

side is a spacious stair-case leading up into the upper apartments. Immediately without the portal, in the porter's lodge, a small room with one or two bed rooms adjacent, for the accommodation of the *concierg*, or porter, and his family. This is one of the important functionaries of the hotel. He is, in fact, the Cerberus of the establishment, and not one can pass in or out without his knowledge and consent. The *porte-cocere* in general is fastened by a sliding bolt, from which a cord or wire passes into the porter's lodge. Whoever wishes to go out, must speak to the porter, who draws the bolt. A visitor from without gives a single rap with the massive knocker; the bolt is immediately drawn, as if by an invisible hand; the door stands ajar, the visitor pushes it open, and enters. A face presents itself at the glass door of the porter's little chamber: the stranger pronounces the name of the person he comes to seek. If the person or family is of importance, occupying the first or second floor, the porter sounds a bell once or twice, to give notice that the visitor is at hand. The stranger at the same time ascends the great stair case, the highway common to all, and arrives at the outer door, equivalent to a street door, of the suit of rooms inhabited by his friends. Besides this hangs a bell cord, with which he rings for admittance.

When the family or person inquired for is of less importance, or lives in some remote part of the mansion less easy to be apprized, no signal is given. The applicant pronounces the name at the porter's door, and is told, 'Ascend to the third or fourth story; ring the bell of the right or left hand door,' as the case may be.

The porter and his wife act as domestics to such of the inmates of the mansion as do not keep servants; making their beds, arranging their rooms, lighting their fires, and doing other menial offices, for which they receive a monthly stipend. They are also in confidential intercourse with the servants of the other inmates, and, having an eye on all the in comers and out goers are thus enabled, by hook and by crook, to learn the secrets and domestic history of every member of the little territory within the *porte-cochere*.

The porter's lodge is accordingly a great scene of gossip, where all the private affairs of this interior neighbourhood are discussed. The court yard, also, is an assembling place in the evenings for the servants of the different families, and a sisterhood of sewing girls from the entre-soles and the attics, to play at various songs, and dance to the music of their own songs, and echoes of their feet; at which assemblage the porter's daughter, takes the lead; a fresh, buxom pretty girl, generally called 'LaPetite,' though almost as tall as a grenadier. These little evening gatherings, so characteristic of this gay country, are countenanced by the various families of the mansion, who often look down from their windows and balconies, on moonlight evenings, and enjoy the simple revels of their domestics. I must observe, however, that the hotel I am describing is rather a quiet retired one, where most of the inmates are permanent residents from year to year, so that there is more of the spirit of the neighbourhood, than in the bustling fashionable hotels in the gay parts of Paris, which are continually changing their inhabitants.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT PARIS.

In another part of the hotel a handsome suit of rooms is occupied by an old Englishman, of great probity, some understanding, and very considerable crustiness, who has come to France to live economically. He has a very fair property, but his wife, being of that blessed kind compared in Scripture to the fruitful vine, has overwhelmed him with a family of buxom daughters, who hang clustering about him, ready to be gathered by any hand. He is seldom to be seen in public, without one hanging on each arm, and smiling on all the world, while his own mouth is drawn down at each corner like a mastiff's with internal growling at everything about him. He adheres rigidly to English fashion in dress, and trudges about in long gaiters and broad brimmed hat; while his daughters almost overshadow him with feathers, flowers, and French bonnets.

He contrives to keep up an atmosphere of English habits opinions and prejudices, and to carry a semblance of London into the very heart of Paris.

His mornings are spent in Galignani's news room, where he forms one of a knot of inveterate quidnuncs, who read the same thing over a dozen times in a dozen different papers. He generally dines in company with some of his own countrymen, and they have what you may call

a comfortable sitting' after dinner, in the English fashion, drinking wine, discussing the news of London papers, and canvassing the French character, the French metropolis, and the French revolution, ending with a unanimous admission of English courage, English morality, English cookery, English wealth, the magnitude of London, and the ingratitude of the French.

His evenings are chiefly spent at a club of his countrymen where the London papers are taken. Sometimes his daughters entice him to the theatres, but not often. Abuses French tragedy as all fustian and bombast. Talma as a ranting and Duchesnois as a mere termagant. It is true his ear is not sufficiently familiar with the language to understand French verse, and he generally goes to sleep during the performance. The wit of the French comedy is flat and point less to him. He would not give one of Dunben's wry faces, or Liston's inexpressible looks, for the whole of it.

He will not admit that Paris has any advantage over London. The Seine is a muddy rivulet in comparison with the Thames; the west end of London surpasses the finest parts of the French capital; and on some one's observing that there was a very thick fog out of doors. 'Pish' said he, crustily, 'it's nothing to the fogs we have in London.'

