

## LITERATURE.

## SWISS SKETCHES.

(No. 2.)

BY ROBERT LOWE.

## THE FALLS OF THE AAR AT HAUDECK.

FANN'D by the whirlwind's everlasting play,  
Crown'd by the Iris vested in thy spray,  
Throned on the reeling rock and quivering pine,  
What charms, what terrors, peerless stream, are thine.  
Two rival floods, no more asunder pent,  
Leap raging down in mutual ruin blent,  
Like foemen grappling with their latest breath,  
Who meet in fight but never part in death.

Roll on thy course, thou stern and savage river,  
And lord it o'er thy vassal waves, that shiver  
On yonder rock, like princes o'er the crowd  
That die to make their flaunting glories loud.  
Time cannot tame thee. Man can never tame—  
Though boasted lord of earth, and air, and flame;  
The lavage bursting from the mountain's brow,  
Is not more wildly, fiercely free than thou.

The sun rides high, the heat intensely glows—  
More fall thy flood, more bright thy Iris grows,  
His rays may drain the lake, may part the sea,  
May waft new beauty and new strength to thee.  
The melting glacier waits his tribute down  
From hoary Grimsel's torrent-rifted crown,  
And mid thy pealing waters disappears  
The snowdrift, curled by a hundred years.

Night brings her calm—but darkness cannot quell  
The awful tocsin of thy watery bell;  
No monarch trembles on his rocking throne,  
No swarming thousands kindle at the tone;  
Yet ne'er did 'larum-peal on city roll  
More dread than thine, thou quencher of the soul!

## SONNET.

Translated from PETRARCH by a Port Phillip Colonist.

As the poor moth that round the taper plays,  
In distant circle wheels its joyous flight,  
Till bolder grown, enamour'd of the light,  
It seeks destruction in the beauteous blaze.  
E'en such my fate, content awhile to gaze  
Upon those charms that form my soul's delight,  
Until bewilder'd by the enchanting sight  
I madly dared too high my hopes to raise.  
Far happier he, in death he finds release;  
One pang, and all is o'er, of life bereft,  
His brief existence closed, he sleeps in peace,  
But I remain to mourn, my bosom cleft  
By rankling wounds, that ne'er, alas! shall cease  
To bleed in agony, while aught of life is left!

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*German Experiences. Addressed to the English, both Stayers at home and Goers abroad.* By William Howitt. Longmans: 1844.

THE second part of Mr. Howitt's work on Germany has made its appearance, at a time pregnant with interest to that nation, as involving the question, whether or not she can become a great manufacturing rival of Britain. For a long time the most severe distress has existed amongst the hand-loom spinners, arising, on the one side, from the formidable competition of England; on the other, from the strict "cordons mercantile" stretched across the frontiers with Russia. The miseries thereby entailed upon the people have driven them to desperation: the riots of Silesia, in June last, have been succeeded by others of a fiercer nature in Prague, Peterswalden, and Langenbielau; in which immense quantities of valuable property have been recklessly destroyed; many lives sacrificed; and hundreds of human beings are now incarcerated in prisons, awaiting a fate to which, in all probability, death were preferable. Germany is already beginning to taste the bitterness of her "Commercial League"—that imaginary 'to kalon,' which, in the half-dreamy, metaphysical minds of the political economists, was to restore her nationality, and render her totally independent of the kingdoms around her. Such an independence can only be achieved by the Nomades of the desert, or aboriginal savages, who, unfettered with artificial wants, can rove through their uncultivated wastes, uncaring and uncared for—free as the air around them, which alternately freezes or scorches their semi-clad limbs; but civilized man is necessarily dependent, and the least derangement in his political machine discovers his weakness and personal insignificance.

Of the effect of the "Commercial League," the thoughtful, looking far adown the future, never entertained a doubt; and they treated the reckless projectors of the scheme as belonging to that class of wayward dispositions, which, since the discovery of corn, still prefers to feed upon acorns: men who were using the most powerful glass to discover an object which was lying within the immediate scope of their unassisted vision; for the real distress in Germany may be traced to the English system of Corn Laws, and to these alone; and were they once abolished, the whole convulsive and unnatural struggle for manufacturing preponderance would be destroyed, and a fair, free exchange of English goods for German agricultural produce must be the inevitable consequence.

