

person of the apostle of temperance. Vulcan was determined to show that he was not to be put down, or rather put out, without a struggle; and that we have narrowly escaped being indebted to St. Mathew for a second fire of London. It is quite clear, that the excessive water drinking promoted by the reverend gentleman during his mission amongst us diminished the supply of that fluid, when it was so imperatively required to arrest the progress of the conflagrations we allude to. With all his cold water, therefore, we cannot but pronounce his apostleship an incendiary; and we must add our deliberate opinion that the incendiary who keeps a country in water is not half so much to be reprobated as the incendiary who keeps it in cold water. But as this is the age of compromise, we are disposed to suggest a concordatum between the conflicting principles, and would humbly recommend, as a middle course between fire on one side, and water on the other, a common resort to the liquid which the Indian tribes call fire-water! The advantage of this would be, that those who love an innocent tumbler of punch would be reinstated in the enjoyment of that cheap luxury; and the excise would exhibit handsome returns.

"Raising the wind," used to be a favourite occupation in this great city; but raising the water is not the only employment in vogue, and there is nearly as much humbug in the latter as in the former vocation. There is so much pumping at present, that there will soon be no such thing as a secret, and in this respect water may lay claim to one of the established properties of wine. This is perfectly consonant with the two proverbial positions, hitherto thought to be somewhat at variance,—namely, "in vino veritas," and "truth is found in a well," since it is notoriously discoverable by pumping, and the Mathewites ought accordingly to be the soundest philosophers of the day; it is their distinctive glory to penetrate to the very springs and drinks at the fountain-head.

We have no objection to drop [provided the prevalence of flattery is spared us,] but we have every objection to "dropping wine" in the sense in which the temperance societies propose to drop it. If wine be poison, at least "sweet poison," which cannot be said of those essentially insipid potations which the wild Irish are grown so perversely addicted to. Better to die of a grape stone, with Anacreon, than run the hazard of a death as damp and deadly as that of Lycidas;—although the teetotallers would have grumbled that hapless youth drank "watry beer" on which the poet represents him floating.

Had Mr John Gilpin been a teetotaller, he would have taken his holiday at Edmonton for the sake of "the Wash," not to enjoy the delicious contents of his "two stone bottles." A party on the Thames now means a party to drink Thames water; and Donybrook fair is resorted to for the sake of the brook itself! Guinness in vain multiplies the X's on his barrel; he will soon be X Guinness, expelled by the Teetotallers and excommunicated by Father Mathew. The good old Irish wasnebaugh [which is Hibernian for eau-de-vie] is of less account than ditch water; the water remains, but the life is extinct; life in Ireland is now the life of a fish or a water fowl—a sort of game of duck and drake; the Irish have ceased to be poets of song, and are become, their aquatic habits, mere studies for a naturalist. Moore ought to leave the concluding chapters of their history to be written by Waterton.

The tranquility produced by temperance is the very reverse of still life, and the canker in the heart of the country is no longer a worm. The worm of the still is not the worm that "dieth not," for it is almost at its last gasp, and the distillers are filling their vats with water, as Milton's daffodillies filled their cups, for want of a more generous liquor to replenish them. We are informed that the popular melody at Donybrook, in August last, was the "Meeting of the waters."

The only army of water drinkers mentioned in history was the army of Xerxes, which, the Greek chronicles assure us, drank a river dry every meal. No wonder the Greekstrashed but we think it an extremely probable one, when we reflect on the fate of the Persian monarch.

The ancient philosophers appear to have given no countenance to the water drinking mania. Diogenes, although a cynic, showed his respect for wine in the choice he made of his abode. No sooner did he drain his cask than he resolved to reside in it for the sake of the bouquet which still adhered to the staves.

Diogenes surly and proud,  
He snarled at the Macedon youth,  
Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because in good wine there is truth.  
But growing as poor as a Job,  
And unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub,  
And lived by the scent of the cask.

Aristotle's convivial character is beyond dispute. He is known all the world over by the extraordinary freedom of his libations. His works bear witness to his celebrity as a toper, for they have been staggering the learned world ever since they were composed. It has even been remarked that the name of Aristotle rhymes to bottle; but this was probably accidental.

The case of Aristippus is too notorious to require an observation; and as to Socrates, it is almost certain as any historical fact can be, that drinking caused his death. He probably acquired the habit of tripping by resorting to the taverns and gin shops of Athens, to escape the voluble tongue of his lady, who, being a practitioner usually treated him on his

return home to a cool shower-bath,—“A woman's weapons,—water-drops.”

