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THE GARLAND.

From the "Spirit and Manners of the Age."

THEY ARE NOT THERE.

They are not there! where once their feet
Light answer to the music beat:
Where their young voices sweetly breathed,
And fragrant flowers they lightly wreathed.
Still flows the nightingale's sweet song;
Still train the vine's green shoots along;
Still are the sunny blossoms fair;
But they who loved them are not there!

They are not there! by the lone fount,
That once they loved by eve to haunt;
Where when the day-star brightly set,
Beside the silver waves, they met.
Still highly glides the quiet stream;
Still over it falls the soft moon beam;
But they who used their bliss to share
With loved hearts by it, are not there!

They are not there! by the dear hearth,
That once beheld their harmless mirth:
Where, through their joy came no vain fear
And o'er their smiles no darkening tear.
It burns not now a beacon star;
'Tis cold and fireless, as they are;
Where is the glow it used to wear?
'Tis felt no more—they are not there!

Where are they, then?—oh! past away,
Like blossoms withered in a day!
Or, as the waves go swiftly by,
Or, as the lightnings leave the sky.
But still there is a land of rest:
Still hath it room for many a guest;
Still it is free from strife and care;—
And 'tis our hope that they are there!

From the Amulet, for 1829.

ADVICE TO

BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

A dashing Captain of Hussars,
Drest in the livery of Mars,
Mustachio, lace and sabre;—
Who talks soft nonsense—sings a song,
Waltzes, quadrilles the whole night long,
To fiddle, pipe and tabor,—

Oh! grant me such a man ye Fates!
Some giggling girl ejaculates,
Whose heart is Cupid's Ætna;
She loves his golden epauletts,
He loves her gold to pay his debts,
So off they dash to Gretna.

The Scottish Vulcan who unlocks,
To runaways, Pandora's box,
That holds his marriage charters,
Soon makes them one, and they who came
False worshippers of Hymen's Flame,
Return as Folly's Martyrs.

Forger of Gretna chains! that gall
And grind the very soul, could all
That erst thine altar flew to,
Their present wretchedness reveal,
From thee such iron tears would steal
As once were shed by Pluto.

From foppery, lucre, rashness, free
Your minds, if ye expect to be
By marriage bliss rewarded;
For its pure joys can never greet
The thoughtless and the indiscreet
The froward and the sordid.

The knave who traffics in a wife,
Content, if rich, to take for life,
A wanton or a ninny,
Will gain small pity if instead
Of Fortune's fool, he chance to wed
A fool wtthout a guinea.

She who for fashion, figure, birth,
Not kindred tastes or moral worth,
Her happiness will barter,
Who thinks each dear Adonis-love,
Must needs be constant as the dove,
May sometimes catch a tartar.

Useless when both are thus deceived,
To balance which is most aggrieved,
Each may lament the other;—
Nor need relations scold and huff,
The wretched pair are sure enough
To punish one another!

THE MISCELLANIST.

THE CLOSING SCENE OF

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

(From "Salathiel.")

"The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman polity; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic determination to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as the grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions startling us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigour; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads,—we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead.—Yet though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was teeming; though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the rampart, and naked to the sun—pestilence came not; for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But the 'abomination of desolation,' the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem!

"On this night, this fatal night, no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning in immense sheets of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills.

"Defence was unthought of; for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment.—We were conscience smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains.

"I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly, that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led them through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But beyond that we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower round me. Now came the last and most wondrous sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

"While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill; and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silver, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first Temple, of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy yet of grandeur and command.—The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again; the guardian angels of the city of David;—they came forth glorious, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. 'Let us go hence,' was their song of sorrow.—'Let us go hence,' was answered by sad echoes of the mountains.—'Let us go hence,' swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. The thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem."

ROYAL METHOD OF KILLING TIME IN PERSIA.—His religious duties, which no king of Persia can openly neglect, require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartments, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he is dressed with their aid, he sits for an hour or two in the hall of the haram, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedency. After hearing the reports of the persons intrusted with the internal government of the haram, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee, to pay their respects. After this is over, he calls for breakfast. The preparing his meals is superintended by the nauzir, or chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward. The tray is covered with a rich shawl, and carried to the king, when the stewart breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake in this repast. The chief physician is invariably in attendance at every meal. His presence is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch; but this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. When his public duties are performed, he usually retires to the haram, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions and ceremonies as at breakfast. He eats, like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine; but none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicious viands. After dinner, the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his haram. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character. He sees only emasculated guards, and their fair prisoners. He hears nothing but the language of submission or of complaint. Love cannot exist between beings so unequal as the monarch and his slave; and vanity must have overcome reason, before the fulsome adulation of pretended fondness can be mistaken for the spontaneous effusions of real affection. The harams are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of a community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty are in constant collision.—*Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia.*