In the present work, Mr. Howitt seems to have taken precisely this view of the case, as the following extract shews:—

## "THE EFFECTS OF COMMERCIAL FREEDOM.

"Let our Corn-Laws once be abolished, and not all the powers on earth can prevent the active inhabitants of Hamburg driving a great trade between the two counties, pouring their corn and wine into ours, and our manufactures into theirs.

"But in matters of institutions, it is to us that the Germans must look, not us to them. The popular progress going on steadily in our country will not only renovate, in a few years, all the magnificent powers of our constitution, but will kindle a flame that will burn far and wide through other kingdoms. England, oppressed as she is at present with debt, manufacturing distress, and aristocratic impositions, is destined, at no distant period, to be not only free and great herself, but the liberator of Europe and the civilized world.

On the subject of the National Education in Germany, the author endeavors to correct some impressions which have gone abroad as to the superior advantages to be derived from the introduction of it into other countries; and he is evidently neither a friend to the style in which it is communicated, nor to the effects which it is likely to produce. Nor does he stand alone in his opinion; for Mr. Laing, one of the keenest

writers of the Utilitarian school, looks upon the social value and importance of the Prussian arrangements for diffusing national scholastic education as considerably overrated; and he remarks, "that although the whole system has been in the fullest operation in society for a whole generation, morals and religion are in a more unsatisfactory state there than in almost any other country in the north of Europe; and that nowhere are a people in a more abject political and civil condition, or with less free agency in their social economy." From these premises he goes on to infer, "That the Prussian system of national education is one which gives a nation neither religion, nor morality, nor civil liberty, nor political liberty, and therefore is not worth having."

Though these opinions must be taken *cum grano salis*, yet, coming from such authorities, they are likely to carry considerable weight; and the more so, that Mr. Howitt is known to be a man of much kindness of disposition and cosmopolitan feeling, and very unlikely to view the institutions of other countries than his own with contracted notions or jaundiced prejudices. Upon these points he thus writes—first, on the general habits of the schools; secondly, on the effect of the system:—

## "EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

"Those who look towards Germany as the country of cheap education, have particularly to guard against deception, and the most serious mischiefs to their children's constitutions. There is a great idea that a good education may be had in that country in a boarding-school, where the charge is but £20 per annum. Nay, I have heard it gravely asserted by parents, that their children were at schools there at £16 per annum each! Nor need this, indeed, appear so extraordinary, when there are large schools within five miles of London, where boys are received at £20 a-year each. It is true enough there are plenty of Do-the-boys Halls, both in this country and on the continent. Those who want education at £16 or £20, can send their children to Squeers at once. They need not go so far as Germany. It requires no reflection to satisfy oneself what must be the style of living in such establishments, in the cheapest countries on the face of the earth. In Germany, then, there are Do-the-boys Halls in abundance, where hard fagging and wretched fare for a few years will save any expense of fetching the children back. Even in many of those, where the education is really good, and the price fair, as from £35 to £40 per annum, the style of living is very ill suited to hearty, growing English children. The watery soups, the sour black bread, the sapless meat, are not of a stamina to maintain and build up robust lads who have been accustomed to the pure and vigour-infusing viands of Old England. In the very best schools, where there can be no complaint of the quantity of the food, or of its quality, so far as the country produces it, the meagre breakfasts which all Germans are accustomed to, are very trying to active hungry boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age. The breakfast in such schools is a single roll of bread and a cup of milk. The boys rise at five o'clock, and take this at seven. At ten, it is true, they have commonly, in summer, a piece of brown bread and some fruit; at twelve dinner, and supper at five. The latter part of the day is foodful enough; but the first five hours, that is, from five to ten, with a single roll and a cup of milk, are to healthy English boys ravenous hours.

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"The Prussian national education produces no obvious result, it does not increase the intelligence, it does not quicken the moral, the religious, the political feeling, of the great mass of the working class.

"The causes of this are two. The previous state of the mind and intellect of that class, and the restrictive powers of government. On a *prima facie* view of the case, one would be inclined to assert that no government, however arbitrary and strong, could check, and, in fact, render perfectly abortive, the influence of education. This was my impression before going to Germany; but, as I have observed, I then saw that the Prussian government knew better. I knew that a people might, by the long operative agency of government, be rendered so passive, sluggish, and inert, that a certain portion of instruction might be administered without any danger of actually awakening the mind, and also with the certain effect of bending that mind irrevocably to the bias of that system."

