

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN FOR JULY.

SCENE—THE GALLEY OF A FRIGATE.

'WHAT!—your Traffylgar tar?—That breed's gone by, my ho—few are now seen in the sarvis.—Your present race are another set of men altogether—as different, aye, as different as beer and bilge water.—They're all for LARNING now; and yet there's not one in a thousand as larns his trade—and, what's worse nor all, they're all a larning from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobsters.—Why, I was aboard of a crack craft t'other day, a stationer too, three years in commission, as came to be paid off at Portsmouth,—and I'm bless'd if ev'ry fellow fore-and-aft at divisions (twas Sunday, you know, and the ship's company were rigged in their best mustering togs,)—well, may I never see light, if ev'ry chap as toed a line on her deck, from stem to stern, had'n't his body braced up with a pair o' BRACKS crossing his shoulders, for all the world like a galloot on guard.

'Now I speaks as I knows, and knows what I speaks—for you see I was a Traffylgar chap myself.—Did you ever hear of the Le-Bellisle?—Did you ever of Billy-go-tight, her skipper?—D'yd you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infernal fire, and Billy-go-tight singing out like a soger?—No, I won't strike—not I—no, never, not I!!—and Billy being then brought up with a round turn, by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and saying to the skipper—There's no one a' AXINE you, Sir!—Well, I've seed that—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks, when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of Port-royal Tom; yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them three things over and over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with BRACKS—or, more properly speaking, toppin-lifts, toppin-up his trowsers—I'm blow'd if I would'n't rather take three dozen with the thief's-cat. Then, again, your peace-trained tars are a lurch chaps for holding on the dibs—In my time, when rousing out his rhino, a fellow never looked to see if he pulled from his pocket a shilling or a guinea. Paying for a pint of pearl, a glass of grog, or a coachee or guard a traveling—a fellow stood just as good chance of getting the one as the t'other.

But then you see Bill, said one of his auditors—then, you see, men are beginning to get more sperience, to larn more the vally of things, and to consider themselves as much a 'part of the people' as now other people do in the world.

PEOPLE! returned Thompson indignantly, I like to see the fellow as dare call me a 'part of the people'—I'd people him!—That's your shore-going gammon—your infernal larning as capsize your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle and sets fire to all afloat. Is it because you can prate in a pot-house, year to call yourself 'Part of the people,' and to think yourself as big as Burdett or a Bishop?—no, no, larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taught in the SEAT, to curse a steamer, and puddin' an anchor,—and then, instead of calling yourself 'part of the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar.

Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race of seamen are not just as good men as before Traffylgar!

I does—I means to say they hav'n't the mind 'as they had—they doesn't think the same way—(that is they thinks too much)—and more—they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war—chaps now reefing taup-sails crawl out by the foot-ropes, and you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the top-gallant-studding-sail haliards.

Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller and lighter-built.

Smaller!—not a bit of it—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock—No, no, my ho, they were big enough—they'd both blood and bone in 'em, but not so much beef in their heels as the top-men you now see afloat.

Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft.—

Mind ye, I doesn't say, continued Thompson, 'that your small men abroad are not mostly the best—They're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast:—And yet, a double-fisted fellow tells well rousing abroad a tack or hauling aft a sheet—and what's better nor all, they're less conceited, and offend: far better tempered nor chaps not half their height.

Well; I dun know, Bill—I'm not a small man myself—said one of the assembled group—I'm not a small man, nor yet what you calls the reg'lar size—but some how or other, your undersiz'd fellows always do best in the world—for go where you will, you'll always find a little fellow making up to a lass double his length to give him a lift in life.

We'd a chap in the old ANDREW-MACK†—not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a skysail-pole—he was, what they calls, a reg'lar-built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest abroad—He was captain of the mizen-top, and well they knew it, the boys abaft,—for he'd an infernal tyrannical temper—His wife was quite the reverse,—a better-hearted cretur never slept under a gun—See them at North-corner or Mutton-cove on liberty together, and you see what care she'd take of her 'Tom—her 'Tom-tit, as he was christened aboard. Tom liked his drop, but the fellow was so short 'twould get his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man—There he'd drop as drunk as a lord, lay in the mud and mire, till his rib (long Kate as we called her) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, and take him abroad in a waterman's boat; and yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour.

JOHNSON NO GENTLEMAN.—Garrick used to tell that Johnson was so ignorant of what the manners of a gentleman were, that he said, of some stroller at Lichfield, that there was a courtly vivacity about him; 'Whereas, in fact,' added Garrick, 'he was the most vulgar RUFFIAN that ever trod the boards,' (post, 12th March, 1776.) No doubt the most difficult, though perhaps not the highest branch of the actor's art is to catch the light colours of fashionable

* A well-known shark in Jamaica.

† Andrew-Mack—Andromache frigate.

life: but, if Garrick, who lived so much in the highest society, had not this quality, what actor could ever hope to possess it?—Croker.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN WHO DIED AT MARSEILLES OF A CONSUMPTION

FROM his room to the deck they brought him drest
For his funeral rites, at his own request,
With his boots, and stock, and garments on,
With nought but the breathing spirit gone;
For he wished a child might come and lay
An unstartled hand upon his clay.
Then they wrapped his corse in the tarry sheet,
To the dead, as Araby's spices, sweet,
And prepared him to seek the depths below,
Where waves never beat, nor tempests blow.

