

try whence arose the first dawn of the arts and sciences,—he may have encouraged them, and contributed to the civilization, and consequently to the happiness of mankind. On the other hand, he may have been a tyrant over his subjects, inhuman and unmerciful to his enemies; the pestilence of his tyranny may have blighted the infant arts, and the storm of war and devastation may, during his reign, have darkened the glimmering beams of civilization under its cloud of blood. That he was powerful and renowned is all that his tomb proves to us. His name may have been coupled with curses or benedictions. His contemporaries relied upon posterity either to reward his virtues with praise, or punish his vices with an eternal stigma: posterity has forgotten him. Time has poured the tide of oblivion over his actions; his virtues or crimes are as completely hidden from our knowledge, by the veil of centuries, as the once fertile soil, over which he reigned, is concealed from our sight by its eternal sands.

While it wounds human vanity to reflect upon this total oblivion into which the great of the species have sunk, it is a consolation and a great one, to find that the subject immediately before our eyes was a conquered monarch. It may console those who have suffered from these licensed depredators, that the oppressors may be disappointed in their hopes of immortal fame, the prize for which they have sacrificed the lives and happiness of mankind entrusted to their care; and it holds out a warning to others not to follow that path which has hitherto been considered a royal road to immortality. When ambition, heated and nursed by flattery, reminds royal youth of the fame of a Cyrus, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, let cold truth interpose, and tell the tale of Psamtich; that he was great, victorious, triumphant, and—forgotten.

It is not from man that we are to hope for immortality. To all that mortals project, undertake, or accomplish, there is a sure, though not fixed, termination. The actions and greatness of man, will be veiled by a never failing oblivion whose advance seems protracted, when compared with human life; yet but an instant when compared with eternity. If we have acquired fame at the expense of virtue, we may gaze upon the drop of time which is our own with the false pleasure of vanity; but we dare not turn our eyes towards the ocean into which that drop has fallen. The only real immortality for which we can hope, or to which we have courage to look forward, is that which is prepared by the Deity, as an inestimable reward for a well spent life.

The bank of England, as we have said before, could not have been guilty of greater impudence than in drawing the public attention to their position, more especially to a comparison of their paper. The people of England ought not to have been reminded of notes, the forgeries of which, (perhaps necessarily) have led to countless executions; they should have avoided all comparison with their rivals, since the one must stand or fall with a State owing eight hundred millions, and the other would survive the fall even of the government itself, based as their security really is, upon the property of individuals so totally unconnected with the government, and possessing collectively, many millions of private property. The real interests of the Bank proprietors are in direct opposition to the welfare of this great commercial and agricultural community, and the nation itself can feel no interest in a system that heaps credit and wealth to a dangerous extent upon certain capitalists, who have no feelings in common with them, and which tends only to crush the industrial power of the people.—We cannot wonder at the awful vicissitudes of fortune that have been engendered by it, for skill, talent, and industry must be unavailing under a monetary monopoly, when the only information worth obtaining in the commercial world is whether the bank of England are about to increase or diminish their issues. We trust we shall not have again to recur to this subject. We shall however continue to watch the proceedings of this august body, which during the last fortnight have chosen to express their mighty displeasure to three most respectable banking houses for having accepted certain bills of exchange, drawn by equally respectable joint-stock banks whose united properties would buy the whole capital of the bank of England; and strange to add, these bankers have submitted to this attempt at enforcing a tyrannical monopoly. Before we conclude we deem it our duty to guard the public against the delusion practised upon them by the joint stock banking, viz., that the responsibility of the proprietors is limited to 25 per cent. We would most distinctly state, that not only is every subscriber's fortune liable to the claims on the company to its whole amount, but must by Act of Parliament remain so after the withdrawal of their names for three years. No respectable joint-stock company would attempt to practise such a delusion; any private agreement among them does not stand cannot alter the case.—*London Morning Herald, Dec. 7.*

The *Limerick Times* contains a long report of a meeting held in that city for the establishment of a new Bank, to be called the "National Bank of Ireland." Mr Reynolds, the Secretary to the London Directors, introduced the business by reading a letter from Mr O'Connell, strongly recommending the new Bank to public patronage, and reflecting upon another, called the "National Commercial Bank." Mr Salmon who appeared as the advocate of the rival establishment, defended it against the attacks of its opponents, and a good deal of confusion arose from the violence of the partisans on either side. It is not our intention to give even an abstract of the proceedings, but the following remarks from one of the speakers, will show the spirit which pervaded the meeting.

