

posai. In the next skirmish in which he was engaged, his constitutional timidity again prevailed. He turned his horse to fly, when Dundee coming up to him, only said, "The son of your father is too good a man to be consigned to the Provost Marshal;" and shot him through the head with his pistol, with a sternness and inflexibility of purposes resembling the stoicism of the ancient Romans.

TREMENDOUS ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.—The Literary Gazette states that a recent discovery has been made of rendering fire arms tremendously destructive. It has already been practically tried.—1st A pistol, either for cavalry, for the defence of breaches, or for boarding, which can be loaded and fired ten times in a minute, projecting at each discharge twelve missiles in one horizontal line, diverging laterally from 12 to 18 feet, and within an elevation of 6 feet, at the distance of 30 or 40 yards. Each man discharging 120 missiles per minute, 100 men in ten minutes are enabled to discharge 120,000 missiles, each equal in effect to a pistol ball. Suppose that a squadron of 100 men charge an enemy's squadron of equal numbers, and that 75 direct their aim so badly that not one of their missiles took effect, there still remain 300 well directed missiles at the first discharge; or, even imagine it possible that only one in 100 was efficient, 100 men in ten minutes could put 1200 hors de combat.—2d A short carbine, capable of being discharged with the same rapidity as the pistol, but propelling sixteen instead of 12 missiles, and particularly applicable to naval warfare; as fifty men, directing their fire on the enemy's deck, while the fire of fifty more was directed against the men on the masts and rigging, would in one minute pour a shower of sixteen thousand missiles over the whole vessel, thus rendering her defenceless, and the boarding and capture consequently easy and almost instantaneous. The invention is applicable to cannon as well as smaller arms.

ORATORY OF THE BAR.—Speech should be rendered musical to the ear. The looking glass should be constantly resorted to, in order that every pleader may become acquainted with his own peculiar countenance, looks, and action, and thus avoid what might be grotesque and defective. It is a recorded fact, that the great Lord Mansfield adopted this course, and was once detected making a speech before his glass by Lord Bolingbroke; and to that useful study is attributed the meritorious manner and style that characterized that learned Lord. The ungraceful demeanour that signalled some other Barristers, particularly Dunning, Beateroff, &c. they would have avoided, had they only 'seen themselves.' The manner of Dunning was nearly fatal to his prospects: he succeeded at last only in consequence of an opportunity accidentally occurring for the display of his great talents—*Thelwall's Lectures.*

BRITISH COLONIES.—From the very voluminous and valuable papers prepared by Mr. Hume for his motion to give representatives to the colonies, which was negatived without a division, we have the following information. The British colonies amount in number to thirty-seven, exclusive of the British possessions in India. Of these there have been captured eleven, ceded four, obtained by settlement nineteen. The population of these colonies is, in North America, 911,229; British Guiana and the West Indies, whites 40,485 free coloured people, 60,863, slaves 694,530—total, 836,527; Crown colonies, whites 238,383, free coloured people, 977,407, slaves and convicts 146,898—total 1,332,409. The imports from the whole, in 1829, in official value, was £11,508,943; official value of exports £10,777,244. Ships inwards 2798, tonnage 755,375; ships outwards 2,977, tonnage 607,243.

The King was asked one day by Lord North, at a levee, when he had seen the old Duchess of Bedford, who was well known to use an uncommon quantity of paint; to which his Majesty replied—"He had not seen her face, nor any other person, he believed, for more than twenty years."

DON MIGUEL.—It is calculated that in the space of five years, Don Miguel has imprisoned 23,270 of his

beloved subjects. 16,000 have been transported to Angola, to the Cape Verd Islands, and to Mozambique. 13,000 have been forced to fly from his paternal government. 13,700 have perished on the scaffold, and 5,000 are either in concealment, or wandering about the kingdom to avoid a similar fate.

THE NEW YEAR.

A YEAR—another year has fled!

Here let me rest awhile,
As they who stand around the dead,
And watch the funeral pile.
This year, whose breath has past away,
Once thrill'd with life—with hope was gay

But, close as wave is urged on wave,
Age after age sweeps by;
And this is all the gift we have,
'To look around—and die!
'Twere vain to dream we shall not tread
Where all is hasting to an end.

What this new-waking year may rise,
As yet is hid from me:
'Tis well a veil, which mocks our eyes,
Spreads o'er the days to be:
Such foresight, who on earth would crave,
Where knowledge is not power to save!