Here is some good advice to persons about to reside in Germany:—

## "ADVICE TO INTENDED RESIDENTS.

"That class of persons who have gone to Germany with the most enthusiastic ideas of simple grace, poetry, and warm-heartedness, have always experienced the most bitter disappointment. They have generally commenced their study of the German language with Grimm's Märchen; they have read the Life of Jung Stilling; they have then plunged into the noble poetry of Schiller, and the Faust, the Hermann and Dorothea of Goethe, the beautiful picture of country and domestic life in Voss's Louise. They have gazed with admiration at the designs of Retzsch; and have thus set forth with the ideal of a country in their heads compounded of those materials, forgetful that these are not the realities of life, but the golden embellishments of poets. Let all such enthusiasts get rid as fast as possible of these rainbow fancies. Let them expect that though they will find much to admire in the literature of Germany, they will also find that the literature is far more attractive than the life. Much, too, as there is in the life which will charm them—the open accessibility of fields and forests, the delightful public walks, the easy hours and easy prices of the finest concerts, operas, and galleries of art, much too in the ease and simplicity of domestic arrangements, they will find too many things which rub off dreadfully the poetry of illusion; much coarseness of manner and speech; many habits which astonish a refined people.

"Let all such persons, therefore, as they wish to enjoy what is really satisfactory, cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas. Let them prepare to find a people civil and friendly, but naturally much fonder of themselves and their own people than of foreigners: very glad to have you at their balls and parties, but not prone to rush into enthusiastic friendships with you. A people, in fact, much fonder of our money than of ourselves; who are jealous of our wealth and greatness, and hate us cordially because we were never beaten by Buonaparte like themselves. Above all, let them never forget that they are not going to exist entirely on the books and the poetry, in the woods or the public gardens; but in houses, of which they will have real earthly rent to pay, and on the articles furnished by butchers, bakers, grocers, and such mortals, who are no more poetical or less attentive to number one than the very acute and practical fellows of their English experience."

## "LOCALITIES TO BE CHOSEN OR AVOIDED.

"Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access—because it is a very charming country, so far as nature goes; but it is, at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Germany, and

what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralised. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature, you cannot well have a pleasanter; but if you seek either the highest state of German social culture or the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther. The Rhine country has for ages, like our border-lands formerly, been the theatre of contentions between the Germans and French, as well as other armies, not excepting those of Spain, England, Holland, and Belgium. It has been exposed to successive burnings and devastations; to successive overruns with the veriest off-scourings of all European society—the soldiery of the armies and their lewd followers. These things, as well as the system of baronial and knightly robbery which for ages existed there, have left deep traces in the moral constitution of the inhabitants; and throughout Germany the Germans themselves protest against the Rhine country being taken as exhibiting a fair specimen of German character. They hardly allow that the Rhine people are genuine Germans. The cities, moreover, are not first-rate cities in themselves. They do not offer the advantages of capitals, but they offer more than their expenses; they press upon you their social corruptions, more markedly and more nearly as they are more confined, with the addition of the greatest curse of social existence, the most rampant gossip, scandal, and personal interference of small towns—that social pestilence which the Germans call *Kleinstädterei*, or Little-town-ism. The language in these towns is, too, to a certain degree, corrupt. Even Frankfurt, one of the very best, most respectable, and *most expensive* of them all, has this fault in a high degree.

"If, therefore, you seek economy, you must advance farther; for the highest degree of cheapness, into Bavaria. Even in Munich, with all its advantages of good society, splendid displays of ancient and modern art, excellent opera, and good university and schools, you will find houses, and the whole material of living, greatly cheaper than in those towns. But if you would choose such a city as Nuremberg—a city full of the picturesqueness and the antiquity of art—a city still famous for its active spirit of trade, and for the richness of its handicraft productions, for its moral tone, and the cordiality of its inhabitants—you would be astonished at the extreme cheapness of every thing."

