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THE COLONIAL PEARL.

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"FANCY AND FACTS—TO PLEASE AND TO IMPROVE."

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CANOVA.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN, BY M. MORGAN, M. D. SURGEON U. S. NAVY.

Canova's Second Journey to Paris.

The Imperial Court of France had desired for a long time that Canova should make Paris his permanent abode. The Duchess of Bracciano, in September, 1809, wrote to her husnand from Paris, that Madame Mēre Bonaparte wished, from the strong affection she felt for Canova, that he would come to Paris and live in her palace.

Finally, Napoleon called him there. He was written to by the Intendant General of the Imperial household, from Amsterdam, and informed that the Emperor invited him to Paris, either to remain some time or to make it his fixed residence.

The despatch added, that on account of the high esteem in which the Emperor held his transcendant talents and his extensive knowledge of the arts dependent on design, he thought his counsel would contribute to perfect the works of art then contemplated to be executed in France, which were to perpetuate the splendor of his reign.

This new office would not interfere with the exercise of the art which he practised with such unrivalled ability; and it was not doubted that the dispositions which his Majesty would make for him near his person, and to establish him in the Capital of his Empire, would be found acceptable to the artist.

The letter concluded by saying, "I cannot presume to interpret all that his Majesty in his munificence has reserved for you; but the honourable distinction proffered cannot but be flattering to you, and gives the fullest assurance of his favour and benevolence. Be pleased to reflect on this proposition, and send me answer, that I may present it as early as possible to his Majesty."

Our sculptor was at Florence when he received this letter, and every one who knew his ardent love of country, could imagine the perturbation of mind he suffered, as he never was governed by any schemes of worldly advancement or ambition, or only the noble ambition of devotion to his art.

At length he replied in the following letter:

"I received in Florence the letter of your excellency. I cannot express to you the intense feelings of embarrassment and gratitude which agitate my bosom at this new act of magnanimity and Sovereign clemency towards me. Ah! that I had language as ready as my heart is eloquent! But words would be vain to express the sentiments of my soul; and the clearest proofs I can give of my gratitude will be a prompt obedience to the Sovereign disposition of his Imperial and Royal Majesty. But this submission, so consistent with my wishes and my duty, is utterly irreconcilable with my temperament and the nature and genius of my profession. I know not, nor can I give a more indubitable evidence of my devotion and grateful affection, than that of breaking off immediately from all my business and engagements, and flying to the foot of the throne, and there offering to his Majesty the homage of my services and gratitude. If I be commanded to make the statue of the Empress, I will execute it immediately on my arrival at Paris; and shall ask permission (if his Majesty is fully satisfied with it) to return to Rome. And here I beseech you to hear the invincible reasons which constrain me to this request, and bind me to Italy and to Rome. In truth that city, the mother and ancient seat of the arts, is the only asylum for a sculptor, and especially for me, who have so long fixed my residence there, and which has become my necessary home. But I would still hope to spend much of my time in the service of his Majesty and that of the Imperial family, in preference to other labours, with the ambition of securing immortality by uniting my name with that of so great a Prince. The great number of works, models, colossal statues, pieces in relief, &c. which I have left in my studio at Rome, would make it impossible for me to remain absent from my studio without the occurrence of great inconvenience, disorder, and confusion. Among these works is the equestrian statue of his Majesty, of which I have already modelled the horse, of dimensions more vast than anything of the kind in Europe, and not unworthy perhaps in the judgment of the public, of the Majesty of him who reigns, being of the height of twenty-two Roman psalmi. Of this equestrian statue I have to make a cast in bronze, which I must superintĕnd, it being already in the hands of the founder; and I have also unfinished another beautiful cast of his Majesty's pedestrian statue for the Viceroy of Italy. I have moreover a gigantic group of Theseus conquering the Centaur, which has been modelled; a work which the city of Milan is desirous of consecrating to Napoleon—not to mention the sitting statue of his Majesty and one of Madame Mēre—for the King of Westphalia, and other works of the Imperial family. As I was from my early youth accustomed to study, and to the solitude of a life entirely private and retired, with not robust health, but on the contrary delicate if not watched and regulated, with a temperament of great sensibility and excessive timidity out of my art, I know myself altogether incapable of directing affairs which are not intimately connected with my profession. Whenever, therefore, I should change that mode of life which is my element, I should at once die to myself and to the art for which I live. Should his Majesty command me to dedicate all the remainder of my life to his service, as I have already a good part of it, I shall obey; and should he ask my life, it is his; but he will never act contrary to the feelings of his magnanimous heart, and never violate the splendour of his name, and the munificence by which he deigned to elevate me. He will never make me renounce myself—my art—my glory—and that which is far greater, the glory of his Majesty. If my humble efforts in my art have elicited his gracious approbation, may he be pleased to consent to leave me to my quiet and tranquil labours, where, by my constant application, I can render myself more worthy of his protection.

CANOVA."

The same sentiments were expressed to Cardinal Fesch and to Denon, and both assisted him in obtaining his request.

This letter of Canova reminds us of the beautiful passage in Plutarch, in which mutations of life are condemned unless they bring some addition to happiness; and he warns against a change of the studies and pursuits to which we have long been devoted, as such changes seldom bring happiness with them.

Our artist, therefore, immediately set out, accompanied by his brother, to explain better in person his feelings to the Emperor. He arrived at Fontainbleau on the evening of October 11th, 1810, where he was cordially received by the Grand Marshal of the Palace, and the arrangements were made for his presentation next day to Napoleon.

It was stated in the Journals that Canova was received as one of the most illustrious persons: and the first of sculptors, since the ancients, was certainly worthy of such honours, since in every place where his exalted talents could be appreciated, he would have received the homage due to the highest eminence as an artist.

Dialogue between Napoleon and Canova.

The Emperor of France at this time attracted the attention of all Europe; and every thing which related to that extraordinary man excited public curiosity, and became an object diplomacy. Canova, therefore, having an opportunity of holding frequent conversations with him, thought proper to register them in his private port-folio, readily foreseeing that at a future day they would be sought after and read with avidity. He was also anxious to preserve them as they contained allusions to some delicate points, in which he wished to defend the purity of his motives and conduct in case it should become necessary, and to show that he was never allured by promises nor intimidated by danger, to desert the paths of rectitude; but always declared the whole truth even in the face of a Sovereign so powerful.

As the originals of these precious manuscripts were confided to the biographer, they are here inserted. They will be appreciated by the intelligent, and teach even pusillanimous minds never to mask truth, or flatter ambition and greatness, from the grovelling motives of vanity and interest. They moreover evince, that while Canova was obedient to the orders of Napoleon, he never lost his reverence for his Sovereign, the Pope, and the Church.

The manuscript goes on to say: "On the 12th of October, 1810, at 12 o'clock, I was presented to Napoleon by Marshal Duroc. He was just going to breakfast with the Empress, and nobody else was present.

"The first words he said to me were, 'You have become somewhat thin.'

I replied that this was the effect of my constant labour and fatigue; thanked him for the great honour he had done me in calling me near him, where I could pursue the fine arts, and at the same time told him frankly the impossibility of my removing from Rome, and explained to him my motives and reasons.

"This," said he, "is the Capital. It is proper you should stay here; and you shall be well provided for."

"You are sure, Sire, the master of my life; but if it please your Majesty that it be spent in your service, permit me to return to Rome after I shall have finished the works for which I have come here."

He smiled at these words, and replied: "This is your centre. Here are all the first works of ancient art. There is only wanting the Farnesian Hercules; and we will have that too."

"Leave, your Majesty," said I, "leave something to Italy. These ancient monuments form a chain and collection which cannot be removed from Rome and Naples."

"Italy can replace them," said he, "by making further excavations. I wish myself to dig at Rome. Tell me, has the Pope spent enough in this way?"

I then gave him an account how little he had spent, because the Pope was very poor; but that he had a generous heart, and was disposed to do much: that with an infinite love of the arts, and great industry and economy, he had collected another museum.

Here he asked me if the Borghese family had spent much in excavations.

I replied that their expenses were moderate, and that they mostly dug on shares with others, and afterwards purchased the portion which belonged to their partners. I also mentioned the sacred right of property which the Roman people had to all the monuments discovered in their grounds; and that as the species of property was a product intrinsically united to the soil, the Prince himself could not send any thing away from Rome.

"I paid," said he, "forty millions for the Borghese statues. How much does the Pope spend annually for the fine arts—a hundred thousand crowns?"

"Not so much," I replied, "for he is extremely poor!"

"Could much be done," he asked, "with a less sum?"

"Certainly," I replied.

We then spoke of the colossal statue of himself which I had executed; and it seemed he would have been better pleased with it if the drapery had been the common French dress.

"It would have been impossible," I replied, "to make a beautiful work if your Majesty had been dressed in the French fashion, with boots and spurs. Sculpture, like the rest of the fine arts, has its language of sublimity—which is nudity, and such simple drapery as is proper to the art." I then adduced many examples from poetry and the ancient monuments; and the Emperor seemed convinced: but going on to speak of the other, and the equestrian statue of him, and he knowing that this was dressed in a different way, "Why," said he, "was that not naked also?"

"It was here proper to have a different costume, as it would be inconsistent and incongruous to represent him naked on horseback at the head of his army. Such had been the costume of the ancients and moderns."

"Have you seen," said he, "the statue of General Dessaix in bronze? It seems to me badly done—it has a ridiculous sash."

When I was about to reply, he added: "Have you made a cast of my statue standing?"

"It is already done, your Majesty, and with entire success; and an engraving of it has been made by a young artist of great merit, who desires the honour of dedicating it to your Majesty. He is a young man of fine talents, and it is worthy of the munificence of your Majesty to encourage such artists these hard times."

"I wish to come to Rome," he added.

"That country merits the notice of your Majesty," I answered. "You will there find matter to warm the imagination, in contemplating the Campodoglio—the Forum of Trajan—the Via Sacra—the columns and arches." Here I described to him some of the ancient Roman magnificence, and especially the Appan Way from Rome to Brundusium, girded on each side by sepulchres; and also the other consul high-ways.

"How wonderful," said he, "these Romans were the masters of the world."

"It was not only their power," I rejoined, "but the high Italian genius, and their love of the great and sublime. See, your Majesty, what the little state of Florence did, and what the Venetians did. The Florentines had the enthusiasm to erect that wonderful Dome with only a penny a pound on wool; and this was enough to erect a fabric superior to any in modern times. Ghiberti made the celebrated gates of St. John in bronze with forty thousand sequins—now a million of francs. See, your Majesty, how industrious, and at the same time how magnanimous they were."

This was the first conversation previous to taking measures for commencing the statue of the Empress.

The 15th of October I began the work, which was followed by several sittings, in which I was always engaged in conversation with the Emperor on various subjects, as he alloted that time to his breakfast, and was entirely unoccupied. I shall relate some of the principal topics.

* Continued from page 59.

"How is the air at Rome?" he said to me. "It was bad and unhealthy in ancient times."

"It appears so," I replied, "from history, and from the ancients having taken the precaution to plant and cultivate woods and forests which they called sacred."

"I recollect to have read in Tacitus," said he, "that the troops of Vitellus, on their return from Germany, were very sickly, from having slept on the Vatican."

He rang the bell for the librarian to bring Tacitus. He did not find the passage at once, and I found it for him.

He went on to say that soldiers on change of climate were generally unhealthy the first year, but afterwards well enough.

Speaking of Rome, I mentioned to him the desolation of that capital, and said, "Without your Majesty's powerful protection, that country can never be resuscitated, because it is deprived of every assistance. After the fall and loss of the Popes, all the foreign ministers left there, together with forty cardinals, more than two hundred prelates, and a vast number of canons and other clergy. A great emigration has taken place—the grass is growing in the streets—and for your Majesty's glory I speak freely, and beseech you to repair the want of so much money which formerly flowed from all parts to Rome, and which is now entirely interrupted."