It may be dark—a rising storm,
To blast with lightning wing,
The bliss which cheers—the joys that warm!—
It may be doom'd to bring
The wish which I have rear'd as mine,
A victim to an early shrine!

But, be it fair, or dark—my breast
Its hope will not forego,—
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest
As on the clouds of wee;
And seem, with her phosphoric light,
Even affliction's manes look bright!

But I must steer my bark of life
Towards a deathless land;
Nor need I fear the seas of strife,
May it but reach the strand
Where all is peace—and angels come,
To take the out-worn wanderer home!

J. MONTGOMERY.

LODGINGS IN THE STRAND.

WHAT a charming place this London is for high heads and low pockets, for a man whose pride and whose pence preserve an inverse ratio to each other! Talk of the declension of the drama, the degeneracy of acting—it is all "VOX ET PRETEREA NIHIL"—there are more livelihoods gained by histrionic representations at the present day in London than there ever were. It is not necessary for an actor of genius to confine his exertions within the walls, or to the boards of this or that edifice dedicated to scenic illusions; it may not be polite for many to have their names exhibited in relation to their calling in a play-bill, that the world may recognize them as disciples of Thalia or Melpomene; or never to follow their art but in the sock or buskin, its types and badges, no! be the world the great stage on which their "exits and entrances" are made, and let their little hour be swelled to the duration of a life. There is then no manager, decked with a little brief authority, to come between them and the public—no partial critics to write down their merits—no capricious audience to conciliate; no one sees the exertions they make, and therefore it is in no one's power to interfere with them. How many dislike the society of an actor, merely because he is an actor, although probably a very amiable man! "We wish," say they, "for no collision with such characters—they are very well in their way—that is to hear and see; but who would think of admitting, as intimates, professed dissimulators, and therefore dangerous associates? Can we expect that there is one ingenuous sentiment remaining within those whose whole study is imitation, whose highest ambition to be transformed into fac-similes of others?" Should this poor wight profess a warm and generous friendship in real life, there are twenty to exclaim, "How natural—but recollect what an excellent Pierre or Antonio he makes!" Should he, come as a sympathizer in misfortune—"Capital! Iago to the life!" A lover—Romeo, I believe, is not a bad genus either; in all, he only gains credit for playing a part, and his success is adequate to what it would be "in his proper sphere." How different is his case who preserves all the paraphernalia of stage trickery within himself, who is obliged to no sensible helps, and can, on occasion alone "play many parts," or even press some of his audience into his dramatic corps, without their being privy to the capacity they fill. Such is the actor of real merit, and in London there are many such.

I am one of them—start not, reader, I not going to act upon you; at least not to your disadvantage, I hope. I have an extensive circle of acquaintances: a large connexion being a primary requisite in all professions, but an indispensable one in mine. I have my breakfast acquaintances, my dinner acquaintances, and my supper acquaintances; these compose my gallery, box, and pit audience. In the first class are young men in chambers and lodgings, literary persons, whose finances have not reached the ma-

trimopial degree; and even, in the session, some members of parliament, come to town without their wives. The faintest recollection included in my matin speculations, however, they enter largely into the next class; that is composed of mothers, who love shopping and a cicisbeo, misses whose way at home extends to an invitation for dinner, brothers ditto, bon-vivants who need a boon companion, and authors aspiring only to fame, delighted to secure an after-dinner victim to their lucubrations; this is by far the most numerous class, and, as is proper, is my staple resource. The third and last is more heterogeneous and undetermined, being made up, for the most part, of the other two, with a few stragglers, peculiarly its own—such as tavern friends, street acquaintances accidentally encountered, and three or four old maids, who, by a supper, reward the exertions of a novel-reader; when his throat refuses to squeak forth a line more after five or six hours' uninterrupted duty. This tiers eat completes the list.

But the reader, if he knows me, will say, "how did you contrive to get into so much, and such good company? You have no means of returning all those breakfasts, dinners, and suppers?" True, but there lies the secret; I have lodgings in one of the best houses in the Strand, witness my inviting ticket; and who knows that I may not one day entertain. Look at the mansion I inhabit; the first floor of it lets for four guineas a week, and perhaps I am the occupant. Is not my popularity accounted for? Add to these presumptive attractions, the evident ones of exterior and manners; my outside is unobjectionable, thanks also to my 'creditable' residence; and, from my conversation, it is very evident that I am neighbour to King Charles, who bestrides the 'high horse' at our end of 'the Strand,' and this, believe me, goes a great way. In these facts simply, lies the mystery.