It is time for the rivers themselves to feel alarmed, particularly for the interest of the fish, who have dangerous rivals in the teetotallers. A fish out of water is the most melancholy object in creation. Would not a "meeting of the waters" be expedient? The Shannon should of course head the movement, and issue a manifesto commencing with "Rivers, arise!" The Boyne-water is notorious for its powers of public excitement; but in every part of the island there are plenty of murmuring streams and brawling brooks to get up a most respectable agitation, and there would be no want of the habit of spouting, or of the "torrens copia." The cause is enough to make a standing pool fluent, and put a puddle in a storm. We do not presume to offer an opinion as to the steps the rivers should take in this emergency; but a "run on the banks" will be probable recommendation.

A run on the banks, or at least a run to the banks, may be said to be the course recommended by the Irish apostle. We see no objection to the banks, if men would only stop there; but the sight of water makes a teetotaller's mouth water, and he can resist any temptation but a draught of the cold element. This is a frailty which it is very difficult for us to understand, who think the ruby so far superior to the crystal, and would willingly exchange all the waters of the Rhine and the Rhone for one bottle of heck or hermitage from their delicious banks.

It is to be hoped that the waters will soon subside, either through the preaching of some jovial missionary, or the return of mankind from their sober senses. For the present the mania must run its course,—which in this instance is a water course. We must wait, like the swain in the satire, "dum defluit amnis."

It does not train for ever even at the lakes of Killarney, or in the realms of Connemara. But should the water king menace us with an actual deluge, we must only resist him to the last drop of wine in our cellars, and then trusting ourselves to some scented boghead by way of an ark, go in quest of another Ararat, and with a "hip, hip, hurrah," from its glorious summit, assert to the last the divinity of the grape.

From the Quarterly Review.

#### STATISTICS OF LARGE LIBRARIES.

Of the number of works which have been printed since the year 1450, there exist no sufficient data to enable us to form a certain estimate; and so far as we know, the Statistical Society have not yet grappled with the subject. The number of volumes claimed to be possessed by the twelve greater libraries of Europe, is as follows:—The Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris 650,000; Munich 500,000, of which one-fifth at the least are duplicates; Copenhagen 400,000; St. Petersburg, 400,000; Berlin 320,000; Vienna, 300,000; the British Museum, 270,000; Dresden, 250,000; the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, in Paris, 200,000; the Brera library, in Milan, 200,000; Gottingen, 200,000; the Bibliothèque de St. Genevieve, in Paris, 200,000. These are vague numbers, and, be it remembered, not of works, but of volumes. We may assume that each of these libraries contains a proportion of its number, perhaps one tenth, which is not to be found in the other eleven; and we may assume with equal certainty that a vast number of the works do not exist in any of the twelve, which are to be found in the many libraries of Europe below 200,000. If we take 2,500,000 of works or volumes, to express the number which have been printed—and in our opinion this is far below the actual truth—we find that no library contains more than a quarter of the books which have issued from the Press during the four centuries in which the art of printing has flourished. As there is no published catalogue of any one of these libraries which at all represents its actual state, it is not surprising that such an estimate as we have made should be so vague as it is; but it does surprise us that the amounts of their numbers should also be as they in fact are, nearly as vague. Whatever difficulty there may be in ascertaining the literary, one would suppose it would be a comparatively easy task to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, the numerical amount of volumes—a purely mechanical process. But such is not the case; and it is therefore very difficult to institute a positive comparison between any two libraries. At all times, tens and hundreds have been spoken of familiarly. To what is said of the 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian library, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, we attach just so much confidence as we do to the legend of the 11,000 virgins of Cologne. The Gottingen library has been quoted repeatedly by the number of 300,000. We have now before us, in the writing of the librarian, Dr. Benecke, that in 1835, though it had 300,000 works, it had but 200,000 volumes the number which we have used in our statement. The Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris, professes to have 650 or 700,000 volumes. Now we have seen the rooms in the Rue Richelieu, from the ground floor, where the books on vellum, the *éditiones principes* and the *incunabula* of the typographic art, are secluded from the profane eyes of vulgar readers, to the show rooms on the first floor, where the public wander and wonder, and the dismal garrets above, full of masses of unbound and uncatalogued books, "in dire confusion piled," we have also seen the British Museum library, and its well packed and well ordered shelves, and we find it difficult to reconcile the relative space of each library, and to believe that one is less than one half of the other. Great allowance must be made for modes of enumeration. If every brochure and every pamphlet,

