

stoop to vulgar conspiracy; perhaps, alike too abhorrent of blood, and too fond of his ease, to have exhibited the reckless vigour, or endured the long anxieties or wrapt up his mystery in the profound concealment of a Catiline, he had all the qualities that might have made a Cato Gracchus,—the eloquence, the ingeniousness of manner, the republican simplicity of life, and the showy and specious zeal of popularity in all its forms. Fox would have made the first of tribunes. He unquestionably possessed the means, at that period, to have become the most dangerous subject of England. Fox's life is a memorable lesson to the pride of talents. With every kind of public ability, every kind of public opportunity, and an unceasing and indefatigable determination to be at the summit in all things, his whole life was a succession of disappointments. It has been said, that, on commencing his parliamentary course, he declared that there were three objects of his ambition, and that he would obtain them all—that he should be the most popular man in England, the husband of the handsomest woman, and prime minister. He did attain them all; but in what diminished and illusory degree, how the 'juggling fiend kept the promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope,' is long since known. He was the most popular man in England, if the Westminster electors were the nation; his marriage, secured him beauty, if it secured him nothing else; and his premiership lasted scarcely long enough for him to appear at the levee. In a life of fifty-eight years, Fox's whole existence as a cabinet minister was but nineteen months; while Pitt, ten years his junior and dying at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, from his entrance into parliament, at the end of the country.—*Croly's Memoirs of George the Fourth.*

**MINA.**—The idol of the Clergy and terror of the French, in 1812, is become now the terror of the clergy and the idol of the liberals. Mina was an uneducated farmer, when accident placed him at the head of the guerilla, heretofore commanded by his nephew, who had been taken prisoner by the French. When, at the beginning of 1810, he took the command of the guerilla, they amounted to 400 men, badly organized; and, four years after, at the end of the war, they were eleven thousand men, perfectly equipped and disciplined. It is astonishing how he could thus have increased his forces, being always in the heart of the French armies, surrounded on all sides, closely watched, and vigilantly pursued, and having, in these four years, engaged with them in more than one hundred skirmishes and battles. After the war, he was the first who rose in favour of the constitution, but he was unsuccessful, and obliged to fly from Spain. In 1820 he returned, and held some military commands up to 1822, when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the constitutional army of Catalonia. His opponent, Eroles, had upwards of thirty thousand men, supported by France, and was in possession of two fortresses. Mina could only muster fifteen thousand men, many of whom were provincial militia, the worst troops in Spain. Notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, in less than three months he completely destroyed the army under the command of Eroles, took all their fortresses, and effectually reduced the serviles of Catalonia. He afterwards attacked a numerous French army, infinitely superior in numbers to his own; he opposed the enemy with determined courage, and was the only one of the five constitutionalist generals-in-chief who remained faithful in the cause of liberty and his country. After the dissolution of the Cortes he went to England, where he now resides. Mina enjoys the highest reputation amongst the liberals of Spain, and so fearful is the government of this distinguished man that they regularly employ agents to watch his motions. An anecdote will prove the light in which Mina is looked at by his government. Two years ago the Spanish minister in London sent an express to the government, telling them that Mina had left, with the greatest secrecy, the place where he resided, near London; and the only news they had been able to obtain about his destination was, that he had gone towards the sea. The ministers were alarmed; orders were sent to all the generals commanding the coasts to be ready for an attack; artillery and troops were seen marching in all directions, &c. In the height of the confusion,

another despatch was received from the minister, announcing that Mina was very quietly taking sea-baths at Hastings, and all the orders were countermanded, not without a great deal of laughter from the liberals.—*Athenæum.*

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE "THREE DAYS."

Poor Virginie! I had known her for twenty years. She had sat at the corner of the Rue ——— for a greater length of time. She was 70 years of age on the 28th of July. I had purchased many an apple from her stall, and had never failed to raise my hat when I passed by her charming old face. Poor Virginie! She had sat at the same corner, and sold her apples from the same bench, for nearly half a century. For twenty years she had been a widow, and she had only one son. She had seen Louis XVI. proceed to the scaffold, and had wept for his fate. She had cursed Robespierre from the corner of the Rue ———, and yet had never been arrested. She had cried "Vive Napoleon!" but never "Vive l'Empereur!" She had no sort of respect for kings, but paid great homage to men of talents. No mobs frightened poor Virginie, and no arm had ever been raised against her. She was a sort of predestinarian, and said, "What is, is for the best." Poor Virginie! it was well she thought so; for she often sat the whole day long without taking enough of soup to buy her a good potage. I had often smoked a cigar at the corner of the street, at nightfall, to knock up a chat with her, for the good old soul knew all about my neighbours, and sometimes told me news of myself. Her cap was the prettiest I ever saw. I have preserved the last one she wore, as you will find hereafter. Her face was as placid as a lake; and, though she loved liberty, she was no noisy lover. The old lady could read without spectacles, and the proprietor of the adjoining cafe always lent her the *Constitutionnel*. Well, on the 28th of July, my poor old Virginie was 70 years of age. She proceeded, as usual, to the corner of the street, and placed her little stall; but the gendarmes came and ordered her to retire. "Why should I be driven away?" said Virginie, "no one will harm me." "Retire without delay!" roared an incensed gendarme, and, at the very instant of saying this, I arrived. The Boulevard was in confusion; the troops of Charles X. were arriving; firing was heard; the people were collecting together with arms; and I entreated poor Virginie to retire. She knew I was her friend, and she consented. She proceeded to pack up her basket and arrange for departure, when the gendarmes rushed upon our party of about fifty citizens, who were collected at the corner of the street, and, with sword in hand, threatened to cut us down. I was armed with a musket. The mob rushed on the gendarmes, and endeavoured to destroy or disperse them. "Vive la Charte!" cried poor Virginie; and, when I turned my head, she was a corpse. The Royal Guards had arrived: one of them had fired at the corner of the street, and a fatal ball had prostrated, in an instant, my acquaintance of 20 years, by my side. I raised my rifle—"Villain!" I exclaimed, "you shall perish." I advanced two paces, and took aim. The monster was dead ere I could reflect on my passion; but, on turning round, who should be raising the lifeless body of his mother, but her brave, but disconsolate son! I had only time to take from her head her last cap, and to tell her son that her murderer was a corpse on the Boulevard. A moment afterwards, and we were pursuing the Guards; for a reinforcement of citizens had arrived, and we were chasing the King's troops towards the Rue Richelieu. Poor Virginie!

