

what good can they get there? What do they go there for, but merely to come down and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer on dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets, now orsooth the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we could do with.

Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does, I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did we not beat the French without steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half starved as it is, they will be ten times worse if they are turned out to make room for steam engines; and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now. It is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build! Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers, and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old wagon horses, and the regular legitimate coach horses, that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of rail roads, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, and good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck weed and dead cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer shops. Why could they not let the good old gin shops alone and stick to the regular legitimate public houses? Our ancestors could get as drunk as heart could wish at the genuine licensed old fashioned pot house.

Look at the population too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, as there is now.—I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the streets, what right they had to be born; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought they had as good right to be born as any one else. I wish they could read Malthus's Essay on Population, they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense, for they have been so flabbergasted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The Constitution is gone—quite gone! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh! those were glorious old times, when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter; when for one half the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skate every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skates in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoke glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanac for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know any thing that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange innovation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do; but every thing is in disorder, a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy, we had not half the vices and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy, stinking gas! The buildings where it is made look like prisons without-side, and like infernal regions within; and there always is some accident or other happening with it; people have their houses blown up with it, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery.—The streets used to be lighted well enough with good old-fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us, but any thing for innovation! I must confess I liked to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches, they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps like so many Guy Fawkes.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder that they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police, men and blue coats? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the poor and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regular as the King is the defender of the faith, and more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed; they would not hurt a fly.—Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to land; they have even encroached upon the water.—Were not London, Blackfriars and Westminster bridges quite enough in all conscience?—What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge, and a great overgrown granite monster that cost ten times more than its worth? And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations none ever equalled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treaded with respect for even antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it; and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere, if they are not drowned there.

Talk of innovations, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam boats? They have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go then. We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind? And if we have nothing but steam boats, what will become of the sail maker? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate every thing that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailor's bills. I hate every thing new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall hate that if the Editor rejects my article.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

SOCIETY

SOCIETY—how oft that word profaned
We find, in scenes where nothing social dwells!
Where numbers mix, but sever'd hearts abound,
Each meanly cover'd with a mask of smiles.
But when a nature, noble in itself
And gifted, from the throne of greatness falls
Amid the mass, to sacrifice the soul
Round petty altars which the world has rear'd,
Who does not mourn a prostituted mind?
There was a festival where fairy shapes
Of bright-eyed women and of courtly men
Convened; and one to whom my fancy knelt
In sympathetic, high, and lonely hours,
Was there, supreme above the glowing throng.
His boyhood was a fiery thirst of fame
Which manhood had fulfill'd, and oh, how oft
The page of beauty where his thoughts had burn'd,
And all the verdure of his soul array'd
Each word with life and freshness—fill'd my mind
With ecstasy, till e'en this outward world
A hue of glory from his heart derived!
Love, Truth, and Joy, each varied scene and sound
From him a mystic inspiration caught,—
Where'er I went, some intellectual gleam
Or radiance told of his abiding power—
For he had clothed the universe with light
To me, and everywhere his presence ruled.
And oft in secret had I shaped the form
That shined a spirit such as I adored.
We met,—and never on the cheek of life
Has death a with'ring change so quickly set,
As on my heart fell disappointment's blight!
Society had marr'd his noble mind,—
His thoughts were muffled in unmeaning words,—
The stately nothingness of gaudy life
Alone he worship'd, not a tint remain'd
Of his true nature,—not a tone reveal'd
The lofty music of the soul within.
A thing of artifice, and wooing smiles,
And fawning speeches, rank with falsehood's breath,
Was all he proved, whom wonder had array'd
With attributes of glory!—seldom pass'd
From light to darkness such a soul as his!
O World! and is it thus thy victims fall!
Then grant me, Heaven, some few confiding hearts,
Where truth abounds, and deep affections dwell;
The stern may laugh, or wisdom call it vain,—
But life is holy when the heart is free!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

CAPTURE OF A SNAKE.—The negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a

young one, called the Bush-master, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and laying hold of the eight foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, Daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat and cheek shirt, and trowsers on, and a pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and as we ascended the hill, another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent; I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a Coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A Coulacanara of fourteen feet in length, is as thick as a common Boa of twenty four. After skinning this snake I could easily get my head into his mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension.

On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and entreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us.

I had been at the siege of Troy for nine years, and it would not do now to carry back to Greece, 'nil decimo nisi dedecus anno' I mean, I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this, but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it.

When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred, but I could see nothing of his head, and judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain, or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore marks of an ancient settlement.

I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance; and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass that I had taken from the first negro, was on the ground close by me, in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. The dog was sitting at a distance in mute observance. I could now read in the face of the negroes, that they considered this as a very unpleasant affair; and they made another attempt to persuade me to let them go for a gun. I smiled in a good natured manner, and made a feint to cut them down with the weapon I had in my hand. This was all the answer I made to their request, and they looked very uneasy. It must be observed, we were now about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me, to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only