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sent to Paul, it was necessary to drop plump on your knees, with force enough to make the floor ring, as if a musket had been grounded, and to kiss his hand with energy sufficient to certify to all present the honour which you had just enjoyed. Prince George, Miltzen was placed under arrest for kissing his hand too negligently. When enraged, he lost all command of himself, which sometimes gave rise to very curious scenes. In one of his famous passions, flourishing his cane, he struck by accident the branch of a large lustre lamp; broke it; whereupon he commenced a serious attack, from which he did not relax, until he had entirely demolished his brittle antagonists.—*Historical Parallels, Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

POPULAR PASTIMES IN GERMANY.—I was taken this morning to a public garden in the vicinity, where the merry and wise congregated during these solstitial days. It was a lively scene: all were welcome that came, and all that came were apparently happy: There were cool, shady arbours for the over-heated, or contemplative, green mazes for the restless to tire themselves in, and delightful seats to receive them when weary. There was smooth, velvet turf, for the waltzers, wine for the herrschaft, flowers and confections, for the ladies, beer and tobacco for the bourschaft. Music which kept the waltzers in a perpetual whirl, gave them an additional pair of wings, with a right merry holiday to all.—*Dr. Beattie's German Courts.*

A HIT AT PROTESTANTISM.—There is novelty in the blind and sturdy Roman Catholicism, which dictated an inuendo against our Protestant temples. 'Here,' (at Liverpool,) says the viscount, 'are chapels for all communions, and temples for every nameable error of the human mind. When our ancestors built towns, they erected multitudes of churches; but from a conviction of the enduring character of their faith, they consecrated to the God of Eternity, such fabrics as should outlive centuries and generations, and resist the assaults of time. Now-a-days, each sectarian seems to feel that his vision is but an ephemeral dream, and he takes no pains to raise a durable structure to his deity. All these places, of religious assembly, are poor, niggardly, and of vulgar taste; they are not worthy the traveller's turning out of his course to visit them.—*Count Walsh's Letters on England.*

MAIL TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—It will probably create some surprise when I say, that in no part of Europe is it possible to travel with so much comfort, or with so great rapidity, as by the Spanish Couriers. The coach is more commodious and roomy than an English private carriage; it is well cushioned and seated; the windows are furnished with Venetian blinds, by which the air may be admitted and the sun excluded; and with silk curtains, by which the sun may be excluded even when the glass windows are closed: and two passengers only are admitted inside: another is admitted into the cabriolet along with the guards. The coach is drawn by four mules, which are kept at a gallop the whole way, up hill and down hill; and the road from Bayonne to Madrid is, generally, as smooth as the very best roads in England. I ascertained that the rate of travelling exceeded twelve miles an hour. No time is lost in useless stoppages; the mules are changed with as great expedition as in England; the traveller must be contented with few meals; and, against the assaults of thirst, the guards are provided with a well-filled wine-skin, to which they never apply, without first offering it to the passengers, who are expected to accept the civility.—*Ingles's Spain in 1830.*

DECLINING OF PRIESTLY INFLUENCE IN SPAIN.—I learned from the *Senorita* who waited at table, that a sad misfortune had that day befallen the village. The Bishop, to whose diocese it belonged, had journeyed from Navarre to pay his respects to the Infante at Bilbao; on his return, he had stopped at Durango, as it was improper to travel on Sunday, and, after condescending to preach a sermon in the village church, he had reproved the levity of the people, and forbade that there should be any dancing in the village that evening; but the girl added, that she would go to another village, half a league distant, to which the injunction did not extend. This trifling trait, added to another which I shall now record, first led me to suspect that the influence of the priesthood was on the de-

cline, in Biscay, at least. The landlord, having discovered that I was English, asked me how many priests we might have, in England, in a town such as Durango? I replied, that we might have one or two. "O Bois!" said he, 'we have here more than forty!'—*Ingles's Spain in 1830*

WEST-INDIA POPULATION.—The following table exhibits the relative proportions of the White, Free Black, and Slave population, in the several Islands of the West Indies—