INTERVIEW OF MR. BUCKINGHAM WITH A PERSIAN KHAN.—When Mr. Buckingham travelled through Persia, attired as an Arab, and with only a Dervish for an attendant, he was arrested on suspicion by a meddling officer. He gives the following account of his interview with this officer: "After remaining some time under arrest, I had an invitation from the Khan, or chief of the troops; and on my visit I found him at prayers. Our first exchange of salutes was friendly and cordial; and on my reproaching his people with want of hospitality, I was invited by him to sit down—was given the place of honour—and was served with caleons and tea. The motive of our journeying thus alone was then asked, and answered satisfactorily. I then entertained the chief with a long account of Massa, or Egypt, my supposed country, and particularly of the great assemblage of pilgrims who met there annually to proceed to Mecca, and who journeyed together without understanding any more of each other's language than their common profession of faith, "La Ilah ul Ullah, oua Mohammed el Russeol Ullah"—'There is but one God and Mohammed is his Messenger.' At these words, the chief bowed and kissed the earth, in which mark of respect I followed his example, and was consequently taken to be both learned and pious in an extraordinary degree. According to a very common custom among Mohammedans, a maxim was then demanded of me by the Khan for his guidance through life, when I replied, 'Open not thine heart too readily to strangers; neither let any thing remain secret between thee and thy friend.' This saying was much approved; and led to my being pressed to partake of an excellent supper, at which I was treated with the greatest consideration. On my assigning to the chief as my motive for wishing to see Persepolis, or the throne of Jemsheed, the admiration which I entertained for his memory as an illustrious character, he offered to be my escort there with all his troop, of nearly one hundred horsemen; saying, that though this route lay wide from his prescribed track, he would do it as a mark of the high respect he bore to my wisdom and my virtues. It was accordingly determined that we should set out on the morrow, by a nigher path, towards Persepolis; so entirely had a well-timed display of courteous and bold behaviour changed our relative position."

HUMAN NATURE.—Mr. Buckingham gives the following illustration:—"Some of the Khan's troops were sent out to shoot pigeons for our supper, and they thought it hard service, as the practice was to select for this duty, those who were not favourites, by which it was considered as a sort of punishment. I advised the chief to try the effect of a contrary system, making the duty a sort of honorary distinction, which he adopted with complete success; for on sending an order that six of the best shots of his train should go out on this service, there was a contention between the whole troop for the honour of deserving this title. I had tried the experiment so often at sea, by inviting the smartest seamen in the ship to lead the way in some duty which others had imposed as a punishment, and I never knew any such appeal to the pride and better feelings, even of the commonest men, to fail."

REMARKS ON THE SCOTTISH CHARACTER.—Human character, whether national or individual, presents often to our calm consideration the strangest inconsistencies; but there are few more striking than that which Scotchmen exhibit in their private conduct, contrasted with their views when united together for any general orfnational purpose. In his own personal affairs the Scotsman is remarked as cautious, frugal, and prudent, in an extreme degree, not generally aiming at enjoyment or relaxation till he has realized the means of indulgence, and studiously avoiding those temptations of pleasure, to which men of other countries most readily give way. But when a number of Scotchmen associate for any speculative project, it would seem that their natural caution becomes thawed and dissolved by the union of their joint hopes, and that their imaginations are heated and influenced by any splendid prospect held out to them. They appear in particular, to lose the power of calculating and adapting their means to the end which they desire to accomplish, and are readily induced to aim at objects magnificent in themselves; but which they have not, unhappily, the wealth or strength necessary to maintain. Thus the natives of Scotland are often found to attempt splendid designs which, shipwrecked for want of the necessary expenditure, give foreigners occasion to smile at the great error and equally great misfortune of the nation,—I mean their pride and their poverty. There is no greater instance of this tendency to daring speculation, which rests at the bottom of the coldness and caution of the Scottish character, than the disastrous history of the Darien colony.—*Sir. W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.*

