

of life, and after so much reading and reflection, I should be ashamed to be caught at hesitation and doubt, when I ought to be in the midst of action."

In the same letter, which answers some party imputations conveyed to him by a bishop in no very Christian spirit, he adds:

"Hypocrisy is no cheap vice; nor can our natural temper be masked for many years together. I have not lived, my lord, at any period of my life, nor do I live at present, in liberal and humanized company; who, as they could never endure such a character, would be infinitely surprised at this imputation upon a person whom, at least, they tolerate."

But who will doubt either assertion? Who will doubt that where Burke went wrong, principles in themselves just had been falsely applied to him? Who will doubt that hypocrisy, or any sordid compromise of his natural temper, he instinctively and wholly abhorred?

We take a specimen of his ordinary mode of speaking against the Wilkes party, and Bill-of-Rights people, as he called them.

"It is not here a matter of account and calculation—not of a custom-house, and treasury, and counting-house; but a talk of liberty and popularity, in which nonsense will always double-distance the utmost speed of experience and reason. How well these villains deserve the gallows for their playing the court-game against us at this season."

But where had the General Warrants question a more effective advocate? To what statesman, from the first hour of his public life to the last, however much he might declaim against the name of Reform, or the talk of Liberty, are we so greatly indebted for the practical extension of freedom and the vital improvement of the working functions of the state?

With the political truths established in the quarrel with America; with the questions that have arisen from the gross misgovernment of Ireland, the first and last object of his care; with Negro Slavery; with Indian Abuses; with Civil and Economical Reform; with every sacred claim of the largest religious liberty; the name of Burke is for ever associated. Such were the steps in the progress of his life, in every one of which, as he says in one of his writings, he has traversed and opposed: obliged to show his passport at every turnpike he met: "otherwise no rank, no toleration for me." We cannot now read these letters in which he flings wisdom with so lavish a hand at the feet of the lords and leaders of his party, without calling to mind the pleasant anecdote of Lord Crewe. "After all, who is this Mr. Burke, my lord, that they make such a fuss about? Why he's nobody. He hasn't got our number of acres, my lord!"

His want of the proper number of acres is apparent from the beginning to the end of the volumes. We will take some brief passages from his answer to the imputations which the bishop before alluded to, with a strong sense of that fact, had launched against him even from the camp of his friends.

"I have no such races between my imagination and my judgment, as your lordship, who speaks the language of my enemies like a native, is pleased to suppose. They have no king's plate before them to animate the contention. They are a pair of slow and orderly beasts of very little figure, but fit enough to draw together, and, I trust, to pull themselves and their poor master out of all the mire into which our enemies have endeavoured to plunge us."

The first thing a man of no acres is apt to be accused of, is a luxurious imagination. This we all know. It is the natural and necessary resort, to piece out the absence of acres.

The bishop had told him, with right episcopal humility, that "arrogance in a man of Burke's condition was intolerable;" and had compared him, snapping at every body in the House of Commons, to "a wolf in a fold of lambs."

"Does not your lordship think it possible that, in such a place, where such matters are agitated as will call out all of the wild beast that lurks in human nature, there are other animals with fangs and claws beside me? Does your lordship think it absolutely incredible that attempts might be made to pull me down, and that I may have been necessitated to make some strong efforts to keeping myself up? Do you seriously think that the understandings of your narrators are better disciplined in the duties and decorums of public life than mine? Do you imagine that they are not equally liable to passions similar to mine, which may mislead them in the representation, possibly in the conception of my conduct? Have they not interests far more considerable than mine, which may as naturally bias them from the straight line of their duty? You were 'overborne,' you say, when you did me the very great honour of becoming my advocate, 'by the number of charges against me.' I am sorry that you threw up your brief so early, and that I lost, on such an insufficient ground, all the advantage of your lordship's goodness and ability; because it is evidently not the number, but the truth of the charges, that ought to prevail, in any equal tribunal. If it should be otherwise, nothing will save me, either now or in future; for you may be very sure that, as many as my actions are, just so many will be the charges of my enemies."

The bishop had also charged Mr. Burke with violent views of history, and assailing of worshipful historical personages such as dead kings, unbecoming Mr. Burke's condition. And we are very glad he did this; because it has given us a passage of vindication worth all the good bishop and all his history.

"My passions are not to be roused, either on the side of partiality, or on that of hatred, by those who lie in their cold lead, quiet and innoxious, in the chapel of Henry, or the churches of Windsor Castle or La Trappe. *Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.* My opinion of the truth or falsehood of facts related in history, is formed on the common rules of criticism; my opinion of characters, on those rules and the common principles of morality. I have no side in these matters, as your lordship has a little invidiously put it; but I will always speak what I think, without caring one farthing what is the *don ton* upon the subject, either at court or in coffee-houses, until all honest freedom of discussion, and all manly liberty of speech, shall, by legal or other power, be conclusively put an end to. Good reasons may exist for such a restraint, and perhaps we are at the eve of it; but until the time does actually arrive, I shall cherish and cultivate in myself and those I love, a decent freedom of speech in public, all freedom of speech among confidential friends, where other principles than those of decorum are the lawgivers. To this freedom, your lordship's friends the ancients (in a language you understand much better than I do) gave an honourable name, and classed it among the virtues. But whether a *virtue*, or only an *enjoyment*, I assure your lordship that neither courts nor town-halls, with all they could give of gold boxes or pensions, would indemnify me for the want of an hour's use of it. You tell me that these historical discussions 'are usually held the tests of principles.' Possibly they may, I however, do not apprehend that I am responsible for the opinions of the vulgar, till I adopt them. My lord, I have not learned my public principles in any such wild, unsystematic, and preposterous a mode. I have taken them from quite other sources than those of Mr. Carte or M. Rapin de Thoyras. My principles enable me to form my judgment upon men and actions in history, just as they do in common life, and are not

formed out of events and characters, either present or past. History is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles. The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged; and I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other."

