

THE
BRITISH COLONIAL MAGAZINE.

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NUMBER VIII.

PRICE 3d.; or 12s. 6d. per Annum.

DANGER OF APPEARING
ILL USED.

It is extremely dangerous for any one who wishes to make his way in the world to appear ill used—it is so sure to afford some presumption not quite favourable to him. The clever, the well-born, the wealthy, the agreeable—all whom nature or accident has placed in a situation to be looked up to or courted by their fellow-creatures—rarely have any occasion to describe themselves as ill used. It is the opposite classes in general who are not well used by their fellow-creatures—the stupid and troublesome, because nobody can endure them; the poor and lowly, because nobody cares anything about them. Such has been the way of the world since its beginning, and all our associations are formed accordingly. Hence, when any one is heard complaining of being ill used, he is more apt to be set down as one of the latter than of the former classes—a circumstance which may be in no respect discreditable to him, but which, nevertheless, is not likely to be favourable to his prospects. No matter how real may be the wrongs he has suffered, or how eminently entitled they may be to sympathy, few have opportunities of becoming satisfied of their reality; and even if sympathy be extended, it does no good. The general impression is bad, and he finds too late that, by complaining of ill usage, he has only put himself in the way of continuing to be ill used.

This is a principle which we have seen exemplified so often, that the only difficulty is to make a selection of cases. T—G— was good-looking, had a winning address, and began the world with the favour and applause of a large circle of admiring friends. He might have

got any one of twenty ladies. Unluckily, his profession was one in which success is both slow and uncertain: it was that of a barrister. He was disappointed in getting a particular preferment to which he thought himself entitled. About the same time, it did happen that a fair dame to whom he preferred his suit, did not accept him. He got a little soured, and began to talk satirically of things. He might have done still very well, if he had kept up a hopeful air. But when he began to assume the tone of an ill-used man, there was no more good to be expected of him. As friends became cold, his satirical and complaining manner increased, and then they became colder. In short, T—G— joined the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business, and concluded in gloom and settled discontent a career which commenced under the fairest and gayest auspices. He had shipwrecked on the great mistake of *letting it be supposed that he was ill used.*

J—R—, on the contrary, was a man of plain aspect and few friends. His society was not sought by the men, nor were his advances well received by the ladies. He had fortunately chosen a profession in which cut of face and style of manner are not of particular consequence. Being a man of some sense, he never complained of the unsociableness of his fellow-creatures, or said a word of the many refusals he got from the ladies. On the contrary, J— had always rather a cheerful air, talked of being asked out here, and invited there, and appeared as if he knew that he had only to ask any lady he chose, in order to make her his humble servant. This succeeded. People became accustomed to his unfavourable looks, and began to pay involuntary

respect to one who appeared to be on such good terms with the world. He not only rose to wealth and consequence, but at last obtained the hand of one of the most favourite belles of the place. The secret was, J— *never appeared ill used.*

In like manner, Sophia — was a pretty and interesting girl, while her friend Charlotte — was decidedly homely. Any one asked to guess their fate, would have assigned to Sophia some high matrimonial location, and to Charlotte the task of helping to rear her friend's children. But Sophia had the misfortune to be jilted, at the very outset, by some thoughtless youth, whom her parents thought it their duty to prosecute for breach of promise of marriage. The consequence was, that the poor girl came under general notice as one who had been ill used. That she really had been ill used, a verdict of damages in her favour sufficiently proved. But nothing could do away with the general bad effect of appearing in this character. No other gentleman liked to be the man who was to use well the lady whom some other gentleman had used ill. The consequence was, that Sophia remained unmarried, while her friend Charlotte, prudent, unobtrusive, and always bearing the air of a hopeful and well-used person, chanced to get a good match.

Of all the evils which arise from litigation, decidedly the worst is the effect which it sometimes has in putting men into the position of ill-used people. Most men who find themselves wronged by law and lawyers—and how rarely are they otherwise than wronged!—have the good sense to absorb the injury, and appear as if they felt it not. But there are a few natures which do not easily brook wrong. These persons, foolishly thinking to avenge or redress themselves by an appeal to the world, trumpet forth their injuries wherever they go, and make themselves intolerable to all around them by long recitals of their case in all its details. They take on the character of ill-used people, and soon experience the natural consequences in the cold regards of their fellow-creatures. It is of course horridly base for those who once smiled upon them in prosperity, now to shun them in their adversity; but the plain truth is, that it is not in human nature long to en-

sure a man who is always telling how ill he has been used.

The principle is of immense importance with reference to office and preferment. When a greyish captain is heard perpetually complaining of the long postponement of his majority, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Horse-Guards has its reasons for the delay. When an artist is found constantly railing against the hanging committee for the ignorance or prejudice which causes them to place his pictures in certain modest situations near the floor or ceiling, no one can doubt that the hanging committee does exactly what it ought to do. When a fashionable novelist is so weak as to complain that the Quarterly Reviews make a point (poor Goldy's phrase) of not noticing him, who can wonder that the fact is as he states it? Or when a would-be author tells everywhere of the rejections which his compositions meet with from booksellers and editors, does it not become clear that he must have been treated exactly according to his merits? In competitions for situations of any kind, it is absolutely self-ruinous for any candidate, under whatever circumstances, to say a word of his having been ill used. We once knew a learned and respectable person who competed, with good pretensions, for a chair in one of the Scottish universities. Another, somewhat his superior in reputation, was preferred. Unluckily, he conceived that some injustice had been done to him in the canvass, and, still more unluckily, he publicly complained of it. He assumed the ill-omened cognizance of the Ill-Used. The consequence was, that, on a similar vacancy occurring soon after in a neighbouring university, he was not preferred, although, as far as proficiency in that branch of scholarship went, he was unquestionably the first man on the list. The only reason that could be assigned for his non-success on this occasion was, that he had lowered his pretensions, and shaken the general credit of his understanding by appearing as an ill-used man.

In the well-known case of Mr. Buckingham, the world has recently had a remarkable example of the uselessness of coming forward with a complaint of ill usage. For ten years, this gentleman proclaimed the wrongs he had suffered,

or conceived himself to have suffered, in India; and much exertion was made to obtain redress from the state. But even while his complaint was allowed to be just, the appearance of being ill used had its usual effect in defeating all his efforts. The world became tired of hearing of the wrongs of Mr. Buckingham. The thing became a subject of wit. The iteration provoked a counter feeling. And the case ended in the claim being disallowed. All this came of appearing ill used—the thing which mankind detest and contemn above all others. Even a nation may go through the same process of complaining, and be only additionally ill used for its pains. Poland, for instance, was so unfortunate as to get into the condition of an ill-used state some forty years ago. Every body allowed and allows that it was ill used. Parted like the garments of a condemned criminal among the executioners—obliterated from the map of Europe—

Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime—

such are a sample of the sympathising phrases which have been used regarding it. But the complaint of being ill used has done nothing for it. The neighbouring states, which used it ill, are as much respected as ever. And the talk about the ill usage of poor Poland begins to grow tiresome—in short, a bore. Unquestionably, if Poland was to submit to be parted or suppressed, the best course for it would have been to appear to consent cordially in the measure, which might have then passed as something for its advantage. The character of the country would thus have been maintained. On the contrary, Poland has complained, until its complaints fall on the ear, and elicit sentiments by no means calculated to improve its situation. The same would have been the fate of France if it had also been parted, as was designed. But France rose as one man, and preserved its soil from invasion. It is fully as desirable for nations as for individuals, that they should avoid the *appearance of being ill used*.

Let no one, then, who wishes to attain or preserve a respectable place in the world, ever appear as if he had been ill used. If a young man of business, let him never tell that he has been cheated or worsted in any sort of way, for then he will appear as having been ill used. If a

young artist, let him never breathe a word as to the prejudice or ill will of “that hanging committee,” in putting his pictures up at the ceiling or down at the floor, for then he will be confessing that he has been ill used. If a candidate for an office or place of any kind, let him carefully avoid all complaint as to the suppression of his testimonials, or the start allowed to his rivals in the canvass, for then he will be owning to ill usage. If a wooer, let him utter no whisper of jilting or rejection, unless he be able to tell at the same moment with a cheerful face, that, while ill used by one lady, he has been well used by another. In short, let no man who values his prospects in this world, ever, by word, deed, or sigh, allow it to be supposed that he has ever been, is now, or believes he ever can be, ill used.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

THE FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

There is an inborn and inbred distrust of “foreigners” in England—continental foreigners, I should say—which keeps the current of French and Italian society as distinct amid the sea of London as the blue Rhone in Lake Lemman. The word “foreigner,” in England, conveys exclusively the idea of a dark-complexioned and whiskered individual, in a frogged coat and distressed circumstances; and to introduce a smooth-cheeked, plainly dressed, quiet-looking person by that name, would strike any circle of ladies and gentlemen as a palpable misnomer. There is nevertheless a rage for foreign lions in London society, and while a well-introduced foreigner keeps his cabriolet, and confines himself to frequenting soirees and accepting invitations to dine, he will never suspect that he is not on an equal footing with any milor in London. If he wishes to be disenchanting, he has only to change his lodgings from Long’s to Great Russell Street, or (bitterer and readier trial) to propose marriage to the Honorable Augusta or Lady Fanny.

Every body who knows the society of Paris, knows something of a handsome and very elegant young baron of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, with small fortune, very great taste, and great credit, contrived to go on swimmingly as an ado-

nable *roue* and idler of fashion till he was hard upon twenty-five. At the first crisis in his affairs, the ladies, who hold all politics in their laps, got him appointed consul to Algiers, or minister to Venezuela, and with this pretty pretext for selling his horses and dressing-gowns, these cherished articles brought twice their original value, and set him up in fans and monkeys at his place of exile. A year of this was enough for the darling of Paris; and not more than a day before his desolate loves would have ceased to mourn for him, he galloped into his hotel with a new fashion of whiskers, a black female slave, and the most delicious histories of his adventures during the ages he had been exiled. Down to the earth and their previous obscurity, dropped the rivals who were beginning to usurp his glories. A new stud, an indescribable vehicle, a suit of rooms in the Algerine style, and a mystery preserved at some expense, about his negress, kept all Paris, including his new creditors, in admiring astonishment for a year. Among the crowd of his worshippers, not the last or least fervent were the fair-haired English beauties who assemble at the *levees* of their ambassador in the Rue St. Honore, and upon whom *le beau Adolphe* had looked as pretty savages, whose frightful toilets and horrid accent might be tolerated one evening in the week.

Eclipses will arrive as calculated by insignificant astronomers, however, and debts will become due as presumed by vulgar tradesmen. *Le beau Adolphe* began to see another crisis, and betook himself to his old advisers, who were insoluble to the last degree; but there was a new government, and the blood of the Faubourg was at a discount. No embassies were to be had for nothing. With a deep sigh, and a gentle tone, to spare his feelings as much as possible, his friend ventures to suggest to him that it will be necessary to sacrifice himself. "Marry one of these *bêtes Anglaises*, who drink you up with their blue eyes and are made of gold!"

Adolphe buried his face in his gold-fringed oriental pocket handkerchief; but when the first agony was past, his resolution was taken, and he determined to go to England. The first beautiful creature he should see, whose funds were

enormous and well invested, should bear away from all the love, rank, and poverty of France, the perfumed hand he looked upon.

