

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEATH OF A PLURALIST.

Doctor Zebedee Bott had just dined with a few friends. By gracious dispensation he was a pluralist; the fat on his ribs stood three inches thick; and savouring as he did, of pure odour of orthodoxy, he usually dreamt—when he had not the night-mare—of lawnsleeves, a mitre, and milk-punch. Doctor Zebedee Bott had just dined, and picking his teeth. A wretched ballad-singer, with a chorus of starving children, howled a jovial song beneath the window, while the pluralist's guests—reeking with the labour of their sumptuous gorge—toasted tithes, luxuriated on the facinations of the departed dishes, and, smacking their unctious lips, leered at the pine-apple. The turbot had been of the true pale pinky azure tint, faintly blushing, as it was introduced, like a delicate girl; the turtle green and glorious; the punch 'cold as Dian's bath;' the grouse right orthodox, the venison canonical; and the hock divine! Like the bees of Hymettus, Dr Bott and his friend, were full of Apollo, and hymned exultingly their praise. The piteous tones of the mendicant, rendered doubly dismal by the song she had chosen being in praise of 'rosy love, and ruby wine,' were again heard. 'Fill your glasses, gentlemen,' said Dr. Bott: 'people complain about there being such a vast deal of bad port in the country: but I feel confident from my own experience, that one may get a capital article, if one only gives the price. Talk of scarcity, indeed!—Look at the butcher's shops! And then as to the fish, why, the turbot which you have honoured with so many praises—cost me but a trifle above two guineas. Every thing, in fact, may be had with the slightest trouble imaginable, things are brought to the nicest degree of perfection, and yet some people are not satisfied, the grumblers don't decrease.' 'To make them listen to reason is impossible,' said a short, port, rubicund, oleaginous gentleman, peeping through his glass at the bee's wing. 'Why now, I myself, although I find employment for above fourteen hundred of the rising generation in my factories, am far from popular. What do they want? the swinish herd!—Doctor I think I'll try those grapes.' 'The song below had, now changed; and the children, to give their forlorn mother a brief respite from her labours, were squealing, with natural shakes on every note—for the wind blew kind, and they were nearly naked—

Father's dead, and mother's bad,
Sister Jane is raving mad,
Bible's pawned, and medal too,
Father's won at Waterloo—
We are little fellows!

Dr. Bott and his party heard this: they hemmed and haaed, and tried to speak, but the words stuck in their throats; and Dr. Bott, feeling the infliction to be unpleasant, told his butler—who looked as though it was impossible that his coat could contain him above another day—to give the impostors a penny, if they'd promise to go away, and not come under his windows again. 'The bloated menial—a man of many feasts'—had scarcely waddled to the street-door, when a strange hurly-burly, was heard in the passage, and a footman rushed in—his nose bedabbled with soup, hastily liked from a plate, in its transit from parlour to kitchen—and announced that a booted and begrimed countryman had felled the colossal porter, carried the hall by the rude arguments of his oak staff, and stood on the stair-case, vociferating his determination to see the doctor, in spite of the devil and all his work. 'An impudent scoundrel!' said Dr. Zebedee; 'will so appal the vagabond—who is he?' 'He says his name is Rug, and he comes from down-along. 'Rug, eh?—Oh! true!—Honest Rug! an orthodox, stultified, good sort of a farmer. He owes me twenty pounds for tithes; which, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll just step into the next room and receive; but not without a lecture you may depend, on the burly rogue's impertinence. With our money in their pockets, these fellows presume—but I'll teach him!' Throwing one arm over the shoulder of his footman, and the other over that of his bursting butler who had now returned, breathless, from the task of dismissing the ballad-singer, Dr. Zebedee hobbled out of the dining-room, and held the following colloquy with Farmer Rug. 'Well Rug, what now, eh?' said he, as soon as his servants had placed him in a chair, and retired: 'Come to pay up, eh? Raised the twenty pounds, eh? Sold your brood mare and foal, eh? Brought the money, of course, honest Rug, eh?' 'Noa, doctor, I han't.' 'Why, scoundrel! how dare you?—Such rudeness I never witnessed!—Not brought the money!—What! d'ye think I'll sit down quietly, and see the church defrauded of her dues? You've been reading some of the traitorous publications; and you'll be damned, as sure you're born. I'll second the designs of Providence, by ruining you, rascal to begin with—I will, if I live.' 'Hush! hush!—