"This money," he replied, "was of little consequence ultimately—the cultivation of cotton would be much better."

"Very little," I replied, "had been attempted at this. Luciano only has tried the experiment. All is wanting at Rome. We only want, however, the protection of your Majesty."

He then smiled, and said, "We will make it the head of Italy, and unite Naples to it. What do you say to this? are you satisfied?"

"The arts," I replied, "would again prosper by a little encouragement. Except the splendid works ordered by your Majesty, nobody patronizes them.—Besides they have become luke-warm in religion; the zeal for which is so necessary to the support of the arts." And here I cited the examples of the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, where religion alone caused the arts to flourish—the immense sums expended on the Parthenon—the statue of Jove on Olympus—that of Minerva and others—the appropriate images which the conquerors of the games dedicated to their respective divinities, not even excepting courtezans, who offered their own statues as gifts to the gods. The Romans were always consistent in this—they placed the seal of their religion on every thing, to make them august and venerable—their sepulchral and honorary monuments—their statues, theatres, &c. This benign influence of religion also saved the arts themselves, and their monuments, from the barbarians. I also pointed out the chief works of modern art created by religion—the church of St. Mark at Venice—the Dome at Pisa by Orvieto---the Campo Santo at Pisa---and many other works in marble, as well as painting. "All religion," I concluded by saying, "promote the arts, and especially our Roman Catholic more than any other. The Protestants are contented with a simple chapel and cross, and therefore they foster but little the arts."

"Here the Emperor looked at Maria Louisa, and said, "It is true religion has always nourished the arts, though some sects have but little that is elegant and beautiful."

(To be continued.)

Visits to Remarkable Places; Old Halls, Battle Fields, and Scenes illustrative of striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By William Howitt.

This is a book for all seasons, but for Christmas most of all. Any thing that endears us more than usual to our country and our countrymen, any thing that pleasantly reminds us of the glories of both, any thing that tends to reconcile ordinary differences by calling up scenes or stories which exalt the nature we have all so large a share in, should be especially welcome at Christmas.

Mr. Howitt takes us to Penshurst first, and strolls with us through hall and buttery hatch; through banqueting rooms where grave and grand Sydneys feasted in the old time; through nurseries where Philip and Algernon played; under beeches where Waller and Sacharissa took their surfeit of honeyed and heartless love; or through parks where manly old Ben Jonson walked as an honoured and familiar guest, shouting forth the first inspiration of the good old Christmas lines he afterwards left in his book about good old Penshurst.

> Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
> Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort.
> Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
> Beneath the broad beech and the chesnut shade,—
> Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
> Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the hours,
> The early cherry with the later plum.
> Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come.
> And though thy walls be of the country stone,
> They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan.
> There's none that dwell about them wish them downe;
> But all come in, the farmer and the clowne,
> And no one empty-handed, to salute
> Thy lord and lady though they have no suite.
> Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
> Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
> The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
> By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
> This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare
> An emblem of themselves in plum or peare.

Our next visit with Mr. Howitt is to the battle field of Culloden, that bloody grave of so much honest and manly simplicity, generous and devoted chivalry, misapplied and mistaken zeal. The traditions of the field are pleasantly recorded, its present aspect well described, and such is our guide's enthusiasm that he half compels us to think with him at its close, that there may be something even affecting and delicious in the music of a bagpipe.

To Stratford he takes us next, a more familiar scene, but yet agreeably set before us, and in one or two novel aspects. Thus Mr. Howitt shows us the cottage in which Ann Hathaway was born, in the rustic little village of Shottry, and a very pretty cottage it seems to have been, and a pleasant walk out of Stratford for the enamoured poet. We are sorry to hear that it is likely to come down very soon, and of course the more rejoiced for the same reason that it has found an abiding niche in Mr. Howitt's clever volume.

But beside old associations, vivid pictures of what may possibly have been the poet's early influences, old cottages and old halls, duly described and enlarged upon in the visit to Stratford, Mr. Howitt announces a discovery. He found a youthful Shakspeare! We recollected that some two or three years ago the managers of the English Opera House did precisely the same sort of thing, and we therefore listened at this particular point with a most irreverent caution.

The youthful Shakspeare was a lad belonging to the national school, ten years old, with light hazel eyes, a high head, and altogether a "wonderful resemblance" to the bust in Stratford church. He turned out to be a limb of the seventh descent from Shakspeare's sister Joan. His name was, start not reader, Shakspeare *Smith*. It is a name which possibly describes the discovery with a painful precision. We never knew any thing of the kind that had not an overwhelming infusion of the Smith into the Shakspeare. However, Mr. Howitt proved the sincerity of his admiration by giving the lad sixpence, and seems to us to have further proved his wise disinclination to an over nice curiosity on the subject, by never asking the master of the school what sort of wit the youth had shown. The only evidence of the latter is observable in this anecdote, wherein, we must confess, we see a vast development of the Smith, and no intimation of the Shakspeare.

"I gave the boy sixpence, telling him I hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor (the best term I could lay hold of for the relationship, though not the true one), or, at all events, a good man. The boy's eyes sparkled at the sight of the money, and the healthful joyous colour rushed into his cheeks; his fingers continued making acquaintance with so large a piece of money in his pocket, and the sensation created by so great an event in the school was evident. It sounded oddly enough, as I was passing along the street in the evening, to hear some of these same schoolboys say to one another, 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare sixpence.'"

"Which of all the host of admirers of Shakspeare," asks Mr. Howitt, in taking leave of this part of his subject, "who has plenty of money, and does not know what to do with it, will think of giving that lad, one of the nearest living representatives of the great poet, a good education, and a fair chance to raise himself in the world?" We leave Shakspearian enthusiasts to answer the question, and truly hope they may answer it in a liberal spirit.

Before leaving Stratford and its neighbourhood we are taken to Charlecote House and Clopton Hall, good old mansions both, the one full of quaint and cheerful memories, the other of impenetrable mysteries and gloom. The Lucys survive, a cordial and hospitable race; the Cloptons have passed and left no sign, except in dark and terrible traditions. Here is one of the latter; told, we should observe, by a fair and lively corrrspondent of Mr. Howitt, who had visited the place some years ago.

"In one of the bed-rooms (said to be haunted), and which, with its close pent-up atmosphere, and the long shadows of evening creeping on, gave me an 'eirie' feeling, hung a portrait singularly beautiful! a sweet-looking girl with paly gold hair combed from her forehead, and falling in wavy ringlets on her neck, and with eyes that 'looked like violets filled with dew,' for there was the glittering of unshed tears before their deep dark blue—and that was the likeness of Charlotte Clopton, about whom there was so fearful a legend told at Stratford church. In the time of some epidemic, the sweating-sickness, or the plague, this young girl had sickened, and to all appearance died. She was buried with fearful haste in the vaults of Clopton chapel, attached to Stratford church, but the sickness was not stopped. In a few days another of the Cloptons died, and him they bore to the ancestral vault: but as they descended the gloomy stairs, they saw by the torch-light Charlotte Clopton in her grave-clothes leaning against the wall; and when they looked nearer, she was indeed dead. Of course, she had *walked* ever since."

Other circumstances connected with the family and their gradual decay are told by this lady with equal interest.

"The last of these deserted rooms that I remember, the last, the most deserted, and the saddest, was the Nursery,—a nursery without children, without singing voices, without merry chiming footsteps! A nursery hung round with its once inhabitants, bold, gallant boys, and fair, arch-looking girls, and one or two nurses with round, fat babies in their arms. Who were they all? What was their lot in life? Sunshine or storm? or had they been 'loved by the gods, and died young?' The very echoes knew not. Behind the house, in a hollow now, wild, damp, and over-grown with elder bushes, was a well called Margaret's Well, for there had a maiden of the house of that name drowned herself.

"I tried to obtain any information I could as to the family of Clopton of Clopton. They had been decaying ever since the civil wars; had for a generation or two been unable to live in the old house of their fathers, but had toiled in London, or abroad, for a livelihood; and the last of the old family, a bachelor, eccentric, miserly, old, and of most filthy habits, if report said true, had died at Clopton Hall but a few months before, a sort of boarder in Mr. W——'s family. He was buried in the gorgeous chapel of the Cloptons in Stratford church, where you see the banners waving, and the armour hung over one or two splendid monuments. Mr. W—— had been the old man's solicitor, and completely in his confidence, and to him he left the estate, encumbered and in bad condition. A year or two afterwards, the heir-at-law, a very distant relation living in Ireland, claimed and obtained the estate, on the plea of undue influence, if not of forgery, on Mr. W——'s part; and the last I heard of our kind entertainers on that day, was, that they were outlawed, and living at Brussels."

Of all this, however, Mr. Howitt found little trace on his arrival. The girl with the locks of paly gold had vanished, and Margaret and her well only lived in the memory of some old women who were collecting apples in the orchard. A new lord was in possession, and the grim old place was in course of being fitted up as a spruce modern mansion.

Combe Abbey in Warwickshire, and its memories of the Gunpowder Treason, claim our interest next; and we pass from it, by a long though easy leap, to Flodden Field, and Lindisfarne, and all the living scenes of Marmion. This latter chapter is a specimen of the ultra-romantic school of writing, but it will be much enjoyed, we have no doubt. Mr. Howitt's feelings are almost always just and true, no matter for the vagaries into which a loosened fancy sometimes leads him. The visit to Bolton Priory is another version of the Marmion dream, filled with noble and well-merited praise of the poetry of Wordsworth.

Hampton Court brings us back to earth and things of earth with good and agreeable effect. We thank Mr. Howitt sincerely for the picture he gives of the class and conduct of the visitors who have flocked in crowds to this noble palace since it was thrown open unreservedly to the admission of every one. The average number on a Sunday or a Monday, it appears, is now two thousand five hundred, and the gross amount of the single month of last August was thirty-two thousand!

"Never have I seen, at all times that I have been there, a more orderly or more well-pleased throng of people. I happened accidentally to be there on Whit-Monday, when, besides the railway, upwards of a dozen spring-vans, gaily adorned with ribbons, and blue and red hangings, had brought there their loads of servants and artisans, all with their sweethearts, and in fine spirits for a day's country frolic; and not less than two thousand people were wandering through the house and gardens, yet nothing could be more decorous than their behaviour. Never, indeed, did I behold a scene which was more beautiful in my eyes, or which more sensibly affected me. Here were thousands of those whose fathers would have far preferred the brutal amusement of the bull-baiting or the cock-pit; who would have made holiday at the boxing-ring, or in guzzling beer in the lowest dens of debauch,—here were they, scattered in companies, and in family groups; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, old people, and children of all ages, strolling through the airy gardens, admiring the flowers, or resting on the benches, or watching the swimming shoals of gold and silver fish in the basin of the central fountain, and feeding them with crumbs of bun amid shouts of childish delight. Here were these poor people, set free from the fret and fume, the dust and sweat, and mental and bodily wear and tear of their city trades and domestic cares, well dressed, amongst their more wealthy neighbours, clean, and jocund from the sense of freedom and social affection, treading walks laid down only for royal feet, listening to the lapse of waters intended only for the ears of greatness and high-born beauty, though all constructed by the money of their forefathers; and here were they enjoying all these, more than king or cardinal ever could do, beneath a sunny sky, that seemed to smile upon them as if itself rejoiced at the sight of so much happiness. There, too, through the open windows, you saw the heads of passing crowds of men and women wandering through the rooms, intent on the works of Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Lely, Vandyke, Kneller, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ricci, Giulio, Romano, and many another master of the sublime and beautiful; pausing to behold forms of power, and grace, and loveliness, and to mark many a face of man or women whose names are so bruited in our annals that even the most ignorant must have heard something of them. Here surely was significant indication of a change in the popular mind in the course of one generation, which must furnish an answer to those who ask what has education done for the masses, and most pregnant with matter of buoyant augury for the future. Those who do not see in such a spectacle that the march of intellect and the walking abroad of the schoolmaster are something more than things to furnish a joke or a witticism, are blind indeed to the signs of the times, and to the certainty that the speed of sound knowledge amongst the people will yet make this nation more deserving of the epithet of a nation of princes than ever Rome deserved from the Parthian ambassador. I could not help asking myself, as my eye wander-

ed amid the throng, how much more happiness was now enjoyed in any one day on that ground, than had been enjoyed in a twelvemonth when it was only the resort of kings and nobles, and the scene of most costly masks and banquets. Nothing more than the sight of that happiness was needed to prove the rationality of throwing open such places to diffuse amongst the million, at once the truest pleasure and the most refining influences."