A flourishing letter, written in a small, cramped hand, but with a seal on whose breadth of wax and blazon all the united heraldry of France was interwoven, arrived through the ambassador's dispatch box, to the address of Miladi —, Belgrave Square, announcing, in full that *le beau Adolphe* was coming to London to marry the richest heiress in good society; and as Paris could not spare him more than a week, he wished those who had daughters to marry, answering the description, to be made acquainted with his visit and errand. With the letter came a compend of his genealogy, from the man who spoke French in the confusion of Babel to Baron Adolphe himself.

To London came the valet of *le beau Baron*, two days before his master, bringing his slippers and dressing-gown to be aired after their sea-voyage across the Channel. To London followed the irresistible youth, cursing, in the politest French, the necessity which subtracted a week from a life measured with such "diamond sparks" as his own in Paris. He sat himself down in his hotel, sent his man Porphyre with his card to every noble and rich house, whose barbarian tenants he had ever seen in the Champs Elysees, and waited the result. Invitations from fair ladies, who remembered him as the man the French ladies were mad about, and from literary ladies, who wanted his whiskers and black eyes to give their *soirees* the necessary foreign complexion, flowed in on all sides, and Monsieur Adolphe selected his most minion cane and his happiest design in a stocking and "*rendered himself*" through the rain like a martyr.

No offers of marriage the first evening! None the second!! None the third!!!

Le beau Adolphe began to think either that English papas did not propose their daughters to people as in France, or, perhaps, that the lady whom he had commissioned to circulate his wishes, had not sufficiently advertised him. She *had*, however. He took advice, and found it would be necessary to take the first step himself. This was disagreeable.

He went to Almack's, and proposed to

the first authenticated fortune that accepted his hand for a waltz. The young lady first laughed, and then told her mother, who told her son, who thought it an insult, and called out le beau Adolphe, very much to the astonishment of himself and his man Porphyre. The thing was explained, and the Baron looked about the next day for one of better taste. Found a young lady with half a million sterling, proposed in a morning call, and was obliged to ring for assistance, his intended having gone into convulsions with laughing at him. The story by this time had got pretty well distributed through the different strata of London society, and when le beau Adolphe, convinced that he would not succeed with the noble heiresses of Belgrave Square, condescended, in his extremity, to send his heart by his valet to a rich little vulgarian, who never had a grandfather, and lived in Harley Street, he narrowly escaped being prosecuted for a nuisance. Paris being now in the possession of the enemy, he was obliged to bury his sorrows in Belgium. After a short exile his friends procured him a vice-consulate in some port in the North Sea, and there probably at this moment he sorrowfully vegetates.

This is not a story *founded upon* fact, but literally true. Many of the circumstances came under my own observation, and the whole thus affords a laughable example of the esteem in which what an English fox-hunter would call a "trashy Frenchman," is held in England, as well as of the ludicrous consequences that follow the attempt to transplant the usages of one country to another.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

PARIS—THE BET.

I would not give twopence for the man who should open his eyes after his first night's sleep in Paris, and who should coolly ring for his shaving water, and then lie yawning with the same indifference that he would do in his own bed at home. This was not my case; I was all alive to get dressed, and to be out; and if it had been otherwise, I should have been allowed but little opportunity of indulging in laziness; for a lively little French marquis of my acquaintance was with us before we had got rid of our robes-de-chambre. "Ah, my dearest friend!" exclaimed he in French, and at the same time embracing me with all the fervour of continental manner, and bowing with repeated reverence and compliments to

my companion, "welcome to Paris a thousand times!—welcome to this great centre of art, of science, and of taste! Ah hah! now I shall have my revenge! Now I have you in my power! Now I have it in my power to repay you for all your kindness to me when I was a stranger—yes, and more—an exile in your country. Now I shall enjoy the honour of making you wonder at the splendour, the magnificence of Paris—of Paris, the great emporium of all that is excellent in the civilised world! And, *morte de ma vie*, messieurs! how fortunate you are to have arrived just in time to be present at one of the most sublimely imagined spectacles that ever the mind of man conceived, surpassing indeed anything that was ever thought of in the classic days of Greece or of Rome!" "My dear marquis," replied I, "you excite my curiosity greatly to know what this glorious spectacle is to be." "Glorious indeed!" replied the marquis. "This most auspicious day, messieurs, is dedicated to the highly important ceremony of placing the Corinthian capital upon the imperishable column of Bourbon sovereignty. The statue of the good Henri IV. is to be this day restored to its ancient position on the Pont Neuf. *Mes tres chers amis*, all Paris is agog with expectation. The statue, exalted on a grand triumphal car of immense magnitude, is to be drawn to the spot destined for it, by forty of the most beautiful oxen in all France. Only fancy the grandeur of its slow and steady advance amidst the acclamations of the people; typical, as it were, of the gradual but sure progress of the growth of strength of the Bourbons in the affections of the French nation!" "Ah, that will indeed be a fine sight," said I; "that is if the bullock's have been carefully trained for the work they have to perform." "Nay, as to that, I know not," said the Marquis; "but they belong to the king, and how can they, how can any thing fail on such a day? *Mais, allons*. I must hasten to visit some other friends, and shall be with you again in good time to be your guide thither."

Having hastily devoured breakfast, and dispatched the important business of securing a good carriage and a valet de place, in the selection of which last we were less fortunate, we drove to Lafitte's for a supply of money, and then made a hasty tour of some of the principal streets, to deliver divers letters of introduction. Our most agreeable visit was to the so justly celebrated Biot. The very elegant compliments he has paid to Great Britain, and the sense he entertains of its hospitality, so gratefully expressed by him in some of his writings, are not words of course or mere empty phrases. His intelligent countenance beams with pleasure when he sees one of our countrymen. He received us with so great a warmth of kindness, and he was so full of anxiety to know how he could be useful to us, that I shall never forget the agreeable interview we had with him and Madame Biot. We got back to our hotel just in time to receive Monsieur le Marquis.

He came, accompanied by a certain rich, good-natured, fox-hunting English baronet of our acquaintance, who, in addition to his being a perfect stranger in France, was utterly ignorant of its language, so that our friend the marquis always spoke English when in his company. This, to be sure, he was disposed to do as much for his own gratification as from necessity, for he particularly prided himself upon his great acquirements in our language.

"But, I say, Mooshee le Marquis," exclaimed the baronet, after the ordinary ceremonies of recognition were over, "do you really think, now, that these forty bullocks you speak of can be made to pull together in harness? If you French can do that, I'll say that you are bang-up fellows indeed." "Ah, my dear frainde," replied the marquis, with a shrug, and an air of complaisant contempt, "you not know vat ve can do en France—mais you vill see." "I dare say you are very clever," replied the baronet; "but I'll bet you fifty guineas to ten that your forty horned cattle don't bring the statue to the Pont Neuf by midnight." "Vat you say?" exclaimed the marquis; "de forty bullock not bring de statue of Henri IV. to de Pont Neuf bifor midnight! Ho! ho! ho! dat is too mosh good, I declare. I tell you, saire, van leetle secret. De king's master of de horse will be dere—and do you tink dat de master of von hundred horse cannot manage von forty sons of cows?" "Well, mooshee," replied the baronet, "you shall have the master of the horse if you please—ay, and all the butchers of Paris to boot, if you will—and I take it that your knights of the cleaver will in this case be your most useful auxiliaries—though I believe that your French butchers have more to do with bull-frogs than with bullocks—but be that as it may, I bet you an hundred guineas to ten that old Harry is not set up on the bridge by twelve o'clock to-night." "I do say done to dat bait," said the marquis hastily, and rather a little out of temper; "and—aha, monsieur, you vill see dat you vill ave to pay me de guinée to-morrow; ha, ha, ha! dat is goot indeed. Come, messieurs; it is time to go."

The baronet mounted the box of his open carriage, of English build, drawn by four spanking blood horses. We three got into it; and, as he gathered up his ribbons, he looked knowingly over his shoulder to the Frenchman, and said, "Mooshee, though we can't drive horned animals in our country, we know how to make horse-cattle put down their pumps—ya-hip!" And then most scientifically flourishing the silk about the ears of his leaders, off he dashed with us, and, rattling through more of the narrow streets than was absolutely necessary, evidently for the express purpose of astonishing the natives, he, by the piloting hints which he from time to time received from our French friend within, at last brought us to the Boulevard, and as near to the show as the crowd and the drawn sabres of the dragoons would allow us to approach.

From the magniloquent expressions of Mon-

sieur le Marquis, our minds had been filled with the anticipation of something like a Roman triumph. But fancy our mortification, when, on stretching our eyes over the dense mass of the crowd ere we got down from the carriage, the first thing that caught our attention, rising vast above the heads of the people, was a blue silk drapery, thickly sown with silver fleurs-de-lys, and completely shrouding a huge unintelligible mass over which it was thrown. Under this the statue appeared like a shapeless block, or, if shape it had at all, it was rather like that of some of those strange uncooth-looking figures which the boys are sometimes seen to erect of snow on a village green, the head appearing without features, like that of a Dutch doll. As we were still at a great distance from it, the undulating motion of the sea of human beings by which it was surrounded produced the deceptive effect that it was in slow motion. "Aha, Monsieur le Chevalier," cried the marquis in perfect ecstasy, "vat do you say now? De oxes of France more viser, more gentle, more sensible, more imagination, dan de oxes of England. See how grand, how sublime, dey do move! Not fast, fast, fast, like your orses, but vid all de grand dignity dat suit de solemnity of de occasion. Superbe!—magnifique!—no shout from de people—all struck vid awe. It is vare fine!"

"Why, Mooshee," cried the baronet, turning round on his box, "they are standing stock-still. If there be any movement at all, it must be in your own brain, for oxen, car, and statue, are all as fixed as the monument." "Hay!" cried the marquis, rising on the seat of the carriage, and stretching forward over the back of the box to get the better view, and rubbing his eyes to assist his vision, "dey do move more lentement dan I did suppose; mais de more lentement, de more sublime." "Ay, old Harry seems to be aware of that," said the baronet, laughing; "and so he thinks that the most sublime thing of all is to stand still, and his forty oxen are of the same opinion." "No, no, no!" cried the marquis impatiently, "none of your joke, Monsieur le Chevalier; dey not stand stock. Let us descend, and go to see more near."

We now all left the carriage, and, pursuing our way through the crowd, we soon reached the car and the oxen. The car was immovable; not so the oxen, for they, covered with ribbons and silk draperies, were kept in continual motion by the terrific goads and whips, and shouts and execrations, of their drivers. They sprang to this side and to that, and backwards, and they made furious plunges forward also; but, unfortunately, when one ox was pulling forward, the rest were making their independent exertions each to a different point of the compass. The marquis was thunder-struck. He bit his nails with vexation; and, devoted to the reigning family as he was, it was well for his feelings that they were too much absorbed in disappointment at this failure of the grand spectacle of which he had prognosticated so much, to hear the murmurs of disloyal satisfaction that were every where burst-

ing from the chuckling populace around him. In his present state of mortification, it was charity to endeavour to withdraw him from the scene. "It may be but a temporary stop, Monsieur le Marquis," said I; "suppose you take us to see the Pont Neuf, where the statue is to be erected. His majesty may, perhaps, very soon follow us thither." "I'll bet double the money that he will not be there by twelve o'clock to-night," said the malicious baronet. The marquis said nothing, but hurried us on to the carriage, shrugging his shoulders as he went.