and every volume of every novel, every German thesis, and every one of the 60,000 pamphlets on the French revolution alone, which the British Museum contains, were severally enumerated, as we suspect to be the case in France and elsewhere, the number would be, perhaps 400,000, an amount which, though large, is still vastly inferior to 700,000. We have lately seen in the newspapers an amusing statement, which we believe to be nearly accurate that the printed books in the Museum library occupy ten miles of shelf. We are not about to give here the mileage, nor the superficial, nor the cubic contents of the European libraries; for even if they were measured or squared, or cubed with tolerable accuracy, their relative length, or surface, or bulk would be no criteria to judge of their relative value. Munich might well afford to part with its disposable 100,000 volumes, rejected even of America, for a portion of the collection of a private gentleman, Mr Grenville. Our purpose in mentioning these numerical details is, that our readers may be able to form some idea of what a catalogue of books on a large scale must really be. If the number of printed books and brochures in the British Museum be 400,000, the titles of entries would be at least 500,000. In the first volume of the new catalogue, we find about 1000 entries or titles under the single name of Aristotle.

#### VALUE OF VICTORIA'S CROWN.

SOME of our readers may be curious to know the composition and estimated value of the crown of Victoria, Queen of England. The crown itself weighs about three pounds, and is composed of hoops of silver, enclosing a cap of blue velvet. These hoops are studded with precious stones, and surmounted with brilliant in the form of a Maltese cross. The rim is flowered with Maltese crosses. The rim is flowered with Maltese crosses and the *fleur de lis*. In the centre of the large Maltese cross, is a splendid sapphire, and in the front is the immense ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince. Numerous other precious stones, rubies, pearls, and emeralds, are intermingled with these gems down to the rim, which is formed of ermine. The following is its estimated value:

20 diamonds around the circle, at £1500 each,	£30,000
2 large centre diamonds £2000 each,	4,000
34 smaller diamonds, at the angle of the former,	100
4 crosses, each composed of 25 diamonds,	13,000
4 large diamonds on the tops of the crosses,	40,000
17 diamonds contained in the fleurs de lis,	10,000
18 do smaller do do	2,000
Pearls, diamonds, &c., on the arches and crosses	10,000
141 diamonds on the mound,	500
23 do on the upper cross,	3,000
2 circles of pearls about the rim,	800
	£112,400

Or half a million of dollars in round numbers. The above is taken from an instructive article on the commercial value of gems in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

#### THE FIRST OYSTER EATER.

Who was the daring adventurer that first swallowed an oyster is not known; but Gay, in his "Trivia," thus alludes to him:—"The man had sure a palate covered o'er With brass or steel, that from the rocky shore First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat, And risk'd the living morsel down his throat." There is, however, a seeming confusion here. If by breaking the oyster's pearly coat we are to understand that he casts away that untempting and indigestible garment, and swallowed its owner stark naked, he had no need of a steel or a brass covered palate. But be this as it may, posterity is indebted to his intrepidity for many and many a pleasant supper; and could we but discover who he really was, we would construct imperishable grottoes in his honor.

From the Salem Gazette.

#### OREGON TERRITORY.

In our last we promised to furnish our readers with a condensed view of Mr Lion's Report to the Senate of the United States, on the occupation of the Oregon territory, which treats the subject with reference to other matters than the mere title. According to the opinions of Mr Slason, Messrs Lewis and Clarke, and others who have seen the country, its products are of the most valuable kinds, consisting of peltries of various kinds, besides salmon fisheries, etc. The influence of the Hudson's Bay Company is also mentioned to be required to be counteracted, owing to the vast power which these trappers and traders are likely to acquire among those with whom they deal. As the difficulties of passing the Rocky Mountains, which at one period were deemed insurmountable, have within a few years been overcome to such a degree that where a passage was regarded as impracticable, passes of easy ascent far wagons, etc. have been found, a fear has been expressed that in the event of a war, hostile troops might be introduced in the way of the Oregon river, and brought over the head waters of the Missouri river. To prevent such a movement, as well as the smuggling of goods of British manufacture free of duty into the territories of the United States, it is deemed advisable that a settlement be formed at the mouth of the Oregon. As an evidence of the ease with which the defiles of the Rocky mountains may be passed, the names are given of

