

Literature.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

A CHARACTER.—He was a little bustling man, always fussing about something or other—eternally making frivolous excuses for paying visits at unseasonable hours, for the purpose of taking people by surprise, and seeing what they were about, and everlastingly giving people advice; and, after any unpleasant accident, loss of property, or other casualty, he was always ready with an assurance, that, 'if it had been his case, he would have done so and so;' and gave ample grounds for you to understand, that you were very little more nor less than a fool, and he the wisest of men, since the days of Solomon. But curiosity was his prevailing foible. When he entered the room, his little twinkling eyes went peering round the chamber, to ascertain if any thing worth notice was within eye-shot; and when failure ensued, in that case he himself went on a voyage of discovery into every corner, and with excuses so plausible, that he flattered himself nobody saw what he did. For example, he might commence thus: 'Ha! Miss Emily, you've got a string broken in your harp, I see, and forthwith he posted over to the instrument; and while he was clawing the instrument, and declaring it was 'a monstrous sweet harp,' he was reconnoitring the quarter where it stood with the eye of a lynx. Unsuccessful there, he would proceed, mayhap, to the table where some recently received letters were lying; and stooping down over one with its seal upwards, exclaim 'Dear me! what a charming device! Let me see; what is it? a padlock, and the motto, 'honour keeps the key.' Ah! very pretty indeed, excellent!' And then he would carelessly turn over the letter, to see the post mark and superscription, to try if he could glean any little *hint* from them; 'So! so! a foreign post mark, I see; ha! I daresay, now this is from your cousin; his regiment is abroad, I believe? Eh, Miss Emily?' rather knowingly. Miss Emily might reply shyly, 'I thought you admired the motto on the seal?' 'Oh yes—a—very true, indeed, a very pretty motto; and so on. He had a little dog too, that was as great a nuisance as himself, and emulated his master in his prying propensities; he was very significantly called 'Ferret,' and not unfrequently had he been instrumental in making mischievous discoveries. One in particular I cannot resist noticing: Mrs. Fitz-Altamont was a lady of high descent; in short, the descent had been such a long one, that the noble family of Fitz-Altamont had descended very low indeed; but Mrs. Fitz-Altamont would never let 'the aspiring blood of Lancaster sink in the ground;' and, accordingly, was always reminding her acquaintance how very noble a stock she came from, at the very moment she was making some miserable show of gentility. In fact, Mrs. Fitz-Altamont's mode of living reminded one very much of worn-out plated ware, in which the copper made a very considerable appearance; or, as Goldsmith says of the French, she

"Trim'd her robe of frieze with copper face."

Her children had been reared from the earliest infancy with lofty notions; they started, even from the baptismal font under the shadow of high-sounding names; there were Alfred, Adolphus, and Harold, her magnanimous boys; and Angelina and Iphigenia her romantic girls. Judge then of the mortification of Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, when, one day seated at a rather homely early dinner, Little Beau Peep popped in upon them. How he contrived such a surprise is not stated; whether by a surreptitious entry through a back window, or, fairy-like, through a key-hole has never been clearly ascertained, but certain it is, he detected the noble family of Fitz-Altamont in the fact of having been dining upon—EGGS! yes, sympathetic reader, EGGS. The denouement took place thus: seated before this unseemly fate, the voice of Beau Peep was heard in the hall by the affrighted Fitz-Altamonts. No herd of startled deer was ever half so terrified by the deep bay of the ferocious stag-hound, as the 'present company' at the shrill pipe of the cur, Beau Peep; and by a simultaneous movement of thought and action, they at once huddled every thing upon the table, topsy turvy, into the table-cloth and crammed it with precipitous speed under the sofa; and, scattering their chairs from their formal

and indicative position round the table, they met their 'dear friend' Beau Peep with smiles, as he gently opened the door in his own insinuating manner, to say that, 'just as he was in the neighbourhood, he would not pass by his esteemed friend Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, without calling to pay his respects.' Both parties were 'delighted' to see each other, and Mr. Beau Peep seated himself on the sofa, and his little dog 'Ferret' lay down between his feet; and whether it was from a spice of his master's talent for discovery, or a keen nose that nature gave him, we know not, but after sniffing once or twice, he made a sudden dart beneath the sofa, and in an instant immersed from under its deep and dirty flounce, dragging after him the table-cloth, which unfolding in its course along the well-darned carpet, disclosed 'beggarly account of empty egg shells.' We shall not attempt to describe the *finale* of such a scene; but Mrs. Fitz-Altamont, in speaking to a friend on the subject, when the affair had 'got wind,' and demanded an explanation, declared she never was so 'horrified' in her life. It was just owing to her own foolish good nature; she had allowed *all* her servants (she had but *one*) to go to the fair in the neighbourhood, and had ordered John to be home at a certain hour from the town with marketing. But John did not return; and it happened so unfortunately, such a thing never happened before; there was not an atom in the larder but eggs; and they just were making a little *lunch*, when that provoking creature, Mr Terrier, broke in on them—*Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.*

(FROM THE METROPOLITAN.)

