

eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practise is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians.

In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every day occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverised state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavourable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance.

The above particulars, communicated by a contributor residing in Germany, are curious only inasmuch as they refer to poisons of a peculiarly quick and deadly nature. Our ordinary 'indulgences' in this country are the same in kind, though not in degree, for we are all poison eaters. To say nothing of our alcohol and opium consumers, our teetotallers are delighted with the briskness and sparkle of spring water, although these qualities indicate the presence of carbonic acid, or fixed air. In like manner, few persons will object to a drop or two of the frightful corrosive, sulphuric acid (vitriol), in a glass of water, to which it communicates an agreeably acid taste; and most of us have, at some period or other of our lives imbibed prussic acid, arsenic and other deadly poisons under the orders of the physician, or the first of these in more pleasing form of confectionary.

Arsenic is said by Dr Pearson to be as harmless as a glass of wine in the quantity of one sixteenth part of a grain; and in the cure of agues it is so certain in its effects, that the French Directory once issued an edict ordering the Surgeons of the Italian army, under pain of military punishment, to banish that complaint at two or three days' notice, from among the vast numbers of soldiers who were languishing under it in the marshes of Lombardy. It would seem that no poison taken in small and diluted quantities is immediately hurtful, and the same thing may be said of other agents. The tap of a fan, for instance, is a blow, and so is the stroke of a club, but the one gives an agreeable sensation and the other sells the recipient to the ground, in like manner the analogy holds good between the distribution of a blow over a comparatively large portion of the surface of the body and the dilution or distribution of the particles of a poison. A small thrust upon the breast, for instance, with a foil does no injury; but if the button is removed, and the same momentum thus thrown to a point, the instrument enters the structures, and perhaps causes death.

But the misfortune is, that poison swallowed for the sake of the agreeable sensation they occasion owe this effect to their action upon the nervous system; and the action must be kept up by constantly increasing the dose till the constitution is irremediably injured. In the case of arsenic, as we have seen, so long as the excitement is undiminished all is apparently well; but the point is at length reached when to proceed or turn back is alike death. The moment the dose is diminished or entirely withdrawn, symptoms of poison appear, and the victim perishes because he has shrunk from killing himself. It is just so when the stimulant is alcohol.

The morning experience of the drinker prophesies, on every occasion, of the fate that awaits him. It may be pleasant to get intoxicated, but to get sober is horror. The time comes, however, when the pleasure is at an end, and the horror alone remains. When the habitual stimulus reaches its highest, and the undermined constitution can stand no more, then comes the reaction. If the excitement could go on *indefinitum* the prognosis would be different; but the poison symptoms appear as soon as the dose can no longer be increased without producing instant death, and the drunkard dies of the want of drink! Many persons, it cannot be denied, reach a tolerable age under this stimulus; but they do so only by taking warning in time—perhaps from some frightful illness—and carefully proportioning the dose to the sinking constitution.

ACTIVE WOMEN.

The precepts we would inculcate concerning active women are these: let their active energies be properly directed—neither allowed to run to waste, nor to be exercised out of their proper sphere. As a general rule noisy women do much less than they seem to do, and very much less than they believe; and quiet women often do more. But it does not follow that all quiet women are active; on the contrary, six out of ten are indolent and work only on compulsion. Indolent women have their good points, and one of the most valuable of these is their quietness; it is a great luxury in domestic life; but perhaps, it is a luxury which is too expensive for a poor man, unless he can get it combined with activity. The wife of a poor man, no matter what his profession or position, ought to rule her house with diligence, but make no boast of it. Her managing powers ought to be confined to her own house, and never be sent out to interfere with her neighbors. Her activity should be kept

healthy by being exercised upon important matters chiefly, though the trifles must not be disregarded. A woman who will make herself unhappy because her usual custom of cleaning the house on Friday is, on a particular occasion, inevitably infringed, is inadequate to perceive the difference between the lesser and the greater. Some active women who pride themselves on their housekeeping, seem to forget that the object of keeping a house is, that human beings may be accommodated in it; their sole idea seems to be this, that the object of keeping a house is, that the house may be kept in a certain form and order, and to the maintenance of this form and order they sacrifice the comfort of those whose comfort the house was established to secure. Such active women are pests to society, because they want sense to direct and control their energies.