INSECT-DESTROYING PLANTS.—It is a perplexing matter to reconcile our feelings to the rigor, and our reason to the necessity of some plants being made the instruments of destruction to the insect world. Of British plants we have only a few so constructed, which having clammy joints and calyxes, entangle them to death. The sun dew (*droseræ*) destroys in a different manner, yet kills them without torture. But we have one plant in our gardens, a native of North America, than which none can be more cruelly destructive of animal life, the dogsbane, (*apocynum androsæmifolium,*) which is generally conducive to the death of every fly that settles upon it. Allured by the honey on the nectary of the expanded blossom, the instant the trunk is protuded to feed on it, the filaments close, and, catching the fly by the extremity of its probocis, detain the poor prisoner writhing in protracted struggles till released by death, a death apparently occasioned by exhaustion alone; the filaments then relax, and the body falls to the ground. The plant will at times be dusky from the number of imprisoned wretches. This elastic action of the filaments may be conducive to the fertillizing of the seed, by scattering the pollen from the anthers, as is the case with the barberry; but we are not sensible that the destruction of the creatures which excite the action is in any way essential to the wants or perfection of the plant; and our ignorance favours the idea of a wanton cruelty in the herb; but how little of the causes and motives of action of created things do we know? and it must be unlimitable arrogance alone, that could question the wisdom of the mechanism of Him "that judgeth righily;" the operations of a single plant confound and humble us, and, like the hand writing on the wall, though seen by many, can be explained but by One.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

After BONAPARTE'S return from the campaign of Austerlitz, M. Denon was introduced to him at breakfast, with his hands full of medals. The series of these medals commenced at the departure of the army from Bologne for the Rhine; the first had on one side the head of Napoleon, and on the reverse an eagle grasping a leopard, English. "What does that mean?" said Napoleon. "Sire," said Denon, "that is the French eagle choaking in its claws a leopard, one of the attributes of the arms of England."—"I was in an extacy of delight," says BAUSSET, "when I saw the Emperor throw the medal of gold violently to the bottom of the saloon," saying to M. Denon, "Vile flatterer! how dare you say the French eagle chokes the English leopard? I cannot put a fishing-boat to sea but the English seize it.—It is the English leopard, I think, that chokes the French eagle.—Have this medal melted directly, and never present me with another like it." Running over the other medals, and taking up the one of Austerlitz, he found fault with the composition of it, and again ordered poor M. Denon to have it melted.—"Put only on one side Battle of Austerlitz, with its date, and on the other the French, the Austrian, and the Russian eagles." We need not tell posterity which was the conqueror.

THE PLANET SATURN.—The appearance of the double ring to the inhabitants of the globe of Saturn must be inconceivably splendid and magnificent, varying in appearance according to the situation in which it is beheld. From the regions several degrees distant from each pole, the inhabitants cannot possibly see this grand spectacle, being below their horizon. In approaching the latitude of 60 degrees, it must be first seen as a bright segment of a disc, just emerging above the horizon, of the brightness of the morning twilight;—near the equator, as a vast luminous arch,—and when contemplated from the middle zone of the planet, a bright band would be observed crossing the zenith, and terminating in the eastern and western points of the horizon. Hence, the glory of the celestial canopy during a Saturnian night, must, to that planet, indeed, be far exceeding what we behold from our earth, particularly from those places where the ring can be surveyed in its concave and convex form, stretching across the firmament, and apparently resting on the verge of the horizon; above and beneath the arch, the same constellations which ornament our sky would be observed shining with subdued splendor;—while, at different distances and positions without the ring, would be seen, gliding swiftly, the satellites of saturn, either rising, setting, or in the meridian; others entering into the shadow of the orb, or emerging from it, each exhibiting every variety of phase—from the delicate crescent to the semi-lunar—from a gibbous to a full-orbid brightness.

Does such beauty and design beam upon a desert, & shed its radiance upon realms of solitude and silence,—to be witnessed by no intellectual eye in those vast regions, and seen only in miniature by a few individuals from this remote and comparatively minute earth?—Doubtless, from such a glorious abode, the voice of gratitude and adoration continually ascends to the great Creator for such a retioue, by which its distance from the sun is to be amply compensated.

M. Villot, archivis, for the city of Paris, has made some curious researches in order to determine the mean length of a generation in the male line, or the lapse of time from the birth of the first legitimate son.—1. He found the mean or average at which a first marriage was contracted, to be, for the men twenty-nine years and a half, for the women twenty-four years and a half; difference 5 years—2. He found the mean or average age of the father, at the birth of his first son (daughters not being reckoned) to be thirty-three years and a third, and of the mother twenty-years. He hence concludes that, the old calculation of the Greeks, there were three generations in a century, reckoning from father to son, was strictly correct as regards Paris in the 18th century.

COWS.—Pure water, it is stated in the Domestic Encyclopedæ is an essential article for cows. Dr. Anderson says, he knew a man who acquired great wealth by attending to this matter, and one of his principal discoveries was the importance of having a continued supply of the purest water that could be obtained for his cows, and he would on no account permit a single animal to set a foot into it, nor allow it to be tainted even by the breath of animals.