He has infinite trouble in bringing his table into any thing like conformity to English rule. With his liquors, it is true, he is tolerably successful. He procures London porter and a stock of port sherry, at a considerable expense; for he observes that he cannot stand those cursed thin French wines; they dilute his blood so much as to give him the rheumatism. As to their white wines, he stigmatizes them as mere substitutes for cider; and as to claret, 'it would be port if it could.' He has continual quarrels with his French cook, whom he renders wretched by insisting on conforming to Mrs. Glass; for it is easier to convert a Frenchman from his religion than from his cookery. The poor fellow, by dint of repeated efforts, once brought himself to serve up *ros bif* sufficiently raw to suit what he considered the cannibal taste of his master; but then he could not refrain, at the last moment, adding some exquisite sauce that put the old gentleman in a fury.

He detests wood fires, and has procured a quantity of coal; but not having a grate, he is obliged to burn it on the hearth. Here he sits poking and stirring the fire with one end of the tongs, while the room is as murky as a smithy; railing at French chimnies, French masons, and French architects; giving a poke at the end of every sentence, as though he were stirring up the very bowels of the delinquents he is anathematizing. He lives in a state militant with inanimate objects around him; gets into high dudgeon with doors and casements, because they will not come under English law, and his implacable feuds with sundry refractory pieces of furniture. Among these is one in particular with which he is sure to have a high quarrel every time he goes to dress. It is a *commode*, one of those smooth, polished, plausible pieces of French furniture, that have the perversity of five hundred devils. Each drawer has a will of its own; will open or not, just as the whim takes it, and sets lock and key at defiance. Sometimes a drawer will refuse to yield to either persuasion or force and will part with both handles rather than yield; another will come out in the most coy and coquettish manner imaginable; elbowing along, zin-zag, one corner retreating as the other advances; making a thousand difficulties and objections at every move; until the old gentleman, out of all patience, gives a sudden jerk, and brings drawer and contents into the middle of the floor. His hostility to this unlucky piece of furniture increases every day, as if incensed that it does not grow better. He is like the fretful invalid, who cursed his bed, that the longer he lay, the harder it grew. The only benefit he has derived from the quarrel is, that it has furnished him with a crusty joke, which he utters on all occasions. He swears that the French *commode* is the most incommodious thing in existence, and that although the nation cannot make a joint stool that will stand steady, yet they are always talking of every thing's being perfectionates.

His servants understand his honour, and thus avail themselves of it. He was one day disturbed by a pertinacious rattling and shaking at one of the doors, and bawled out in his angry tone to know the cause of the disturbance. 'Sir,' said the footman, testily, 'it's this confounded French lock!' 'Ah!' said the old gentleman pacified by this hit at the na-

tion; 'I thought there was something French at the bottom of it.'

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

BELSHAZZAR was seated at night in his hall, And thousands around him obeyed at his call; In the midst streamed from fountains the ruby red wine, For the throne of the King was the Bacchanal's shrine; When the sentence was written, in letters of flame— 'Though art weighed and found wanting!' and splendour and fame In the balance of Justice were counted as naught: He was false to himself, and his ruin was wrought.

A ruler as strong—the Recluse of Ferney*— O'er the empire of Mind held a limitless sway; And far as the light of Intelligence shone, Still the great and the noble his influence own. But his soul was a sepulchre, dreary and dim, And fearful their end all who trusted in him; Against virtue and truth he unceasingly warred; He was false to himself, and himself he abhorred.

The young and the bold wander forth from their homes: The student pours over the black lettered tomes: The mariner braves, to win silver and gold, The fierce torrid sun and the terrible cold; And the soldier, the statesman: the poet—all pine On their brows the parenial laurel to twine; But when all is gained—when the strife is all passed, If false to themselves, oh! what win they at last?

The poor man, the fettered, the slave in the mines, Down deep in the earth where the sun never shines— Yea, he whom the bigot has doomed to expire In agony over the slow mounting fire, Feels unspringing within him a fountain of joy Which no pain and no peril can ever destroy; The world did not give, and it cannot divest: He is true to himself, and by Truth he is blessed.

The base, craven-hearted quail under the blow The strong give the weak and the proud give the low; But he who can back on a true spirit fall, No wrong can excite and no danger appal; The vision of others is bound by the sky, But he far beyond it a home can descry; And he known that by Truth he its glories shall win: He who's false to himself can ne'er enter therein.

Hold fast on thyself!—what though perils assail, And thou standest alone in the pitiless gale, Thou art lord of our soul, and king of our realm, Which no strong arm can conquer, no wave overwhelm— That shall last and grow brighter as nations decay— That shall flourish, still young, when the stars fade away, If true to thyself then thyself dost control: Oh, there is no empire so great as the soul!

RUPUS W. GRISWOLD.

*Voltaire.

NEW WORKS.

Journal of a Residence in Circassia during the Years 1837, 1838, and 1839. By James Stanislaus Ball.