On reaching the Pont Neuf, we found a crowd almost as large as that we had left, impatiently expecting the arrival of the statue; and as some of the jeering expressions which fell from the populace around us, regarding the delay of the procession, began to strike the ears of the marquis, and greatly to disconcert him, he anxiously urged us forward, with the view of visiting the cathedral of Notre Dame. We had, however, no sooner satisfied ourselves with an inspection of this ancient and interesting structure, than the indefatigable marquis hurried us away to look at the Palais de Justice, which figures so prominently in the history of the revolutionary troubles.

Having returned to the carriage, we got in, and the baronet mounted the box. "Had we not better drive to the Boulevard, to inquire how the old gentleman in the blue cloak gets on?" said he over his shoulder. "Non, non!" cried the Marquis impatiently. "Allons! dis vay, dis vay; I will direct you to the Louvre; you must see l'exterieur of dat." The baronet chuckled, and drove on, and by dint of the directions he received from the marquis, we were soon in the court of that magnificent palace. An hour or two were thus spent, but at length there was a general inclination to move.

The wicked baronet now made good his point, in spite of all that the marquis could do. Having taken up our valet-de-place on the box beside him, he secretly consulted him as to the route that led to the Boulevard; and in spite of all the impatient exclamations of monsieur, he whisked us off thither with as much certainty, and with more expedition than any Parisian fiacre could have done. To the great relief and inconceivable joy of the marquis, and to the partial discomfiture of our honorable coachman, we discovered to our surprise that the car with the statue had been moved a few yards forward on its journey, by what means we could not learn. But there again it and the forty animals stood in what our American brethren would call a dead and unhand-some fix. What was strange, the marquis and the baronet were each rendered more sanguine by this survey of the state of things, and we went to dine at a restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, with all parties in the best possible humour.

After dinner was over, we sat for some time in the English fashion, recreating ourselves over an excellent bottle of Burgundy,

and with the window close to us wide open, in order to enjoy the freshness of a most delicious evening. We sat thus apart in a little world of company, for there were two rooms *en suite* filled with numerous tables, where small parties of ladies and gentlemen were accommodated. The mixture of the sexes gives an air of superior civilisation to public eating-rooms abroad, and the presence of woman seems to insure a strict adherence to the rules of propriety and refine politeness. Each little group enjoyed its own conversation without observation or interference from the others. Looking out as we did on the rich verdure of the grass and the trees, and the refreshing waters of the fountain continually playing in the midst of the great open space, all of which give additional beauty to the architectural façade by which they are surrounded, and beholding the many lively groups of people who either were happy, or were determined to appear so, we almost forgot that there could be any thing like rottenness and poison within. After we had had our coffee, the baronet eagerly proposed a trip to the Boulevard to ascertain how old King Harry was getting on, but we, who understood French, felt it easy to account for the disinclination of the marquis to agree to this, from having overheard certain triumphant exclamations of satisfaction that burst from some of the people in the coffee-room, and which indicated any thing but the success of this Bourbon show. He proposed the opera, where we went for an hour. There the hopes of the marquis were again buoyed up about his bet by some rumours which he heard from a friend whom we met, and he returned with us in the highest glee to sup at the Palais Royal, where, in the exultation of his heart, he called for ortolans and Champagne.

The baronet very much relished the wine, and having a strong, and, as he thought, well-grounded hope, that his bet was secure, his spirits rose, and he helped himself to several bumpers in succession. "I require this, Mooshee," said he to the marquis, with a significant nod and a comical leer in his eye; "I require this to give me nerve to stand the loss of my hundred guineas." "Ah ha! den you tink you ave loss, Monsieur le Chevalier?" replied the marquis, with an air of triumph. "Ah ha! ve shall see. It is near twelve a-clock, so ve shall ordaire van voiture to take us down to the Pont Neuf to decide vho as to pay de oder." He sent out a waiter for a fiacre, and becoming extremely animated in his talk, he proceeded to prove to us that it was quite impossible that so grand a spectacle could have failed. After he had been so occupied for some time, the fiacre was announced; but then, on looking around us for the baronet, we found he was missing. We expressed our surprise—we inquired of the garçon—but all that we could learn was, that the gentleman had left the house in a fiacre which he had previously ordered. Ah ha! exclaimed the marquis triumphantly, "he as gon hom; he is ashamed to go to de Pont Neuf—ha, ha, ha! But we most go dere, dat you may decide and prove to im

vitch as vin and vitch as loss. Allons, ve shall be dere before twelf."

Ordering the driver of the fiacre to go as fast as he could, we were soon set down at the end of the Pont Neuf. The streets in this neighborhood were by this time nearly deserted, and the sky dark, save in one place, where the moon shone feebly through a filmy part of the clouds. The light was enough, however, as we advanced along the bridge, to enable us to see that the pedestal intended for the statue, close to the parapet, was not unoccupied. "Ah ha!" cried the marquis, in ecstasy, "I do vin my hundred guinea! Bravo! pitty vell done de forty oxes of France. Aha! dere he stand—le bon Henri Quatre! Vat say Monsieur le Chevalier now? But you are vittness dat I do vin my bait. It is not yet twelf a-clock. Ah, dere it do begin to strike in de tower of Notre Dame. Mais n'importe—le bon Henri Quatre is dere. Ah ha, Monsieur le Chevalier, you not lay von hundred guinea to ten vid me again, je suppose." "And why not, Mooshee?" demanded the statue, with a hearty laugh. "Ha!" cried the astonished marquis; "am I to be insult? Parbleu, I vill ave satisfaction. Come down, sare—I vill ave pistols and swords—come down, sare, I say;" and utterly unable to control the sudden rage into which he had been thrown by this sudden discovery of the baronet's trick, he sprang up on the pedestal to pull him down. In making this effort, he unfortunately pitched his head right into the stomach of the portly representative of the royal statue, who was at the time standing balanced in one of the finest attitudes he could assume. The consequences were fatal; the baronet lost his equilibrium, and was precipitated headlong over the parapet into the Seine. Seized with horror, we rushed to the side of the bridge, and vainly stretched our eyes through the obscurity, to ascertain the fate of the unfortunate man: we could see nothing but the indistinct flow of the water as it curled sluggishly away. The marquis stood for a moment stupified; then the whole of the sad reality of this melancholy catastrophe having come upon him at once, he leaped down upon the pavé, and began beating his breast and tearing his hair like a maniac. "Merciful powers!" cried he in French, and in accents of the bitterest anguish, "what have I done? Murdered my friend in the madness of my rage! What shall I do? But I will not survive so fearful a calamity. No! The same watery grave that has entombed him, shall receive me also;" and rushing to the parapet, he would have thrown himself over, but for our exertions, and it required all our strength to hold him.

Having succeeded in dragging him back, we carried rather than led him from the bridge, whilst he raved and stormed like a madman. At length we found our fiacre; and as it was impossible to abandon him, we put him into it, and drove with him to his hotel, where much time was expended in persuading him to retire to his apartment; and we felt it necessary to give particular instructions to his valet to see

that he should on no account allow his master to quit the house. We then drove with all manner of expedition to the hired mansion of the baronet, to inform his servants of what had happened, and to send them to make the necessary inquiries at the Morgue and elsewhere. We found a favourite Yorkshire groom in waiting. "Joe," said I, "a sad calamity has befallen your poor master." "Ees, sur, I knows all about it," said he, with a dismal visage. "But, Joe, have you sent to seek for his body?" "Whoy, sur, his body be comed whuome," replied Joe, in the same tone; "I hae jist been a-rubbin' it hard down wi' a wisp o' strae. It's in here—walk this way, gentlemen." Shocked at the coarseness of the fellow who could have employed straw for such a purpose on such an occasion, we followed him in silence. The door was opened; but what was our surprise at the spectacle we beheld! There sat the baronet in his nightcap, before a roaring fire, with his body wrapped up in blankets, his feet and limbs in a knee-bath, a large jug of hot brandy punch smoking on the table beside him, and a lighted cigar in his mouth. "Glad to see you, glad to see you, gentlemen," cried he; "pray be seated, and no ceremony. Joe, you dog, chairs for the gentlemen. Faith I had nearly paid dear for my trick on mooshee. But lucky it was for me that I was bred at Eton, and can dive and swim like a wild-duck. I no sooner found myself in the water, than I shook my ears, struck out like an otter, and reached one of those big boats where we saw those funny washerwomen so busy this morning—and so, by clambering over it, I got ashore. By great good luck I met with a jarvy, who, after a little palaver, and some cross purposes between us, took me home; and so after having been well wisped down by Joe there, just as he does the hunters after a hard day's run, I now feel myself pretty comfortable. Joe, some hot brandy and water, and cigars, for the gentlemen." At this moment a noise was heard without, a scuffling as it were in the passage, and in rushed the marquis in his dressing-gown and slippers, with his servant after him. He stood for a moment staring with astonishment, and then flying upon the baronet with a yell of joy, he almost suffocated him with his embraces, whilst he laughed, cried, shouted, and danced, till we began to think he had only escaped one madness to fall into another of a merrier but equally hopeless description.

Chambers' Ed. Journal.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I was mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following:—

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, was never married *in propria persona*: but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing tea-urns, and evening walks,

not to mention fire-places and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidentism* against any two in Euclid; the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half finished nearly half a century,) it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss: married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram Street, Russel-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies; to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couple should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop; old ones sometimes end with not a little; but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She had studied "The Task" on a bench in the High Street, and I read "Alexander Selkirk" on the Well Walk. Long before the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which shewed that I felt what I read. On our arrival in Coram Street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing all the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride-cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I

think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it: Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent Road, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw in Green Street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morninglane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom; dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first person on the visiting list. From him I learned that the Street called Old Bethlem, was newly christened Liverpool Street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield Street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either;) that Bethlem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at a table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre.—The Paragon in the Kent Road next opened its semi-circular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were thus far at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, of Green Street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity; his politeness too was exemplary:

he ventured to hope that I was in good health, he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram Street; he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete; Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair; but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Æneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs. Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram Street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green Street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last mentioned visit, the house-maid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing:" so saying, I opened one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:—

"The sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks.—The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honor of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the

Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet in the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this Morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. It is a shame, cried the third, that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued, cried a fourth, till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a second of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away, I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: and that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection; that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objections in taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance: and Mrs. Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied; but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for my dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham. The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when

Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self-love, by occupying our ears with "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions," shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers: reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leatherseller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the late Sir B. B.: and the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Sayings and Doings, "read very little English," I could not but mutter to myself, "Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river!"

So much for my wife's relations; and for ought I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the background. It is all very well for my wife: she is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as bride; whilst I, as bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed *sans ceremonie*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. "Domestic Happiness" (if every married body's is like mine,) may have "*survived* the Fall," but has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand:) and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soapboiler's vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards's Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time "the grass grows." I say nothing: but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen, my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form:

"Wanted a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ON COALS,

AND THE PERIOD WHEN THE COAL MINES IN ENGLAND WILL BE EXHAUSTED.