Inflamed teats should be washed with two drachms of sugar of lead in a quart of water. Should tumors appear, apply a common warm mash with bran, with a little lard.

To prevent cows from sucking their own milk we are informed that rubbing the teats frequently with moist fœtid cheese, has proved an effectual remedy.

CLEANSE YOUR CELLARS.—If you wish to live half your days, be careful not to be in the habit of breathing the gases of putrefaction, vegetable or animal. We do not pretend to say whether a parcel of rotten potatoes, cabbages, turnips or other vegetables decayed in a cellar, will produce what is called *yellow* fever or not. But a kind of fever may be manufactured from vegetable or animal putrefaction, which may prove as fatal, though not quite so rapid in its progress, as the genuine plague of the West Indies or the Levant. Beef brine or pork brine, suffered to stand too long, becomes very offensive, and whatever offends the sense of smelling, is injurous to health. We have been assured by physicians of eminence, that they have reason for believing that bilious or typhus fevers of a maligoant and fatal kind, have originated from sources of this description.—*N. Y. Ch. Adv. & Jour.*

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.—On Sunday last, Joan Yates, who had been married 53 years, wore the same coat at the funeral of his wife in which he was married, and although in his 78th year, he observed to the sexton of our parish church, after the funeral, in reference to the antiquity of his coat,—"If I thought I could meet with another woman as I could like as well as the one I have just buried, I would have no objection to be married again in this old coat."—The buttons on the back of the coat are 15 inches asunder.—*Blackburn Mail.*

According to Mr. Philip Taylor, beet-root yields, in the process followed in France, five per cent. of crystalized sugar. There are at present in that Kingdom 100 establishments, which produce annually 5000 tons of sugar worth £60 per ton.

An imperial acre of good ground will yield 20 tons of beet-root, or 1 ton of sugar. A work, capable of manufacturing a ton of sugar a-day, will cost about £5000. Hence, the interest will be about £1 per day. The wages, fuel, and charges, will amount to £8. The total expense of manufacturing will, therefore, be £9 per ton; and there will remain for the raw material and profit £51 per acre, or ton of sugar. The manufacturers purchase the beet-root from the farmers at £10 per ton.

This is an exorbitant profit; and will easily admit of a reduction of a half.

The quantity of sugar annually consumed in Great Britain is about 180,000 tons,—the produce (on the data of Mr. Taylor) of 180,000 acres.

The ground occupied in raising hops in England is 49,000 acres.

So that less than four times the land occupied with bitter for beer, would sweeten the tea, coffee, punch, and puddings, of the United Kingdom.

MAUNDAY THURSDAY.—Thursday last being Maunday Thursday, his Majesty's annual donations were distributed with the usual ceremonies at Whitehall Chapel, to as many poor and aged men and women as the King is years old, namely, sixty-seven of each. The custom has been traced back as far as the reign of Edward III. A large quantity of provisions were distributed to the Maundy people in the morning, in a temporary building constructed for the occasion, at the back of Whitehall Chapel, in which, after being arranged round two tables, the men at one table and the women at the other, each person was supplied with a loaf of bread weighing one pound and a half, by Mr. Hanby, Secretary to the Lord High Almoner, and Mr. Jones, Groom of the Almonry. Six large wooden dishes, containing pieces of fine beef, each piece weighing three pounds and a half, were then placed on the table, when the Sub-Almoner read the grace before meat. The beef was then distributed, after which came the grace after meat. A wooden platter, containing two salt cod, two salt salmon, eighteen red and a similar number of salt herrings, and four loaves, was next placed before each person. Large leather flagons, filled with ale, and several wooden ale cups were produced by the distributor. The Sub-Almoner and attendants drank to the health of King George IV. which wasalso drank by the Maundy people in succession. The recipients then departed with their load of provisions. The recipients re-assembled in the interior of White-hall Chapel, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to hear divine service, and to receive the remainder of the Royal Maunday.—*London, April 18.*