All yesterday it rained hard, and kept me storm-staid; but much cannon having been heard, and, according to the report of a man from the hills above this hamlet, musket-firing also, I started soon after daybreak for Tshopsis, where I found that the Circassians had invented a novel amusement of stationing themselves with a couple of small cannons on a hill above the fort, and firing into it.

On each side of the valley the hills are pretty high, and steep; and within cannon shot of its centre, there is a ridge which extends nearly to the sea—at its termination stands the fort. Its ramparts are of earth, and of considerable extent, covering in their oblong square form the whole breadth of the ridge. Bastions are constructed at the centres and corners of each of the walls. But the ridge increases in height as it recedes from the sea, so as to command the fort entirely; and as it is undulating and intersected with ravines, parties of Circassians had stationed themselves where they found complete shelter from the guns of the fort, within even half a musket shot from it. There they lay on the watch for any Russian who might show himself at the embrazures, while many, regardless of exposure, parambulated the precincts of the fort on the level ground around it, and also with in musket shot; so that during the whole time I was on the ground, there was a continual popping of musketry from the numerous loopholes on the top of the walls at these adventurous individuals, while a thundering gun or

bomb was discharged at other parties more remote, as they debouched from the shelter of one hill to cross to that of another. The expectation of the Circassians I believe to have been, that their guns, small as they were, would have forced the Russians to have evacuated their fort and fight them in the valley, of which as I saw no chance, I soon left the field; yet quite convinced of the facility with which the fort might be carried by surprise during night, or the Russians forced to abandon it as well as that of Pshat, which is also commanded by hills on each side—if the Circassians set rightly about it, or possessed a small portion of the needful materiel. None of the garrison dare forage even for wood—with which they are supplied by sea—nor venture beyond half cannon range for water; and the same I believe will be found to be the case with the garrisons of all other forts that may hereafter be constructed anywhere but on the valleys near the Kuban.

Essay on the Productive Resources of India.

THE inferiority of the productions of India is not always to be referred to deficiency of growth; it is as often to be found in exuberance. The business of agriculture is to deal with both, regulating with such scientific accuracy the several agencies of light, heat, air, and moisture, as to supply defects in the former, and to repress redundancy in the latter class of instances. Approaching the subject by an obvious path of inquiry, Dr. Royle devotes the first section to a brief history of the arts of culture in other parts of the world, showing how all the difficulties that presented themselves at first were gradually overcome by experience and perseverance, and how climates and soils, originally supposed to be incompatible with particular growths, were afterwards found to be peculiarly favourable to their culture. Having thus cleared the ground of all preliminary obstacles, the second section is addressed to a general view of the principal objects of Indian cultivation, and of the attempts that have been made to improve them, showing the results obtained, which, in some instances, were successful. In the progress of this very valuable and curious inquiry, a variety of explanations are given of the physical causes of success or failure, accompanied by important practical suggestions. A recapitulation of the history and prospects of the productive resources of India, appropriately winds up the whole.

The 'moral' of this elaborate treatise is, that the neglect of agriculture in India has prevented us from availing ourselves to the full extent of the riches that country is capable of producing. The obvious remedy is to set about the cultivation of the earth up to its highest capacity, to apply the results of science to its fertile soil, and to turn its luxuriant resources to a profitable use. The natives are superstitiously attached to old systems, while the English, who generally go out to India for very different purposes, scarcely ever embark in agricultural operations: between both the land is neglected. Some attempts have been made by the government to introduce a spirit of improvement, gardens have been established in various places, a variety of new plants have been tried, and it has been satisfactorily shewn that India is capable of all kinds of culture to an almost indefinite extent. Let public attention be only properly awakened on this subject, and no doubt can be entertained of the result. Dr. Royle has contributed largely in this essay towards the attainment of this desirable object: it remains for the government to reduce his suggestion to practicable application. The following brief summary traverses in outline some of the principal points investigated by the author.

'The soil and climate are as varied as the British territories in India are extended. Every part is rich in a great variety of natural resources, valuable for food, commerce, and manufactures. Much has been done to increase these by the introduction of useful plants of all countries, both in the northern and in the southern provinces. The great variety of useful products yielded by plants generally, is shown to be secreted by many of those indigenous in, or introduced into, and cultivated in India. The list of all these might have been very much extended.

'The soil is as capable of producing, and the climate as suited to these varied products, as it ever was. Yet that they are not cultivated with the skill which is desirable, is not to be wondered at, since the Hindoos find their ancient systems of agriculture sufficient for their purposes, and they are naturally prejudiced in favour of that which has the sanction of antiquity. Few, if any, of the Europeans who have settled as cultivators in the country have been professional farmers. The majority were therefore unacquainted with the practice of the art in Europe, as well as with the details of tropical culture in the New World. Still fewer have been familiar with the sciences connected with the arts of culture, and which in the absence of experience would have given them principles of guidance in their practice.

'The efforts of the government, we have seen, were commenced at an early period, and