

voyage; the mail coach moving over macadamized roads, promised a more speedy mode of conveyance, and we were wafted through the air to the distance of 340 miles, in thirty-six hours some odd minutes. We sat down assured, in our own mind, that the force of nature and art could go no farther, when lo! we were astonished by the announcement, that, on the miraculous railway of Manchester, men travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. On this coming to pass, we sat down, resolved to wonder at nothing; and it is well we did, for travelling on ground, underground the air, and on the water, is fairly getting the better of this age's unbelief in the marvellous; nothing that the imagination ever desired human credulity to swallow, comes up to what is now done or doing. The works of the inventive Watt, the ingenious Rennie, the poetical and practical Telford, laid the foundation for all these mechanical wonders.—Athenaeum.

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.—A lawyer, at a circuit town, in Ireland, dropped a ten pound note under the table, while playing at cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room, he was met by the waiter, who said, 'I know what you want, sir, you have lost something.' 'Yes, I have lost a ten pound note.' 'Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is.' 'Thanks, my good lad, here's a sovereign for you.' 'No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but, looking at him with a knowing grin—'wasn't it lucky none of the gentlemen found it?'

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH AND DR. PARR.—It was about this period that a coolness commenced between Mackintosh and his friend Parr. The doctor, a staunch and zealous Foxite, was highly indignant at the conduct on the part of Sir James, which had led to the patronage of Mr. Pitt, through whose influence with Lord Sidmouth (then prime minister) he obtained the Recordership of Bombay. The attention of the public had recently been drawn to the trials of Arthur O'Connor and others, at Maidstone, for high treason, which were the occasion of a celebrated repaitee of Parr, of which the following is an accurate account:—'In a conversation, at which several persons were present, Mackintosh, who had strongly reprobated the conduct of Quigley, an Irish Catholic priest, who was convicted and executed, was several times interrupted by Parr's saying emphatically, in the intervals of smoking, 'He might have been worse.' At length he called on the doctor to explain how Quigley could have been worse. This was exactly what Parr wanted. Accordingly, having laid down his pipe with deliberate composure, he replied, 'I'll tell you, Jimmy, Quigley was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman,—he was a priest; he might have been a lawyer,—he was a traitor; he might have been an apostate.' The doctor then exultingly resumed his pipe amidst a roar of applause at this unexpected sally.—Law Magazine.

VENTRILQUIST TURNED TO AN ACCOUNT.—Another Ventriloquist, Louis Brabant, who had been valet de chambre to Francis I, turned his powers to a more profitable account. Having fallen in love with a rich and beautiful heiress, he was rejected by her parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter. On the death of her father, Louis paid a visit to the widow, and he had no sooner entered the house than she heard the voice of her deceased husband addressing her from above, 'Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant, who is a man of large fortune and excellent character. I endure the inexpressible torture of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give her the last repose to the soul of your poor husband.' This awful command could not be resisted, and the widow announced her compliance with it. As our conjurer, however, required money for the completion of his marriage, he resolved to work upon the fears of one Cornu, an old banker at Lyons, who had amassed immense wealth by usury and extortion. Having obtained an interview with the miser, he introduced the subjects of demons and spectres, and the torments of purgatory, and, during an interval of silence, the voice of the miser's deceased father was heard complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings, by enabling Louis Brabant to redeem the Christians that were enslaved by the Turks. The awe-struck miser was also threatened with eternal damnation if he did not thus expiate his own sins; but such was the grasp that the banker took of his gold, that the ventriloquist was obliged to pay him another visit. On this occasion, not only his father, but all his deceased relations appeared to him in behalf of his own soul and theirs, and such was the loudness of their complaints, that the spirit of the banker was subdued, and he gave the ventriloquist ten thousand crowns to liberate the Christian captives. When the miser was afterwards undeceived, he is said to have been so mortified that he died of vexation.—Breder's Letters on Natural Magic.

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—Is it not this scarceness of fine weather in England that will explain why this country has produced so many great poets and so few excellent painters? Seldom do you see nature clothed in all her beauty. Nature, in all her charms, is like a mistress whom you can catch a glimpse of only now and then. But in other countries, such as Italy, Switzerland, and in some of the southern provinces of France, she is a woman with whom you are accustomed to pass your life. Her charms no longer possess the same attraction, nor produce such lively sensations. The vivacity of these impressions is sufficient to form great poets, but not great painters; because, to copy nature with the pencil, it is not sufficient to have received a strong impression: the resources of this art require more time: the artist must contemplate his model at leisure; he must have fine weather in order to seize the proper light which he intends to distribute on the objects he is imitating. It is only under a pure sky that true colours are to be found—colours lively and brilliant.—Mirabeau's Letters on England.

The following lines by Lord Byron, addressed to his Lady after their separation, are published by Lady Blessington in her 'Conversation with Lord Byron.'

TO *****

AND thou wert sad, yet I was not with thee;
And thou wert sick, and yet I was not near;
Methought that joy and health alone could be
Where I was not,—and pain and sorrow here!
And is it thus?—it is as I foretold,
And shall be more so; for the mind recoils
Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies cold,
While heaviness collects the shatter'd spoils,
It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel beautiful, and wish to be no more
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;
Whate'er my sins might be, 'thou wert not sent
To be the Nemesis who should requite—
Nor did Heaven choose so near an instrument.

Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.
Thy nights are banished from the realms of sleep!
Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou shalt feel
A hollow agony which will not heal,
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must reap
The bitter harvest in a woe as real!
I have had many foes, but none like thee;
For 'gainst the rest myself I could defend,
And be avenged, or turn them into friend,
But thou in safe implacability
Hast naught to dread; in thy own weakness shielded,
And in my love, which hath but too much yielded,
And spared for thy sake, some I should not spare,
And thus upon the world—trust in thy truth—
And the wild fame of my ungovern'd youth—
On things that were not, and on things that are—
Even upon such a basis hast thou built
A monument, whose cement hath been guilt!
The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,
And he's laid down, with an unsuspected sword,
Fame, peace, and hope, and all the better life
Which, but for this cold reason of thy heart,
Might still have risen from out the grave of strife,
And found a nobler duty than to part.
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,
Tea-flicking with them in a purpose cold,
For present anger, and for future gold,
And buying other's grief at any price.
And thus once entered into crooked ways,
The earthly truth, which was thy proper praise,
Did not still walk beside thee; but at times,
As with a breast unknowing its own crimes,
Deeds, avowments incompatible,
Equivocations, and the thoughts which dwell
In Janus spirits—the significant eye
Which learns to lie with silence—the pretext
Of prudence, with advantages annex'd—
The acquiescence in all things which lead,
No matter how, to the desired end—
All found a place in thy philosophy.
The means were worthy, and the end is won—
I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

PADDY FOSSHANE'S FRICASSE.

Paddy Foshane kept a shebeen house at Balymont Cross, in which he sold whiskey, (from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues) ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral—all neighbours too—stopt at his house, because they were in grief, to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, son of a gentleman residing near Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Courpane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other good boys. The night began to rain cats and dogs, and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whisky and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim, with his gun between his legs—and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property. One boy held several splinters to light them, and another was charged with the sole business of making more, and drying them in little bundles at the fire. This however, did not

prevent him from making many sallies to discover the state of the game. A ring, two or three deep, surrounded the players, and in their looks exhibited the most keen interest. This group formed what might be termed the foreground of the picture. In one corner were squatted five boys and three girls, also playing cards for pins. But, notwithstanding the smallness of the stakes, there were innumerable scuffles, and an unceasing clamour kept up, through which the treble of the girls was sure to be heard, and which, every now and then, required curses, loud and deep, from some unfortunate player at the large table, to silence. On the block by the fire sat Paddy himself, convulsing a large audience with laughter at some humorous story, or at one of his own practical jokes, while his wife bustled about, beat the dog, set pieces of plates and keelers to receive the rain wherever it oozed through the thatch, and occasionally stooped, half-provoked and half-admiring, to shake her head at her husband. Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles, for a pint of whisky each time. The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swolo, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length was decided; and a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. Indeed, had Tim been able to effect the purpose at which he diligently laboured, of getting the gun to his shoulder, it is very probable he would have taken ample satisfaction for some dreadful affront offered him by Andy; who, on his part, directed all his discourse to a large wooden gallow at the other end of the table. The imperturbable coolness of his opponent provoked Andy exceedingly. Abuse is bad enough; but contemptuous silence is more than flesh and blood can bear, particularly as he felt that he was running aground fast when he had the whole conversation to himself. He became quite furious, and, after two or three efforts, started up and made a rush towards his wooden adversary, but the great slippertiness of the ground laid him on the broad of his back. This gave time, so that several interfered, and peace was made; but the harmony of the night was destroyed. At last, Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat, he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some GRISKINS forthwith. Paddy was completely non-plussed;—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—'Twas late—'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house, sure they ate and drank enough. But all in vain. The cold sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

Agrah, Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it, but I mane the cow's (aside.)

Sure the proctors got the tongue yesterday, and you know there ain't a bit in the tub. Oh the murdering villain! and I'll engage 'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whisky. That it may pison 'em!

Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how;—and he has't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail-coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket, without jolting over a ha'penny.—Coming, coming; d'ye hear 'em?

Oh, they'll murder us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger.

Eh! What's that you say? I declare here's Andy getting up. We must do something. Thonom an dhraol, I have it. Jillen, run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot.

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension, but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripe. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape—a horse, being their summum bonum—the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh; and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wear him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in, did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. Hold your tongue you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there.—They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a pig for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy them! The meat at length was ready. Paddy drew it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

By J—, says Jack Shea, that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that.

I'll take a priest's oath, answered Tim Cahill, the most irritable of men, but whose temper was something softened by the rich steam.

Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that. Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of any thing of good.

I say you lie, Tim, you rascal. Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin, but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled. Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath. According to him a priest's oath was this—He was surrounded by books, which gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by this explained on, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripe had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After kneeling at them for some time—

Well, says Owen Connor, that I mightn't be bit these are the queerest tripe I ever eat. It must be she was very odd to all.

By J—, says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth, to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour; 'I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull-man;—I can't find the rest end at all;—she was a bull-man;—I can't find the rest end at all;—she was a bull-man;—I can't find the rest end at all. And that's true for you, Andy, said the man bithagus, and it