The other subjects in Mr. Howitt's work are Compton-Winyates, a curious old house belonging to Lord Northampton; its neighbouring Edgehill, the spot of the first pitched battle between Charles the First and his subjects, with all its really glorious, pious, and immortal memories; Tintagel in Cornwall, with traditions of Arthur and his knights; Stonyhurst with its Jesuits, and Winchester with its colleges and kings; Wotton Hall with Alfieri and Rousseau; and a Sacrament Sunday at Kilmorac, with its graphic band of modern Covenanters. These are treated with various merit; always with proper enthusiasm, charity, and good nature.

We bid a hearty farewell to this most successful effort on the part of Mr. Howitt, to give circulation to healthy, kind, and pleasant thoughts; to increase the public cheerfulness and good humour; and to strengthen the manly interest which every one of every party should take in the memories and glories of England and of Englishmen.

Another Notice from the London Atlas.

One of the most charming volumes we have chanced upon during many years—a book that is likely to be read a century hence with as keen a delight as it is sure to be read now while the interest of its publication is fresh. It was a felicitous thought in William Howitt to undertake so poetical a pilgrimage, for which he is so admirably, and, we had almost said, peculiarly qualified by the character of his mind, the purity of his taste, and his deep love of old traditions and their picturesque and historical associations. The performance of this agreeable and exciting undertaking is in all respects such as might have been anticipated from the author of the *Rural Life in England*. The same lively appreciation of the noblest attributes of national character, the same relish for natural beauty, and the same power of moving the sympathies by truthful images of life, are developed with even greater power in the volume before us than in the *Rural Life*, where the design may be said to have been indicated. The object of the work is thus expressed by the author:—"It has long been my opinion," he observes, "that to visit the most remarkable scenes of old English history and manners, and to record the impressions thence derived in their immediate vividness; to restore, as it were, each place and its inhabitants to freshness, and to present them freed from the dust of ages and the heaviness of antiquarian rubbish piled upon them, would be a labour responded to with emphasis by readers of the present day." The plan is sufficiently comprehensive to fill many more volumes, and we hope that an enterprise which has been so successfully commenced, will be carried out to the full extent of the materials. The rivers, hills, and valleys, the ancient ruins and surviving castles, the fortresses and towns of England are rich in this kind of lore, and from the spirit in which the storied remains included in the present publication are explored, we look forward with no little anxiety to the fulfilment of the promise contained in the preface, that the subject is to be continued hereafter at greater length, and in regular series.

Wherever our author went he appears to have made zealous inquiries after the relics of past ages, to have endeavoured to determine doubtful localities, and to have gleaned as much personal history, and such accounts of fugitive manners and usages, as have been preserved in the oral traditions of the immediate neighbourhoods. He never encumbers us with general historical details, but just gives us such a passing glance of history as may be sufficient to create the exquisite interest in the subjects under consideration. Then the whole is exhibited in such an atmosphere of poetical feeling that, while it presents a vivid succession of sketches of by-gone realities, it possesses all the additional fascinations of a highly imaginative romance.

We will begin with Stratford-on-Avon, which is, probably, one of the most curious portions of the whole. First, of the love for Shakspeare's memory which the inhabitants in common entertain, and the numerous local memorabilia that exist concerning him:—

" Stratford appears now to live on the fame of Shakspeare. You see mementos of the great native poet wherever you turn. There is the Mulberry-tree Inn; the Imperial Shakspeare Hotel; the Sir John Falstaff; the Royal Shakspeare Theatre: the statue of Shakspeare meets your eye in its niche on the front of the Townhall. Opposite to that, a large sign informs you that there is kept a collection of the relics of Shakspeare, and not far off you arrive at another sign, conspicuously projecting into the street, on which is proclaimed—"IN THIS HOUSE THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN." The people seem all alive to the honour of their town having produced Shakspeare. The tailor will descend from his shopboard, or the cobbler start up from his stall, and volunteer to guide you to the points connected with the history of the great poet. A poor shoemaker, on my asking at his door the nearest way to the church containing Shakspeare's tomb, immediately rose up and began to put on his coat. I said, 'No, my friend, I do not want you to put yourself to that trouble; go on with your work—I only want you to say whether this way be the most direct.' 'Bless you, Sir,' said the man, taking up his hat, 'I dont want any thing for showing a gentleman the way to Shakspeare's tomb; it is a pleasure to me; I am fond on't; and a walk, now and then, does me good." The old man bustled along, holding forth with enthusiasm in the praise of Shakspeare, and coming up to the sexton's house, and knocking,—'There,' said he, 'I have saved you ten minutes' walk:—don't forget to look at old Johnny Combe!' and was turning off, highly pleased that he had done something to the honour of Shakspeare, and reluctant to receive even the value of a glass of ale for his services.

" The Royal Shakspeare Club annually celebrate the birth of Shakspeare on the 23d of April, and even Washington Irving is held in great honour, for having recorded in his Sketch-Book his visit to his tomb. At one of the inns they show you Washington Irving's room and his bed. In the Red Horse, at which I stayed, my room was adorned with his sole portrait, and all the keepers of Stratford Albums take good care to point out to you the signature of Washington Irving, the American, who spoke so highly of Shakspeare."

While tens of thousands of strangers have visited the house where Shakspeare was born, Mr. Howitt justly observes that few have ever thought of looking at the cottage where Ann Hathaway was born, in the rustic village of Shottry. He has, with exquisite feeling, supplied this deficiency in the annals of the poet's locality, and, being a firm believer in the true-heartedness and domestic tenderness of Shakspeare (and it would go hard with us to dispute a point of belief to which Shakspeare's passionate poetry so strongly inclines us) he went to visit the village, crossing the very fields which Shakspeare must have so often travelled in the days of his wooing, and touched by the sentiments which such associations were naturally calculated to produce. Of Shottry and its memorable cottage, we have the following interesting sketch:—

" The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few-farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most primitive construction, standing apart, one from the other, in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the *beau ideal* of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the "Shakspeare Tavern," a mere cottage, like the rest. No modern innovations, no improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past times. The cottages stand apart from each other, in their gardens and orchard-crofts, and are just what the poets delight to describe. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the farther end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the feet of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic casements you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges of the Ilmington and Meon hills, some miles southward; and of Stratford church spire eastward peeping over its trees.

" The cottage is a long tenement of the most primitive character; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster-work. Its doors are grey with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the door to take hold of while you pull the string; just such a latch as, no doubt, was on the door of Little Red-Riding Hood's grandmother, when the wolf said to the little girl, 'pull the string, and you'll get in.'

" The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls, according to the rude fashion of the age, never having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road; and the side which looks into the orchard is covered with vines and roses, and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knowes and hollows, where you might imagine the poet, when he came here a-wooing, or in the after-days of his renown, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, as he represents the King of Denmark,

——' Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon'—

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way; then you come to the cottage-garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and amongst long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old English cottage, and which Shakspeare delighted to introduce into his poetry—the rosemary, calendine, honeysuckle, marigold, mint, thyme, rue, sage, etc. meeting your eye as you proceed."

And so our poet annalist goes on rambling into a delightful dream about Shakspeare's inspiration, and his knowledge of nature, and a hundred other equally delicious and suggestive topics. But we must take another snatch of description about the cottage:—

" There was an old arbour of box, the trees of which had grown high and wild, having a whole wilderness of periwinkle at their feet; and upon the wooden end of a shed forming one side of this arbour grew a honeysuckle, which seems as though it might have grown in the very days of Shakspeare, for it had all the character of a very old tree; little of it shewing any life, and its bark hanging from its stem in filaments of more than a foot long, like the tatters and beard of an ancient beggar. At the door looking into this orchard is a sort of raised platform up three or four steps with a seat upon it, so that the cottagers might sit and enjoy at once the breeze and the prospect of the orchard and fields beyond. There is a passage right through the house, with a very old high-backed bench of oak in it, said to have been there in Shakspeare's time, and old enough to have been there long before. The whole of the interior is equally simple and rustic. I have been more particular in speaking of this place, because perhaps at the very moment I write these remarks this interesting dwelling may be destroyed, and all that I have been describing have given way to the ravages of modern change."

With the following history of the relics of Shakspeare, we must reluctantly dismiss Stratford, begging the reader, however, to satisfy his curiosity as soon as he can about the remainder of this visit:—

" Opposite to this Town-hall is a house occupied by a Mr. Reason, who has a sign in front of it, announcing that there is kept a collection of articles which were in the house where the poet was born, and remained there till Mary Homby, the mother of the present Mrs. Reason, was obliged to leave it, on account of the proprietor raising the rent so much in consequence of the numerous visits to it. She at first gave ten, then twenty, then forty pounds a year for it; but the tide of visiters increasing, the demand of the landlord still rose with it, till either the man outvalued the income, or the patience of Mary Homby gave way. She gave notice to quit the house, and another person immediately took it. A violent feud arose between the out-going and the in-coming exhibitor. Mary Homby, of course, stripped the house of every article that had been shewn as Shakspeare's. But she did not stop there. She deliberately, or perhaps, as will appear probable, rather hastily, took a brush and a pail of whitewash, and washed over all the millions of inscribed names of adoring visiters on the walls! At one fell sweep, out went the illustrious signatures of kings, queens, princes, princesses, ambassadors, ambassadresses, lords, ladies, knights, poets, philosophers, statesmen, tragedians, comedians, bishops, lord chancellors, lord chief justices, privy counsellors, senators, and famous orators; all the sweet tribe of duchesses, countesses, baronesses, honourables and dishonourables,—out went they altogether, with as little remorse as if death himself had been wielding the besom of destruction, instead of Mary Homby her white-wash brush!

" Mary Homby, having executed this sublime extinction of so many dignities, marched out with a lofty sense of the vacuum she left behind, carrying away with her the Albums into the bargain. The new tenant on entering was struck with a speechless consternation! In the 'immortal bard's' own words, all the precious relics had

Vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision,
And left not a wreck behind.

Nothing at all but four bare walls! What was to be done? It was still Shakspeare's birth-place—but it was a very naked one indeed,—all the imposing relics were gone, and a rival shop was set up with them! She looked upon herself as swindled. She had a higher rent to pay, with a diminished stock and a formidable rival, and she accordingly raised a loud clamour in the ears of the landlord. The landlord began to bluster with Mary Homby, and claimed the goods as heirlooms,—as part and parcel of the property; but the lawyers told him a different story. He then claimed the Albums, and commenced proceedings to recover them, but with no better success. Money was then offered for them, but money could not buy them; so it was absolutely necessary to commence a-new with blank walls and blank books. It was a melancholy coming down. Where was the chair called Shakspeare's chair, which had stood in a niche in the room, and the arms of which alone had been sold for twenty-three guineas? Where were those two fine old high-backed chairs which were *said* to be given to Shakspeare by the Earl of Southampton, with the Earl's coronet and supporters (animals having an odd look, between lions and men, with big heads) upon them? Where was the little chair of the same kind, called Hamnet's chair—the son of Shakspeare, who died when twelve years old? Where was that precious old lantern made of the glass of the house where Shakspeare died? The bust, taken and coloured accurately from the bust in the church? The portrait of a boy, with a curious high-laced cap on his head, and an embroidered doublet, *called* John Hathaway, the brother of Ann Hathaway? The painting said to be done by Shakspeare's nephew, William Shakspeare Hart, representing Shakspeare in the character of *Petruchio?* The cup, and the knotted walking-stick made from the crab-tree under which he slept in Bidford Fields? Where the various pieces of carving from his bed-stead? That old basket-hilted sword which *looked* as though it had lain buried for a century or two on the field of Edge-hill or Worcester, but which was, in fact, no such thing, but the veritable sword with which Shakspeare performed in *Hamlet*, and which the Prince Regent had wanted so much to buy in 1815, saying—'*he knew the family very well that gave it to Shakspeare?*' Where was that? Ay, and still more, where was that grand old piece of carving which used to be over the mantel-piece, coloured and gilt, and representing David fighting with Goliath between the adverse armies; and over their heads, on a flying label or garter, an inscription, *said*, and sufficiently testified by the splendour of the verse, to be written by 'the immortal bard' himself? The iron box that held the poet's will; Shakspeare's bench; pieces of his mulberry-tree; the box given to him by the Prince of Castile; a piece of the very matchlock with which he shot the deer; the portraits of Sir John Bernard and his lady Elizabeth, the grand-daughter of Shakspeare; the portrait of Charlotte Clopton in her trance; the pedigree and the will—where were they all? Carried off by the indignant and vindictive Mary Homby.