Coal was known, and partially used, at a very early period of our history. I was informed by the late Marquis of Hastings that stone hammers and stone tools were found in some of the old workings in his mines at Ashby Wolds; and his lordship informed me also, that similar stone tools had been discovered in the old workings in the coal-mines in the north of Ireland. Hence we may infer, that these coal-mines were worked at a very remote period, when the use of Metallic tools was not general. The burning of coal was prohibited in London in the year 1308, by the royal proclamation of Edward I. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the burning of coal was again prohibited in London during the sitting of parliament, lest the knights of the shire should suffer injury during their abode in the metropolis. In the year 1643, the use of coal had become so general, and the price being then very high, many of the poor are said to have perished for want of fuel. At the present day, when the consumption of coal, in our iron-furnaces and manufactories and for domestic use, is immense, we cannot but regard the exhaustion of our coal-beds as involving the destruction of a great portion of our private comfort and national prosperity. Nor is the period very remote when the coal districts, which at present supply the metropolis with fuel, will cease to yield any more. The annual quantity of coal shipped in the rivers Tyne and Wear, according to Mr. Bailey, exceeded three million tons. A cubic yard of coal weighs nearly one ton; and the number of tons contained in a bed of coal one square mile in extent, and one yard in thickness, is about four millions. The number and extent of all the principal coal-beds in Northumberland and Durham is known; and from these data it has been calculated that the coal in these counties will last 300 years. Mr. Bailey, in his survey of Durham, states, that one-third of the coal being already got, the coal districts will be exhausted in 200 years. It is probable that many beds of inferior coal, which are now neglected, may in future be worked; but the consumption of coal being greatly increased since Mr. Bailey published his Survey of Durham, we may admit his calculation to be an approximation to the truth, and that the coal of Northumberland and Durham will be exhausted in a period not greatly exceeding 200 years. Dr. Thomson, in the Annals of Philosophy, has calculated that the coal of these districts, at the present rate of consumption, will last 1,000 years! but his calculations are founded on data manifestly erroneous, and at variance with his own statements; for he assumes the annual consumption of coal to be only two million eight hundred

thousand tons, and the waste to be one-third more,—making three million seven hundred thousand tons, equal to as many square yards: whereas he has just before informed us, that two million chaldrons of coal, of two tons and a quarter each chaldron, are exported, making four million five hundred thousand tons, beside inland consumption, and waste in the working.* According to Mr. Winch, three million five hundred thousand tons of coal are consumed annually from these districts; to which if we add the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth, and the waste in the mines, it will make the total yearly destruction of coal nearly double the quantity assigned by Dr. Thomson. Dr. Thomson has also greatly overrated the quantity of the coal in these districts, as he has calculated the extent of the principal beds from that of the lowest, which is erroneous; for many of the principal beds crop out, before they reach the western termination of the coal-fields. With due allowance for these errors, and for the quantity of coal already worked out, (which, according to Mr. Bailey, is about one-third,) the 1,000 years of Dr. Thomson will not greatly exceed the period assigned by Mr. Bailey for the complete exhaustion of coal in these counties, and may be stated at three hundred and fifty years.

It cannot be deemed uninteresting to inquire what are the repositories of coal that can supply the metropolis and the southern counties, when no more can be obtained from the Tyne and the Wear. The only coal-fields of any extent on the eastern side of England, between London and Durham, are those of Derbyshire and those in the west riding of Yorkshire. The Derbyshire coal-field is not of sufficient magnitude to supply, for any long period, more than is required for home consumption, and that of the adjacent counties. There are many valuable beds of coal in the western part of the west riding of Yorkshire which are yet unwrought; but the time is not very far distant when they must be put in requisition, to supply the vast demand of that populous manufacturing county, which at present consumes nearly all the produce of its own coal-mines. In the midland counties, Staffordshire possesses the nearest coal districts to the metropolis, of any great extent; but such is the immense daily consumption of coal in the iron-furnaces and foundries, that it is generally believed this will be the first of our own coal-fields that will be exhausted. The thirty-feet bed of coal in the Dudley coal-field is of limited extent; and in the present mode of working it, more than two-thirds of the coal is wasted and left in the mine.

If we look to Whitehaven or Lancashire, or to any of the minor coal-fields in the west of England, we can derive little hope of their being able to supply London and the southern counties with coal, after the import of coal fails from Northumberland and Durham. We

* The waste of coal at the pit's mouth may be stated at one-sixth of the quantity sold, and that left in the mines at one-third. Mr. Holmes, in his Treatise on Coal Mines, states the waste of small coal at the pit's mouth to be one-fourth of the whole.

may thus anticipate a period not very remote, when all the English mines of coal and ironstone will be exhausted; and were we disposed to indulge in gloomy forebodings, like the ingenious authoress of the "Last Man," we might draw a melancholy picture of our starving and declining population, and describe some manufacturing patriarch, like the venerable Richard Reynolds, travelling to see the last expiring English furnace, before he emigrated to distant regions.†

Fortunately, however, we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone, which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated, that this coal-field extends over about twelve hundred square miles, and that there are twenty-three beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is ninety-five feet, and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 63,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal, equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now if we admit that the five million tons of coal from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coals in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for two years' consumption; and as there are from one thousand to twelve hundred square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for two thousand years, after all our English coal-mines are worked out.

It is true, that a considerable part of the coal in South Wales is of an inferior quality, and is not at present burned for domestic use; but in proportion as coal becomes scarce, improved methods of burning it will assuredly be discovered, to prevent any sulphureous fumes from entering apartments, and also to economize the consumption of fuel in all our manufacturing processes.

Bakewell's Introduction to Geology.

LOVE AMONG THE LAW BOOKS.

Mrs. Culpepper's "uncle, the Sergeant," of whom reverential mention has been made in one of these immortal epistles, has fallen in love! He felt a slight vertigo in Tavistock-square, of which he took little notice, and set off on the home circuit; but imprudently venturing out with the widow Jackson in a hopfield, at Maidstone, before he was well cured,

† The late Richard Reynolds, Esq., of Bristol, so distinguished for his unbounded benevolence, was the original proprietor of the great iron-works in Colebrook Dale, Shropshire. Owing, I believe, partly to the exhaustion of the best workable beds of coal and ironstone, and partly to the superior advantages possessed by the iron-founders in South Wales, the works at Colebrook Dale were finally relinquished, a short time before the death of Mr. Reynolds. With a natural attachment to the scenes where he had passed his early years, and to the pursuits by which he had honourably acquired his great wealth, he travelled from Bristol into Shropshire, to be present when the last of his furnaces was extinguished, in a valley where they had been continually burning for more than half a century.

the complaint struck inward, and a *mollities cordis* was the consequence. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole had arrived at the age of 59, heart-whole; his testamentary assets were therefore looked upon by Mrs. Culpepper as the unalienable property of her and hers. Speculations were often launched by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper as to the quantum. It could not be less than thirty thousand pounds; Bonus, the broker, had hinted as much to the old slopseller in the bow-window of Batson's, while they were eyeing "the learned in the law" in the act of crossing Cornhill to receive his dividends.—Hence may be derived the annual turtle and turbot swallowed by "my uncle, the Sergeant," in Savage-gardens: hence Mrs. Culpepper's high approbation of the preacher at the Temple Church: and hence her horse-laugh at the Sergeant's annually repeated jest about "brother Van and brother Bear." As far as appearances went, Plutus was certainly nearing point Culpepper; Nicholas Nethersole, Esq., Sergeant-at-law, was pretty regularly occupied in the Court of Common Pleas from ten to four. A hasty dinner swallowed at five at the Grecian, enabled him to return to chambers at half-past six, where pleas, rejoinders, demurrers, cases, and consultations, occupied him till ten. All this (not to mention the arrangement with the bar-maid at Nando's) seemed to ensure a walk through this vale of tears in a state of single blessedness. "I have no doubt he will cut up well," said Culpepper to his consort. "I have my eye upon a charming villa in the Clapham Road: when your uncle, the Sergeant, is tucked under a daisy quilt, we'll ruralize: it's a sweet spot: not a stone's throw from the Swan, at Stockwell!" Such were the Alnascar anticipations of Mr. Jonathan Culpepper. "But, alas! as Dr. Johnston said some forty years ago, and even then the observation was far from new, "What are the hopes of man." Legacy-hunting, like hunting of another sort, is apt to prostrate its pursuers, and they who wait for dead men's shoes, now and then walk to the church-yard barefooted. Mr. Sergeant Nethersole grew fat and kicked: he took a house in Tavistock square, and he launched an olive-coloured chariot with iron-grey horses. There is, as I am confidently told, an office in Holborn where good matches are duly registered and assorted. Straightway under the letter N, appears the following entry, "Nethersole, Nicholas, Sergeant-at-law, Tavistock-square, Bachelor, age 50. Income 3,500*l*. Equipage, olive green chariot, and iron-grey horses. Temper, talents, morals,—blank!" That numerous herd of old maidens and widows that feeds upon the lean pastures of Guildford-street, Queen-square, and Alfred-place, Tottenham-court-road, was instantly in motion. Here was a jewel of the first water and magnitude to be set in the crown of Hymen, and the crowd of candidates was commensurate. The Sergeant was at no loss for an evening rubber at whist, and the ratifia cakes which came in with the Madeira at half-past ten, introduced certain jokes about matrimony, evidently intended as earnest of future golden rings.

The poet, Gay, makes his two heroines in the Beggar's Opera, thus chant in duet;

"A curse attends that woman's love
Who always would be pleasing!"

And in all cases where the parties are under thirty, Polly and Lucy are unquestionably right. No young woman can retain her lovers long if she uses them well. She who would have her adorer as faithful as a dog, must treat him like one. But when middle-aged ladies have exceeded forty, and middle-aged gentlemen have travelled beyond fifty, the case assumes a different complexion. The softer sex is then allowed, and, indeed, necessitated to throw off a little of that cruelty which is so deucedly killing at eighteen. What says the Spanish poet?

"Cease, then, fair one, cease to shun me
Here let all our difference cease;
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace."

Accordingly, it may be observed, that women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his *devoirs*, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty, much anxiety manifests itself to make the Hymeneal selection, and the query changes itself into "Which is he?" But at the *ultima Thule* of fifty, the ravenous expectant prepares to spring upon any prey, and exclaim, "Where is he?" Be that as it may, the numerous candidates for a seat in Sergeant Nethersole's olive-green chariot, gradually grew tired of the pursuit, and took wing to prey upon some newer benedict. Two only kept the field, Frances Jennings, spinster, and Amelia Jackson, widow; both of whom hovered on the verge of forty. "It appears to me," said Miss Jennings to a particular friend in Bedford-place, "that Mrs. Jackson does not conduct herself with propriety: she is never out of Mr. Nethersole's house, and jangles that old harpsichord of his with her "Love among the Roses," till one's head actually turns giddy."—"I will mention it to you in confidence," said Mrs. Jackson on the very same day to another particular friend at the Bazaar, in Soho-square, "I don't at all approve of Miss Jennings's goings on in Tavistock-square: she actually takes her work there: I caught her in the act of screwing her pin-cushion to the edge of Sergeant Nethersole's mahogany table—what right has she to knit him purses?" The contest of work-table *versus* harpsichord, now grew warm: betting even: Miss Jennings threw in a crimson purse and the odds were in her favour: the widow, Jackson, sang, "By heaven and earth I love thee," and the crimson purse kicked the beam. The spinster now hemmed half-a-dozen muslin cravats, marked N. N., surmounted with a couple of red hearts: this was a tremendous body blow; but the widow, nothing daunted, drew from under the harpsichord a number of the Irish melodies, and started off at score with "Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour." This settled the battle at the end of the first stanza; and I

am glad it did, for really the widow was growing downright indecent.