"What! (said Mr M, with much fervor,) is a prospectus, a great portion of which is of Mr O'Connell's own composition, and signed with his name, so as to give it more efficacy, to be read here, and yet no man allowed to analyse, and if necessary, animadvert upon its contents? Is the mind of the country, to be, as it were, locked up at Mr O'Connell's bidding, and the national voice struck dumb at the sound of his name? To such humiliating abasement, Ireland has not yet sunk; nor will the time ever be when any name or any man, of any power will dare to prevent Irishmen from discussing—ay, and if needful of denouncing too, the published acts of every public man. To have the faculties of man, and not to use them in our dearest concerns would call for the contempt of mankind.

**BANK OF ENGLAND.**—An account of the liabilities and assets of the Bank of England on the average of the quarter from the 1st July to the 23d of September, both inclusive:

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Circulation	£19,126,000	Securities	£28,691,000
Deposits	14,754,000	Bullion	7,695,000
	£33,880,000		£ 6,386,000

On this return the *Times*, remarks:—"the official return of the bank averages, given in the *Gazette* of yesterday announces a further decline in the stock of bullion, and as there has occurred since the commencement of the year, with very slight exceptions, a gradual decline in the averages of bullion, it necessarily follows that the actual amount in the coffers of the Bank must be much lower than the sum last returned. Thus the average amount of bullion in the Bank, from the 1st July to the 23d of September, is set down at £7,695,000, but the real stock is supposed not to exceed £6,500,000, which is a small sum to meet liabilities, consisting of circulation and deposits amounting to £33,880,000. In January last, the average of bullion amounted to £9,948,000 in February £9,954,000; in March, £9,829,000; in April, £9,431,000; in May, £8,884,000; in June, £8,645,000; in July, £8,598,000; and at the end of August it only amounted to £8,272,000."

**EXTRAORDINARY MORTALITY OF THE ITALIAN PERFORMERS AT HAVANNA.**—There has seldom, perhaps been recorded a more remarkable and melancholy example of mortality than that which has befallen the members of the Italian Opera Company, who arrived in this city in 1832, and who have been during the past year, performing at Havanna. It was only a year ago that we were listening to the powerful acting, and enchanting voice of Signa Pedrotta. She is probably, by the last accounts, numbered with the dead. Few will forget her beautiful personations of *Elisse et Claudio*; nor will those who knew her estimable and exemplary conduct in private life as a wife and mother refuse to pay a passing tribute to her memory. She made her first successful attempt at Lisbon, and was afterwards the Prima Donna at the Opera at Richmond-hill in this city. Montessor, the director of the company, and his son Dr Montessor, a talented and learned young physician, and pupil of the celebrated Tomassina, have also fallen victims to the black vomit. Poor young Rapetti also, the leader of the orchestra, the most remarkable violin player that ever came to this country, is the fourth of that distinguished corps who have been consigned to the Campo Santo. Also, Salvioni, the leader and composer of the choruses, an excellent man, and a first rate musician. And lastly Coretti, the barytone singer, Signorina Saccomoni, close the mournful list of these unfortunate strangers who, in the prime of their life, and in the height of their prosperity have found a lonely grave in a foreign land.—*New York Star.*

**CHINESE TRANSLATION.**—The following advertisement was issued in China, by Captain Putnam, of the American brig Nabob. It was afterwards translated and published in the Chinese language, and presented the curious difference between the Chinese and English idioms:

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

"Absconded last night, from the American brig Nabob, Samuel Butler, the cook, and John Smith, the steward, taking with them 450 Spanish Dollars belonging to the

master and first officer, who offer a reward of 50 dollars for apprehending the said cook and steward, and delivering them, together with the dollars, to

(Signed) "C. W. PUTNAM, Master of the brig Nabob at Whampoa."