doante be noisy:—hide quiet, and listen.—I've had a dream.' 'D—n your dream!—I was going to say.—What do you come to me for, with a cock-and-a-bull story of a dream, and what not?—I'm in such a rage!' 'Zo I do zee, but that doant daunt me. I ha' got zummit awful to tell'ee. My missus said I'd better zaddle the brood mare, and come up; and here d'ye zee I be. Oh! Doctor Bott! I can't help crying, just as I did when your vriend Locust were hung—Ah!' 'What mean you, fellow, by this language? Are you mad? How dare you?' 'Zoft, zoft, Doctor; keep quiet. Vor my part I'll spake to 'ee in whispers. Who d'ye think I zeed last night?' 'How can I tell?' 'The ould gentleman!—He below—you understand. Aye, there he were, natural as life, though 'twere but a dream. I were quite dashed like, to vind myself ov a zudden in such company. 'Walk in, walk in,' zays he quite affable; just as you might. And there I vound un, sitting in his yellow chair, wi' a vew vriends about un, all jolly as zand boys. 'How goa the crops?' zays he. 'Why but queerly your honor,' zays I; wheat's a bit touched, and the fly's got into the turnips. 'Zo I vind,' zays he, 'and how's my friend the lawyer?' 'Got a bit of a bad cold,' zays I. 'Glad to hear it,' zays he, grinning; but come, make yourself comfortable, and let me gie you zum zoup.' 'Thank your worship,' zays I, but I've had my zupper. 'Then take a pipe,' zays he, 'we're all vriends here.' 'Zo I take's up a pipe, and was going to sit down in a yemty chair, when he roared out 'Ztop, ztop! you mustn't do that—you'll burn your breeches if you do: that chair is vor a friend of mine Dr. ZEBEDEE BOTT!—I expect him here ev'ry minute. Zo with that I woke, and told my missus, and she zeeded to think I shouldn't be doing a christian act if I didn't come and tell'ee; and in the morning I thought I'd best myself; vor valling asleep again, I zeed Zatan at his tricks. Behind every one of them that was zeeded at his table, hung a shovel hat just like yours, and zum o'em had got silk aprons on; and the yemty chair that stood vor you, instead o' being o' polished silver, as I'd thought it to be at first, where white hot steel; and the zoup were moltea gold; and Zaten ladled it out, and made the volks zwallow it, in spite of their teeth; and when it got low, he tickled them in the ribs wi' the point o' his tail, and they turned guineas out of their purses in among it, which, I zeed, zoon melted; zo that the vounder o' the yeas had nothing to vind but the vire! But I zay, Doctor—Doctor Zebedee—Doctor Zebedee Bott—rouze up man! Doant'ee be downcast. You be the colour o' beet root. Wull'ee ha' a draught o' water? Doctor!—Come doant be a vool—'twas all a dream. Why, your eyes be quite blood-shot ov a zudden. Come, come, I zay, Lord! Lord!—Doctor! Doctor Zebedee? Doctor Zebedee Bott! As zur as I'm alive he's dead!' 'Honest Rug was right. The pluralist, gross and full of meat, had, in a fit of apoplexy, gone off—'

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

The Alhambra.—The Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Grenada, where they held dominion over this their boasted terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress, the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spur of the Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountain. In the time of the Moors, the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful Queen Elizabetha of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. Great preparations were made for their reception. The palace and gardens were placed in a state of repair, and a new suite of apartments erected, and decorated by artists brought from Italy. The sojourn of the sovereigns was transient, and after their departure the palace once more became desolate. Still the place was maintained with some military state. The governor held it immediately from the crown, its jurisdiction extended down into the suburbs of the city, and was independent of the Captain General of Grenada. A considerable garrison was kept up, the governor had his apartments in the front of the old Moorish palace, and never descended into Granada without some military parade. The fortress in fact was a little town of itself, having several streets of houses within its walls, together with a Franciscan convent and a parochial church. The desertion of the court, however, was a fatal blow to the Alhambra. Its beautiful halls became desolate, and some of them fell to ruin; the gardens were destroyed, and the

fountains ceased to play. By degrees the dwellings became filled up with a loose and lawless population; contrabandistas, who availed themselves of its independent jurisdiction to carry on a wide and daring course of smuggling, and thieves and rogues of all sorts, who made this their place of refuge, from whence they might depredate upon Grenada and its vicinity. The strong arm of government at length interfered: the whole community was thoroughly sifted; none were suffered to remain but as were of honest character, and had legitimate right to a residence; the greater part of the houses were demolished, and a mere hamlet left, with the parochial church and the Franciscan convent. During the recent troubles in Spain, when Grenada was in the hands of the French, the Alhambra was garrisoned by their troops, and the palace was occasionally inhabited by the French commander. With that enlightened taste which has ever distinguished the French nation in their conquests, this monument of Moorish elegance and grandeur was rescued from the absolute ruin and desolation that were overwhelming it. The roofs were repaired, the saloons and galleries protected from the weather, the gardens cultivated, the watercourses restored, the fountains once more made to throw up their sparkling showers; and Spain may thank her invaders for having preserved to her the most beautiful and interesting of her historical monuments. *Washington Irvine.*

Manners of the Tartars.—The Pekin Gazette contains an appeal from the ninth daughter of one of the Tartar kings. About eight years ago, the emperor, who arranges these matters for the whole imperial clan, ordered that she should become the wife of Leen-che, the son of an officer of the yellow banner body guard. In about eleven months, before the marriage had taken place, her intended husband died. When Kih-kih, for that was the lady's name, heard of this event, she resolved to cut off her hair, join her husband's family, and remain a virgin for life. This chaste resolution reached the ears of the emperor, and he conferred on her a honorary tablet for the door of her apartment, and gave her a title descriptive of her virtue.

Superstition.—In this weakness of our nature, we believe few people can surpass the Chinese. A considerable sensation has been excited by some atmospheric phenomena lately observed here. On the 4th inst. two parhelia appeared, which was regarded as prophetic of the downfall of the present dynasty, in the person of the reigning emperor. About a week previously, the sun for several days, at rising and setting, appeared of a pale green colour; and from this it is assumed that much war or sickness is to take place in the course of the year. *Canton Register.*

Switzerland.—It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation, develops the poetic power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices, as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles, with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles, and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly; and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacle, the rich pastures, and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees, and the wild flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primeval grace, wherever I moved, I was in turn a palled and enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy. From a new work entitled *Contarina Fleming.*

Venice.—If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence, which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel every thing, and we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in the wonderful creations of arts, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their most various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influ-