About this time, Love, tired of his aromatic station, "among the Roses," of all places in the world, began to take up his abode among the dusty law books in the library of Mr. Sergeant Nethersole's chambers. Certain amatory worthies had long slept on the top shelf, affrighted at the black coifs and white wigs of the legal authors who kept "watch and ward" below, in all the dignity of octavo, quarto, and folio. But now, encouraged thereto by the aforesaid Sergeant, they crept from their upper gallery and mixed themselves with the decorous company in the pit and boxes. One Ovidius Naso, with his Art of Love in his pocket, presumed to shoulder Mr. Espinasse at Nisi Prius; Tibulus got astride of Mr. Justice Blackstone; Propertius lolled indolently against Bacon's Abridgment, and "the industrious Giles Jacob" could not keep his two quartos together from the assurance of one Waller, who had taken post between them. In short, the Sergeant was in love! Still, however, I am of opinion, that "youth and an excellent constitution," as the novelists have it, would have enabled the patient to struggle with the disease, if it had not been for the incident which I am about to relate.

The home circuit had now commenced, and Sergeant Nethersole had quitted London for Maidstone. Miss Jennings relied with confidence upon the occurrence of nothing particular till the assizes were over, and in that assurance had departed to spend a fortnight with a married sister at Kingston-upon-Thames. Poor innocent! she little knew what a widow is equal to. No sooner had the Sergeant departed in his olive-green chariot, drawn by a couple of post-horses, than the widow Jackson, aided by Alice Green, packed her portmanteau, sent for a hackney-coach, and bade the driver adjourn to the Golden-cross, Charing-cross. There was one vacant seat in the Maidstone coach: the widow occupied it at twelve at noon, and between five and six o'clock in the afternoon was quietly dispatching a roasted fowl at the Star-inn, with one eye fixed upon the egg-sauce and the other upon the Assize Hall opposite.—The pretext for this step was double: the first count alleged that her beloved brother lived at Town Mall, a mere step off, and the second averred an eager desire to hear the Sergeant plead. On the evening which followed that of the widow's arrival, the Sergeant happened not to have any consultation to attend; and, what is more remarkable, happened to be above the affectation of pretending that he had. He proposed a walk into the country: the lady consented: they moralized a few minutes upon the *hic jacet* in the church-yard, and thence strolled into the adjoining fields where certain labourers had piled the wooden props of the plant that feeds, or ought to feed, the brewer's vat, in conical (query, comical) shapes, not unlike the spire of the New Church in Langham-place. The rain now began to fall: one of these sloping recipients stood invitingly open to shelter them from the storm: "Speluncara

Dipo dux et Trojanns." Ah, those pyramidal hop-poles! The widow's brother from Town Mall was serving upon the Grand Jury: his sister's reputation was dear to him as his own: "he'd call him brother, or he'd call him out," and Nicholas Nethersole and Amelia Jackson were joined together in holy matrimony.

The widow Jackson, now Mrs. Nethersole, was a prudent woman, and wished, as the phrase is, to have every body's good word. It was her advice that her husband should write to his niece, Mrs. Culpepper, to acquaint her with what had happened. She had, in fact, drawn up a letter for his signature, in which she tendered several satisfactory apologies for the step, namely, that we are commanded to increase and multiply: that it is not good for man to be alone: but chiefly that he had met with a woman possessed of every qualification to make the marriage state happy. "Why no, my dear," answered the Sergeant, "with submission to you, (a phrase prophetic of the fact) it has been my rule through life, whenever I had done a wrong or foolish deed (here the lady frowned) never to own it: never to suffer judgment to go by default, and thus remain 'in mercy,' but boldly plead a justification. I have a manuscript note of a case in point in which I was concerned. In my youth I mixed largely in the fashionable world, and regularly frequented the Hackney assemblies, carrying my pumps in my pocket. Jack Peters (he is now in Bombay) and myself went thither, as usual, on a moon-shining Monday, and slept at the Mermaid. The Hackney stage on the following morning was returned *non est inventus*, without giving us notice of set off; the Clapton coach was therefore engaged to hold our bodies in safe custody, and them safely deposit at the Flowerpot, in Bishopsgate-street. Hardly had we sued out our first cup of Souchong, when the Clapton coach stopped at the door. Here was a demurrer! Jack was for striking out the breakfast, and joining issue with the two inside passengers. But I said no; finish the muffins: take an order for half an hour's time; and then plead a justification! We did so, and then gave the coachman notice to set off, entering the vehicle with a hey-damme sort of aspect, plainly denoting to the two impatient insiders, that if there was any impertinence in their bill, we would strike it out without a reference to the master. The scheme took, and before we reached Saint Leonard's, Shoreditch, egad! they were as supple as a couple of candidates for the India direction. Now that case, my dear, must govern this. Don't say a civil word to the Culpeppers about our marriage: if you do, there will be no end to their remonstrances: leave them to find it out in the Morning Chronicle."

"This is a very awkward affair, Mrs. Culpepper," said the lady's husband, with the Morning Chronicle in his hand. "Awkward!" echoed Mrs. Culpepper, "it's abominable: a nasty fellow; he ought to be ashamed of himself! And as for his wife, she is no better than

she should be!"—"That may be," said the husband, "but we must give them a dinner notwithstanding." "Dinner or no dinner," said the wife, "I'll not laugh any more at that stupid old story of his about brother Van, and brother Bear." "Then I will," resumed the husband, "for there may, possibly, be no issue of the marriage." Miss Jennings, the outwitted spinster, tired two pair of horses in telling all her friends, from Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Cornwall-terrace, in the Regent's-park, how shamefully Mrs. Jackson had behaved. She then drove to the register-office above-mentioned, to transfer her affections to one Mr. Samuel Smithers, another old bachelor barrister, an inseparable crony of Nethersole's, who, she opined, must now marry from lack of knowing what to do with himself. Alas! she was a day too late: he had that very morning married the vacant bar-maid at Nando's.

When the honey-moon of Mr. Sergeant, Nethersole was on the wane,

"My sprite
Popp'd through the key-hole swift as light."

of his chambers, in order to take a survey of his library. All was once more as it should be. Ovid had quitted Mr. Espinasse, Tibullus and Mr. Justice Blackstone were two, Propertius and Lord Bacon did not speak, and, as for Giles Jacob, Waller desired none of his company. The amatory poets were refitted to their upper-shelf, the honey-moon was over, and love no longer nestled in the Law Books.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE RAILROAD KING—MR. HUDSON.

Mr. George Hudson, the Member for Sunderland, and dictator of the railway interest, undeniably holds a most prominent and important place in the House of Commons. He has been scarcely two years in parliament; yet he occupies, or rather occupied, a position, side by side with Lord George Bentinck, Lord John Manners, Mr. Disraeli, and others, on the front bench of the Opposition, which is usually only held by the leaders of party. Substantially, indeed, he is recognised as one of the chiefs of that large majority of the Conservative party who seceded from Sir Robert Peel when he became a free-trader; and he is treated by all parties in the House as if he held that high post by right. But honors more real and valuable are also enjoyed by him, which are more to his taste than these mere insignia, or formal recognitions, of his power. He also wields an influence which, under all the circumstances, may truly be said to be unparalleled, and which cannot be accounted for by the rules of precedent. Were he treated with as an authority, or recognised even almost as a dictator, on matters connected with railways and their management, or cognate commercial subjects, his success would be admitted to have given him a claim to such consideration. Because, undoubtedly, his whole career shews him to be a man of singular energy, shrewdness, knowledge, and grasp of mind, upon all such topics.

But, in fact, Mr. Hudson's sphere of parliamentary action is not limited even to so grand a scene as these subjects afford. He interferes, with increasing activity, in matters wholly beyond the scope of his peculiar pursuits; in questions of national policy; and, whatever opinion the judicious may form of the quality or value of his interference, it is remarkable what deference is paid to him by the oldest members of the house, and by the leading statesmen of the day. Nor is this confined to his serious moods, or when he makes formal speeches. Mr. Hudson, in the fulness of his prosperity and triumph, condescends at times to have playful intervals; and it is no uncommon thing to see him persevere, to the admiration of an obsequious house, in evolutions quite harmless in themselves, and which, in fact, are so many proofs of his utter freedom from false pride or affectation, but which in a less fortunate, powerful, or determined man, would, if not laughed at, or coughed down, be regarded as serious offences. But, in truth, there is no place where success is so worshipped as in the House of Commons; and Mr. Hudson has given so many solid proofs of his energy and power, that his very elevated position, although it may be quite anomalous in other respects, is not so surprising.

Before we describe Mr. Hudson in his parliamentary capacity, it may not be uninteresting to the reader if we recall a few of the leading facts in the career of this remarkable man—remarkable even as a living illustration of that great characteristic of the age, the facility and certainty with which men of conduct, ability, and perseverance, may rise, by legitimate means, to the enjoyment of wealth and honors such as, under the old system of society, could only be attained by those illustrious men who were qualified by their genius to tread the loftiest path of civil and military glory. We do this, not to gratify a mere appetite for biographical details, but to shew that if Mr. Hudson has been what is commonly called "lucky," that luck can only apply to the degree of his success, and that had he been left to his own unaided exertions, he would still have relatively risen high in the scale.

Fortune is more liberal and impartial in her gifts of opportunities, than the recipients of her favours are steady or enterprising in seizing on them. It is a common thing to hear detractors of Mr. Hudson exclaim that his success as a railway director is not so remarkable, because he was comparatively a rich man before he began. But, while that may be true as regards the scale and extent of his operations, if we find, from a retrospect of his career, that he displayed the same energy, conduct, ability, perseverance, in a more humble capacity, any position he achieved without external aid becomes the more remarkable in proportion to the difficulties which beset him.

Forty-seven years ago, Mr. Hudson came into the world, at the small village of Howsham, near York, his father being the occupant of a small farm there, and although a worthy and honest man, and, moreover, a dignitary in his

way, as head constable of the place, still not standing very high in the agricultural scale. Like Mr. Cobden, Mr. Hudson's early destiny seemed likely to chain him to the plough, but the death of his father, when he was only six years old, prevented that plan from being carried out; and although the informant from whom we derive these particulars loses sight of him for some eight years or so, there is reason to suppose that he was duly engaged cramming that amount of learning and pudding which is vouchsafed to Young Yorkshire. At the end of that period his friends apprenticed him to a draper at York, who was not long in discovering that in his young assistant he had one to whom life was a reality and a serious business,—a task, a labour, a duty. Application, good conduct, and perseverance, when they are spontaneously developed at so early an age as fourteen or fifteen, seldom fail to procure lasting fruits; and so it was with young Hudson. Even thus early much of his after character developed itself, and he exhibited many of those peculiarities which now distinguish him from all men of his class. As is the oak so was the acorn. He is described as energetic and active to a degree that commanded the respect as well as the liking of his superiors; but, on the other hand, he was so unpolished, peremptory, and brusque in his manners, as to excite attention even in a place where such characters abound. And, as if to make up for this *brusquerie*, which was no doubt an inveterate habit of which he was scarcely conscious, his politeness was alarming in its contrast. But if it was awkward and clumsy in its rough eagerness, it was also marked by a laughable simplicity. He was as energetic in his amiable as in his rougher moods. If he gave his orders to an errand-boy with the same peremptoriness that in after years conveyed the railway dictator's will to some non-amalgamating line, he would unfold a roll of linen to some fair and favoured customer with the same profusion of courtesy, the same incoherent professions, the same short, heavy duckings and bowings, with which he will now apologise to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after having pertinaciously plagued him for ten minutes about what has, perhaps, arisen from some mistake of his own, but maintained with his accustomed self-relying determination. He was also remarkably pious in this early part of his life, and, although now, we understand, a member of the Church of England, he was then a member of the Wesleyan body.