But the course of good fortune never did, for a continuance, run smooth. A storm, some time ago, impended over me, that I foresaw not in proper time to avert; although appearances, for one entire fortnight loudly proclaimed it. These were attentions the most marked from all my friends, who seemed simultaneously affected with a violent attachment to my person and society. Among those of the first class, I became, tout-a-coup, a 'clever good-hearted fellow,' 'my worthy friend,' and 'the best creature in the world.' Half-a-dozen breakfasts a morning I usually had on my hands, and had eggs been chickens, Professor Malhus might have 'grinned a ghastly smile' of satisfaction, to view the Saturnian feast I was compelled to perform. But it was in the second class that I had the most overpowering tokens of affection to encounter: nothing could be done without 'dear Mr.'—'s' advice and co-operation. 'Mamma was angry that Mr.—— did not dine with them yesterday.'—Emily, Fanny, Jane, and Polly were at an desperate last evening, not to have their favourite Mr.—— among them.' 'Major Bottleblossom vented his spleen upon the claret and Madeira, in the absence of his friend M.——' In fact, so warm had the young ladies become in their attentions, and so well-favoured did I appear in the sight of those in authority over them; that I began, for the first time in my life, to entertain serious notions of matrimony. It was evident that I had only to throw the handkerchief to secure my sultana among a hundred eager candidates for the distinction; there were the five Misses Bottleblossoms, daughters of the gallant Major before mentioned; and the three Misses Slasheem, an eminent surgeon's lovely brood, the pretty Fanny Spilaboo; the four honourable Misses Rustaway; the three extraordinary Misses Cocklepit; my literary friend Mademoiselle Aubiforu, who had about six months previous come

'O'er the deep waters of the dark blue sea,' on a visit to my two singing friends, the clear-throated Misses Huskison. Shall I forget the beautiful Sally Whimpe? when I do, I must forget excellence of all kinds. These do not form a sixth of my list, but they are the most prominent, as being most capable of supporting the dignity of my 'lodgings in the Strand.' And now the difficulty was to decide: the last-mentioned was my favourite, but the five first had each some thousands of arguments in her favour more than any of the others; they had obtained 'golden opinions' from many persons, and, as a philosopher, I felt bound to distinguish sterling merit, even though it presented itself under an unfavourable aspect. Three nights, on my return to my lodgings, did I sit for four hours inwardly debating this knotty question. The competition now lay exclusively between Angelica Celestina Bottleblossom, the youngest of the five—for six years aged five-and-twenty—and the fascinating Sally, scarcely seventeen. On the fourth night I had something else to think of.

'Well girls,' said Major Bottleblossom, entering the breakfast-room, where Mrs. B. and the five BUDS were assembled, 'with a newspaper in his hand, 'his Majesty has accepted the invitation to the civic dinner on the 9th.'

'Gracious me, has he?' ejaculated Mrs. B. Miss Dorothea Matilda, Miss Susanna Augusta, Miss Julia Honoria, Miss Georgiana Monimia, and Miss Angelica Celestina, in a breath. 'How delightful!' said Mrs. B. 'How charming!' followed Dorothea. 'How pleasant!' succeeded Susannah. 'How gratifying!' hisped Julia. 'How agreeable!' sighed Georgiana.

'How fortunate we are,' exclaimed Angelica, 'in being acquainted with Mr.——, who 'has lodgings in the Strand!' How unfortunate was it for poor Mr.——, how unlucky for him that the King has consented to dine in the city! I was now beset on all sides, not only the three classes co-operated in 'worrying me to death, to obtain accommodation at my 'lodgings' for themselves to view the show, but their relations' and acquaintances, sons and daughters, thrust their recognitions and familiarities upon me by dozens—invariably followed by a request to 'let them stand any where, just to have a peep at the procession.' Large as my acquaintance necessarily was, I had no idea that I possessed such an overwhelming assortment of friends, they seemed to start up at every corner of the street, and the cards left at my 'lodgings in the Strand,' were incalculable. Of those who considered themselves entitled to precedence on this, to me melancholy, occasion, the number was somewhat above two hundred; these I could not refuse. To each, individually, I was under obligations, and they all expected a return now that, as they considered, I had it in my power to make one.

But what was the real state of the case? My 'lodgings in the Strand,' consisted of one miserable attic, ten feet by seven, illuminated only (when I was not there myself) by a single window, two feet wide, this latter looked out on the parapet, which indeed commanded a view of the Strand, but my share of which would scarcely accommodate ten persons; with all this ingenuity I could use in their behalf. Add to this, that the favoured few, when they