No steeds with their nodding plumes were there,
No sable hearse, and no confined bier,
To bear with parade and pomp away
The dead to sleep with his kindred clay.
But the little group, a silent few,
His companions, mixed with the hardy crew,
Stood thoughtful around, till a prayer was said
O'er the corse of the dead, unconscious dead.
Then they bore his remains to the vessel's side,
And committed them safe to the dark blue tide:
One sullen plunge and the scene is o'er—
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

In that classical sea, whose azure vies
With the green of its shore and the blue of its skies,
In some pearly cave, in some coral cell,
Oh! the dead shall sleep as sweetly, as well
As if shrouded in the pomp of Parian tombs,
Where the east and the south breathe their rich perfumes.
Nor forgotten shall be the humblest one,
Though he sleep in the watery waste alone,
When the trump of the Angel sounds with dread,
And the Sea, like the Earth, gives up its dead.

FROM BEATTIE'S RESIDENCE IN GERMANY.

THE RHINE.

THE willow weeps upon the grave
Of every kindred name;
Their towers are toppling to the wave—
All faded, but their fame!
And I, the last of that proud race,
No welcome waits for me,
No spring this withered stem shall grace—
No leaf this blighted tree!
Ah, 'tis a sad and stirring sight,
Thus lonely and unknown,
To pause on this dismantled height,
That once was all my own!
For we did part as lovers part,
I've wander'd faint and far;
But still my heart, like lovers heart,
Turn'd fondly to its star!

No streams through Judah's land that flow,
Nor Arno strewn with flowers,
Nor lordly Tiber, could bestow
One ray of those sweet hours—
Of those sweet hours, beside thy stream,
When fancy's fairy train
Locked up my heart in that sweet dream
I ne'er shall dream again!

My native Rhine! amid thy bowers,
A pilgrim let me be!
Here live my last and lonely hours
With solitude and thee!
At length, in yon sweet isle of thine—
The green turf on my breast—
And lulled each earthly care of mine,
How calmly I could rest.

SPANISH WOMEN.—Mr. Inglis says, in his account of a visit to the Prado, at Madrid, 'In my expectations of beauty I was miserably disappointed; beauty of features I saw none. Neither at that time nor any subsequent visit to the Prado, did I ever see one strikingly lovely countenance; and the class so well known in England, because so numerous, denominated 'pretty girls,' has no existence in Spain. The women were, without exception, dark; but the darkness of the clear Brunette is darkness of very different kind

from that of the Castilian. I saw no fine skin, no glossy hair; dark, expressive eyes I certainly did see, but they were generally too ill supported to produce much effect. But let me do justice to the grace of the Spanish women. No other woman knows how to walk,—the elegant, light, and yet firm step of the small and well-attired foot and ankle,—the graceful bearing of the head and neck,—the disposition of the arms, never to be seen hanging downward, but one hand holding the folds of the mantilla, just below the waist; the other inclining upward, wielding, with an effect the most miraculous, that mysterious instrument, the fan,—these are the charms of the Spanish women.

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle, in Ireland, told the editor an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith which (though, perhaps, coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester-square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of pressing, said, 'That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jezabels; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' That's true, answered Goldsmith with great humility; 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish; I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'—Boswell's Johnson, by Croker.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.—At the age of sixty-two, Johnson had an inclination to get into Parliament; 'I should like to try my hand now,' he exclaimed. On which Mr. C informs us, 'Lord Stowell has told the editor, that it was understood amongst Johnson's friends, that Lord North was afraid that Johnson's help (as he himself said of Lord Chesterfield's) might have been sometimes embarrassing.' 'He, perhaps, thought, and not unreasonably,' added Lord Stowell 'that, like the elephant in the battle, he was quite as likely to trample down his friends as his foes.'—Boswell's Johnson by Croker.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS FROM THE LONDON GLOBE OF THE EVENING OF THE 15TH AUGUST.

TITHES.—A meeting was held at the Globe hotel, Exeter, on Friday to consider the propriety of calling a county meeting on the subject of Tithes. The Hon. N. Fellowes was in the Chair, and several gentlemen having addressed the meeting, it was resolved, 'That this meeting feels a lively interest in the settlement of the tithe question, and no composition can remove the evils of it. That this meeting regards the bill (Abp. of Canterbury's) as useless in its object, and objectionable by the means by which that object is to be effected.' Mr. Tyrell moved, as an amendment, that the word 'pernicious' be substituted instead of 'useless'—i.e., 'that this meeting regards the bill as pernicious in its object,' &c. The amendment being seconded by Mr. Yelland, of Crediton, was carried unanimously. A committee was formed, and subscriptions entered into to get up a requisition to the High Sheriff. The committee consists of the Hon. N. Fellowes, Sir H. Day, Bart., J. Sillifant, Jun., T. W. Buller, E. Divett, C. P. Hamlyn and J. Parrot, Esqrs. and others.

Died, a few days since, aged 70, Robert Lee, who for many years enjoyed the distinguished title of King of the Gypsies. Since his secession of the erratic tribe, and during his residence in this city, his Majesty has been domiciled at the House of Industry, from