## "ADVANTAGES OF A GERMAN CAPITAL.

"It must be recollected that a German capital is not like a London. It is in population but like one of our provincial towns: you can escape into the country in a few minutes on any side, and have beside such public gardens and walks as no English town has. It must be confessed, that those little but gay capitals are the very perfection of the combination of life's pleasures and advantages. They have all the gaiety and charms of a capital, with the enduring freshness and suburban leafiness and retirement of a village. In point of amusement, you have all the highest class of amusements—those which at once blend the wonders and charms of art with the pleasures of rural life and the sweetness of nature, in the highest grade of excellence, and lying within so easy a reach both of person and purse. From your tea-table you may walk forth into the most charming gardens, where the first masters of Germany are giving public concerts, and where, to use our newspaper phrase, all the beauty, rank, and fashion of the capital are to be found. Your entrance-fee to this brilliant magic circle is four-pence! and you may at the same time enjoy coffee or ices, or other such refreshments, on the same moderate scale. If you turn your steps in another direction, and prefer for the evening the gay circle of the theatre or the opera, to the lamp-hung trees and the happy-looking groups seated beneath them, at their tables covered with refreshments, coffee, or wine, you step into a bright and gay scene of social elegance, scenic and artistic brilliance. You listen to the grand compositions of Beethoven or Mozart, to the singing of Standigl, Lutzer, or Schroeder Devrient, or to the comic humour of Schoultz, the Liston of Germany. You can enjoy all this for twenty pence, in the most fashionable part of the house, or for five pence, if you choose to stand in the aisles."

The Press, that mighty engine, whose moral influence wields the destinies of the world, is thus eloquently described by the author:—

## "POWER OF THE PRESS.

"Englishmen have known that to them the press is the modern Magna Charta, ten thousand times more precious and availing than that of King John. Destroy every trace of that bit of parchment, annihilate every record and testimony of our constitution, and long glorious conflict for our liberties, and the Press shall speedily build us up a new charter, a new constitution, and new liberties. It is the soul of our souls, and mouth of our mouths. It is the grand sum total of 30,000,000 of spirits, nay, of the spirits of all our past generations—of all our poets, our patriots, philosophers, and divines, combined into one power, and is, therefore, more than all constitutions, all poetry, or patriotism. It is a condensation of universal intellect and of divine revelation into invincible potency, and into a sun more eternal and victorious in its darkness-scattering energy than that of one particular system. It is alive with the power, and speaks with the united voice of God the Saviour and of mankind. Its strength lies not in the metallic wheels and levers, nor even in the steam by which it often is impelled, but in its heart and in its brain! for these are the heart and the brain of collective humanity. Nero wished that he had all the necks of mankind combined in one neck, that he might cut off the heads of the whole human race at one blow; but in the Press we have the heads of all mankind united to cut off, as it will do eventually, the heads of all tyrants and traitors to the sacred cause of man, of truth, and of love. But we have more than the heads of all men combined here; we have the invincible intellect and the heart of man, twin and heaven-born powers; and the Press has its throbs and pulsations. It beats with the great heart of human nature; its nerves thrill with feelings sent from every quarter of the globe. It stands not on the earth; it is rooted into it. Its wood is living, and is the tree of life; and every stroke and pressure which it gives are impelled by our own hearts, our affections, our hopes, and our triumphant anticipations of an unquenchable life. Who shall dare to stand before this mighty instrument—this champion and representative of universal man? None but princes who have been fooled and flattered into the idea that they themselves are something more than mortal. Yet even these have rarely dared the attempt to destroy it. They have contented themselves with that of gagging it. And as that which is divine, once fallen, becomes demoniac, what a pestilence-breathing machine becomes a gagged and misguided Press!"

With this we must take leave of Mr. Howitt and his volume; and though we do not think it, as a whole, so calculated to please as his "Rural and Domestic Life in Germany" of 1842, yet it is a pleasant and welcome book, containing an agreeable and spirited relation of the thoughts and actual experience of an intelligent traveller.

## THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA:

BY JONAS FLUKE, MISSIONER.

## CHAPTER III.

BEGINNING with the ending of Governor Philip, and the introduction of a new constellation, in the shape of Captain Hunter. Uprisings and downsettings of the N. S. W. corps, and the revolution of military bodies. Song of the White Flag. The kingly appointment. Reminiscences of the Clergy. Bligh in his elevated capacity. Small change first introduced, and great change amongst sailors and soldiers. Combat of the letters. Dirge for Macquarie.

Having in giving our parting filip to the late Governor, we will now turn to his successor, Captain Hunter, not Orion, the great hunter, but Sirius, the Dog-star Hunter, as he was called, from having commanded that frigate, and a very fiery dog he was, but jolly wherewithal; an honest straightforward sailor, who if he did occasionally break a head or two over night, invariably provided a plaster in the morning; and under his dynasty the Colony materially improved its attitude and condition.