" But the ravages of this modern Goth and Vandal could not be entirely repaired—they might, however, be in some degree mitigated. Mary Homby *had* omitted the size, and by gentle and continued friction of the brush, the millions of pencilled names once more appeared in all their original clearness! The relics were at once pronounced—humbug;—new Albums were opened, and the Shakspeare show-room was restored to its ancient value. In fact, this house, which was some years ago purchased of Joan Shakspeare's descendants, the Harts, with other property, for £250, is now said to be worth £2,000.

COMIC ANNUAL.

BARBER COX AND THE CUTTING OF HIS COMB.

This is the gem of the book, and full of warmth, as of comicality are its rays. The good feeling in it is equal to the mirth. An honest, vulgar, good-hearted barber of Oxford street falls into a fortune in February, and out of it in November; and discovers that the two happiest months of the year were January, before he left his shop, and December, when he went back to it. He tells his own story, with a mixture of aspiring vulgarity and contented simplicity that is very ludicrous and remarkably pleasant. The one he owes to his wife, the other to himself.

Let us give the reader a notion of the party that attended the first rout of Mr. and Mrs. Coxe Coxe ("that's the way, double your name, and stick an 'e' to the end of it, and you are a gentleman at once"), in Portland place.

"Let me see, there was, first, my Lord Dumboozle, an Irish peer, and his seven sons, the Honourable Messieurs Trumper (two only to dinner); there was Count Mace, the celebrated French nobleman, and his Excellency Baron Von Punter, from Baden; there was Lady Blanche Bluenose, the eminent literati, author of "The Distrusted,' 'The Distorted,' 'The Disgusted,' 'The Disreputable One,' and other poems; there was a Dowager-Lady Max, and her daughter, the Honourable Miss Adelaide Blueruin; Sir Charles Codshead, from the city; and Field-Marshal Sir Gormon O'Gallagher, K.A., K.B., K.C., K.W., K.X., in the service of the republic of Guatemala: my friend Tagrag, and his fashionable acquaintances, little Tom Tufthunt, made up the party; and when the doors were flung open, and Mr. Hock, in black, with a white napkin, three footmen, coachman, and a lad, whom Mrs. C. had dressed in sugar loaf buttons, and called a page, were seen round the dinner table, all in white gloves, I promise you I felt a thrill of elation, and thought to myself—Sam Cox, Sam Cox, who ever would have expected to see you here?"

The thrill of elation is all a sham to please his wife. He longs for the familiar society of Orlanda Crump, his old journeyman, to whom he had generously handed over his old business; but he dares not say so, for Mrs. Cox won't hear of it. Orlando has aspired to "Jemimarann," and this Mrs. C. thinks an inexpiable presumption. Captain Tagragg—a runaway lodger from the Oxford street shop whom the news of Portland place suddenly casts up again, and who tenders his services to introduce Mr. and Mrs. C. C. to fashionable life—is the chosen man.

In such hands poor Cox's condition may be imagined. He is fleeced on all sides, made pigeon and butt for everybody, and tries with a constant and most amusing effort to think himself supremely happy and successful all the while. His "day with the Surrey Hounds," his "finishing-touch" at Billiards, and his "drop-scene at the opera," are all capital. As a sporting man and a man of fasion he had his newspaper of course, and, equally of course, it is a newspaper eminent for its extensive correspondence. "I was a constant reader," observes Mr. Cox, "of the Notices to Correspondents, and, my early education having been rayther neglected, (for I was taken from my studies and set, as is the custom in our trade, to practise on a sheep's head at the tender age age of nine years, before I was allowed to venture on the human countenance,) I say being thus curtailed and cut off in my classical learning, I must confess I managed to pick up a pretty smattering of genteel information from that treasury of all sorts of knowledge, at least sufficient to make me a match in learning for all the noblemen and gentlemen who came to our house."

As a man of fashion, we need scarcely add, Mr. Coxe Coxe has sent his only and youthful son to a tip-top fashionable school, where, with his wife, he pays him a visit in June. The description of this visit is done with exquisite truth and humour.

"Mr. Coddler used to send monthly accounts of his pupil's progress, and if Tug was not a wonder of the world, I don't know who was. It was

General behaviour....................excellent.
English..................................very good.
French..................................tres bien.
Latin.....................................optimé,

and so on:—he possessed all the virtues, and wrote to us every month for money. My dear Jemmy and I determined to go and see him, after he had been at school a quarter; we went, and were shown by Mr. Coddler, one of the meekest, smilingest little men I ever saw, into the bed-rooms and eating-rooms (the dromitaries and refractories he called them), which were all as comfortable as comfortable might be. "It is a holiday to-day," said Mr. Coddler; and a holiday it seemed to be,—in the dining-room were half a dozen young gentlemen playing at cards ('all tip-top nobility,' observed Mr. Coddler); in the bed-rooms there was only one gent., he was lying on his bed, reading novels and smoking cigars. 'Extraordinary genius!' whispered Coddler; "Honourable Tom Fitz-Warter, cousin of Lord Byron's; smokes all day; and has written the *sweetest* poems you can imagine. Genius, my dear madam, you know, genius must have its way.' 'Well, *upon* upon my word,' saps Jemmy, 'if that's genus, I had rather that Master Tuggeridge Coxe Tuggeridge remained a dull fellow.'

'Impossible, my dear madam,' said Coddler, 'Mr. Tuggeridge Coxe *couldn't* be stupid if he *tried*.'

Just then comes Lord Claude Lollypop, third son of the Marquess of Allycompane. We were introduced instantly. 'Lord Claude Lollypop, Mr. and Mrs. Coxe:' the little lord wagged his head, my wife bowed very low, and so did Mr. Coddler, who, as he saw my lord making for the play-ground, begged him to show us the way. 'Come along,' says my lord; and as he walked before us, whistling, we had leisure to remark the beautiful holes in his jacket, and elsewhere.

About twenty young noblemen (and gentlemen) were gathered round a pastrycook's shop, at the end of the green. 'That's the grub-shop,' said my Lord, 'where we young gentlemen wot has money buys our wittles, and them young gentlemen wot has none, goes tick.'

Then we passed a poor red-haired usher, sitting on a bench alone. 'That's Mr. Hicks, the husher, ma'am,' says my lord, 'we keep him, for he's very useful to *throw* stones at, and he keeps the chaps' coats when there's a *fight*, or a *game* at cricket. Well, Hicks, how's your mother? what's the *row now*?' 'I believe, my lord,' says the usher, very meekly, 'there is a pugilistic encounter somewhere on the premises; the honourable Mr. Mac——'

'O! *come* along,' said Lord Lollypop, 'come along, *this* way, ma'am! Go it, ye cripples!' and my lord pulled my dear Jemmy's gown in the kindest and most familiar way, she trotting on after him, mightily pleased to be so taken of, and I after her. A little boy went running across the green. 'Who is it, Petitoes?' screams my lord. 'Turk and the barber,' pipes Petitoes, and runs to the pastrycook's like mad. 'Turk and the ba---,' laughs out my lord, looking at us: '*hurra! this* way, ma'am;' and, turning round a corner, he opened a door into a court-yard, where a number of boys were collected, and a great noise of shrill voices might be heard. 'Go it, Turk!' says one. 'Go it, barber!' says another. "*Punch hith life out!*" roars another, whose voice was just cracked, and his clothes half a yard too short for him!"

This was a fight between Master Coxe and the Honourable Arthur Mac Turk, and the accomplishments concerned in it were all that "Tug" brought away from Coddlers. That they were not altogether useless let another richly painted scene declare. The party of Coxes are on their way to Paris, and, having just been cheated in Thames street by the insolent coachman who carried the ladies, are addressed by the amiable cabman who brought the gentlemen.

"I was going after them. 'Stop, Mr. Ferguson,' pipes a young gentleman of about thirteen, with a red livery waistcoat that reached to his ankles; 'Stop, Mr. Heff,' says he, taking a small pipe out of his mouth, 'and don't forgit the cabman.'

'What's your fare, my lad?' says I.

'Why, let's see—yes—ho!—my fare's seven-and-thirty and eightpence, eggs—ackly.'

The fourteen gentlemen, holding the luggage, here burst out and laughed very rudely indeed; and the only person who seemed disappointed was, I thought, the hackney coachman. "Why, *you* rascal!' says Jemmy, laying hold of the boy, 'do you want more than the coachman?'

'Don't rascal *me*, marm!' shriks the little chap, in return. 'What's the coach to me? Vy, you may go in an omnibus for sixpence if you like; vy don't you go and buss it, marm? Vy did you call my cab, marm? Vy am I to come forty mile, from Scarlet-street, Po'tl'nd place, and not git my fare, marm? Come, give me a suffering and a half, and don't keep my hoss a-vaiting all day.'

This speech, which takes some time to write down, was made in about the fifth part of a second; and, at the end of it, the young gentleman hurled down his pipe, and, advancing towards Jemmy, doubled his fist, and seemed to challenge her to fight. My dearest girl now turned from red to as pale as white Windsor, and fell into my arms: what was I to do? I called, Policeman! but a policeman won't interfere in Thames street; robbery is licensed there, what was I to do? Oh! my heart beat with paternal gratitude when I think of what my Tug did!

As soon as this young cab chap put himself into a fighting attitude, Master Tuggeridge Coxe—who had been standing by, laughing very rudely I thought—Master Tuggeridge Coxe, I say, flung his jacket suddenly into his mamma's face (the brass buttons made her start, and recovered her a little), and, before we could say a word was in the ring in which we stood, (formed by the porters, nine orangemen and women, I don't how many newspaper boys, hotel cads, and old clothesmen), and, whirling about two little white fists in the face of the gentleman in the red waistcoat, who brought a great pair of black ones up to bear on the enemy, was engaged in an instant.

But, law bless you! Tug hadn't been at Richmond school for nothing; and milled away—one, two, right and left—like a little hero as he is, with all his dear mother's spirit in him: first came a crack which sent a long dusky white hat, that looked damp and deep like a well, and had a long black crape rag twisted round it—first came a crack which sent this white hat spinning over the gentleman's cab, and scattered among the crowd a vast number of things which the cabman kept in it,—such as a ball of string, a piece of candle, a comb, a whip-lash, a little warbler, a slice of bacon, &c. &c.

The cabman seemed sadly ashamed of this display, but Tug gave him no time; another blow was planted on his cheek-bone; and a third, which hit him straight on the nose, sent this rude cabman straight down to the ground.

'Brayvo, my lord!' shouted all the people round.

'I won't have no more, thank yer,' said the litile cabman, gathering himself up, 'give us over my fare, vil ye, and let me git away.'

'What's your fare *now*, you cowardly little thief?' says Tug.