From Hogg's Instructor.

FRIENDSHIP.

In passing o'er this life's campaign,
We meet with friends, but part again;
Our meeting like the summer's rain,
So brief it is yet not in vain;
Their memories still remain.

Life is but passing to and fro,
The changing of a moment's glow
Of happiness to look of woe;
The meeting friend, the meeting foe—
A pageant, quick, yet slow.

But while to me dark scenes are lost,
When ceasing to be tempest tossed,
The bright still linger, and emboss'd
With many a jewel, and flower cross'd,
My sympathies accost.

If, after sleeping on the hill,
And dancing on the sparkling rill,
The sunbeams pass, and all is chill,
I fancy that I see them still:
They do my spirit fill.

If, after climbing the mountain's height,
And viewing thence a scene so bright,
So passing fair, so full of light,
I scarce can feast enough my sight—
It disappears in night:

I still can raise, by mental aid,
The universal veil of shade,
Survey the scenes by fancy made;
They haunt my dreams, my thoughts pervade—
Their beauty cannot fade.

Just so in life with friends I meet,
Whom but for few short days I greet,
Whose charms and social converse sweet
Would fain arrest my roving feet—
The heart, their source and seat.

And though I pass from them away,
The friendly smile, the laugh so gay,
The cheerful word, the pleasant day,
Will not forgetfulness obey,
But cling to me and stay.

I could not, if I would, forget
These cheerful friends with whom I've met,
Whose lustrous virtues brightly set
In eyes of blue, or brown, or jet,
My purest thoughts abet.

I see them not; I hear no more
The voices which in days of yore
Have welcomed me at friendly door;
But still enshrined in memory's lore,
They live for evermore.

CLOTHING OF THE VEDDAHs, OR WILD MEN OF CEYLON.

Their ordinary clothing is manufactured from the bark of trees. This, when gathered, is cut into pieces of a convenient size; the inner coat is then separated from the outer and steeped in water for a few hours; after this it is beaten between two stones until it becomes perfectly soft, smooth, and pliable; it is next dried, and is then ready for use. As none of the pieces are singly of sufficient size to form a garment, they generally sew two together with a string or fiber obtained from the descending shoots of the banyan-tree; this forms a cloth of about four and a half feet long and three feet wide, and constitutes the whole clothing of the Veddah—his dress by day, and his bed and blanket by night.

GOD BLESS YOU.

As we journeyed on a trifling incident occurred, which very favourably disposed us towards the peasantry of Spain. A large party of field labourers, attired in scarlet jackets and sashes, were returning to their homes after the toils of the day, and were singing in unison a lively song, in token of the happiness within their hearts. The sun was now sinking behind the hills, and the stars of evening were beginning to gem the vast canopy of heaven. A soft and rich twilight gave a sweet mellowness to the features of the surrounding landscape, infusing thoughts of romance and poetry into our minds, and making everything appear to us like the scenery of a picture or a dream. As we reached the body of peasantry, they immediately separated to each side of the road, and, as we passed between them, they saluted us with the beautiful expression, 'Vaga vel con Dios' (Go you with God). A thrill of pleasure ran through my veins as I heard this national benediction, pronounced with such deep solemnity, and issuing like a full and majestic chorus from the lips of these humble tillers of the soil.—*Warren's Morocco.*

New Works.

From Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France.

THE CAUSES OF THE DEFEAT AT WATERLOO.