The introduction of the New South Wales Corps, a body one half military and t'other half civil, gave a stimulus to industry and a tone to society, as well as a great increase to its population: for soldiers are decidedly anti-malthusian; and, aware that nature abhors a vacuum, they fill up, in times of peace, any little hiatus their swords may have occasioned in times of war. It was delightful to see those splendid warriors, who had overcome the difficulties of many a brush at Shepherd's Bush and Wormwood Scrubs; those noble spirits, who un-umbrella-ed had received the showers of Whetstone, and whose chivalric gallantry had extinguished many a lamp at Hampton-Wick, in despite of the desperate charges of Charleys and Night Constables, (Knights of the Staff and Lantern); it was, we say, sensitively soothing to see them exchange swords for cheese-cutters, musquets for muscatels, bag-o-nuts for Barcelonas, pipe-clay for clay pipes, bullets for bull's-eyes, drumhead for negrohead, and roll-calls for two-pound loaves—to witness these martial members, whose very essence was order, strictly giving counter-orders, and balancing standard weights with considerably more dexterity than they had ever manifested with standard colours.

Well might they exclaim with the heroic Bombastes—

"Honors like these have all my toils repaid,  
My liege, and Fusbos, here's success to trade."

Grim-visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front, and coming forth in a new suit, ranged himself under the White Banner or Tradesman's Apron, which the poet of the regiment has wedded to immortal verse.

The White Flag! the White Flag! how innocent it looks,  
Like fleecy locks on nibbling sheep, or paper out of books;  
Its tapy curling girls the loins; and underneath its fold  
The portrait of our sovereign George rests, brightly set in gold.

Let warriors fighting for their king on us look coldly down,  
As often and as fiercely we do battle for our crown;  
'Tis true that laurels they receive while making out their wills;  
But we live strong and heartily, receiving all our bills.

Let Frenchmen boast their banner's stripes, yet be they black or blue,  
Or rainbow tinted, pale they turn before thy pearly hue;  
America's star-spangled rag in azure realms may stray,  
But all her stars are dim beside the white flag's "milky way."

The drunken Greek, who kingdoms won, and madly cried for more,  
Stands forth in history's common page a synonyme of gore;  
Whilst Penn who fought the cause of love shines out with brighter ray,  
Beneath the white flag's folds he taught the savage world to pray.

Ye soldiers, flee the red stripe; stern pirates, flee the black;  
Ye sailors, roast no more your foes beneath the Union Jack;  
To Davy Jones chack Tommy-brown, and ration rum each gill;  
And in champagne our trio toast—"Flag—Counter—and the Till!"

But all things must have an end; the old Hunter gave up the chair, and handed over all his rights of common, and turbary, and piscary; and all his wrongs, if he had any, to another royal navy appointee, one Captain King, whose mismanagement soon produced all the sours of office, and the convicts' fight at Vinegar Hill. These desperate men, who took the liberty to struggle for their freedom, were only armed with pikes, and these being turned against themselves, they paid a very heavy toll, many having died on the spot, and many who lived having been hanged shortly afterwards. This was the first and last outbreak amongst the unfortunate men, so that this remarkable event is the most marked evidence of the nature of King's reign.

At this era the clergy and missionaries having made strong efforts for other people, thought it high time to do a little for themselves. Amongst them was a Mr. Hassell, whose character for charity and loving-kindness was not very fully developed, and this sometimes subjected him to reproach amongst the rough geniuses whom he lectured. Holding forth one day amidst a large assemblage of the convict population, he selected for his text the following: "As the tree falleth so it lieth." As he repeated these words very imposingly, at the same time fixing his eyes sternly upon the men, one of them bawled out, "No, no, Master Parson, that wo't do; you know very well you make us burn your trees off arter we fall 'em!"

In this reign the first copper coin was circulated. Formerly persons were compelled to pay the differences of small accounts in pumpkins, potatoes, cow-cabbages, corn-cobs, and such like vegetable currency; but though these might be fit for coppers, yet they were vastly inconvenient for pockets; copper coin was therefore acknowledged to be a most delightful change, though small.

It is a rule in government that a King can never do wrong; but unfortunately Governor King never did right, except upon one occasion, when he did write despatches to the English Cabinet containing charges of a serious nature against some luckless gentleman who had incurred his censure. The box, however, which contained the parcel, was eased of its contents, and in lieu of the strong despatches, a lot of newspapers was substituted (Weekly Despatches, in all probability) which made the Governor to cut a very sorry figure at the Home Office; and also to cut his connexion abroad.