The Chinese version is as follows:—"On the evening of the third day, of the eighth moon, two black foreign devils (1), one the butler, the other the mate of the Putlum (2), now at Whampoa, escaped from her by stealth, with foreign faced money more than four hundred rounds in their possession, the property of the Captain and Mate, and the place of their concealment is unknown. Should any superior man know of their downfall and fetch them to the vessel Putlum, at Whampoa, it is clearly understood that on these two foreign black devils being recognised, he will be thanked for his trouble with flowered red money (3) fifty great rounds. These words are true and will not be eaten.

"This chop is issued from Putnam's ship at anchor, at Whampoa."

Note 1. The Chinese call all foreigners, black and white devils, in contradistinction to their own people.

Note 2. They designate the vessel by the name of the Captain.

Note 3. Gold.

The celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan, whose connection with the Irish Executive prior to 1798, and whose singular escape from prison, by which he preserved his life, as well as many subsequent incidents of historical interest, have associated his name in a remarkable manner with the modern history of Ireland, died on Saturday morning at his house in Holles-street, Dublin. He had reached his 84th year. Mr. Rowan was a man of large fortune.

In a lecture delivered upwards of 20 years ago, at some Hall in Fetter-lane, Coleridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

It is related of Lord Ellenborough, in the *Law Magazine*, that on his return from Hone's trial he suddenly stopped his carriage at Charing-cross, and exclaimed, "It just occurs to me that they sell the best red herrings at this shop of any shop in London; buy six."

**PERSIAN GEOGRAPHY!**—The following curious extract has been sent to us by a friend. It is translated from a Persian work, intitled "Jamaat-towarikh," or Universal History, by Rashid-ad-din, who commenced it in the year of the Hijrah 714 (A. D. 1314).—"Ireland (Ireland) is an island in the midst of the ocean. From the excellence of its soil, poisonous reptiles and rats are not produced upon it. The people are long-lived, red-haired, tall, strong, and brave. There is a fountain of water there, into which, if a piece of wood is thrown, in the course of one week its surface becomes stone. The larger island is called England (Inglaterra). In it is a mountain which has numerous mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron. Fruit trees are abundant. Amongst the wonders of that land is a tree which produces birds. It is thus:—At the time of blossom a sort of bag appears upon the tree; within this the bird is attached by its beak. When the fruit is ripe, the bird makes a hole with its beak and comes out. They keep it two years, by which time it grows to the size of a goose or duck. It is the common meat of the people of that country. In both these islands there are sheep, from the wool of which they make cyprus and scarlet cloths. The King of both these islands is called Scotland."—*Athenæum.*

**INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF VINEGAR.**—That vinegar is destructive of the human stomach, is known by its effects on plump healthy females, who, from a silly desire of looking delicate—that is sickly—swallow daily large draughts of vinegar. This innocent practice only ruins the digestive faculty; and thereby deprives the system of its regular nourishment. The only standard of beauty is high health. Doctor Beddoes tells us, that in some boarding schools in England, a keen appetite, and its consequences, *embonpoint*, is held up by the mistress as a dreadful evil; and that starvation and vinegar are encouraged, instead of being severely denounced. Emaciation, thus induced, leads to consumption.

**THE SMALL IRISH FARMER.**—The farmer and his family are all in half nakedness or rags; their lot is little better than the mere labourers. They raise wheat and barley, and oats, and butter and pork in great abundance; but never do they taste any of either, except, perchance, a small part of the meal of the oats. Potatoes are their sole food.