The battle of Waterloo was lost not by the army, which was never more indefatigable, more devoted, or more brave, but by the commission of four faults: the tardiness of Ney on the evening of the 16th in occupying Quatre-Bras; the indecision of Grouchy in not marching towards the cannon of the battle, and neglecting Wavres; the too great distance left by Napoleon between his army and his right wing commanded by Grouchy; finally, and above all, the loss of seven hours of daylight by Napoleon on the 18th, in front of Wellington—fatal hours, which gave time to the Prussians to arrive on the field of battle, and to the French army a second enemy upon its flanks before it had vanquished the first. Of these four errors, two must be ascribed to Napoleon's generals, and two to himself, none to the troops. Neither his genius nor his resolution are recognized in separating himself from one-third of his army by an immense and unknown space on his right, without even verbal communication with this wing; nor when hesitated till eleven o'clock in the forenoon before he advanced to storm Mont Saint Jean, and to deprive Wellington of the hope of being joined by the Prussians, already in sight on the horizon, but still three hours' march from the field of battle. He left Ney, half a victor, upon the reverse of Mont Saint Jean, to wait for three hours the mass of the army and the Imperial Guard, instead of profiting by the breach opened by the Marshal in the English army, to hurl upon it his centre and his reserve, and to sweep Wellington, scarcely resisting, from the field, before Blücher should be in a position to prevent the defeat of the English. Finally, his decisive impulse amidst the fire of battle could not be recognised in his ten hours' immobility on the plateau of Rossomme, and in his passive inertness behind the hillock at Mont Saint Jean, whilst his army was totally sacrificing itself by mounting to the breach opened by Ney, and waiting for nothing but the presence and example of its Emperor to rise above itself and superior to destiny. One of these faults alone was sufficient to ruin an ordinary army, but all combined destroyed that of France. Let us add, in order to be just, that Wellington and his army equalled by their intrepidity the first generals and the best soldiers in France. The English general possessed the true genius of defence—passive obedience unto death. The Scottish regiment covered, without yielding an inch, the spot on which they were ordered to die!

From Lord Mahon's History of the American Revolution.

PATRICK HENRY.

The colony of Virginia was the place, and the year 1736 the time, of birth to Patrick Henry. His parents were in easy circumstances, but burthened with a numerous family; they resided at a country seat to which the ambitious name of Mount Brilliant had been given. In childhood Patrick Henry gave little promise of distinction. His person is represented as having been coarse, his manners extremely awkward, his dress slovenly, and his aversion to study invincible. No persuasion could bring him either to read or to work. At sixteen his father gave him means to open a small shop, which failed, however, in less than one year. Then he tried a small farm, and married; then again he entered upon the life of a tradesman, but in a few years more was a bankrupt. It was at this period that he became acquainted with Mr Jefferson, afterwards President of the United States. 'Mr Henry,' says Jefferson, 'had a little before broken up his store (shop), or rather it had broken him up. But his misfortunes were not to be traced either in his countenance or conduct. His manners had something of coarseness in them; his passion was music, dancing, and pleasantry. He excelled in the last, and it attached every one to him.'

As a last resource, Patrick Henry now determined to make a trial of the law. It cannot be said that his preparatory studies were unduly arduous, since, as his biographer informs us, they were all comprised in the period of six weeks. Under such unpromising circumstances, and in the year 1763, he obtained a brief in the long-contested cause then raging in Virginia between the clergy on the one side, and the legislature on the other, as regarding the stipends which the former claimed. On this occasion Henry, to the astonishment of all who knew him, poured forth a strain of such impassioned eloquence as not only carried the cause, contrary to all previous expectation, but placed him ever afterwards at the head of his profession in the colony. To this very day says Mr Wirt, writing in 1818, the impression remains, and the old people of that district think that no higher compliment can be paid to any public speaker than to say of him in their homely phrase, 'He is almost equal to Patrick when he plead (pleaded) against the parsons!'

The natural eloquence which on this occasion flashed forth from the coarse and unlettered Henry, as the spark of fire from the flint, continued to distinguish him both as a Member of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, and afterwards a member of Congress. He took from the first a bold and active part against the pretensions of the mother country; indeed Mr Jefferson goes so

far as to declare that 'Mr Henry certainly gave the earliest impulse to the ball of revolution.' His most celebrated burst of oratory, or rather turn of phrase, was in this very year 1765, when descending in the House of Burgesses on the tyranny of the Stamp Act. 'Caesar!' he cried, in a voice of thunder and with an eye of fire—'Caesar had his Brutus—Charles the First had his Cromwell—and George the Third—Treason! here exclaimed the Speaker, 'Treason, Treason!' re-echoed from every part of the House. Henry did not for an instant falter, but fixed his eye firmly on the Speaker, he concluded his sentence thus—'may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it!'

