

plished, it is all oriental I see; but my expectations are surpassed." —Carne's Letters from the East.

SMOKING.—Smoking, like tipping, 'or any other sort of exercise,' as poor Beppo says, may be carried so far as to convert the indulger into a mere chaffing-dish. In the midshipmen's birth, (the fountain head of strong terms and apt similies) such determined smokers are compared to those formidable combustibles used in fire-ships called 'Beelzebubs,' of which the chief ingredients are brimstone and gunpowder. But if tobacco smoke be only used in due moderation, and in a gentlemanlike spirit, it may lighten many a weary hour of toil and pain, illuminate the fancy of literature, unravel the intricacies of science, subdue the exacerbations of passion, and help to brighten and mellow many a friendly meeting, which, but for its slight and transient exhilaration, might have passed coldly and drearily enough. I can even remember instances of meetings, from which every kindly feeling was expected to be banished, turn out most cordially, merely from the well-timed distribution of a handful of first-rate cigars amongst men who knew their value, but hardly hoped to be so blessed as to possess such treasures. The vulgarity of a bribe, put into the shape of gold or silver, shocks all but the coarsest minds; while the well-managed offer of a trifle often conveys wishes, and excites interests, or even lays the foundations of substantial good will, more firmly than services infinitely higher could procure. From the rudest savages, accordingly amongst the red men of the Arkenshaw and Missouri, to the most polished Asiatic, the magical influence of tobacco smoke is recognised. Indeed, I am half-persuaded that the conferences and protocol meetings of our European diplomacy would get on much more smoothly if every congress were provided with a good store of pipes and pig-tail! As it is, are not the negotiators obliged to borrow the aid of this wonderful plant in another shape, and exchange snuff-boxes.—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.

JOLLIES AND JOHNNIES, OR SAILORS AND MARINES.—The words Marine and Mariner differ by one small letter only; but no two races of men, I had well nigh said, no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the Jollies and the Johnnies. The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say most of their duties are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the decks; both eat salt junk, drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is about as ridiculous and helpless an object as a sailor would prove, if thrust into a tight, well piped clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiff stock. No marine that I ever saw, (except one, and he was a gipsy) could learn to pull an oar really well, nor any seamen to handle a firelock like a soldier. Yet both these duties are of the highest importance to the respective parties when employed on service in boats, and ought invariably to be taught as far as possible. If the safety of the ship depended upon it, no marine could ever swing round the hand-lead, without the risk of breaking his scence—no sailors were ever yet taught to march even moderately well in line. In short, without going further, it may be said, that the colour of their clothing, and the manner in which it is put on, do not differ more from one another than the duties and habits of the marines and sailors. Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspensors, would speedily be left sans culotte. A thorough-going, barrack bred regular-built marine, in a ship of which the sergeant-major truly loves his art, is compared to a man who has swallowed a set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-

man is to be likened to nothing, except one of those delicious figures in the funtoocini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head are flung loosely about to the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connexion with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joints!—Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.

CAMPBELL, THE POET.—After a three years' residence in Edinburgh, he sailed for Hamburg, where, meeting with a number of Irish exiles, mourning over those revolutionary visions, whose theory had proved so ruinous when carried into practice, he composed the touching ballad of "The Exile of Erin." He spent thirteen months travelling in Germany, and during that time, witnessed, from the walls of a convent, the battle of Hohenlinden, and, after the action, saw the French soldiers ride up the streets, wiping their yet reeking swords in their horses' manes. The noble ode, which commemorated the terrible struggle, must be familiar to all our readers. The fearful and the ludicrous are, in this life, strangely blended; and we remember being much entertained with a circumstance that he narrates in his peculiar and dramatic manner; for few men tell a story better than Campbell. Driving one snowy day, past a spot where a skirmish of cavalry had taken place, the postillion suddenly dismounted, and began to examine the place of action. Campbell sat shivering with intense cold; but, naturally supposing the object of the search was the body of some friend or relative, he respected the feelings of the searcher too much to interrupt the search. At length, the postillion returned, laden with the long tails of the slain horses, which he had been coolly employed in cutting off.... Campbell was one of the first to open the floodgates of that rich tide of poetry which afterwards overflowed the land. But when he commenced writing, the taste had to be created. For the "Pleasures of Hope," which, for years afterwards, brought nearly three hundred a year to its publishers, he only received ten pounds. He afterwards obtained a small additional sum, and the profits of a quarto edition; and, in progress of time, the copyright reverted to him; but, as is almost always the case with a popular first work, the author gets the fame, and the bookseller the emolument. Of Campbell's discontent of the treatment he received, at the hands of these "merchants of the muses," an amusing anecdote is related. Being asked, at a large dinner, to give a toast, instead of some patriotic wish, as was expected, he proposed "Bounaparte," who was then at the height of all the real imaginary honours with which his name was connected. A general exclamation of surprise went round. "Gentlemen," said he, 'here is, Bounaparte, in his character of executioner of booksellers!' Palm, the bookseller, had just been murdered by his orders in Germany.—National Portrait Gallery.

FROM MISS KEMBLE'S LATE TRAGEDY.

I do believe
That at our feet the tide of time rolls on
In strong and rapid course; nor is one current
Orrippling eddy like to the rest,
Than is one age unto its predecessor:
Men still are men, the stream is still a stream,
Through every change of changeable tide and time;
And 'tis, I fear, only our partial eye
That lends a brighter sunbeam to the wave
On which we launch'd our own advent'rous bark.