#### ORIGINAL.

##### DEATH OMENS TO THE SICK.

Mark how that wynding-sheet points right to me!  
Death, death is in each form I hear or see—  
And must indeed, my light go out so soon,  
Wrapped in my shroud before I've reached my noon,  
Ah! look how pale appears the waving moon!  
Hadst thou a dream that ye again were wed,  
And that the worms crept o'er your bridal bed;  
Prepare for death, but banish childish tears;  
Perchance some scores are added to your years.

While ye indulge in sighs and groundless fears.

Heard ye that sound? hush!—now 'tis gone, and o'er!  
Again, it loudly ticks, worse than before—  
It is the DEATH-watch.—Ah! look not so wan;  
No insect can the future ever scan;  
The great Creator deals not so with man.

Saw ye that light? on me alone it beamed,  
And far toward the church-yard gate it—gleamed.  
Dost think that light bespeaks impending doom?  
Nay, brightness ne'er portends the gloomy tomb:  
Look up—behold the moon, shines in the room.

Do smell that robe—it has endearing breath,  
And shews how near I'm on the brink of death:  
O think not so—the sense of any smell,  
Can neither death, nor life, nor ruin tell;  
Away with gloomy fears—all will be well.

Feel now that cold and damp sepulchral air,  
This dreary atmosphere, O! who can bear?  
Yes, it is chill—but heat or sharpest cold,  
Can ne'er foretell but ye may live so old,  
As wish to part with life for less than gold.

There!—see the shadowy form! now there believe,  
And say not that I still myself deceive.  
It fitted past us!—Heaven be all my care!  
O my foreboding heart—look, look, what's there!—  
I feel disturbed, o'erwhelmed—hush—let's to prayer.

PANDORA.

#### THE WORLD.

With regard to the malice of the world, it may be remarked, that those who complain most of it are often those who deservedly suffer for its judgment; nay, the malice of which they are victims is often only a retribution for that with which they have treated every individual who fell under their observation. Yet it must be allowed, that the opinion of the world is often stained with precipitancy and injustice. The first rumour that is propagated produces an immediate sentence, from which it is difficult to obtain an appeal; and very often the fullest justification is unable to allay the storm of prejudice by which an innocent character has been assailed. Yet, even in these cases, it is generally to be observed, that some imprudence has been committed, which has opened the way to misconstruction. Perhaps, upon the whole, the general effect of an active and prying police of tongues over conduct, is beneficial. It teaches men to observe decorum, as well as to consult feeling; it teaches them, or should teach them, to act in secret under an additional control, which is often more powerful than conscience; and when women see their slightest imprudences exaggerated into gross misbehaviour, it must teach them to avoid temptation, which is the most certain means of being free from evil. But when a person has satisfied the reasonable demands of propriety, as well as the just dues of conscience, it by no means becomes him to be doubtful or timorous. A bold countenance, and a confident manner, impose on the great as well as the little vulgar; and more, it must be owned, is never shown to him who once confesses himself in the wrong; and this, perhaps, because it is usually a proof of want of courage, the most unpopular of all defects.

I shall be told, perhaps, of instances of excellent men who have suffered the martyrdom of opinion. Undoubtedly there are such; but many who seem to be condemned without cause have something in their characters that is mean or deceitful. Others have neither of these defects, but an undisguised liberty of speech or an impatient quickness at taking offence, which makes them the natural enemies of their species. At first none appear to be more unjustly persecuted than those who change their opinions, either in politics or religion. Reason would teach us that such a change was rather a favourable proof of candour, but experience has shown that it is so generally the effect of a want of integrity and principle, as to justify the saying of a lady of great talents, that she never could help chiding a convert and a convict.

It must be confessed, however, that mankind take too great a delight in speaking ill of their neighbours. It is, indeed, quite surprising to see persons, generous and friendly in their nature, retain the most malicious reports concerning people whom they would willingly