His apprenticeship over, Mr. Hudson, according to our informant, determined to start for London, trusting to his energy for his future fortune. He was immediately offered by his employers a share in their business, so necessary had his valuable qualities made him to them. This is a strong corroborative proof that Mr. Hudson is not indebted to mere luck for his subsequent eminence. Let no one sneer because the elevation we here record was from the comparatively humble position of an assistant behind a counter, to the higher

post of master in a mere linen-draper's concern in a provincial town. The first steps in life are, to one of humble origin, the most difficult; and it often bespeaks much higher qualities of mind, that a person so situated shall clear away these early obstructions, than that he shall afterward succeed more brilliantly on a grander stage, after the way has become smoothed before him. In the one case, every thing is perilled, and all the faculties of the mind, all qualities, the temper, disposition, principles, are exposed to the severest trial; in the other, it is a question of the extent and power of the intellect. Of course, many hundreds of apprentices have, before Mr. Hudson, been "taken into the master's firm," and have never developed in after life into railway kings, or any thing else but plodding respectable citizens. But that truism does not preclude us from striving to trace in this early evidence of Mr. Hudson's ability to force himself upwards, the germ of his subsequent extraordinary energy, perseverance, and success. Fortune favoured, soon after this, his honest exertions. The chief partner (a Mr. Bell) retired; and the firm was carried on in the name of Nicholson and Hudson. By the time the latter was twenty-seven years of age, he had already become, by his own exertions and prudence, a man of sufficient means to be considered, for a provincial tradesman, a very wealthy man. At this juncture, a rich, but distant relative of his—one Matthew Bottrill—died, and most unexpectedly left to Mr. Hudson a fortune of 30,000*l.* Thus, by the double result of his own hard work, and the caprice of one who was said to have left his own nearer kin unprovided for, was Mr. Hudson provided with the means of enjoying a luxurious retirement for the remainder of his days. And most men would, assuredly, have considered that they could not do better than drink of the cup thus held forth. But Mr. Hudson was made of different stuff. The same qualities which had raised him in so few years from the position of a humble and moneyless farmer's son—an orphan—to his present comparative eminence, spurred him on still further.

If it be possible to trace in the preceding facts the germ of that enterprise and aptitude for business which afterwards enabled Mr. Hudson to produce such astonishing results in the railway world, the subsequent events of his life, ere he became a public character, will also, in some measure, account for that passion for politics, and more especially for ultra-Toryism, which has given rise to the anomalous portion of his parliamentary functions. Every one has had occasion to see, at some time or other, what prominence a pushing, bustling, energetic, talkative man, may attain in provincial party struggles, to the exclusion even of those whose position would give them a more legitimate influence. It was not long before Mr. Hudson became in his own person a striking example of this facility. Entitled, as a rich citizen of York, to take part in the politics of the city, it was not long before his extraordinary activity and determination of

character placed him among the local leaders. His indomitable spirit and singular powers of organisation gained him an ascendancy with the Conservatives, who were at that time in especial want of some fearless man to help them to make head against the calamities threatened and produced by the dreaded Reform-bill. Within three years after his last accession of wealth, he became the head of the party in York—no well knew how or why. As in after cases in his career, he determined to be the leader, and there was scarcely any one to question his will. And he had not long directed their councils, ere he established by his services so strong a claim on their gratitude, that there was less reason or disposition to question his right than ever. Napoleon-like, he cemented his throne by victories. The best proof at once of his services, and of the gratitude of those whom he served, was his being soon after (in January 1836) elected an alderman of York; and, in November 1837, lord-mayor of that city, which office he has filled not once only, but also a second and a third time. Having thus succeeded, on the smaller stage of a provincial city, in rendering himself one of the most, if not the most, important political personage of the place, it is the less surprising that, when afterwards removed to the higher sphere of the House of Commons, he should have been actuated by the same ambition, or that he should so far have succeeded in it as to be chosen counsellor of the *soi-disant* leaders of the Protectionist opposition.

Let us now return to him in his capacity as a man of business. In the year 1833 he was the originator, and for a long time afterwards the manager, of the York Banking Company, a joint-stock concern, which, unlike so many provincial companies of the kind, did not ruin its shareholders, but, on the contrary (and chiefly through Mr. Hudson's excellent management), withstood all shocks to its credit, and became a "paying" concern. From this first successful venture in speculation, he soon after launched forth into one of greater magnitude and risk, but which proved the foundation of his subsequent splendid fortune. It is observable of all Mr. Hudson's public undertakings, that however they may have contributed to fill his own pockets, they have all been calculated, more or less, to benefit the city of York, to which he was so much indebted for his early prosperity. Of the York and North Midland Railway he was one of the early promoters. He entered into it with his accustomed vigour, and gave full scope in its support to his sanguine temperament. He took shares very largely in the line, and was soon appointed chairman of the board of directors. Here, as in every other phase of his life, he soon obtained an absolute ascendancy. He did just as he liked; and what he likes is to do things well. Although the shares fell to a frightful discount, he was not discouraged: he bought them up from the panic-stricken holders; and his courage and foresight were rewarded by their becoming afterwards of enormous value.

And, it should be added, that his perseverance is said to have been in opposition to the great body of the shareholders and the directors. But so it ever is. The strong-minded man not only sees, but wills, and works his end.

The success of his manœuvres with the York and North Midland soon led to his becoming the chairman of other lines, and ultimately to the adoption of his amalgamating schemes, and of that system of uniform working, which, however it may affect the public interest, has at least proved beneficial to the proprietors. As in more glorious pursuits, success brought with it a *prestige*. To have won one battle bears the conqueror far on his way towards winning a second: his own men are inspired with a new courage, his enemies with an unwonted fear. So with Mr. Hudson. Railway boards entered into brisk competition to have him for their chairman, and the public had faith in his measures. A hint that "Hudson" was going to "take up" such-and-such a line, would send the shares up in the market with magical buoyancy. Partly by the singular confidence he had created, and partly by the vigour and excellence of his management, the advent of the "Railway King," as he was now called, was the sure harbinger of prosperity. When the addition of his name to the direction of a line was the signal for hundreds of thousands of pounds to change hands, or for the property he so patronised to become enhanced in value almost to the extent of millions, it is not surprising that Mr. Hudson should have himself amassed enormous sums of money. Every period has its peculiar speculative channel. Fortunes are made and lost at one time in the funds, at others in mines, at others by contracts. The present age is signalised by enterprise in railways; and Mr. Hudson has been the most fortunate of all those who have profited by the national fever. He was thus able to thrive himself, and yet to scatter fortunes around as an oak drops acorns. We have heard amusing stories of the dictatorial style of his treaties with suppliant companies, and the gigantic self-confidence implied in his demands. Of that which was to be created by his fiat, he always secured the control of the lion's share. Thus it was well to be near George Hudson when the crumbs fell from the royal table. We are told that he never forgot his friends. Many a rich man of shares at, or to be at, a premium, was parcelled out among his followers, the only condition of service being a friendly vote, if necessary, at a general meeting. But to those out of whose embarrassed affairs all this wealth for themselves and others, was to be created, the tone assumed by this saviour of bankrupt railroad companies was amusingly dictatorial. It was the old nursery saying, "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you!" Woe to those who demurred, or desired independent action! They were left inexorably in the lurch. But, let Mr. Hudson have his own way, do his bidding willingly and well, and you were rewarded, not only with the royal smiles, but also with more solid

advantages. The amount of influence and patronage he has from time to time wielded is enormous. If you called on him,—and to go to him for no adequate cause were worse than to enter a lion's den at feeding time, without food,—you found him immersed in a multitudinous sea of papers—estimates, evidence, correspondence—surrounded by clerks, giving audience to deputations, or members of parliament, or engineers. He affected, or required, a lofty economy of time. Your business must be ready cut and dried. He listened, not always patiently or politely, but with sundry fidgettings and gruntings, to your story, gave you your answer in a few brief monosyllables, turned his back, took up the affair that came next, and—you were shewn out. He is quite an Abernethy in his way of treating those who go to him with their complaints or their cases, their inventions or suggestions. His experience and clear insight make him impatient of details; he cuts off the most anxious applicant or the most convincing statement with a "Yes!" or a "No!" or a "That won't do!" and, having got so much distilled from the royal lips, the sooner you abscond the better. A gentleman called on him one day with an introduction from an old friend. His invention was a most important one, but it had already received the royal attention, and his majesty had decided against it. But the letter of the old friend did not weigh as light. The applicant, at first received with *brusque* pomposity, soon saw the rotund visage illumined by a smile, the rotund person painfully bending in an effort, not a bow. He was beginning his story, and had got as far as the name of his invention, when he was stopped with an "Ah! I know all about that. It will never do. Excuse me; I can't waste my time on it. But Tom— says you are a partickler friend of his: mind what I say: go down into the city and buy as many shares as you can; get in the — and — at any price below ——. Good bye!" And the visitor was left to measure the breadth of the imperial back, bending over a batch of papers which had that moment been brought in; but with the subsequent compensation of a handsome sum in premiums on the shares he bought.

An amusing story is told of him, which illustrates the quaint abruptness of his address. During one of his years of office as lord-mayor of York, the annual meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science was held in that city; and, at the close of the proceedings, it was the desire of the corporation to invite the most distinguished of the visitors and scientific professors to dinner,—the Right Honourable George Hudson, being of course, the mouthpiece of their courteous intentions. It happened, however, that in the course of the proceedings of the meeting, the "Advancement of Science" had been somewhat impeded by some rather unscientific misunderstandings. During many years past, we need scarcely remind our readers, that time-honoured pride and recreation of the ultra-orthodox of all creed, the *odium theologicum*, has

been for a time supplanted in some pious breasts by another source of spiritual warfare; as modern inquirers, and hardy reasoners, have made progress in one particular branch of physical science. The old *odium* has been fairly superseded and driven out of the field of controversy by another kind of hatred, which may be called the *odium geo-logicum*. The city of York, too, is rather dangerous ground for the introduction of any such subjects; for we need not observe that the worthy dean of the diocese, Dr. Cockburn, has acquired a widely extended reputation by his many manful battlings against too speculative professors who would bring their antediluvian reliés and profane speculations thereon to bear against the buttresses of the faith and the Church. Imminent was the danger of exploding them, when some of these gentlemen came and perpetrated their grave theorising even within sound of the cathedral bells! A spark was enough, and local history tells that the disturbance was terrific. What it must have been may be guessed from the fact, that when the time came for the corporation to invite some of the belligerent professors, a grave difficulty arose, because such had been the personalities that it was impossible for the geologists to meet each other at the dinner. Which side was to give way? Many were the suggestions and proposals, in the hope that some mutual arrangement might be made. But who would attempt, or could effect, a reconciliation under such circumstances? Not Mr. Hudson. With his usual determination, he cut the Gordian knot at once; for he brought the affair to a close in a summary way, when officially communicating with the opposite parties, by saying, with characteristic straightforwardness, "Why, gentlemen, I'm really very sorry gentlemen, the affair can't be arranged, gentlemen; but,"—smiling and bowing,—“the fact is, gentlemen, I've talked the thing over with the corporation, and—*we've decided for Moses and the dean!*”

But although the *brusquerie* which made him a "character" when behind a counter at York, may have developed into dictatorial habits in the railway potentate; although he may be more feared and disliked than beloved, even by those who have been benefitted by his exertions, one thing must be admitted by all,—that he must be a man of no ordinary energy, ability, and power of organisation, to have risen to so unparalleled a height of power and influence, when he has had to compete with some of the most intelligent men this country, pre-eminent in the development of men with a genius for commerce, has yet produced. From a farmer's son he has become a member of parliament, a leader of party, a millionaire, a magistrate in Yorkshire and Durham, and the holder of extensive landed property in different parts of the kingdom.