He is returned! he will be there! and yet
Though meeting, after long eventful absence,—
We shall not in our meeting be half blest;
A dizzy whirling throng will be around us.
'Mid whose loud jar the still small voice of love,
Whose accents breathe their soft enchantment best
In whisper'd sighs, or but half whisper'd words,
Will die unheard. Oh that we thus should meet!
But then, there is love's eye to flash his thought
Into a language, whose rich eloquence
Beggars all voice; our eyes at least may meet
And change, like messengers, the loving freight
That either heart sends forth.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S KISS.—First in dignity is the kiss parental. This kiss is witnessed in its purest and most amiable state in young mothers—matrons so little faded from the free maiden bloom, that the stranger hesitates in what class of femininity to rank them. They have the rich blushing grace of the virgin, and her coy timidity, most like to the caresses of a greyhound, insinuating fondness by approaches of serpentine grace, yet ready to bound away, startled by an anticipated response. But, in the midst of this softness, we are aware of a growing dignity, a statelier bearing a prouder consciousness and self-possession, not yet developed, but throwing herald beams before it. A being such as we have attempted to describe, bending over

her first child with a love which no created being but herself can ever feel for another; so intense, so pure, so utterly devoid of selfishness; bathing its cheeks, chin, eyes, and brow, in a flood of kisses, is a picture which earth cannot surpass, and heaven scarcely equal. If, at times, a thought of self do cross her devotion, it is but a slight tinge of vanity, so graceful as to lose every alloy of littleness that attaches to the feeling.—Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

A LONDON MARRIAGE.—I mention them merely as an illustration of the way in which these things are managed in this free country. The Hobsons are good country folks, with an uncommonly pretty daughter, whom they justly think capable of much better things than subduing subalterns at race-balls. Ever since she came out, they have been disposed to speculate in sons-in-law; and, as London is the best market, Hobson, pere mortgages a few acres, and last year bought a house in town, to carry on the marriage-trade with. Up they came, opened mouthed, for heirs-apparent, and every engine was set at work to launch the girl with eclat. Five patronesses were canvassed by nine friends, touching Almacks; dandy critics were bribed by dinners, to puff. Beauchamp, in particular, was very kind and took the trouble of making a great deal of love to her, by way of bringing her into notice, and the Hobsons balled, and routed, and dejeuner'd, and water party'd it indefatigably through the season. Three good PARTIS were tried, but in vain; they had not served their artillery well enough. But last season they brought their MENAGE and collaterals to bear, and opened the trenches before Lord Settle with a very full battery of friends. Never was poor man so inextricably made love to as Settle; they beset him till he could not dine except by the side of Miss Hobson. There he was, always surrounded by her friends, smothered with attentions, like a man encrusted in sugar candy; so warmly treated and flattered, and admired, that I believe he was glad to escape to the damsel herself for the refreshment of a little coldness. But it has succeeded, Hobson pere is half ruined, but the daughter will be Lady Settle.—Arlington, a Novel.

VISIT TO BEDLAM.—This morning I visited Bedlam. Now here are madmen—confined ones, that is—better lodged. There is a pleasure-ground before the door of the palace; and nothing can be cleaner or more conveniently fitted-up than the interior. As I entered the women's gallery, conducted by a very pretty young, who officiated as keeper, one of the patients, a woman of about thirty, looked at me for a long time very attentively,—then, suddenly coming up to me, she said, 'You are a foreigner: I know you, prince! Why did you not put on your uniform to come to see me? that would have become you better. Oh, how handsome Charles used to look in his!' You may imagine my painful astonishment. "Poor thing!" said my guide, "she was seduced by some foreign prince, and every foreigner she sees she fancies is one. Sometimes she cries the whole day long, and will let nobody go near her: after that she is quite sensible again for weeks. She was very pretty once, but fretting has spoiled all her beauty." I was greatly struck by a young man, evidently of respectable station and education, who was possessed by one fixed idea,—that he was a Stewart, and had, therefore, a lawful claim to the throne. I conversed with him for half an hour without being able to get him upon this subject. He always broke off cautiously, nay cunningly, and talked in a very interesting manner of other things, particularly of America, where he had travelled for a considerable time; nor did he exhibit the slightest trace of insanity. Speaking of Walter Scott's novels, I several times mentioned the Pretender, which I thought would excite him to speak; and, at length, said in a confidential tone, "I know you are a Stewart yourself." This seemed to alarm him; and, laying his finger on his lips, he whispered, "We must not speak of that here; the triumph of Justice can be brought about by time alone, but the light will soon shine forth." I am going into Wales, replied I, (he is a native of the principality,) "will you give me your father's address, that I may carry him your greetings?" "With the greatest pleasure," said he: "give me your pocket-book, and I will write it." I gave it him, and he wrote his real name, —; then, pointing to it with a smile, he added, "That's the name under which my father passes there. Adieu!" and, with a gracious motion of the hand, he left me. What a dreadful spectacle! One single inveterate idea converts the most agreeable man into an incurable lunatic, costs him his freedom, and condemns him to the society of vulgar madness for life. What is unhappy man in conflict with physical evil—and where then is the freedom of his will? There was a foreign patient, whose conceits were more ridiculous—if those of madness can ever be so;—a German pedant and writer of tours, who joined me in looking about the house, of which he was a constant inmate. He was incessantly