On the stage, but in a new character, once more appeared Bounty Bligh; more elevated than formerly, but not sufficiently high for his deserts. The christian spirit which he manifested to Christian and his comrades naturally induced the Government to select him as the very fittest person to carry out that mild and humane theorem of prisoner-reformation, which it had started on founding the colony. With Draco's Code in one hand, and Grinny's scourge in the other, he did carry it out, as only a Bligh could. The man who was utterly unable to rule a ship's company, could scarcely be expected with his crooked policy to rule a colony straight. As had been anticipated, it turned out; for he immediately began to play at bowls with all around him; he soon began to experience rubbers in return, and ultimately lost the

\* England is a nation of shopkeepers.  
Shopkeepers fight under the white flag,  
Consequently the white flag conquered at Waterloo.

game with a Johnny McArthur, who was himself a most skilful player; but, aided by the sharp blades in the New South Wales Corps, he was found to be irresistible, and Bligh was made to pay the stakes. As a specimen of the courage usually found in tyrannical bullies, we will briefly remark, that when the soldiers marched up to the Governor's domicile, he had concealed himself on the top of a high feather bed, from which, however, he was speedily dragged, and thus addressed by Lieutenant Bogie, in a solemn, O. Smith, tone, much calculated to frighten bad boys:—

Bligh! bonntiful Bligh! know, whether you try  
To hide your carcass; or whether  
You strike the first blow, then fly from the foe,  
You always mount the white feather.

The men of war then rolled Bligh's craft over into the Porpoise, sloop of war, and no more was heard of the governor's actions, which have long since been tried before a higher court.

Tired with the scrapes into which these naval commanders were constantly plunging, the British Cabinet turned to the military for a relief guard. Accordingly Lachlan Macquarie, of the 73rd Regiment was placed in power in 1810. His command lasted twelve years, and it would have been extremely fortunate for the colony had it remained till this day. By the aid of a *carte-blanche* drawing on the treasury, and a *hand cart* drawing on the convicts, he constructed roads like a Colossus, covered the Blue Mountains with yellow corn, established Government farms, and turned daring pickpockets into a "bold peasantry," to cultivate them. Instead of continuing to make holes in their manners, they made holes in the ground to plant maize, and followed the hearty old Governor's advice. "Honesty's the best policy, my lads," said he; "drop your late assurance in the Mercury, and take out a policy in the Equitable." Hundreds did so, and found it to pay the best per centage. But now jealousy stepped in, and parties began to wax furious with each other; the X-clusionists bolted the door against the E-mancipists with the bar sinister; and the XXX's, being very cross letters, looked upon the EEEs as only brought into Existence to Enable the XXXs to spell, and to do no work; for these consonants, upon orthographical principles, are of no earthly use without the aid of a vowel. Thus the feud rolled on, increasing in virulence, and, it is said, smoulders to this very day.

It has been advanced by some that the Governor was far too favourably inclined to the EEEs; but, suppose the old man did carry his principle a *lelittle* to far, his ideas were noble, generous, and loving; and the turf will not rest one whit more heavily on his bosom, nor the flowers bloom less verdantly round his grave, nor the wild birds withhold their melody, that he died amidst the heartfelt prayers and blessings of those emancipated earthworms.

(To be continued.)

## THE MISHAPS OF MR. LATITAT NABHIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHARLES O'MALLEY.

## CHAPTER IX.

TWELVE o'clock had just struck, and the wide space in the front of the Royal Hotel at Y— was covered with ostlers, and boots, and waiters, and beggars—all waiting, with mouths wide open, for the mail; and all in great heart about the election which was going forward. Among the ostlers was Red Dick, and Black Dick, and Dick "the bishop," (who, by the way, had a string-halt in his near hind leg); among the boots was the half-boots, a "peeping young man" of about four feet ten, and the whole boots, an undeniable boots, and the top boots of all. There was lying Bob, the waiter, among the waiters, who stopped at nothing, and who, every day, pronounced a mixture of sloe leaves "the best Chaneee Tae;" and the oldest yellow-legged barn-door "a raal chick-kin." Next to this voracious individual stood his compeer, never-going, always-coming, lazy Lanty, with a dirty napkin under his arm, and a kerchief, once white, round his neck, the steeling ends of which served, not seldom, to wipe the too perceptible dust off a tumbler or a wine-glass. This youth had his mouth open, because it was troublesome to shut it; and his eyes shut, because it was wearisome to open them. Indeed he was a picture of inertness, body and breeches. His hair was long, because it was a bother to have it cut, and his clothes were dirty, because it was a fatigue to be always brushing them. A clean shirt on Lanty would have been indicative of more than monomania. Call him, too, ever so loud—ever so crossly—ever so imperiously—there he stood, going to go—but he never went. Then, up and down, here and there, and every where, crowded and pushed, and jostled, and laughed, and scolded, beggars innumerable,—some with bellies appetized, and some with ditto empty. The repleted laughed, as well they might; the nopleated scolded, which they could not avoid doing. The whole scene was stirring with life—broad, humorous, cross-grained, laughing, care-for-nothing livers.