'Vy, then, two and eightence,' says he, 'go along,—you *know* it is;' and two and eightpence he had; and every body applauded Tug, and hissed the cab-boy, and asked Tug for something to drink."

After the festivities of Paris poor Coxe's grandeur and misery approach their close. Behold him in the King's Bench in November, stripped of his estates, and quite deserted by his barons and counts, captains and foreign ambassadors.

"I could not help saying now to my dear wife, 'See, my love, we have both been gentlefolks for exactly a year, and a pretty life we have had of it. In the first place, my darling, we gave grand dinners, and every body laughed at us.'

'We asked great company, and they insulted us.'

'And spoilt mamma's temper,' said Jemimarann.

'Hush! Miss,' said her mother, 'we don't want *your* advice.'

'Then you must make a country gentleman of me.'

'And send pa into dunghills,' roared Tug.

'Then you must go to operas, and pick up foreign Barons and Counts.'

'O, thank heaven! dearest papa, that we are rid of them,' cries my little Jemimarann, looking almost happy, and kissing her old pappy.

'And you must make a fine gentleman of Tug there, and send him to a fine school.'

'And I give you my word,' says Tug, 'I'm as ignorant a chap as ever lived.'

'You're an insolent saucebox,' says Jemmy, 'you've learned that at your fine school.'

'I've learned something else, too, ma'am, 'ask the boys if I haven't,' grumbles Tug.

'You hawk your daughter about, and just escape marrying her to a swindler.'

'And drive off poor Orlando,' whimpered my girl.

'Silence, Miss,' says Jemmy, fiercely.

'You insult the man whose father's property you inherited, and bring me into this prison, without hope of leaving it; for he never can help us after all your bad language.' I said all this very smartly; for the fact is, my blood was up at the time, and I determined to rate my dear girl soundly.

'Oh! Sammy,' said she, sobbing (for the poor thing's spirit was quite broken), 'it's all true; I've been very foolish and vain, and I've punished my dear husband and children by my follies, and I do so, so repent them!' Here Jemimarann at once burst out crying, and flung herself into her mamma's arms, and the pair roared and sobbed for ten minutes together; even Tug looked queer; and as for me, it's a most extraordinary thing, but I'm blest if seeing them so miserable didn't meke me quite happy. I don't think, for the whole twelve months of our good fortune, I had ever felt so gay as in that dismal room, in the Fleet, where I was locked up."

And now it is that Cox is needlessly assured of what he never doubted, the faithful heart of Orlando Crump.

"Poor Orlando Crump came to see us every day; and we, who had never taken the slightest notice of him in Portland place, and treated him so cruelly that day, at Beulah Spa, were only too glad of his company now. He used to bring books for my girl, and a bottle of sherry for me; and he used to take home Jemmy's fronts, and dress them for her; and when locking up time came, he used to see the ladies home to their little three pair bed-rooms in Holborn, where they slept now, Tug and all. 'Can the bird forget its nest?' Orlando used to say, (he was a romantic young fellow, that's the truth, and blew the flute and read Lord Byron, incessantly, since he was separated from Jemimarann); 'Can the bird, let loose in Eastern climes, forget its home? Can the rose cease to remember its beloved bulbul?—Ah! no. Mr. Cox, you made me what I am, and what I hope to die—a hairdresser. I never see a curling-irons before I entered your shop, or knew Naples from brown Windsor. Did you not make over your house, your furniture, your emporium of perfumery, and nine-and-twenty shaving customers, to me? Are these trifles? Is Jemimarann a trifle? if she will allow me to call her so. O, Jemimarann! your pa found me in the workhouse, and made me what I am. Conduct me to my grave, and I never never shall be different!' When he had said this, Orlando was so much affected, that he rushed suddenly on his hat, and quitted the room.

Then Jemimarann began to cry too. 'O, pa!' said she, 'isn't he, isn't he a nice young man?'"

Need we say what follows? There is a marriage and a Christmas bustle in the old shop in Oxford street, and Barber Cox is left all the better for the 'Cutting of his Comb.'

Guilt, though it may attain temperal splendour, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commissions; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CONTRABAND MUSEUM IN PARIS.

I had caught a cold, and just as I lifted up my head to sneeze, I saw through one of the windows of the mayor's office, in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious justice, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentlemen in question was only a kind of doll as large as life. What to think of this I did not know; so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer: and, on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my *cicerone*.

In a huge dusty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which have been confiscated from time to time by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling: all unfortunately in complete confusion. Look before you; there is a hogshead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds just two quarts and a half. On the other side are logs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with whole armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa constrictor, gorged with China silks; and just beyond it a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spools of cotton. The coloured gentleman who had excited our sympathy so much at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances:—He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck or Ethiopian *chasseur*, on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by the feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country. One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of oaths and yells, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and cartmen, and the instrumental by their whips. The negro, however, never spoke a word. His good behaviour delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow," they cried; "see how well *he* behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!" He showed a perfect indifference to their applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the foot-board, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you!" Oh, surprise! the shoulders rattled. The office was bewildered: he sounded the footman all over, and found he was a man of metal, and as full as his skin could hold of the very best contraband liquor. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph. The first night, the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture in his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton

How many strange stories these inventions of roguery might tell! Only ask that empty mattress that lies there by the stove. That mattress came from Valenciennes. One morning, two citizens left the town, with swords in hand, and seconds by their side. The solemn, mournful gait of their companions indicated clearly the deadly character of the promenade, which took place before the eyes of the revenue officers. The angry principals were so anxious to get to work, that they drew almost as soon as they got beyond the walls. The crossing of their blades, and the clatter of the duel, would easily be noticed from the guard house. After a desperate contest, the noise ceased. A cry of distress was heard, and if both the contending parties had preserved their honour untouched, the person of one of them could not boast of the same immunity. A wide wound across the forehead, and a scientific thrust into the region of the sternum, which bled profusely, were easily seen. In a moment a hand-barrow, with the aforesaid mattress upon it, were transformed into a litter, and the procession re-entered the town by the same gate, amidst the sympathies of the guards.

It happened that one of the soldiers had dabbled a little in medicine, and been surgeon's mate in a regiment. He took pity on the wounded man, and followed him home, to offer him his services. This generous behaviour won him all hearts in Valenciennes, except those of the seconds, who were at a loss how to get rid of a benefactor whose presence would be so fatal to the success of their daring fraud. At last, the most ingenious of them took the soldier aside, and begged him to wait a few moments in another room, till he got the sick man ready to receive his disinterested physician. The surgeon-soldier readily agreed to this; the friend availed himself of the interval, and whispered in the patient's ear, as he lay on the mattress, "We are lost!"

"*Sabrebleu!* and why?" asked the wounded man.

"Speak lower! one of the custom-house guards wants to dress your wounds."

"My wounds? he shan't do it—I want to keep them as they are, and you go and tell him to."

"He won't believe it," was the answer.

"But suppose I don't want to be cured? I presume I am my own master, and besides, I have a reason for it."

"I know that, but the fool will insist on it."

"He may go to the—I'll jump out of the window first."

"Why, you wretch, we shall be ruined."

"What of it? I wish I had really been badly wounded, I give you my word for it."

"Alas! I'm afraid it's the only way to get out of this scrape."

"Much obliged to you."

"If you only would ——"

"Well, what?"

"It's time enough yet, perhaps ——

"Well?"

"The wife of Brutus, on a like occasion, inflicted a desperate wound on herself?"

"What have I got to do with that?"

"Don't you understand me, my dear friend?"

"Ah, horrible! I shudder at the thought. You are so fond of me, that you are very willing to shed *my* blood—" and the frightened patient raised himself up in bed.

"Come, come, try to be reasonable."

"You are troublesome: do you think I'm going to throw away my life to serve you—think of somebody else. I should like very much to oblige you—but in such a way—never! I'd die first."

"Only think what it is you object to—only two little wounds—if they only look natural, it's all sufficient. Come, my dear fellow, say you agree to it."

"I tell you again and again, I won't."

"Come now, be clever, I've an easy hand, and the surgeon will be tired of waiting."

"I suppose you think it will be fine fun for me."

"Oh what a fuss you make about a couple of little scratches! If kindness and friendship cannot touch your obstinate heart, let's see what force will do." And thereupon the friend seized his sword; the patient dodged the first blow, leaped to his feet, snatched up the other weapon, and attacked his aggressor furiously. The soldier, hearing the scuffle, rushed into the room, and succeeded, not without trouble, in separating the combatants, when he found, to his great surprise, that it was not the sham patient that needed help, but his friend, till now safe and sound, whom the dying man had pinked just below the thorax.

"I thought," said the soldier, "that these gentlemen were too polite to give me all the trouble of coming for nothing."

The wounded man was soon cured, and the mattress, stuffed full of English goods, well repaid the soldier for his medical services.

From the Life and Services of General Lord Harris, G.C.B., during his Campaign in America, the West Indies, and India.

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

Captain Bell, with whom the duel was fought, was the commanding officer of the company in which Harris was then an ensign. He had been the constant friend of the young ensign, and had invariably acted towards him with the unremitting tenderness of a father. But all of a sudden his manner changed, and betrayed the greatest aversion. This went on, until one night when young Harris was enjoying the Christmas festivities with a family in the neighbourhood of their quarters, and was detained all night by the extreme severity of the weather. A violent snow storm set in and continued till daylight.

"Had it ceased so that I could have found my way, not all the hospitality of Ireland would have kept me to make me liable to his reproof. As it was, I was at his room long before the morning parade, and before he was out of bed. I knocked several times at his chamber door before he would make an answer, no doubt suspecting who it was, when at last he said 'Come in.' But before I could make an apology for staying out all night, he ordered me to my room, where, he said, 'I should soon hear from him.' In about an hour he came over to my room, gave me a letter, and desired I would immediately comply with its contents. These were in the most intimidating terms and style; directing me to meet him at the abbey the moment I had provided a case of pistols, and to bring my sword, but no second. I communicated his letter to the only two officers in garrison, Hussey and Jackson. One of them, a fine spirited young man, (poor Hussey) insisted he would go with me, that I should not go without some one to witness what might pass, but this, with some difficulty, I fortunately (as matters terminated) overruled, and it was then agreed they should both go to the rock of Cashel, which overlooked the place appointed. I then got Hussey's pistols, (never having had any) and joined my former friend at the place appointed, apologised for keeping him waiting, and began to request he would acquaint me why he had called me there. He answered that it was not to talk, and that there was a more retired place for the business on the other side of the wall he had been walking by; he then attempted to scramble over a breach of the wall that had been built up with loose stones, and even accepted my assistance to get over. I then begged again he would explain what could have made him call me to the place, and said that I was ready to make every apology for any offence I might unknowingly have given him, the moment I was convinced of my error. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I have told you already we have not met here to talk, so prepare yourself.' He then began to load his pistols (I believe, whistling a tune at the same time), whilst I, like some poor bird under the fascinating eye of the serpent, followed his example. When he had finished loading, he took off his coat and waistcoat, deliberately folded them together, and laid them on a broken tombstone. He then took off his sword, drew it, and laid it on his clothes; in all which I followed his example, except that my clothes were deposited on the ground beside me. He then took up his pistols, and on my again requesting he would say in what I had offended, he gave me the same answer as before, adding that he should insist on our firing as near as possible together after presenting. On my answering, 'Very well,' he asked if I was quite ready, and on saying 'Yes,' he continued, 'Then let us both present, and fire directly.' We did instantly *present*, but he alone fired, and, I am truly grieved to say, evidently with intention to hit me. It may, indeed, be said that I escaped miraculously, for we afterwards picked one of the balls out of the wall in a line as if it had passed through me, and the other so little wide as to show that it was meant to hit. On my lowering my pistol, he instantly said, 'You have not fired.' 'No,' I replied, 'nor did I intend it, and now I hope you will be induced to inform me in what I have offended.' To this he answered, 'Sir, this will not do, and I insist on your firing at me instantly.' I attempted to soothe him, and, at last, finding it in vain, and perhaps rather irritated, I presented, and, levelling on one side, fired. He then said, 'You must give me your word of honour that you will fire as near as possibly with me.' I would have spoken, but he would not allow me, and, asking if I was ready, and on my answering 'Yes,' he called out 'Present, and I think the sound appeared as one shot. He stood for a few moments, and then moved towards his clothes, as I supposed to take his sword, on which I took up mine, and again begged him to tell me my offence. To this he answered, 'We shall go no further now, but you shall hear from me.' I observed that, 'If he was not satisfied, he had better reload,' as I saw he was not equal to using his sword (for he was actually trembling with weakness, and perhaps a little from anger, and certainly risking his life by coming out, as he was undergoing a violent course of mercury). He then turned towards me, and, as I thought, rather more cordially, said, 'No, you shall hear from me;' and, having put on his clothes, allowed me again to help him over the wall. My comrades, seeing us walk quietly towards the barracks, took their way, and he and I soon after separated, by his proposal, that we might not be suspected.

