

Singular in intelligence this for Mr. Poe's friends, who can only say that his musical selection, under the circumstance was most appropriate, and probably consisted of choice *morceaux* from the grand composition above referred to.

The following is a case of "love at first sight," and this too, with a lady of excellent understanding:—

THE LADY in MOURNING, who got out of a west-end omnibus at the Bank, and went by a Holloway omnibus, on Saturday morning, will oblige by forwarding her address to L. M. N., Fendall's Hotel, Palace-yard, Westminster.

"L. M. N.," of Fendall's Hotel, was either very ardent or very impudent. The lady was getting out of a west-end omnibus, or into one of Holloway's, when she appears to have struck the advertiser, a circumstance which suggests a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry, and fairly leads to the inference that such was the magnet point of "L. M. N.'s" sudden admiration or attraction.

To the same romantic class also probably belongs the following:—

FAINT HEART, &c.—The writer of a letter (posted in Great Portland-street), containing the above words, is earnestly entreated to write again, and explicitly. It is of the deepest interest to the party, who would be most thankful for advice. If the writer would allow a letter to be sent, the most inviolable secrecy would be observed.

"Faint heart—never won fair lady."

The advertiser is a gentleman who has a fair chance of making his fortune by matrimony, but wants the courage of which some one—it may be the fair being herself—gives him friendly intimation. "On that hint he spake," but not in the right quarter; for still hesitating, instead of popping the question, he prays for further information; it may be now, however, less with reference to feeling than fortune.

Here we have an admirable specimen of the blunt and business-like:

THIS is to give Notice that I, Thomas de Vear, Senior, of Lisle street, Leicester-square, am not the Person whose name was inserted in Friday's Gazette as a Bankrupt.

The foregoing no doubt, took a load off the minds of many of Mr. De Vear's friends and tradesmen.

It is hard stripes enough to lose one's money by a gentleman who "skedaddles" across the Straits of Dover, after having left an indelible mark on your ledger, but to be laughed at into the bargain is almost intolerable. Yet I must be very much mistaken, if the author of the subjoined be not one of those graceless characters who coolly derive amusement from the contortions of those parties in whose account books he has left some smart *souvenirs* of his former brilliant existence.

NOTICE to CREDITORS.—On the 2nd June, an advertisement so headed appeared in this paper, beginning, "the late Mr. Henry Kidout Downman, of Carmarthen and Kidwelly, &c." It was so worded in error, owing to a rumour caused by the sudden decease of a lamented relative. Mr. Henry H. Downman has great pleasure in feeling that he is not dead, but is still living and enjoying himself where he has resided for more than two years past, at the Chateau de Napoleon, 7, rue de Alger, Capcure, Boulogne, France. He is not aware he left any debts unpaid when he quitted England, but if unconsciously he may have forgotten any, all claimants are referred to Messrs. Downman & Co., 26, Birch Lane, City.

Here, as it were in a photograph, we have Mr. Downman sitting at his ease in the Chateau de Napoleon, 7, Rue d'Alger, Capcure, Boulogne, with his thumb to the top of his nose, and extending his fingers towards his friends and claimants, who would be glad to see him on the other side of the Straits of Dover,

The following is unique:

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER having been sent to Sir Geo. Grey, stating that "he praised ragged Schools, but did not contribute to them." I beg to say that he did contribute to them twelve months ago in a most kind and liberal manner.

WM. LOCKE,

Hon. Sec. to Ragged School Union.

15, Exter-hall, June, 12.

"The Anonymous Letter," you may be sure, touched Sir George Grey more keenly than he would be disposed to confess, else why go to the trouble of sending to the Hon. Secretary to take his part. Sir George is like a great many others, who expect the poor will butter their parsnips with fine words. Mr. Locke's vindication would have been more satisfactory had he mentioned the amount of the subscription. Was the

currency on that occasion praise also? I know a gentleman who is always ready to make a most polished and elaborately prepared speech on behalf of any public object, but his subscription is rarely in proportion to his eloquent periods, which induced a wag to say "—'s contributions are usually paid in notes of the Bank of Elegance."

There are some advertisements which partake of the character of social or religious satires, such as this of a "Reduced Lady," who wants a comfortable home and other "concomitants suitable to suffering respectability;" and the following, which is evidently a keen piece of revenge for some injury inflicted under plausible professions:—

A LADY, well educated, seeks an engagement as Governess or Companion in a Family, where needlework and exemplary piety are not indispensable.—Address B. B., Westerton's Library, S.W.