I wish the farmers of our parish could see one that I saw in the fine county of Kilkenny. His dress was a mere bundle of rags, tied round his body with a band of straw; his legs and feet bare, no shirt, and his head covered with a rag, such as you would rip out of the inside of an old cart saddle. The landlord generally lets his great estate to some one man, who lets it out in littles; and this one man takes all from the wretched farmer. Some of the farmers in England grumble at the poor rates. Well, there are no poor rates here. Let them come here then, and lead the life of these farmers.—They will soon find that there is something worse than the poor rates.—*Colbert.*

**VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.**

(From the Hobart Town Courier.)

Some months ago, a vessel called the Fortitude "touched ground" at Hokianga, in New Zealand—she was immediately boarded and her papers and the most valuable part of her cargo seized by a tribe of the New Zealanders, who were impressed with the idea that she was aground, and consequently a fair prize. The then "chief of the heads," assisted by his brother Moetra and another brother interfered, insisting on a restitution; this being resolutely refused by the invading tribe, a serious engagement ensued in which Moetra's brothers and many of his relatives and tribe fell a sacrifice to their John Bull feelings, but they succeeded in restoring the property to the vessel. Moetra, by the death of his brothers in this battle, became and is now the chief of his tribe.—Mr. Oakes on his recent return to this colony, having represented the above to the Lieutenant-Governor, his Excellency availed himself of the opportunity of forwarding to Moetra, through Mr. Oakes, a despatch expressive of his Excellency's satisfaction at the noble conduct of the "valiant chief of the heads of Hokianga." This despatch was accompanied by an elegant gilt sabre and military cloak (the gift of his Excellency).

A letter has been received by a gentleman here from Mr. Oakes, at Hokianga, in which he describes the delight of Moetra at receiving his Excellency's despatch and present.—Mr. O. states that Moetra had been for some time very unwell, and that with the natives (New Zealanders) sickness always produces the greatest despondency, but he adds that on presenting the sword and cloak to Moetra in the presence of several chiefs, his eyes sparkled with delight, he expressed the greatest pleasure; the filip given to his constitution by this excitement has had a most beneficial effect upon his health. To the great joy of the Europeans there, to whom he acts as a brother. Moetra had invited above 1000 persons to a feast, at which he intended displaying his Excellency's handsome present, and endeavouring to convince the chiefs of the prudence and advantage derivable from the friendship of Europeans. Mr. O. adds, that the feast took place, of which he partook, and that upwards of 200 pigs were cooked for the party.

Mr. Oakes, we hear, has purchased a considerable tract of country from this chief.—But from all that we can learn, these purchases are not always of the most stable nature, and although it was remarked by Mr. Oakes himself, that if a lawyer were to emigrate to that El Dorado, he would, without doubt, be cut up in convenient joints and eaten. Mr. Oakes himself turns out to be one of the first to experience the want of a lawyer or at least of that law and protection of property, which it is the best part of a lawyer's duty to fix and secure to the rightful owner. After making a purchase no one is secure, in fact, against further claimants, whom you have no other means of quieting but by paying over again the price it had cost you, and in this way the same piece of land has been paid for three or four times. Mr. Bushby, the British resident, from this cause, has little or no power, and is chiefly useful only as an impartial observer of occurrences round him. He is not, of course, a Magistrate, for he has as yet no law or British Constitution to act under.

At the Bay of Islands, from the long residence of the missionaries and the concourse of Europeans constantly collected, a half sort of civilized appearance is conspicuous. The natives live in very decent huts or houses as they call them, the walls of which are constructed of a kind of reed, which affords a good protection against the weather, and they are well roofed with the flags of the flax. From the limitation of territory in the particular spot, there is considerable traffic in the buying and selling of land, and the prices are very high indeed, almost as much so as in Van Diemen's land.

In other less frequented parts, however, it is very different, and large tracts may be acquired at a very low price. But then that price, low as it is, is quite as much as it is worth. The character of the country is not quite so hilly as Van Diemen's Land, but the flats consist of nothing more unfortunately than barren soil covered with fern.—So that neither sheep nor cattle will ever be numerous. The best land yet found is the banks of the Thames in the Northern Island and some patches at the Northern extremity