In the course of the evening, his servant brought me a note, which, before perusal, I flattered myself would prove of a friendly nature; but little did we know the height of madness my early patron had arrived at. The note contained an appointment for next morning, concluding with a direction to bring a number of balls, as one of us must fall. My two friends now insisted that we should not meet without seconds, and I agreed to write to him to that effect, assuring him, at the same time, of my readiness to apologise, if I saw occasion to do so. He did not send any answer, but next morning his servant came to me, and desired me to come to him. I went accordingly; and, after our first greetings, the exact nature of which I do not remember, he informed me that the direful offence I had committed was the staying out of barracks all night, without previously obtaining his leave. I observed that 'I had not done so premeditatedly; that, had it been possible to find my way through the snow storm, I should have returned that evening, and that I came to him as soon as possible with the intention of apologising for my absence.' He asked 'If I was still willing to make a proper apology?' I answered, 'Certainly, if he still thought it necessary.' He said, 'It was highly necessary for him as commanding officer, and that he would send over a written one for me to sign, without which we could not be friends.'"

The apology was accordingly sent and signed. Some time elapsed, and Harris afterwards discovered that his friend was mad. He died in London in confinement.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW YORK MIRROR.

Nature always wears the colour of the spirits; to a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend, the sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

The first step towards vice in a woman, is to make a mystery of actions innocent in themselves; and she who is fond of disguise, will sooner or later have reason to conceal herself.

The silliest of errors is, when young men think they forfeit their claims to originality, if they acknowledge that any truth has been discovered by others before them.

It is ridiculous to oppose judgment to the imagination, for it does not appear that men have as necessarily less of one as they have more of the other.

The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.

A good heart is indispensably necessary to the knowledge of truth; he who feels nothing can learn nothing.

Modesty doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed.

The contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns; and the beauties of the ancients.

He that merely makes a book from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great.

Little things are not valued but when they are done by those who can do greater.

The greatest difficulties are always found when we are not looking for them.

While an author is yet living we estimate his honours by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

The art of satisfying our desires lies not in indulging, but in suppressing, them.

All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL.

BY N. P. WILLIS. 3 VOLS.

Mr. Willis indulges a fantastic humour in the choice of titles. First he gave us 'Pencillings by the Way,' next 'Inklings of Adventure,' and now we have 'Loiterings of Travel,' and all these are pretty much of the same caste, discovering the same sprightly and feathery manner of description, the same high and heedless spirits, the same hasty surface-painting and illogical argumentation on character, individual and national, and the same drawing-room, box-lobby, concert-room, street-lounging, merry-making, picture-gallery, window-balcony, dinner-table, piano-chattering soul of smart gossip, small talk, and butterfly passion.

Mr. Willis's books are lively, pleasant books, superficial as they are and reprehensible as they are, on many accounts. Wherever he goes he takes notes, and makes books upon his entertainers and his friends. It is nothing to the purpose that they are good natured books, or that nobody cares whether they are good natured or not; the practice is a blameable one, offensive to our English tastes, and not to be tolerated even for the sake of the amusement of the Americans, for whose enjoyment, as it were, and for the uses of posterity, Mr. Willis assures us he writes such things.

"For myself, however, I am free to confess that no age interests me like the present; that no picture of society since the world began, are half so entertaining to me as that of English society in our day; and that, whatever comparison the living great men of England may sustain with those of other days, there is no doubt in my mind that English social life, at the present moment, is at a higher pitch of refinement and cultivation that it was ever here or elsewhere since the world began—consequently, it, and all who form and figure in it, are dignified and legitimate subjects of curiosity and speculation. The Count Mirabel and Lady Bellair of D'Israeli's last romance, are, to my mind, the cleverest portraits, as well as the most entertaining characters, of modern novel-writing; and D'Israeli, by the way, is the only English author who seems to have the power of enlarging his horizon, and getting a perspective view of the times he lives in. His novels are far more popular in America than in England, because *the Atlantic is to us a century.* We picture to ourselves England and Victoria as we picture to ourselves England and Elizabeth. We relish an anecdote of Sheridan Knowles as we should one of Ford or Marlowe. This immense ocean between us is like the distance of time; and while all that is minute and bewildering is lost to us, the greater lights of the age and the prominent features of society stand out apart, and we judge of them like posterity. Much as I have myself lived in England, I have never been able to remove this long perspective from between my eye and the great men of whom I read and thought on the other side of the Atlantic. When I find myself in the same room with the hero of Waterloo, my blood creeps as if I had seen Cromwell or Marlborough; and I sit down afterwards to describe how he looked, with the eagerness with which I should communicate to my friends some disinterred description of these renowned heroes by a contemporary writer. If Cornelius Agrippa were *redivivus*, in short, and would show me his magic mirror, I should as soon call up Moore as Dryden—Wordsworth or Wilson as soon as Pope or Crichton.

"This is a great ado, you will think, O kind and considerate preface-reader, about a very small portion of the book; but other productions of mine in this vein having been reviewed as 'scandal,' I wish you to grant me that nothing ill-natured or reproachful—no scandal, in other words—could possibly spring out of the spirit in which I have written. As I said in a former preface, my first 'Pencilings' of living men and manners, were written for my country-people only, and only they, I presumed, would ever hear of or be interested in them. They were sketched in the warmest admiration of the men of genius and the phases of society described. They had no pretensions. I would gladly have kept them on the other side of the water. But after five years, the book is still selling in fresh editions in England; and I am fated, very much against my will, to be best known out of my own country by my hastiest and most trivial productions. I trust it will not always be so."

Whether Mr. Willis is best known out of his own country or in it, is nothing to the point. It may be that he is best known in his country; but it is clear that he thinks he knows a great deal of this country, and yet he commits a variety of egregious blunders concerning us and our society, which, were they worth the correction, might be easily set to rights; such, for example, as his representation of the way in which foreigners are treated here. But all these things may be left to time, and these volumes may be commended for the agreeable summary qualities they possess, without much endangering the reputation of the national character, which they almost invariably flatter, and rarely depict with gravity.

From Mudie's Domesticated Animals.

THE USE OF ANIMALS.

In many parts of the British Colonies, Canada especially, the people have actually lost their land from want of domesticated animals. The soft land from which the timber has just been cleared, yields one crop or two by simply turning or scratching the surface, but it is too tender for bearing the full action of the sun and the atmosphere, from which it has been previously concealed for ages; and the soil of which it consists being in great part composed of leaf mould and other very light matters, very speedily loses its fertility, and becomes a wilderness of annual weeds, in which not even the coarsest of the pasture grasses can find substance to germinate. Whereas if, by any means, the very same surface could be left with a partial shade of trees over it, and made a pasture for sheep or cattle, according as might be most suitable, it would acquire firmness to maintain its place, and fertily sufficient to repay the labour of cultivation, with an ample increase.

Let us see what our author says on another use of trees and hedges; we take it from a valuable disquisition on the subject.

USE OF PLANTATION OR HEDGE-ROWS.

If the cultivator come and seat himself upon the margin of the forest. he may, by skilful management, extend his dominion both ways; but if he shall destroy the natural balance, by attacking the forest and clearing it *en masse*, and before his skill and the assistance of his browsing animals have brought a firm grassy sod upon a considerable portion of the naked surface, the winter is sure to invade him, and paralyze, if not destroy, his cultivation.

The arid plain, or semi-desert, for that is the real character of all plains, which are neither ploughed nor pastured, and which are naked of timber, always has an army ready for these invasions; and the innumerable squadron of this army ride on every wind and defy every opposition which man can make to them They consist of the winged seeds of the Compositæ, one of the most numerous and productive families of plants, and the family which, in the natural order, ranks next to the heaths and other flowering plants of the absolute desert. These are the thistles, the marigolds, the mugworts, the grounsels, and an endless list of others, the seeds of which are, in one or another of the species, always on the ground, and ready to take possession of every unoccupied spot of ground. Upon poor soils in the neighbourhood of the moors, one or other of these plants, and not unfrequently a host of them together, divide the value of the sowed fields with the farmer, and take full possession of the naked patches and the fallows. To root them out or turn them down by the plough, is at best but a temporary relief; for the wind carries the seeds over very long distances; and as some of them are in season during nearly the whole season of vegetation, the weeds, as they are called, make their appearance in every field the surface of which has been left bare of vegetation for even a few weeks. The most remarkable invasion by these plants is that by the Canadian thistle, which has taken complete possession of the rich lands along the north shore of Lake Ontario, and has actually driven the settlers and their cultivation a good many miles inland. No such invasion as this has taken place in Britain; but there once were many and there still are a few, indeed we fear not a few, places in the British Islands, where one or other of these plants lords it over the corn and gives to the field its prevailing character; and if a garden is but neglected for a year or two, its flowering and ornamental plants will be found extinct, or nearly so, and their places occupied by these invaders.

The grand, and indeed the only defence which man can have against the attack of these formidable enemies upon a newly-cleared or a badly-cultivated district, is to call in the aid of the forest, and plant them out. A dead hedge, if tall and close enough, will be use for a time, until the belt of planting shall have risen to a greater height than that to which those winged reeds are carried. Generally speaking, this height is not very great, for the motion of the seeds is usually a combination of rolling and flying. But they can get over a much greater height of solid wall than of hedge or plantation of any kind. The wind, when it beats against a wall, is turned upward, in the full force of its current and elasticity jointly; and therefore it carries seeds and other light substances along with it; whereas the hedge or planting stifles the elasticity, admits the wind partially, and filters it from those light and winged substances, thereby affording a far more efficient defence against the invasion by the desert.

Upon Mr. Mudie's more ample topic, natural history, we must give one extract—

THE LEAP OF THE ANTELOPE.

The small footing of rock upon which the little elastic animal can stand is perfectly astonishing; such as we would hardly suppose to afford sufficient clutch for the gripe of an eagle, all powerfully as that most majestic of birds anchors itself upon the pinnacle, and braves the utmost fury of the tempest. There is no clutching power in the hoofed feet of the mountain antelope, but the walls of their hoofs are sharp, and almost as hard as flint; their tendons are as cords of steel; and their muscles are almost disembodied motion—such is their energy in proportion to their size. The four feet are brought close together on the point of the rock, as if they formed a disc like that on the under part of those fishes which adhere to the rocks by a pectoral sucker, and find their food in security, despite the turmoil of the rapidly-racing waters. So does the mountain antelope poise itself on the pinnacle of the crag, with an instinctive management of the centre of gravity; but yet a management so perfect that the most prolonged and elaborate study of man cannot come up to it. When the animal wishes to spring, which it can do for many feet and alight with perfect safety upon another craggy point, it bends the joints of its legs pretty equally; but as the projecting angle of the hind ones is backwards, and that of the fore-ones forwards, the bending prepares them for very different portions of the leap which the animal is to take. The extension of the fore legs, by bringing back the joints which answer to the wrists in man, tends to throw the body upwards, and the instant that this has freed the anterior hoofs of the rock, the whole animal, in its hind legs and its back, acts like a bended bow, and discharges itself from the tips of the hind hoofs with such velocity, that if it were to impinge upon a lion it would fell him to the ground. Instinct leads it to suit the exertion to the distance it has to go, of which the same instinct enables it to take measure by the eye; and by this means, when it arrives at the point on which it intends to alight, the momentum of the leap is exhausted, and it alights in safety and is again instantly balanced. Among the motions of animals, varied and curious as they are, there are not many equal to this, whether in energy, in rapidity, or in certainty. In fact, the whole mechanical process is performed as quick almost as thought; and although one is in the most favourable situation for viewing it, all that can be seen is the transfer of the bounding animal from crag to crag.