several missionaries, who, with their wives had passed over. In the cases mentioned, the course pursued was from the State of Missouri, along and near the banks of the river of that name, until they reached the Platte, thence along the river to its fork; thence by the north fork and the Black hills, to near its source; thence to the Green River, one of the branches of the western Colorado; thence to Bear river, which empties itself into the Great Salt Lake; and thence to the head waters of Lewis's River, the Southern Branch of the Columbia River, by which or its tributaries they pursued their course to Fort Wallawalla, one of the principal posts of Hudson's Bay Company within three hundred miles of the ocean. A great portion of the midland region is described as a wild country, to which refugees from all quarters will resort, and may be employed by Great Britain in the event of a war with the United States, to great advantage.

In speaking of the Great Salt Lake, its length is stated at 150 miles, and its breadth 40, no other outlet to its waters being apparent, although two streams flow into it. The report contains a quotation from the Encyclopedia of Geography, in which a detailed account is given of the geographical character of the country on either side of the Rocky Mountains or great back bone of the American Continent, but its details are such as not to interest general readers. It is in speaking of the climate of the regions west of the Rocky Mountains that the authorities cited indulge in terms of unqualified admiration, representing it as almost free from frost, and except during four months of unbroken rainy weather, serene and delightful.

The wild horses are very numerous, and of a very fine breed, resembling European coursers or the blood horses of Virginia, and may be bought from the natives for beads worth one or two dollars. Wild sheep are also found in great numbers, and have fine wool on many parts of their bodies. The soil of the country, which rises in terraces from the Pacific Ocean towards the interior, is of a rich mould, and for grazing purposes is believed to be equal to the best of Mexico.

The British have a village at Fort Vancouver, about seventy miles above the mouth of the river, containing about eight hundred inhabitants, with a picket including officers' dwelling houses, workshops for carpenters, wheelwrights, coopers, tanners, &c.; they have a saw mill erected on a never failing stream, falling into the Columbia, which cuts 2000 feet of lumber daily, employing 28 men; the depth of water at the mill being 24 feet, where the company's vessels can take in their cargoes for the Sandwich Islands market. They have a farm at Vancouver, containing 3000 acres fenced and under cultivation, on which are employed about 100 hands—a large ship arrives annually from London and discharges her cargo at Vancouver—introducing into our country, English goods, free of duty, which are placed in competition, in the Indian market, with the goods of the American fur dealer. Three of the company's ships remain on the coast with a steamboat. These vessels are well armed and manned.—An express, as it is called, goes on annually, in March, and ascends the Columbia 900 miles, in batteaux—generally under the command of a chief trader, who meets the assemblage of American trappers and hunters, 450 or 500 in number, in the mountains, and is enabled to undersell the American traders, who purchase his goods at St. Louis, subject to the government duty—the English trader thus having an advantage over the American trader on the American ground of twenty five or thirty per cent.

In reference to the soil, climate, and productions of the country, it is asserted that several districts have been discovered of boundless fertility, along the coasts as well as inland, and it can now be said, without fear of contradiction, that it will prove the finest grazing country in the world—that the climate of Oregon is far milder than that of the United States, resembling more that of France—there are three large rivers falling into the Ocean south of the Columbia within our own territory, which are not laid down on any map, and it is believed that the valleys of these rivers contain at least 14,000,000 acres of land of the first quality, equal to the best lands in Missouri or Illinois.

From the entire description we are led to think that this region is destined to be thickly populated, and to afford all the luxuries of a fine soil and climate to thousands whose tastes will induce them to abandon the scorching heats and intense cold of the Eastern side of this vast continent.

#### A VILLAGE POLITICIAN.

Of all highly influential men, there is not one more capable of commanding the attention of those who form the circle of which he is the centre, than a village politician. Nor would it be correct if there were, for what a patriot he is!—what a pure philanthropist!—nay, what a deeply indignant man! How profound in his political wisdom!—and how boldly he denounces the conduct of the party to whom he is, on principle, opposed! What rogues—what reckless, rampart rogues—does he prove them to be! To his knowledge, what intrigues are they connected with—what flagrant follies are they guilty of—what dead robberies do they commit! In his view, with what tenacity do they stick to the property of the people!—how they batten on corruption!—how they live on pure plunder!—how richly they deserve to be hanged! With what fiery indignation does he declare them to be wretches: how rotten, how venal, how utterly contemptible does he labour to make them all appear, when, to get a coat to make, or a boot to mend, he would take off his hat to the first he met.