"Ha, ha," laughed Barney, who was clearly the cock of the walk among the gentlemen and ladies in tatters; "ha, ha, here it is."

"Musha, where, honey?" bawled out a hundred voices at once.

"Here, here," stentorized Barney, making a very suspicious dig with his finger and thumb upon the bare shoulder of a shock-headed boy who stood close to him.

"What is it," demanded the crowd.

"Murther," screamed the lad.

"Arrah, now, be dacint, ye spalpeen," gravely urged Barney; "be dacint wid ye, an' let me catch him all out;" and then he made another unmerciful plunge with the finger and thumb, almost in the bare shoulder.

"Oh, oh, oh," yelled the boy.

"I have him," vowed the big beggarman, holding up his finger and thumb.

"What soorte is he, Barney?" asked the crowd.

"Oh, for that," said Barney; "be the skin of me mother, he's the right soorte ana-way."

"A flay, isn't it?" inquired a too matter-of-fact lady in rags, who at that moment was shrugging her shoulders up to her ears, and diversifying the shrug by a semi-rotary movement of her whole body.

"A flay!" replied Mister Barney, with dignified emphasis; a flay, ma'am; d'ye think I'm like a flay catcher! A flay! No but a raal hungry poor-law commissh'ner, stein' into the very vitils of of this showlder of mutton of Denny's—the misfort'nate crather, who hasn't a bit in his belly to keep the cowlid out. Bad luck, say I, boys, to thim commissh'ners!"

"Amin!" vociferated the sturdy mob.

"Och! be me showl, an' is it wan of thim as is to atep up the poor papil, Barney, as ye've a howl of?" asked a cripple who sat in a little go-cart at the feet of the big beggarman—of Barney.

"B'leeve me, it's that same, Pat," replied Barney.

"An' what'll ye do wid him?" said Pat.

"I'll tell ye, Pat—I'll kape the thafe to brade from."

"To brade from!" screamed out the little man in the go-cart, lost with astonishment.

"Yis, Pat," coolly remarked the big beggarman; at the same

time either really or feignedly putting something from between his finger and thumb into the tattered cuff of his coat.

"To brade from a commissh'ner!" with increased wonder reiterated Pat.

"That same," repeated Barney. "I'll have the brade kipt up in the fam'ly. I'll brade from nauthin' but a commissh'ner. An' why not? Won't they build iligent houses, an' make iligent gruel, an' take an iligent likin' to poor wandherin crathers like meself, an' all for the love av God an' thimselves!—the blisshed commissh'ners!—won't they? An' d' think I'll lose the brade of them, Pat? No, No, boys," continued Barney, addressing the motley mob around him—"we musn't lose the brade—we musn't—will we, boys?"

"Nivir—nivir!" shouted out every throat before the Royal. "Be the sun, that's the raal thing, all out!" sputtered and half spoke a swarthy little fellow, at the elbow of Barney, who had a hump on his back, but despite of which, he was now laughing himself sick. "That Barney'll be the death o' me some of thim days." And he fell to laughing again, as if he were going to die on the spot.

"Flan, ye weeshee-deeshee villien, what's that yer afther?" demanded a strapping lady, who strode up to the half-choked lordling.

"La-la-laf-fin, honey," said Flan, in a most hysterical voice. "Laffin is it ye spalpeen?" observed the lady: "an' is it wantin' to lave me unpurtictid ye are, ye villien?"

"No, no! ha, ha!" vowed and laughed the little Flan. "Then I'll tell ye what it is, Flan," said the loving lady, "av yer not quite, I'll shake the lif' out av ye,—I will."

The strong hand of the fair one was on Flan's collar, when the cry of "the coach—the coach," sent every one to the right and left, out of the way of the horses. Whether, indeed, it was the noise of the coach-wheels, or the weight of his better half's hand on his collar that silenced Flan, we won't pretend to decide: let it suffice, the lady carried the little lord to the inn door, out of harm's way, where he stood in quietness, without the sign of a laugh upon his countenance.