	Slaves.	Free Blacks.	Whites
Jamaica	241,812	35,000	25,000
Antigua	31,000	4,000	5,000
Barbadoes	79,000	5,000	16,000
Nevis	9,000	1,000	450
Grenada	25,000	2,800	900
St. Kitt's	19,500	2,500	1,000
Total	505,312	50,300	48,350

MODELS OF NAPOLEON'S STATUE.—No less than thirty-six models of Napoleon were produced by the French Sculptors, in the contest for the hour of erecting the statue in the Place Vendome. M. M. Seurre and Bra were the most successful; and of these, the former was finally chosen. His model represents the hero in the costume made familiar to us by Messrs. Warde and Gomersal, holding a telescope in his right hand.

EAST INDIAN FEMALES.—The feet, ankle, and waist of a fair Brehminee, and, indeed, of almost all the female natives, are perfect symmetry, whilst the hand and wrist are cast in a mould of elegance far superior to that from which, in other countries, these beauties are derived.—*Olley's Rustum Kaln.*

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

BYRON.

The pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent, might, with little change, be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a tender and generous heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary might copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect; affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses—at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child, not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure, was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles, where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of noble natures, hastened to their repast; and they were right; they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps; it gradually waxed fainter; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other, what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been; and his complaints were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face.

He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the voice of the neighbours whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion; long renowned for skill in the arts of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption, he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country

of his birth, he was at open war: He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned grey. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish.

From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by an attachment, culpable indeed, yet such as, judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. But an imagination polluted by vice, a temper embittered by misfortune, and a frame habituated to the fatal excitement of intoxication, prevented him from fully enjoying the happiness which he might have derived from the purest and most tranquil of his many attachments. Midnight draughts of ardent spirits and Rhenish wines had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect. His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign, without a struggle, the empire which he had exercised over the men of his generation. A new dream of ambition arose before him—to be the centre of a literary party, the great mover of an intellectual revolution;—to guide the public mind of England from his Italian retreat, as Voltaire had guided the public mind of France from the villa of Ferney. With this hope, as it should seem, he established *THE LIBERAL*. But, powerfully as he had affected the imaginations of his contemporaries, he mistook his own powers, if he hoped to direct their opinions, and he still more grossly mistook his own disposition, if he thought that he could long act in concert with other men of letters. The plan failed, and failed ignominiously. Angry with himself, and angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it; and turned to another project, the last and noblest of his life.

A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates—the abject vices which it generates in those who struggle against it—had deformed the character of that miserable race. The valour which had won the great battle of human civilization,—which had served Europe, and subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discouraged or betrayed the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance,—something of the energy of their fathers.

As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions, unsettled, leaned strongly towards the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse; and if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction,—degraded in his own eyes by his private vices, and by his literary failures,—pining for untried excitement and honourable distinction—he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

His conduct in his new situation showed so much vigour and good sense as to justify us in believing, that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier, and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him; he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sick-bed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

We cannot even now retrace those events without feeling something of what was felt by the nation, when it was first known that the grave had closed over so much sorrow and so much glory;—something of what was felt by those who saw the hearse, with its long train of coaches, turn slowly northward, leaving behind it that cemetery, which had been consecrated by the dust of so many great poets, but of which the doors were closed against all that remained of Byron. We well remember that, on that day, rigid moralists could not refrain from weeping for one so young, so illustrious, so unhappy, gifted with such rare gifts, and tried by such strong temptations. It is unnecessary to make any reflections. The history carries its moral with it. Our age has indeed been fruitful of warnings to the eminent, and of consolation to the obscure. Two men have died within our recollection, who, at a time of life at which few people have completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood, the other at Missolonghi.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That Marsh was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched, is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery;—if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment;—if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His principal heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair—who are sick of life—who are at war with society—who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride, resembling that of Prometheus on the rock, or of Satan in the burning mart; who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who, to the last, defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered—whose capacity for happiness was gone, and could not be restored; but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.