SHELLEY.

ESSAYS, LETTERS FROM ABROAD, TRANSLATIONS AND FRAGMENTS. BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. EDITED BY MRS. SHELLEY.

The first volume is occupied with a Defence of Poetry; an unfinished Essay on the Athenians; a translation of the Symposium of Plato; a paper on Love; a Fragment of Fancy concerning the Coliseum; the first four chapters of a romance on the subject of the Assassins; imperfect Essays on the Punishment of Death, on Life, and on a Future State; sundry Metaphysical and Moral Speculations; notes on Plato's Republic, and a Translation of Plato's Ion. The second volume is chiefly devoted to letters. It opens with the brief "Journal of a Six Weeks Tour and Letters from Geneva" which was published many years ago by Shelley himself. Some extracts follow from a journal kept at Geneva, and the rest of the volume, excepting a paper of remarks on some of the statues in the gallery of Florence, is occupied with Letters from Italy. The greater number of these are addressed to Mr. Peacock, the witty and thoughtful writer of "Headlong Hall." Leigh Hunt's have been already published. Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, the latter a friend of Godwin, and Mrs. Shelley herself, are the principal remaining correspondents. The last letter is to Mrs. Shelley, and bears date only a very few days before the sudden close of the poet's brief and passionate life.

We have read the volumes with intense and painful interest; and while we have found nothing in them unworthy of the great literary name of Shelley, we have found much that vindicates the assailable points in his character; that excuses the spirit in which his most mistaken opinions were formed; that expresses a nature as gentle, as brave, and generous, as ever walked the earth.

He has carried his speculations too much into his verse, and his verse too much into his speculations. The result is that there is too much of the world in the one and too little of it in the other. It was not till the eve of his disastrous death that he seems to have discovered this error. It pervaded the "Prometheus Unbound" and was nowhere visible in "The Cenci." He plainly confessed, indeed, on the publication of the latter noble tragedy, that his writings till then had been too much in the nature of visions. He died when twenty-nine, at the very time he had discovered the error of his literary life, and had shown, in one memorable instance, how nobly he was prepared to redeem it. That was the flash before the darkness. Yet what a career may be said to have opened on him then. There were questionless consolations in his death, even for those who loved him. He had already lived in those twenty-nine years, a life longer than the majority of those whose "hearts as dry as summer's dust burn to the socket." He said himself, we believe, a few days before his life was quenched so suddenly, that if he died on the morrow he would have lived to be older than his father, who is living still.

Hope is strong.
Justice and Truth their winged child have found.

A passage in one of the letters from Italy has curious reference to what we have been urging.

"O, if I had health, and strength, and equal spirits, what boundless intellectual improvement might I not gather in this wonderful country! At present I write little else but poetry, and little of that. My first act of Prometheus is complete, and I think you would like it. *I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science,* and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter, for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled. Far from me is such an attempt, and I shall be content, by exercising my fancy, to amuse myself, and perhaps some others, and cast what weight I can into the scale of that balance, which the Giant of Arthegall holds."

How beautiful is the touch that follows, in describing Rome.

"In the square of St. Peter's there are about three hundred fettered criminals at work, hoeing out the weeds that grow between the stones of the pavement. Their legs are heavily ironed, and some are chained two by two. They sit in long rows, hoeing out the weeds, dressed in parti-coloured clothes. Near them sit or saunter, groups of soldiers, armed with loaded muskets. The iron discord of these innumerable chains clanks up into the sonorous air, and produces, contrasted with the musical dashing of the fountains, and the deep azure beauty of the sky, and the magnificence of the architecture around, a conflict of sensations allied to madness."

Nothing is so striking in the letters as the unforced yet elevated beauty of the lanuage, in description of things that are even the most familiar. He saw the works of Ariosto and Tasso, written with their own hands, in the library at Ferara, and makes this mention of them.

"The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return *by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet.*"

In one of the palaces of Bologna he saw a picture by Guido, of Samson drinking water out of an ass's jaw bone in the midst of the slaughtered Philistines, and his account of it in a few words is exquisitely complete.

"The figure of Samson stands in strong relief in the foreground, coloured, as it were, in the hues of human life, and full of strength and elegance. Reund him lie the Philistines in all the attisudes of death. One prone, with the slight convulsion of pain just passing from his forehead, whilst on his lips and chin death lies as heavy as sleep. Another leaning on his arm, with his hand, white and motionless, hanging out beyond. In the distance, more dead bodies; and, still further beyond, the blue sea and the blue mountains, and one white and tranquil sail."

So with another of the works of Guido, a Madonna Lattante.

"She is leaning over her child. and the maternal feelings with which she is pervaded are shadowed forth on her soft and gentle countenance, and in her simple and affectionate gestures—there is what an unfeeling observer would call a dullness in the expression of her face; her eyes are almost closed; her lips depressed; there is a serious, and even a heavy relaxation, as it were, of all the muscles which are called into action by ordinary emotions; but it is only *as if the spirit of love, almost insupportable from its intensity, were brooding over and weighing down the soul.*"

Nor can we resist, while referring to subjects of this kind, from quoting a portion of a noble criticism on the Niobe in the Florentine Gallery. We need not remind the reader that the immortal sculpture is the figure of a mother in the act of sheltering, from some divine and inevitable peril, the last, as we may imagine, of her surving children. Having given the details of the statue, with a most subtle feeling for the poetic harmony of its art, Shelley thus proceeds:

"There is embodied a sense of the inevitable and rapid destiny which is consummating around her, as if it were already over. It seems as if despair and beauty had combined, and produced nothing but the sublimity of grief. As the motions of the form expressed the instinctive sense of the possibility of protecting her child, and the accustomed and affectionate assurance that she would find an asylum within her arms, so reason and imagination speak in the countenance the certainty that no mortal defence is of avail. There is no terror in the countenance, only grief—deep, remediless grief. There is no anger:—of what avail is indignation against what is known to be omnipotent? There is no selfish shrinking from personal pain—there is no panic at supernatural agency—there is no adverting to herself as herself; the calamity is mightier than to leave scope for such emotions.

"Every thing is swallowed up in sorrow; she is all tears; her countenance, in assured expectation of the arrow piercing its last victim in her embrace, is fixed on her omnipotent enemy. The pathetic beauty of the expression of her tender, and inexhaustible and unquenchable despair, is beyond the effect of any other sculpture. As soon as the arrow shall pierce her last tie upon earth, the fable that she was turned into stone, or dissolved into a fountain of tears, will be but a feeble emblem of the sadness of hopelessness, in which the few and evil years of her remaining life, we feel, must flow away."

See this reference to the immortal Dante.

"His very words are instinct with spirit; each is as a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable thought; and many yet lie covered in the ashes of their birth, and pregnant with a lightning which has yet found no conductor. All high poetry is infinite; *it is as the first acorn which contained all oaks potentially.* Veil after veil may be undrawn, and the inmost naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain for ever flowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and unconceived delight."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF ICELANDERS.

Though so great a part of the year would seem from its inclemency to preclude labour, the winter is, perhaps, the period of greatest activity, and these tenants of the frigid zone can scarcely boast of

Their long nights of revelry and ease.

In summer, the fatigue of mowing, and carrying home the hay is comparatively light, and is rather a time of merry-making than of labour; but in winter each member of the family has his appointed share of business, to which he applies in earnest till the return of summerr It is usual for one individual to be sent out to the coast, and there engage himself to serve in a fishing boat for the season. Another has the care of the cattle allotted to him; the making of horse-shoes and other smith's work employs a third; and the remainder of the family of both sexes employ themselves in making nets, and knitting their clothes.

In some houses of a better description, a loom of a rude construction serves to supply the natives with a kind of native cloth called Wadmal, which is used for trousers and petticoats; but the knitting of frocks and coarse stockings for exportation, as well as their own use, is a more general occupation than weaving. The clothes are not dyed until they are completed, and then undergo the operation by being wrapped up with indigo and logwood scattered in the folds, and in that state boiled till they have acquired the desired depth of colour, which is mostly a black hue. The making of ropes, by the tedious process of plaiting the wool by hand, also takes up no inconsiderable part of their time, as well as the providing themselves with sandals, which being of raw hide last but a very short time.

Huddled together in a small apartment, usually the loft, without stove or any warmth but that arising from the confined atmosphere, and the packing of twelve or fifteen persons in a place of just sufficient capacity to contain their bulk, the family continue their labour, till a late hour in the night, often till two and three in the morning, enlivened by listening to one of the party who chants some Saga out of a book by the light of a dim seal-oil lamp. At times the monotony of the single voice is relieved by a hymn, the kind of music most relished by the Icelanders, in which the whole family join. Occasionally they indulge in instrumental music, and the Longspeil is taken down from the wall to serve as an accompaniment to their mournful ditties.

This is the only musical instrument known among them, and is by no means calculated to enliven their spirits; indeed, if its gloomy tones are capable of producing any effect, I should say that it was that of instilling a black melancholy into the mind. In form it is a mere oblong tapering box, about two feet long and three inches wide, terminating somewhat like the head of a fiddle, and played upon with a violin bow. When in use it is laid upon a table, and the forefinger is applied only to the outer one of its three steel wires; and were it not for this difference it would give one the idea of a guitar in a rapid state of decline.—*From 'A Winter in Iceland and Lapland,' by Hon. A. Dillon.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1840.

Mechanics' Institute.—Mr. A. McKinlay lectured on Electricity last Wednesday evening, to a crowded audience. Numerous experiments were exhibited. The subject will be continued next Wednesday evening, by the same lecturer.

Literary and Scientific Society.—The subject of discussion last Monday evening, was, Is a transgression of the laws of morality excusable under any circumstances for political purposes.—Decided in the negative. Subject for next Monday evening,—Has party spirit beneficial tendencies.

We have this week made copious extracts, from English periodicals, which are indicative of the current literature. William Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" seems one of the most attractive of late publications. It brings imagination, poetic feeling, and literary recollections, to embellish matters of fact, very delightfully. What romantic ground must many parts of England be, to those who are versed in its history and literature, and who have susceptibilities for some of the finest emotions of the mind.

News of the Week.—The British Queen steamship arrived at New York on the 19th inst.,—bringing London dates to February 29.

Nothing of interest appears from England.—The French Ministry had been defeated in the Chamber of Deputies, and had resigned in consequence. Some difficulty is said to be experienced in forming a new cabinet.—The Queen Regent of Spain, accompanied by the young Queen, Isabella II., opened the session of the newly-elected Cortes on the 18th Feb. The speech adverted to the Provinces which still remained unsettled, and to several other topics of interest to the kingdom.—Many apprehensions seem to exist, respecting the intrigues of Russia against the power of Great Britain.

The Provincial politics of the week have been interesting. Appointments to seats in the Legislative Council, have been made, as follows: M. G. Black,—M. Tobin, junr.,—J. L. Starr, Esqrs. of Halifax,—Dr. Bond, of Yarmouth,—P. DeCarteret, Esq., Arichat,—and D. McFarlane, Esq., Wallace. Mr. Black declined the honovr,—Mr. Tobin and Mr. Starr took the oaths and their seats; the other gentlemen are in the country. Alex. Stewart, Esq., now in England, is appointed to the Executive Council.