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and colours, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great Beautious Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcome
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 E'en gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in the prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song
 For these wild head-lands and the sea-mew's clang.

Mighty Sea!

Camelion-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change and constant sympathy
 With yonder sky, thy Mistress; from her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wears her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve;
 And all thy balmy hours, fair Element,
 Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
 That little is the wonder Love's own queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung.
 Creation's common! which no human power
 Can parcel or inclose; the lordiest flood
 And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
 To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
 And brook'st commandment from Heaven alone
 For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!

How placidly thy moist lips speak e'en now
 Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
 So facile as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene,
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking e'en the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child?—

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breath'd
 Existence—and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thund'ring concert with the quiring winds;
 But long as man to parent Nature owns

Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CRUELTY OF FERDINAND 'THE BELOVED.'—Madame de Migo, who has been very laudably turning an accomplishment to a useful account, during the last three years, in London, and supporting, by her vocal talents, her husband, a proscribed officer of high rank in the constitutional army of Spain, lately ventured to enter her native country, on private business of some importance to her family, and was immediately seized by order of Ferdinand, and cast into a dungeon, charged with the heinous crime of having maintained General de Vigo and her children during their exile! How long will this man be suffered to disgrace a noble people, and poise a Christian throne?—*Harmonicon* Feb. June 1

DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.—The perfection of astronomical instruments has afforded the prospect of being able to determine the *Annual Parallax*, and consequently, the distance of the fixed stars; but the quantity of deviation is so small as to have hitherto eluded the closest observation: It cannot amount to a second in the most conspicuous, and, probably, the nearest of the stars. These luminous bodies must, therefore, be more distant, at least *two hundred thousand* times, than the measure of the diameter of the earth. The light emitted from such neighbouring suns, though it flies with enormous rapidity, must yet travel more than six thousand years before it reaches the confines of our system. But, scattered over the immensity of space, there may exist bodies which, by their magnitude and predominant attraction, retain or recall the rays of light, and are lost in solitude and darkness. Had the celerity of the luminous particles not exceeded four hundred miles in a second, we should have enjoyed the cheering beams of the sun. They would have been arrested on their journey, and drawn back to their source, before they reached the orbit of Mercury. But a star similar to our sun, and having a diameter sixty-three times greater, would entirely overpower the impetus of light.—*Professor Leslie's Dissertation in the Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition.*

TREATMENT OF DROWNED PERSONS.—When a person is taken out of the water, nothing is so absurd or so likely to cause death, as to hang the patient up by the heels, under the notion that the water will run out of his lungs. This has been practised but it is most fatal. What I would recommend as the first thing to be done, even at the water's edge, is to lay the patient on his back, his head being a little elevated; and then let some one press strongly on the breast bone, with both hands, so as to depress the ribs; and then to let them spring up again, so as to induce respiration. After this the patient should be taken to a moderately warm room, his clothes taken off, and his person wrapped in a blanket. If this cannot be done, let him be laid on a dung-heap. It often happens that bleeding is necessary, to relieve the heart from an overload of blood. This should be done by making a small puncture in the jugular vein: this must, of course, be done by a surgeon, but what I had before recommended may be done by any person, and it requires no apparatus. After the respiration and the circulation of the blood are restored commence friction and give brandy. If you cannot succeed in restoring respiration by the mode I have mentioned, tie a handkerchief round the nozzle of a pair of bellows, press the nose of the patient, and put the end of the nozzle of the bellows into his mouth, and thus try to inflate the lungs.—*Sir Astley Cooper.*

EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE MIND IN SICKNESS.—Before the glad tidings of pardon and peace in a future life, on certain conditions, had been proclaimed to the world by our Redeemer, so much intense suffering, nay, much less than that which is endured by a patient under a fatal illness, was considered by the most enlightened Romans, as a sufficient reason for ridding themselves abruptly of life. The first book of Pliny's letters furnishes us with two instances of friends of his, one of whom had recourse to this apparently common practice; and the other intended to resort to it, if the physician should pronounce his malady, as a