MILITARY ANECDOTE.—After our day's business had closed, an officer, of the rifles, who was known to one of our officers, came on a visit to our lines. He had on a new pair of boots, not exactly of the London cut. towards which he seemed desirous of drawing our attention. When he had succeeded in this, he said, "Where do you think I got these boots?" "We can't guess," was the reply. "Well, I'll tell you how it was. You must know that I have been in want of a pair of boots for some time; so, in the course of the skirmish, seeing a French officer rather actively employed, who I thought might supply the deficiency in my wardrobe, I said to Corporal Murphy, 'Corporal Murphy,' says I, 'see if you can't pick me off that French officer who is so forward among the skirmishers.' After some manœuvring the corporal succeeded in bringing down his man, when I immediately ran up, put my foot on his body, pulled off the boots, and here they are; a nice pair, ar'n't they?" Shocked at such a disgusting narrative, which, by the by, was, I believe, half of it a lie, we exclaimed immediately, "The less you say of that the better;" but he would not take our advice, and went about the camp, boasting of his exploit; which coming to the ears of the brigadier, in less than forty-eight hours Mr. Boots was on his way to England, no longer to disgrace the honourable corps to which he belonged.—*Twelve Year's Military Adventure.*

BANK OF FRANCE.—The accounts of the Bank of France are regularly made public every half year, when the dividend is paid. The information given by the Directors of the establishment on the state of its affairs is the most complete and unreserved. They not only state the amount of their issues of paper, but the extent of their discounts to merchants, the amount of their profits, and the state of their reserve fund.—The balance sheet, containing the result of their operations last year, is published in the Mouiteur. The amount of their discounts for the year was 407,236,394 francs, which yielded an interest of only 2,519,492 francs, or about 100,000*l.* sterling. There had been a decrease of more than 40,000*l.* in the last year as compared with the year 1827. The loans made on the advance of bullion produced about 4,000*l.* The bank has coined, since 1820, about 5,000,000*l.* stg.—The maximum of bank notes out at one time was 210,000,000 of francs, or nearly 8,500,000*l.* sterling.—The bullion or coin in the coffers of the establishment exceeded this amount, being 240,000,000 of francs, or more than 11,500,000*l.* sterling. The excess of treasure proves unfortunately too well the general stagnation of business. The capital of the bank in circulation is divided into 69,000 actions or shares, originally of 1,000 francs each, but worth at present 1,810 francs thus forming an aggregate of stock of about 2,700,000*l.* sterling. The number of shareholders on the 1st of January, 1827, was 3,536. The reserve fund amounts at present to 8,480,598 francs. It is divided, under certain conditions among the share-holders, or employed to make up deficiencies of interest.

VIENNA, March 12.—The following tragical event happened lately at Horn, in Austria. A butcher, having a large sum of money about his person, arrived at an inn, near Horn. The company he met in the lower apartments appeared to him very unfit to trust himself amongst with his money—and growing suspicious, he begged the landlord to give him a bed-room on the upper floor. The landlord inquired after his motives, and the butcher acknowledged that he had a great deal of cash about him. The landlord then offered him an inner apartment, behind his own, and instantly showed it to the butcher, who approved of the same. The landlord left him there. In the meanwhile the butcher misses his large dog—this circumstance renews his suspicion—he sneaks down into the yard to search for his faithful companion. After a deal of trouble he discovers his dog howling in a cellar, where he was locked up, and succeeds in liberating him. Relying on his trusty animal, he resolved not to go to bed yet, but to enter the lower room once more. In the mean time the landlord's son returns from a journey he had made, to purchase wine. Being fatigued and perhaps somewhat intoxicated, he went to the well-known chamber, and, without any knowledge of what happened, he laid down on the bed prepared for the stranger. It was now midnight, and the sleepy butcher found himself under the necessity of seeking his resting place. He went up stairs, and, peeping through the door, which was on jar, he perceives the landlord throwing a cloak over the bed, and striking some heavy blows at a man groaning beneath the cloak. He recoils and shrieks with horror. The landlord turns round, and is thunderstruck upon perceiving the butcher. In his despair he assails him too; but the dog seizes the wretch, and pins him to the ground. The alarm was given, and the landlord finds that he has killed his own son. He hastens that very same night to surrender to the Judge, as the murderer of his own son.

London Levels.—The most lofty site in the immediate vicinity of London is the tavern called Jack Straw's Castle, on the brow of Hamstead Heath, which is 443 feet above the Thames. The top of the cross of St. Paul's cathedral is 407 feet, whilst its base, or ground line, is 52 feet. The base of the lowest building is that of the Brick-layers Arms, Kent road, the still of the South door of which is only six inches above the high-water mark. The still of the north entrance-door of Westminster Hall is only 11 inches.—*Mirror.*

King Henry the Eighth being petitioned by the citizens of London and many boroughs, to dismiss the Ministers and Council, and thereby relieve his oppressed subjects, his Majesty made to the citizens this sagacious reply, "*We* with all our Cabinet, think it strange that *ye*, who be but brutes and inexpert folk, should tell *us*, who be and who be not fit for our council."