Mr. Hudson represents in his own person, in exaggeration, the merits, the faults, and the characteristics of the important class to which he belongs. Such able, successful, and powerful persons, elevate the character of

the man of business almost to a level with that of the man of genius. Indeed, a man may have a genius which takes that particular shape; and if it be one of the signs of genius that it arises to the call, and adapts itself to the wants, of particular ages or periods of human existence, why, assuredly we must not refuse to place in the category that spirit of enterprise, and that singular power of combination, which stimulate and perfect the development in the service of human improvement, the extraordinary scientific activity, and the determination to subjugate physical agencies, that have marked the present age. The individual who learns to place himself in the van of his contemporaries, even in so commonplace a pursuit as the management of railroads, is entitled to honour and distinction so far as he excels them. He may be, in comparison with men of acknowledged attainments, illiterate, and devoid of those intellectual and personal graces which are usually so powerful a charm in men of genius; but it is not enough to break the totality of such a character in fragments, and impute specific deficiencies. It must be regarded as a whole, and credit must be given for that positive mental power which enables its possessor, otherwise, perhaps, deficient, to work out such results. Mr. Hudson's triumphs can be very easily accounted for; but that does not detract from their merit. An indomitable will, a determined perseverance, and a disposition to bear down all obstacles,—to consider all opponents (while opponents are enemies, and to treat them as such,—these qualities, seconded by excellent habits of business, considerable practical knowledge, and unusual powers of calculation, seem to have constituted the force of Mr. Hudson's genius for management. They have obtained for him a sway over railway directors and shareholders throughout the kingdom as thoroughly imperial as any that Napoleon ever exercised over prostrate nations. It is worthy of record, too, that Mr. Hudson has always asserted the independence of his order. To some he may have seemed to be a tuft-hunter; but we believe that the balance has been on the other side, and that the Mammon worshippers have precluded him from the dangerous and seductive opportunity. If any thing, Mr. Hudson carries this pride of class too far. So proud is he of having sprung from the people, and of having been the architect of his own fortune, that he occasionally allows his independence to degenerate into something approaching to rudeness and arrogance. His early *brusquerie* is by no means dead. He more often crows and abashes, than convinces, those with whom he does not agree, and by so much weakens the foundation of his own power, should a run of ill-luck ever fall upon him.

Mr. Hudson's parliamentary career, although it has been quite as remarkable for good fortune as his railway life, does not present the same solid guarantees of permanent success and influence. Elected for Sunderland in August, 1845, he gave Sir Robert Peel a qualified support on his first entrance into parliament;

but, on the repeal of the corn laws being announced, he became one of the right honorable baronet's most determined opponents. This brought him into direct relations, offensive and defensive, with the Protectionist party; and when Lord George Bentinck determined to seize on the leadership of the Opposition, after Sir R. Peel's downfall, Mr. Hudson was to be seen sitting by his side. Such alliances are not new in principle. Aristocracy wanted the substantial aid of wealth and power, and wealth and power were not sorry to have the countenance of aristocracy. So Lord George became "my noble friend" to Mr. Hudson, and that gentleman became right honorable ditto to Lord George. All old ideas have been so completely overturned during the session, that the House grew accustomed to the novelty; and Mr. Hudson now kept, as a politician, the seat and the position which were originally accorded to him as the great railway potentate of the day. Upon railway subjects he is listened to by all parties with respect, because he is known to have a right to express his opinions. Here, in fact, he is a positive authority. His decision, *pro* or *con*, on a measure connected with railway management, is almost law. But on questions of a political or more general nature, it is not probable that he will retain his supremacy, so soon as parties shall have formed themselves in the new parliament. There are so many members who are far better qualified to speak or to take the lead, that Mr. Hudson will, no doubt, with his usual good sense, leave the field to them.

Mr. Hudson is not at all qualified to shine as a speaker. True, indeed, to the proud simplicity of his character, he makes no pretension to do so. Nature has not fitted him for such displays. He is of extra-aldermanic bulk, his frame is naturally broad and massive, with a tendency to develop every way but upwards. He is scarcely of the middle height, and very rotund; but his chest is broad and well thrown out, and, although ungainly, and even clumsy, in his figure and movements, he is strong, active and muscular. He walks with great effort, his large arms swinging vigorously to aid the difficult action of his legs, yet he gets over the ground more rapidly than the average of men. It seems as if the same determined will sways his body that reigns over his mind, for, the more he grows in size, and the more he has to carry about with him, the more active he seems to be. His head is a formidable looking engine: it is as round and as stern-looking as a forty-two pounder. In fitting it on the body, the formality of a neck has been dispensed with. The face carries a whole battery; the eyes quick and piercing, the mouth firm, and characteristic of resolution. The whole aspect is far removed from the ideal standard of Caucasian beauty, but it is stamped with power. Looking at the honorable gentleman when he is speaking, ready primed and loaded to the muzzle with facts and assertions, while the resolute will gleams from those keen eyes, you are not surprised that one discharge of that stern artillery should be enough to

scatter whole boards of railway directors, or put dissentient shareholders to irrecoverable rout. He speaks in volleys, with a thick utterance, and as though the voice had to be pumped up from cavernous recesses, and he primes and loads after each discharge. His words are just those that come first, chiefly monosyllabic, and not always marshalled by the best grammatical discipline; but although he seems to speak with difficulty, and almost to blunder, yet he succeeds in making himself thoroughly understood. His plain, practical sense, the evident result of hard thinking and reasoning, is much esteemed; but he would secure and retain a more solid and lasting influence if he would avoid, except in cases of extreme necessity, the higher walks of politics, and select, in preference, subjects which he treats as a master, and on which, among the multitude of pretenders in parliament, his experience and strong mental powers would render his opinion invaluable.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ANTS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We have often given accounts of the habits and character of these remarkable little creatures, the ants; here are a few more particulars regarding them, from the travels of Dr. Poeppig, a German, in Chili, Peru, and adjacent countries in South America. We quote from a translation in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. "The lower classes of the animal kingdom are here exceedingly numerous and hostile, and this is particularly the case with the insects. You are annoyed and persecuted by them in everything you do, and are daily obliged to exert your ingenuity to discover means of encountering them, but are too often obliged to acknowledge, with vexation, that the acuteness of the human understanding is no match for the instinct of these little animals. After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant, for instance: for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where the ants are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect, when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the whole attention of an active entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish without any difficulty seven different species, as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met with in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him and his works, like certain equally mischievous plants, which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a ques-

tion which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that this number is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else. With the exception of a very few kinds, a superficial observation makes us acquainted with the ants merely as mischievous and troublesome animals; for, if on a longer residence, and daily wandering in the forests, we perceive that these countless animals are, in many respects, of service, still it is doubtful whether the advantage is not more than counterbalanced by the mischief which they do. One of the indubitably very useful kinds, and which does not attack man unless provoked, is the Peruvian wandering ant, called in the language of the Incas *guagua-miaguë*; a name which is commonly and very justly translated, 'which makes the eyes water;' for, if their bite gives pain for a few minutes only, he who imprudently meddles with them is bitten by so many at once, that he finds it no joke. It is not known where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season; and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does not injure the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm that takes hours in passing; while, on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part and goes out of the way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the huts do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile, while basking in the sun, which on perceiving its enemies endeavours to escape, but in vain; for six or more of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased a hundred fold; thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton."

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their cove
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded:
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with thee.

Mrs. Hemans.

I DREAM OF ALL THINGS FREE.

I dream of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free!

I dream of some proud bird,
A bright-eyed mountain king!
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading,
Of an archer's greenwood tree;
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

Mrs. Hemans.

DELAYS.

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best, when soonest wrought,
Ling'ring labours come to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time, when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
After wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks behind;
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays:
Long demurs breed new delays.

Robert Southwell, 1595.

EARLY RISING.

Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour,
Long have the rooks cawed round the tower.
O'er flower and tree loud hums the bee,
And the wild kid sports merrily.
The sun is bright, the skies are clear,
Wake, lady! wake and hasten here.

Up! maiden fair, and bind thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream that soothed thy dream
Is dancing in the sunny beam.
Waste not these hours, so fresh and gay,
Leave thy soft couch, and haste away.

Up! time will tell, the morning bell
Its service-sound has chimed well:
The aged crone keeps house alone,
The reapers to the fields are gone.
Lose not these hours, so cool, so gay,
Lo! while thou sleep'st, they haste away.

Miss Baillie.

SONG.

When Love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose-buds to receive him,
And back he vow'd his flight he'd wing
To heaven, if she should leave him.

But Spring, departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new-comer—
He revell'd in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of Summer.

Then sportive Autumn claim'd by rights
An archer for her lover,
And even in Winter's dark, cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

Campbell.

SONG.

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood;
Men, whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

Campbell.

WOMAN'S WIT OR LOVE'S DISGUISES.

They sat within a bower of roses twined,
A pale dark youth beside a bright-eyed girl:
Behind her parted lips shone wealth of pearl,
As ever and anon she smiling turned
To that dark youth, and he with fevered mind
Gazed on that bright-eyed girl, and mutely drank
The beauty that on her fair features burned,
Till all their witchery to his heart's depths sank.
He seized her hand, and, borne upon the tide
Of swelling passion, straight before her knelt.
He felt—he felt—he knew not how he felt—
But feel he did, and said so; she replied,
"All very fine this, Master Tom, no doubt,
But does your mother really know you're out?"

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—We have received the October number of this periodical, the principal portion of which is devoted to a review and critique of the Provincial Agricultural Show, illustrated with woodcuts of the show grounds, &c. As soon as time and space will allow, we shall devote a page or two to an analysis of the contents of the published numbers of this journal; in the mean time, we would suggest to the Editor the propriety, when he attempts a criticism, of being certain of his ground, and then to state his objections openly and boldly; this “damning with faint praise” is “not the thing.” We have been led into these remarks by the following passage in his notice of the Fine Arts department of the exhibition:—

“Wood-cutting and engraving on copper and steel were also very inadequately represented, and if the artists in these departments desire to secure to themselves the growing demand for works of the kind in Canada, a little more exertion is desirable. Most of the wood-cuts have been repeatedly exhibited before—the new ones being chiefly the maps and illustrations of Smith’s Canada, exhibited by Mr. McLear, are well known, and scarcely do justice to the state of the art in Toronto, however fairly they represent the existing demand.”