Indolence and aversion to reading seemed almost as natural to Henry's mind as powers of debate. To the last he never overcame them. Thus, at his death, in 1799, his books were found to be extremely few, and these too consisting chiefly of odd volumes. But his gift of speech was (for his hearers) sufficiently supported by his fiery energy, his practical shrewdness, and his ever keen glance into the feelings and character of others. Nor were these his only claims to his country's favor. He retained the manners and customs of the common people, with what his friendly biographer terms 'religious caution.' He dressed as plainly as the plainest of them,' continues Mr Wirt, 'ate only their homely fare, and drank their simple beverage, mixed with them on a footing of the most entire and perfect equality, and conversed with them even in their own vicious and depraved pronouncement.' By such means he soon acquired and long retained a large measure of popularity, and he applied himself with zeal and success before any audience, and on every occasion which arose, to increase and perpetuate the estrangement between the North American colonies and England.

CHARACTER OF WILKES.

He was born in 1727, the son of a rich distiller. Early in life he set up a brewery for himself, but soon relinquished the wearisome business. Early in life also he improved his fortune by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of the celebrated Dr. Mead, the author of the 'Treatise on Poisons.' But this lady, being of maturer age than himself, and of slight personal attractions, was speedily slighted, and he left her with 'as much disgust as he had his brewery. In 1757 he was elected Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, but never obtained any success as an orator, his speeches being, though flippant, yet feeble. In truth he had no great ability of any kind, but dauntless courage, and high animal spirits. Nor should we deny him another much rarer praise—a vein of good humor and kindness, which did not forsake him through all his long career, amidst the riot of debauchery or the rancor of faction.—So agreeable and insinuating was his conversation, that more than one fair dame as she listened found herself forget his sinister squint and his ill-favored countenance. He used to say of himself in a laughing strain, that though he was the ugliest man in England, he wanted nothing to make him even with the handsomest but half an hour at starting. Politics seemed at first wholly alien from Wilkes's sphere; gayety and gallantry were his peculiar objects. For some time he reigned the oracle of green rooms and the delight of taverns. In conjunction with other kindred spirits, as Paul Whitehead and Sir Francis Dashwood, amounting in all to twelve, he rented Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow. It is a secluded and beautiful spot on the banks of the Thames, with hanging woods that slope down to the crystal stream, a grove of venerable elms, and meadows of the softest green. In days of old it had been a convent of Cistercian monks, but the new brotherhood took the title of Franciscans in compliment to Sir Francis Dashwood, whom they called their Father Abbot. On the portal, now again in ruins, and once more resigned to its former solitude and silence, I could still a few years since read the inscription placed there by Wilkes and his friends: *fay ce que voudras*. Other French and Latin inscriptions, now with good reason effaced, then appeared in other parts of the grounds, some of them remarkable for wit, but all for either profaneness or obscenity, and many the more highly applauded as combining both. In this retreat the new Franciscans used often to meet for summer pastimes, and varied the round of their debauchery by a mock celebration of the principal Roman Catholic rites.

WILKES'S ESSAY ON WOMAN.

It appears that Wilkes had, several years before, and in some of his looser hours, composed a parody of Pope's 'Essay on Man.' In this undertaking, which, according to his own account, cost him a great deal of pains and time, he was, it is said, assisted by Thomas Potter, second son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been Secretary of Frederick Prince of Wales, and had since shown ability and gained office in the House of Commons, but was (as well became one of Wilkes's friends) of lax morals in his private life. The result of their joint authorship, however, has little wit or talent to make any amends for the blasphemy and lewdness with which it abounds. As the original had been inscribed by Pope to Lord Bolingbroke, so was the parody by Wilkes to Lord Sandwich; thus it began, 'Awake my Sandwich! instead of 'Awake my St. John! Thus also in ridicule of Warburton's well known commentary, some burlesque notes were appended, in the name of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Gloucester.

This worthless poem had remained in manuscript, and lain in Wilkes's desk, until in