For light and varied reading, let those who have a keen zest for the ridiculous, get hold of the "Times," and I can imagine nothing more amusing as material for a scrap book than a pretty full collection of cuttings from this famous second column of "The Thunderer." They would make a good subject for a penny reading—and would be a good chance for some members of the Literary Club to distinguish themselves who, for want of public libraries cannot read up; their own study observation and imagination being too SLENDER.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE popular illustrated German paper, the *Gartenlaube*, announces the publication, in its columns, of a series of letters, containing 'Recollections of my Brother, Heinrich Heine,' by the Counsellor of State, Maximilian von Heine of Vienna, of which it gives a sample, touching on the relations of the witty poet and his rich uncle. The sarcastic, unsparring, generous-hearted nephew was a thorough contrast to his uncle, Salomon Heine, the richest man in the rich town of Hamburg, possessor of many millions, who, although by no means devoid of wit and humour, yet fancied that he had employed his time far better by amassing wealth than by wasting it upon making poetry. The nephew, in his turn, looked upon the money-makers with sovereign contempt, as thousands of anecdotes still circulating at Paris, in which the Rothschilds, Foulds, and other millionnaires play a prominent part, will testify. Yet uncle and nephew in the depths of their hearts respected each other and acknowledged each other's merits; but as soon as they met the conflict was unavoidable, as may easily be imagined. Salomon Heine, having gained his colossal riches by admirable activity, industry and intelligence, always lived in the simplest style, and never despised even the value of a penny,—which did not prevent him from giving large sums for charitable purposes. Heine, the poet, never knew the value of money, and was always ready to live as if he were possessed of the millions which his uncle objected to use in paying the debts of his nephew. He had to do it often enough, however, on which occasions he never failed to give elaborate sermons into the bargain. Under these circumstances Heinrich Heine was glad to leave Hamburg as often as he possibly could persuade his uncle to give him money for travelling. One morning, the poet, who had then finished his tragedy, 'Radcliff,' found his uncle at breakfast in pretty good humour, which happy constellation was made use of directly by his announcing to his uncle that he wished to see the country of his "Radcliff," in short, that he intended to travel in England. "Travel, then," replied the uncle.—"Ay! but living is dear in England."—"You received money not long ago."—"True, that will do for my expenses, but for the sake of representation I want a decent credit on Rothschild." The letter of credit (10,000 francs) was given to him, with the strict injunction, however, that it was to be considered only as a matter of form, not to be made use of in reality, the poet's purse being otherwise well supplied, mamma having put an extra present of 100 louis d'or into his pocket. The rich banker, however,

had to pay dear for this little piece of ostentation, for his nephew had not been twenty-four hours in London before the letter was presented to Baron James von Rothschild, and the 400l. cashed. But this was too much for poor, confiding Salomon. When he opened his letters at breakfast, and found one by Rothschild informing him "that he had had the extreme pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of his celebrated, charming nephew, and that he had had the honour to pay the 400l. to him," the pipe dropped from his mouth, and he ran up and down the room, swearing at Rothschild and at his nephew, by turns. In his excitement he ran to Heinrich's mother, communicating to her the amount of wickedness in her son. The worthy matron wrote an epistle full of severity to the culprit, who, in the meantime, enjoyed himself in London amazingly. It would not seem as if this epistle, nor his uncle's wrath, made a deep impression upon the poet, for one passage in his answer was verbally as follows:—"Old people have caprices; what my uncle gave in a fit of good-humour he might take back in ill-humour. I had to make sure. Who knows but in his next letter he might have written to Rothschild that the letter of credit was only a mere form; there are enough examples of the sort in the annals of rich bankers' offices. Indeed, dear mother, men must always make sure: would uncle have become so rich if he had not always made sure?" But his crime was not forgotten; on his return to Hamburg he had to encounter bitter reproaches for his extravagance, and threats that the uncle would never be reconciled to him again. After having listened in silence to this formidable sermon, Heine said,—"The best thing in you uncle, is that you bear my name," and proudly left the room. In spite of this piece of impudence, as uncle Salomon would call it, a reconciliation soon took place, for, after all, the rich banker loved his famous nephew and was very proud of him. He settled a handsome annuity upon him.

THE FIRST REFORM BILL.

NOW that a new Reform Bill is before the House of Commons, and exciting so much attention and discussion in the mother country, it is both interesting and instructive to look back upon the circumstances under which the first and greatest Reform Bill was passed, in 1832. A new generation has sprung up since that period, to whom the events of the time are known only as matters of history, or, perhaps, of vivid relation on the part of friends or relations, themselves deeply interested in the struggle. For the benefit of our readers, we will recall some of the most striking incidents of that time, which will, at least, be found to present a happy contrast in favour of the circumstances under which the new Reform Bill is introduced.

After the peace of 1815, men's minds were turned from the excitement of war and its victories or reverses, to the consideration of domestic affairs, and the price which was to be paid for the recent conflict. Taxation pressed heavily upon the country; the corn laws especially became a source of great privation; trade had not yet recovered its activity, and the working classes were in deep distress. Few persons would now be found to deny that those classes were comparatively without representation or influence in the popular legislature; and their sufferings were rendered more keen and oppressive by the knowledge that they possessed no constitutional remedy for the grievances of which they complained. Numerous meetings were held to promote such a reform in Parliament as should produce a better representation of the people. At one of these meetings, in Manchester, upwards of 60,000 persons, men, women, and children, were present. The meeting was held at a place known as St. Peter's Field, and in the midst of the proceedings an attempt was made to disperse the people by a body of yeomanry and cavalry, the result being that eleven of the persons assembled were killed and about 400 wounded. This calamitous event is known as "the Manchester Massacre," or the "Battle of Peterloo," the last name having been given in grim bur-