Now, we can state, upon “the best authority,” that the maps contained in “Smith’s Canada” were all engraved by Messrs. Sherman & Smith—the parties who engraved Bouchette’s large map of the British Provinces—who are universally admitted to be the *first* map engravers in the city of New York. The Vignette Title, the only other illustration in the work, was also engraved by one of the best engravers on steel in the same city. Although the Editor of the *Canadian Journal* thinks these engravings “scarcely do justice to the state of the art in Toronto,” we can assure him that could they have been *as well* executed here, many hundreds of pounds would have been retained in the province, which were unavoidably sent out of it within a very brief period: and both authors and publishers would have been saved a vast amount of inconvenience. We may add, that “Smith’s Canada” contains no *wood-cuts*, as the notice quoted above would lead persons to suppose.

BLANKETS.—Blankets took their name from one Thomas Blanquet, (or Blonquet.) who established the first manufactory for this comfortable article at Bristol, about the year 1340.

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

The undue preference long given to Greek and Roman literature in education is rapidly declining, and in this we recognise the indisputable progress of reason. From time to time, however, attempts are made by the patrons of these studies to maintain their importance; and among the numerous fallacies, by which they are defended, one of the latest has been the argument that Greek and Roman literature constitutes the true education of a gentleman. It is said that the ancient classics not only improve the memory, expand the intellect, and sharpen the judgment, but that they communicate to the mind that nameless, grace—that sympathy with all that is delicate and exalted—that high-toned dignity and vigor which must be acquired by all those individuals of humble parentage, who, by the exercise of their talents and their virtues, aspire to obtain an exalted station. Seminaries for Greek and Latin, therefore, it is said, ought to be supported as the places in which embryo gentlemen may meet and associate with embryo gentlemen, while their minds are yet delicate and their manners uncontaminated, that they may preserve their quality pure. They ought to be maintained also, it is added, by parents in the middle ranks, whose breasts are fired by a laudable ambition of promoting the rise of their children in the world; because in such schools only can they obtain access to those examples of noble bearing, and realise that refinement, tact and mental delicacy which they must possess before they can reach the summit of social honour.

This argument is a grand appeal to the vanity and the ignorance of those to whom it is addressed. We yield to no class of educationists in our estimate of the value of acuteness and vigour of mind, combined with taste, delicacy and refinement of manners; but we differ widely from the patrons of ancient literature in our estimate of the best means of imbuing the youthful mind with these qualities. We regard the qualities themselves as the results of two causes—First, the decided ascendancy of the moral feelings over the lower passions of our nature; and, secondly, the vigorous activity of a well-trained and truly enlightened intellect.

The basis of all real refinement lies in pure and generous affections, just and upright sentiments; with a lively sensibility to the intrinsic excellence of beauty and grace, both physical and mental, wherever these exist. Now, we humbly, yet confidently, maintain, that the pages of classic literature are not those in which these dispositions are presented in their strongest colours and most inviting forms to youthful minds, or in a way calculated to engage their sympathies, captivate their imaginations, or subdue their understandings in their favour. On the contrary, many ancient works are remarkable for the indelicacy of their subjects—veiled only occasionally by brilliancy of fancy and playfulness of wit, and thereby rendered more deleterious and seductive to the youthful mind; for the base selfishness of their heroes; for the profligacy of their

men of rank and fashion; for an utter contempt of the people; and, although among their philosophers and sages, some truly great men are to be found, yet their writings do not constitute the burthen of classical literature taught in schools; nor are their manners in any respect patterns which could be followed with advantage by young men of modern times. In Greek and Roman literature there is an almost entire destitution of interest in mankind as a progressive race; the idea seems never to have entered the imaginations of ancient authors, that the day could ever come when slavery should cease—when the common people should be enlightened and refined—and when social institutions should be arranged not for the advantage of a patrician class, but to promote the general enjoyment of all. In short, scarcely one of the more important practical principles of Christianity, enlightened policy, or true philanthropy, is to be discovered in their pages.

No system of education which rests on such a basis, can impart true refinement to the youthful mind. It affords no adequate stimulus for the purest and noblest sentiments. It thus trains men up to condemn and stigmatise the immense majority of their fellow men, and to brand them with one single comprehensive epithet of dislike, embodying so completely every form of offensiveness, as to leave room for neither discrimination nor exception in its application to the people—"vulgarity." "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*"—I hate the profane vulgar, and drive them away—is a maxim too easily imbibed from the classic page.

We have not space at present in our columns to enter on the question of the effects of classical literature on the intellectual faculties. Suffice it to say, that we are far from depreciating the value of the study of Greek and Latin. As a mental exercise, it ranks, in our estimation, along with painting, music, poetry, and sculpture. It is one of the fine arts, and is calculated, when pursued as such, to elevate, improve, and benefit the taste and intellect: but as we would not make the fine arts the staple of education for legislators and citizens of the world, neither would we make Greek and Latin the grand objects to which the years of training of our children should be chiefly devoted.—*Scoteman.*

THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

A marked change has taken place, within a few years, in the manners of our schoolboys.—Formerly boys used rather to pique themselves on being slovenly in their habits, indifferent to dress, and inattentive to cleanliness. They thought of nothing but their sports, and held all things in contempt, a care for which would embarrass them when engaged in their rough recreations. In our time, a boy who kept his hands and face clean, his hair in form, his linen smooth, and his clothes in nice order, would have been the scoff of all his companions; a negligence respecting all these matters being considered as a mark of manliness. It was supposed that a boy who minded his clothes

and his person could not enter with sufficient abandonment into the rougher sports; he was therefore despised as a milksop. Now our young people have changed all this. Our schoolboys of the present day are all dandies. At ten years of age, they are all Brummels in miniature, with their starched neckcloths, Stulz coats, Cossack trousers, and boots. Their fathers, on the other hand, did not put on a cravat till they were about sixteen, and wore open frills, short jackets, and corduroy trousers, well rubbed at the knees, by reason of the acquaintance that part never failed to scrape with the gravel of the play-ground. Their jackets, too, were seldom masterpieces of tailoring, as it was scarcely worth while to have any thing particularly smart, considering the ancient custom of always wiping the slate with the cuff of the coat; by which practice it acquired, like some other things, a high polish at the expense of substance. We make no doubt that the young gentlemen of the present day use sponges to clean their slates; and perhaps they have attained to such a pitch of refinement as to dip their sponges in water, instead of the old and more primitive plan of simply spitting on them, to which we cleaved in our time. We have spoken of "the young gentlemen," which is not exactly the right phrase. In our day there were schoolboys; there are no such things now. There are Eton men, and Westminster men, and Harrow men, and Winchester men—boys are out. A short time ago, we asked what we took for an Eton lad of about twelve, whether there were many boys in the school then (it was just after the holidays), when he answered, pulling up his shirt collar, with an air never to be forgotten, "No, there are not many men here just now." In our time, we wore our hair cropped as short as possible, because there was less trouble about combing it, and keeping it tidy; and moreover, because it afforded less vantage to an assaulting enemy, and could not be made a handle of by the ushers, who had a pestilent habit of holding us by that tender part while putting interrogatories about breaking bounds, or some such matter, the answer to which might warrant a cuff. Now the men wear long hair, because it is better for curling. A hat was formerly a thing which never retained a likeness to a hat, or answered any of the known purposes of a hat, one week after the expiration of the holidays. All boys disapproved of the scheme of hats. They therefore played at football with them, till they knocked the crowns out, then tore off the brims, and thus procured the advantage of sun and air; but as in this shape the identity of a hat was apt to be doubtful, they put their marks on them by burning their names on them in large characters, with burning glasses, which with a faint sun, operate better on black felt than on any known substance. The other day, on visiting a school, we observed that all the hats had complete crowns, and knowing, well-turned brims; and it was fit they should be so, seeing the dandified little company that carried them on one side of their prim heads. These things

we regard as signs of an utter revolution in the manners of our young people. Whether they gain or lose any advantage by being fine gentlemen before their time, we are not prepared to decide. It is possible that the coxcombs so early adopted are discarded sooner than formerly. Certainly, men are less dandified now than in past days, as boys are more so. The old school were rough in their boyhood, finical in their manhood, and finished in their age. The new school are finical in their boyhood, and rough in their manhood—what they will be in their age remains to be seen. We guess that we shall be extremely bearish, selfish, and disagreeable old fellows. The habit of our fathers of the old school of making sacrifices to politeness, either conquered or concealed in a great measure the disposition to selfishness incidental to age. The men of the new school have no such habit; they are mainly addicted to the study of their own ease, and as it is the fashion, are at no pains to disguise the principle on which they act. Hence the manners which are called brusque. How this *brusquerie*, which is anything but amiable in youth, will appear in age, we have yet to see; but we do imagine that the old of the old school will have greatly the advantage of the old of the new school.—*Atlas*.

CURIOUS WILLS.

JOHN AYLETT STOW, late of the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, deceased, proved 8th June, 1781.

"I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture, of the viper biting the hand of the benevolent person who saved him from perishing in the snow, (if the same can be bought for that money) and that they do in memory of me give it to Edward Bearcroft, Esq. a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating, and by a comparison between that and his own virtues, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship, and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence: this I direct to be presented to him in lieu of £3,000, I had by a former will (now revoked and burnt) left him."

SAMUEL PURLEWENT, late of Lincoln's-Inn, in the county of Middlesex, deceased, proved November 19, 1792.

"It is my express will and desire that I may be buried at Western, in the county of Somerset, if I die there, if not, to be carried down there, (but not in a hearse) nor will I have any parade or coach to attend upon me, but let me be carried in any vehicle, with all the expedition possible to Bath, so as the same does not exceed the sum of £25; and when I arrive there, I direct six poor people of Western do support my corpse to the grave, and that six poor women and six poor men of Western do attend me to the grave, and that I may be buried at twelve at noon, and each of them to have half-a-guinea: and I hereby order and direct, that

a good boiled ham, a dozen fowls, a sirlon of beef, with plum-puddings, may be provided at the Crown, in Western, for the said eighteen poor people, besides the clerk and sexton. And I allow five guineas for the same; and I request and hope they will be as merry and cheerful as possible, for I conceive it a mere farce to put on the grimace of weeping, crying, snivelling and the like, which can answer no good end, either to the living or dead, and which I reprobate in the highest terms."

THE FAKER'S ROCK AT JANGUARA.—It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank (of the Ganges), immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seventy feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its bosom! There is one place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a *madusa*, or college of Fakeers, or wandering monks, who reside in it. This remarkable rock has doubtless been of more consequence at some remote period than at present; for, on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sultangunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rudely and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture.—*Ibid*.

A capital farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by way of keeping that room clean, to be tied up. About an hour after, he inquired of the servant, if he had done as he directed, "Yes, Sir, I has, I dare say he is dead before now." "Why, fellow, you have not hanged him?" replied the master; "Yes, Sir, you bid me tie him up."

The late celebrated penurious — Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reported to be the richest commoner in England, when at the age of ninety-two, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the eightieth year of his age, to renew his lease for a further term of fourteen years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "take a lease for twenty-one years, or you will be troubling me again!" and this was accordingly granted.

Published for the Proprietors by HENRY ROWSELL, Wellington Buildings, King-street, Toronto, by whom subscriptions will be received. Subscribers' names will also be received by A. H. Armour & Co., H. Scobie, Wesleyan Book Room, J. Lesslie, Toronto; M. Mackenzie, Hamilton; J. Simpson, F. M. Whitelaw, Niagara; and by all Booksellers and Postmasters throughout the Province.