On Tuesday the House of Assembly passed a series of resolutions respecting the Civil List Bill,—which was lost in the Council,—and a resolution against the appointment of Mr. Stewart to the Executive Council.

On Wednesday the Assembly passed an Address to her Majesty, complaining of the policy of the Lieut. Governor, and praying for his removal.

On Friday his Excellency came down in state, and closed the legislative session, by proroguing the branches.

Highland Society.—The Annual Meeting of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, was held on Saturday evening, William Young, Esq. President of the Society, in the chair. A Report of the proceedings of the last year, and a number of letters from correspondents in Britain, were read, and ordered to be printed. The Society agreed to appropriate £50 for the importation of school books, &c. to be disposed of under the direction of the committee. The following gentlemen were appointed office bearers for the ensuing year:—

James McNab, Esq. *President.* Charles W. Wallace, James F. Gray, Alex. Primrose, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Tanen, Roderick C. McDonald, Esqrs. *Vice Presidents.* W. Young, G. R. Young, Alex. Keith, Wm. Gossip, Rev. John Martin, Archibald McDonald, John Williamson, John Munro, and Hugh Munro, *Directors.* Charles W. Wallace, *Treasurer.* John McGregor, Samuel Gray, *Secretaries.* Rev. James Mackintosh, *Chaplain.*

A large number of new members were admitted into the Society. A vote of thanks was passed to W. Young, and R. McDonald, Esqrs. for their exertions in forwarding the objects of the Society.

Gas Light and Water Company.—An adjourned Meeting of above Company was held at the Exchange Coffee House on Thursday morning at 12 o'clock, but owing to the whole amount of Stock not being taken up, it was Resolved that a *Provisional Committee* should be appointed to call upon all such parties as were desirous of becoming Stockholders in the same, and to report thereon at the next General Meeting.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, Mr. Albert Laurilliard, to Mary Osborn, both of Halifax.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Robert Blackwood, Mr. John Goodwin of Lower Stewiacke, to Miss Esther Benton, of Middle Stewiacke.——On the same day by the same, Stephen G. Pollock, Esq. to Miss Lydia Campbell, of Stewiacke.

At Chester, by the Rev. Dr. Shreeve, Mr. Walter Pearl, to Miss Ann Matilda Church, of Tahcook Island.

DIED.

At 27 Pitt-street, Edinburgh, on 28th Jan. Mrs. Isaballa Sinclair, wife of Thomas Cochran Hume, Esq. and seaond daughter of the late William Sinclair, Esq. of Freswick.

At the Catholic Chapel House, Dunfries, on the 14th Jan. in the 80th year of his age, the Hon. and R[illegible] Rev. Alexander McDonell, Bishop of Kingston, U. C.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Edward Po[illegible] aged 43 years.

At Londonderry, on Sunday evening the 22[illegible] inst. in the 33d year of her age, after a few days illness, Agnes Spencer, wife of Capt. Samuel Davison, leaving a husband and four children to lament the loss of an affectionate wife kind parent and a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn the loss of one beloved and respected by all her acquaintance.

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THE Subscriber has just received, and offers for Sale as above, cheap for Cash or approved credit:

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Wafer Seals, with mottos and names,
Copy Books, Memorandum Books, Ledgers, Blotters, &c.
Slates and Slate Pencils.

Orders from the country thankfully received and punctually attended to. A liberal reduction made from the retail prices to persons sending orders to the extent of £5; and also a discount on all Cash purchases.

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

February 22.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"*The Letter Bag of the Great Western,*"

And for sale at the Bookstore of

ARTHUR W. GODFREY.

EDUCATION.

The poet Wordsworth, in one of his finest moods, with reference to this point, exclaims—

O for the coming of that glorious time,
When, prizing Knowledge as her noblest wealth
And *best protection*, this imperial realm,
Whilst she enacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Those who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself, by statute, to secure
For all her children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised,—so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage herd among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy, who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious uses—*by process indirect*
Declares his due while he makes known his need;
This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents, who, themselves,
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to Heaven,
It mounts to reach the STATE'S parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid
Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
THE UNQUESTIONABLE GOOD.

It is difficult, in the foregoing passage, which to admire most—the warm and kindly glow of the philanthrophy, the soundness of the philosophy, or the majestic poetry. We advise all who approach or interfere with this vast question, to imbue themselve as much as possible with the spirit of zeal, beneficence, and charity which prompted those lines, and all difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of a noble and enlarged plan of National Education will speedily vanish.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN MISSOURI.

Fulton, (Mo.), Jan. 30th, 1840.

SNOW STORM ON A MISSOURI PRAIRIE—A WOLF CHASE.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."—Hast thy blood ever been at zero, and hast thou then enjoyed the indescribable luxury of a hickory fire, blazing, crackling, roaring in a hearth six feet by three, the aforesaid combustible piled to the good stone arch, and mine host of the "Bear and Painter" (Panther)—a stalwart landlord he—entertaining you with stirring anecdotes of flood and field? Hast not! Then art thou an unlucky wight, and cannot enjoy that rare luxury even in thy imagination. Nevertheless, gentle editor, I will essay to tell you a few things that have not fallen to the lot of all your readers to hear and to behold.

It might then have been near mid-day of the 23d of this present writing, that an unlucky wayfarer (he being identified with your humble servant) might have been seen, if any one had been there to see, near the middle of the grand prairie—grand it is to the sight—yea, even terrible in mid-winter to the unhappy traveller—wending his way as best he might through clouds of drifting snow, driven by a nor'-wester, the recollection of which makes him shudder while he writes by the glorious fire of his hearty old Boniface. The scene was cheerless and bleak beyond all description; the wind drove the snow with surpassing fury almost against my front; not a tree nor a shrub could be seen, either to the right hand or to the left—before me or behind. A fire, or even a smoke from some friendly chimney would have been hailed as deliverance; but such things were not of that bleak region, and the only hope was to reach the woodland. Even that hope began to forsake me. My blood, as I thought, had already began to curdle in my veins—I was becoming chill, torpid, motionless. My poor horse was groaning in his agony, and I began to commune with myself, and calculate the chances of a frozen bier. But hark! what sound is that which breaks through the frozen atmosphere, as of shouting men, and horse, and hounds! It is a chase! The shouts of the huntsmen, and the clear, deep, sonorous voices of the dogs could now be heard above the whistling of the winds. Nearer and still nearer they approach, and past me, within half a stone's throw, sweeps a large grey wolf, the solitary tenant of that bleak dwelling place. At the sound of the horses's tramp, the shouting of the pursuers, and the thrilling notes of the swift-footed dogs, my half-frozen horse began to toss his head and snuff the wind, as if he had within him an inkling of the fun. I felt my own blood start and each successive shout warmed a foot at least of my torpid body. Wolf, hounds, and horsemen dashed along, and by the time the laggers had passed me, I felt the half-frozen blood course freely through my stiffened limbs. The prairie was apparently almost boundless, and the chase taking the same course I was myself pursuing, I gently touched the flank of old Crusader with the spur, and true as flint and steel (he had been a fox hunter in the Old Dominion), he brought his stiffened legs to a trot—a hobbling gallop—a gallant run, and as he warmed, to a killing pace. The distance of half a mile took me past the hindmost, and I began seriously to entertain the idea of being in at the death. The wolf had taken the "straight chute," as they say out here, and at the expiration of each ten minutes, I was leaving some one of the party behind. On went the wolf, the hounds, and horsemen, and on I went at a thundering gait, and in half an hour's time I was clearly in the van, and leading the chase, to the no small mortification of those who had a better right to be there. The chase had now lasted some six miles, and as we approached the wood, the wolf began to exhibit symptoms of yielding. He held on, however, and struggled with desperation, but it would'nt do. The dogs were letting out their last links, and it was apparent the day's work would soon be done. Not so fast, my hearties! The chase has gained a small arm of woodland that thrust itself into the prairie, and into it dashed headlong, driving "through the green brush and over the dry" for half a mile more, when the wolf, no craven spirit his, died game, amid the shouts and cheers of all who were within striking distance, after a little more than a five hours' run. By the time the wolf was captured I had forgotten that I had ever been cold, and following as a guide, a long, bony, serpent-looking fellow, who had been in the chase, we arrived in another two hours' ride at the County town of Randolph County, where I found, to my unspeakable gratification, a fat, jolly landlord, and as good a fire as you could wish to see in a winter's day, with your blood in temperature only a fraction above 0.

BRUMMELIANA.

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea."

Being met limping in Bond street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquired where he was going to dine next day, and was told that he really did not know: "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar, nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tompkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummel," observed a sympathising group. "Why, do you know," sasd he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? Port?—Oh, *port!*—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?"

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had a great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "That with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

LIGHT OF THE HAREM.—The Odalique is a fair slave of Circassia or Georgia, the purchase and property of her master alone, and frequently the favourite of his heart—"the light of his harem," yet she is bound to yield implicit obedience to the commands of the principal wife, and to treat her with the utmost deference and respect: her subordinate situation is never forgotten—she is scarcely allowed to converse in the company of her mistress—and when their common lord honours the female apartment with his presence, while the chief lady takes her station at the extreme end of the sofa upon which he is seated, the odalique is contented to place herself at his feet in submissive silence. For this reason the Bugek Hanoum, or head of the harem, would rather welcome the introduction of many slaves, to share or engross the affections of her husband, than admit the intrusion of a second wife, her rival in authority, although still her inferior in rank. But the latter infringement upon the happiness of a Turkish wife, seldom occurs in the middling classes of society. A Turk usually marries a woman of his own condition, the remainder of his household, should he desire to increase it, consist of slaves, and the careful distinction of rank, if it destroys the pleasures of social intercourse among its inmates, is productive of concord—it avoids the vain struggle for precedence, and prevents the worst torment of jealousy, that of mortified vanity. The odalique, however she may be the favourite of her master, is a slave—and the wife, though her charms have lost their power, remains the undisputed and legitimate queen of the harem,---yet every lady has her private apartment, to which she may retire when she pleases, to enjoy in solitude a freedom from restraint.—*Emma Reeve, in Character and Costume, in Turkey.*

TEMPERANCE.—We have been favoured with a copy of *The Truth Teller*, giving an account of the progress of the great temperance reformation, at present going on in Ireland under Father Mathew, which we shall attend to on Wednesday; and we have also a detailed account of what recently took place at Waterford, and in its vicinity, in which city alone, at least 100,000 persons took the temperance pledge. While this blessed reformation is going on in Ireland, if we may judge from temperance meetings which are noticed in the various exchange papers that we receive, a revival is taking place through British America and in the United States; and as there is a Resolution lying on the table of the House of Assembly here, for prohibiting the introduction of Intoxicating Liquor into this Province, upon which an expression of public sentiment during the next session is called for; we shall be prepared after being relieved from our legislative labours, to bring a systematic plan of operation under the notice of the pledged friends of the temperance cause for their consideration and approval.—*Fredericton Sentinel.*

THE SAILOR IN A STORM.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here,
Soft shelter'd, as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near!
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves;
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light,
Then in the dread of death to think of her
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer, and waxes pale!
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

THE USE OF SILK UNDER-CLOTHING.—To every one, in damp, moist conditions of the atmosphere, flannel is a great comfort, but silk is the most useful covering of the body. It is by far the best friend and comforter that can be applied. We know that if a silk handkerchief be perfectly dry, that lightning the most accumulated could not pass through it, so decided a non-conductor is it: hence, if worn next to the skin, the air cannot absorb the electricity of the human body. Silk waistcoats, drawers, and stockings, of the same material, are of the greatest service during the humid state of the winter months of this country. The hypochondriac, the nervous, will derive from them more benefit than from the most active tonic, and they will prove a more invigorating cordial than any spiritous dram; nor are the effects transient, for a buoyancy of spirits, and an agreeable warmth, are thus diffused over the whole frame.—*From an excellent little book by Dr. Sigmond, on Mercury.*

How quick is the succession of human events! The cares of today are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—*Cowper.*

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