## CHAPTER X.

Yes! there it is at last,—the coach.—Whack, whack, crack!

"Yea-yup, ps-s-so-ho, me darlins!" spake the whips on the box,—the animated whip continuing—"Morrow, Bob:—Bishop, take thim ribbins;—Ha! Lantec, me fixtur, is that yerself? Be alive, boy, for the worst; there's somethin' inside for ye."

In an instant the coach door was opened, but the hand of Lanty had nothing to do with it. He did, indeed, open one eye, but it was only to see his way out of the crowd, and to enable him to get out of the way of carpet-bags, &c.

The coach-door, as was to be expected, was flung open by the indefatigable Bob, who, standing with the handle in his left hand, invited, in the most engaging tone of voice possible, the insides to alight, and take up their quarters at the Royal.

"The Royal, yer honors, the Royal: won't ye alight? Capital beds, yer honors, aired, all the year round, yer honors, twice a-day, with a pan of the best say-coal an' brown sugar. Mod'rate charges—great feeding, yer honors—won't ye alight?" And thus delivered, the waiter made as graceful a bow as the space would admit of, sticking his body into the corporation of a little fat beggar-woman at his back.

"An' bad cess to ye for a wather," coughed out the insulted female, "bad cess to ye; ugh, but's this proper thratemint for a dishulate orphin like meself, with nauthin but the great God and the charitice of strhange gentlemiu to depend on. Arrah, gintlemin darlins," coughed the maltreated female, "lave a copper wid me, for the love av God."

Two of the insides turned out in no time, and accustomed to the ways of the Irish beggars, paid little notice to what it pleased them to ask, or to say. Not so Mr. Latitat, he had never seen a place so crowded with rags and squalor before. The very merry eyes that laughed at him, from under tattered bonnets, and the torn brims of hats, filled him with uncomfortableness. To laugh, even out of the corner of the eye, and to beg at the same time, he couldn't comprehend.

Duly and ceremoniously buttoning up his coat, he prepared to move out, with all his lately self-bestowed "honors thick upon him."

Bob still stood with the handle of the door in his hand, smiling, and as well as he could, bowing to the little sharp-looking man.

"Ye'll alight here, yer honor; bed, yer honor, aired to the hangings. Bed?" asked Bob.

"Bed!" replied Mr. L., still gathering himself up for his proposed move, which he was preparing, so unlike his natural way, should be as stately as possible.

"Be the powers," remarked Barney, whose head and shoulders stood above the phalanx of beggary that was now forming widely and deeply round the coach, "be the powers av that aint the Commissh'ner."

Mr. L. looked up and smiled; as much as to say, "that's me." Unlucky deceit!

"Will I take yer bag?" asked Bob.

Mr. L. made no reply, but gave the bag—a thing he had never known to trust out of his hands before.

"Will yer honor lane on me?" again asked the polite Bob; and his honor, with a most gracious smile, did lean on Bob.

"Stand back, ye devils," prefaced Bob, as he made way, with little ceremony, for Mr. L. "This way, yer honor—this way," and on walked Bob to the Royal.

Barney's neck was seen to lengthen considerably, and his mouth to touch the ear of a paralytic old lady, who was pushed between Bob and the Commissioner.

"What's the matter, honey?" said the old crone.

"Ask him for a pinnee—shure he's a Commissh'ner," replied Barney in a very audible whisper.

"Ah! yer lordship," said the old woman, addressing Mr. L., "will ye give the ovid, an' the helpin, an' the misfort'nate a small relafe, for the good of yer honour's sowl!"

Now, Mr. L., whatever else he might have been, was not charitable. He had no idea of lazy and useless beggars living on the public; he didn't see what business they had to live at all.

"I have nothing for you, woman," was the remonstrance of Mr. L., who began to feel the filth and rags of the beggars uncomfortably near to him.

"Shure, yer honour," lisped a roguish-looking young woman, with a big fat child in her arms, "shure, yer honour, its meself that dhramed of ye the last night but won. You kem to me, an siz you"

"Confound your dream," interrupted Mr. L. "Move, people, do, and don't push so cursedly—don't."

"Ah! thin, yer lordship's honour, do thin, for the pace of yer preshus sowl, now," re-urged the old woman, who still kept in front of Mr. L.

"Why it's a perfect nuisance, I declare—I do," repeated Mr. L. with-no little warmth of manner. The sweat, too, was beginning to ooze out of his forehead. "Move, people, do. This is illegal—it is."