior to the thirty third year of George the Third. This candid avowal of ignorance where all official means of information were at command, may well excuse, as the able author remarks, a private enquirer if his statements be imperfect.—But I will set the debt down at eight hundred millions. This is an absolute sum, strikes the world as enormous. It loses this character when viewed in connexion with the resources of Great Britain, the latter having increased in a ratio greater than her debt; a position susceptible of demonstration, though I do not here design to enter upon it. It may be proof enough, that in the face of this debt, her Government could at any moment, borrow from British capitalists fresh sums larger than were ever before borrowed; and than could be raised by the united exertions of all the Governments of Europe. Credit so unbounded can rest only upon the known extent and solidity of her resources; upon her agricultural, manufacturing and commercial riches; the first coming from her highly cultivated soil and its exhaustless mines, not of gold and silver, but iron and coal, for ever profitably worked; the second coming from the various and universal labour bestowed on raw materials, which brings into play all the industry of her people, suffering none to be lost for want of objects; the third from a system of navigation and trade followed up for ages, which enables her to send to every part of the globe the products of this vast and diversified industry, after supplying all her own wants. This system of navigation and trade is greatly sustained by a colonial empire of gigantic size, that perpetually increases the demand for her manufactures, and favours the monopoly of her tonnage.

These are the visible foundations of her incalculable riches; consequently of her credit. Both seems incessantly augmenting. It is remarkable that she extends them in the midst of wars. What cripples the resources of other nations, multiplies her's. Not long ago I went to Guildhall, to witness the sittings of the King's Bench, after term-time. The court room was so full, that I could hear or see little, and soon left it. I was compensated by loitering among the monuments in the hall close by. The inscription on Lord Chatham's drew my attention most, because Americans always hang with reverence on his name, and because of the inscription itself. It dwells upon the services he rendered his country, by "UNITING COMMERCE WITH, AND MAKING IT FLOURISH DURING WAR." Such was his title to fame, recorded on the marble. Other nations should look at it. War by creating new markets gives a stimulus to industry, calls out capital, and may increase not merely the fictitious but positive wealth of the country carrying it on where the country is powerful and not the seat of war. Moscow may be burned; Vienna, Paris, Berlin, sacked; but it is always, said Franklin, peace in London. The British moralist may be slow to think, that it is during the war the riches and power of Britain are most advanced; but it is the law of her insular situation and maritime ascendancy. The political economist may strive to reason it down, but facts confound him. It has been signally confirmed, since engraven on the monument of Lord Chatham. The Prince

Regent pronounced the contest with Buonaparte the most eventful and sanguinary known for centuries. Yet, at its termination the Speaker of the House of Commons declared, whilst the representatives of nations stood listening, that the revenues of Britain were increasing. What a fact! the Abbé Du Pradt has remarked that England threatens all the wealth and Russia all the liberty of Europe. Up to the first origin of the contest with Buonaparte, the largest sum England ever raised by taxes in any one year of war or peace, was seventeen millions sterling. In twenty five years, when the contest was over, she raised hardly less than eighty millions. This sum was paid indeed in the midst of complaints; but not more than in Queen Anne's time, when the taxes were three millions and debt forty; or at the end of George the Second's when the former had risen to seven, and the latter to a hundred millions. It was also in 1815, at the close of the same contest, that the world beheld her naval power more than doubled; whilst that of other states of Europe was, in a proportion still greater diminished. Hitherto, at the commencement of wars, the fleets of France, of Spain, of Holland if not a match for England, could make a show of resistance. Their concerted movements were able to hold her in temporary check. Where are the navies of those powers now? or those of the Baltic? Some gone almost totally; the rest destined to be withdrawn from the seas on the first war with England. There is nothing single or combined as far as Europe is concerned to make head against her. France is anxious to revive her navy. She builds good ships; has brave and scientific officers. So Russia. But where are the essential sources of naval power in either? where their sailors trained in a great mercantile marine? Both together have not as many of this description as the United States. England then in her next war, will accomplish more against Europe upon this element, than at any former period. She will start, instead of ending with her supremacy completely established. The displays of her power will be more immediate, as well as more formidable, than the world has before seen. I will not speak of a new agent in navigation, "that walks," as Mr Canning said, "like a giant on the water, controlling winds and waves—steam." This great gift to mankind in its first efficient power upon the ocean, was from the United States; but all Europe will feel its effects in the hands of Britain.

The language of the thieves or the low Londoners (a distinction I fear, without a difference, is perhaps one of the most expressive—may one of the most metaphysical in the world! What deep philosophy, for instance, is there in this phrase, "the oil of Palms,"—(meaning money!)

The hero of Waterloo must be reminded at dinner every day of his most brilliant victories; for by a recent examination at a police office, it appears that his Grace's cook rejoices in the appellation of Monsieur Bonny! This is reducing the ex-emperor to submission with a vengeance.

NIGHT TELEGRAPH.—M. Kervegar has invented a night telegraph, which from its novelty, cheapness, and applicability, both by day and night, attracts much attention in France. The inventor has gradually improved it, until he can obtain 24,945 signs by its means.

CHINESE CANAL.—In the year 1825, there was opened in Cochin China a canal twenty three miles long, eighty feet wide, and twelve feet deep. It was begun and finished in six weeks, although carried through large forests and over extensive marshes.—Twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night; and it is said that seven thousand died of fatigue.

Limerick gloves are made in Dublin! this must be told in a whisper.

SONG, BY JOE MILLER (1744.)

The following may be applied to the wisdom-overmuch of our times:—
A fool enjoys the sweets of life,
Unwounded by its cares;
His passions never are at strife,
He hopes, not he, nor fears.
If Fortune smile as smile she will,
Upon her booby brood,
The fool anticipates no ill,
But reaps the present good.
Or should, through love of change, her wheels
Her fav'rite bantling cross,
The happy fool no anguish feels,
He weighs nor gains nor loss.
When knaves o'erreach, and friends betray,
Whilst men of sense run mad,
Fools careless, whistle on and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.
Since free from sorrow, fear and shame,
A fool thus fate defies,
The greatest folly I can name,
Is to be otherwise.