In an age when the widest separation had been established between morals and politics, it was a dainty dish of novelty to set before a right reverend politician, this notion that politics should be but morally enlarged!

We must take one more extract from this remarkable composition. The Bishop had told Burke that he was to be humble in his hopes of office, and not to look to what pretensions he might have, but to what the world would choose to allow him. He answers—

"I think, my lord, very poorly of Ned Burke or his pretensions; but, by the blessing of God, the just claims of active members of parliament shall never be lowered in the estimation of mankind by my personal or official insignificance. The dignity of the House shall not be sunk by my coming into it. At the same time, my lord, I shall keep free from presumption. If ever things should stand in such a situation as to entitle me to look to office, it is my friends who must discover the place I hold in parliament, I never shall explain it. Rank is not my object for my own sake, I assure you; for if ever I were to ask for employment (as I shall not), vanity would not be my guide in my requests. Some service to my own honest interests, and to those of others, would be my rule. For I protest most solemnly that, in my eye, situated as I am, and thinking as I do of the intrinsic dignity of an active but independent member of parliament, I should look upon the highest object the subject could aspire to, as an object rather of humiliation than of pride. It would very much arrange me in point of convenience; it would do nothing for me in point of honour."

"It is my friends who must discover the place I hold in Parliament." And did they discover it? He had been the soul of the party to which he attached himself for more than ten years; for no less a time he had kept the effective lead in the House of Commons; he had been the headpiece and the mouthpiece and the handpiece, of the Rockingham section of Whigs; there was nothing wise that they meditated, nothing effective that they spoke or wrote, which had not Burke for its author. These volumes prove it, if ever anything admitted of proof in this world. And how did they reward him? What was their acknowledgment of the service which had pushed them into power? They made him Paymaster of the Forces and excluded him from the Cabinet.

#### The Duke of Richmond to Burke.

"You say the party is an object of too much importance to be let go to pieces. Indeed, Burke, you have more merit than any man in keeping us together; but I believe our greatest bond is the pride of the individuals, which unfortunately, though it keeps us from acting like men of sense. The Marquis manages us better than any man can, but he will never make us what we ought to be; the thing is quite practicable."

#### Burke to the Duke of Richmond.

"Your Grace dissipates your mind into too great a variety of minute pursuits, all of which, from the natural vehemence of your temper, you follow with almost equal passion. It is wise, indeed, considering the many positive vexations, and the innumerable bitter disappointments of pleasure in the world, to have as many resources of satisfaction as possible within one's power. Whenever we concentrate the mind on one sole object, that object and life itself must go together. But though it is right to have reserves of employment, still some one object must be kept principal; greatly and eminently so; and the other masses and figures must preserve their due subordination, to make out the grand composition of an important life."

The Dukes owed everything to Burke: Burke was suffered to lecture the Dukes: and the result was equality of obligation, plus the Paymastership of the Forces.

His first patron, Mr. Single-speech Hamilton, would have even driven a much harder bargain. Burke's private secretaryship to this gentleman was his first political start, and very nearly his first and last political stumble. His energy saved him: but the exhibition of it was startling to his friends.

Mr. Hamilton had procured him a paltry pension for his services. He proposed to employ the little leisure he could win from the labours exacted for his pension, on thoughts and writings of his own. Mr. Hamilton objected. Burke remonstrated. Mr. Hamilton obscurely hinted that the pension might be taken away. Burke flung it in his face.

#### A Plea for Indulgence in Literature.

"Whatever advantages I have acquired, and even that advantage which I must reckon as the greatest and most pleasing of them, have been owing to some small degree of literary reputation. It will be hard to persuade me that any further services which your kindness may propose for me, or any in which my friends may wish to co-operate with you, will not be greatly facilitated by doing something to cultivate and keep alive the same reputation. I am fully sensible that this reputation may be at least as much hazarded, as forwarded, by new publications. But because a certain oblivion is the consequence, to writers of my inferior class, of an entire neglect of publication, I consider it such risk as sometimes must be run."

#### What a Hamilton would have had a Burke submit to.

"What you blame is only this; that I will not consent to bind myself to you, for no less a term than my whole life, in a sort of domestic situation, for a consideration to be taken out of your private fortune; that is, to circumscribe my hopes, to give up even the possibility of liberty, and absolutely to annihilate myself for ever. I beseech you, is the demand, or the refusal, the act of unkindness? . . . Not to value myself as a gentleman, a free-man, a man of education, and one pretending to literature, is there any situation in life so low, or even so criminal, that can subject a man to the possibility of such an engagement? Would you dare attempt to bind your footman to such terms? Will the law suffer a felon, sent to the plantations, to bind himself for his life, and to renounce all possibility either of elevation or quiet? And am I to defend myself for not doing what no man is suffered to do, and what it would be criminal in any man to submit to?"

There are some curious letters on the authorship of Junius. The persuasion of Burke's having had a hand in them seems to have been strong among his contemporaries. In one letter Charles Townshend asks him for a distinct denial. He sends a denial which Townshend thinks not sufficiently distinct. He then forwards another, accepted as more satisfactory, and of which we here present the substance.

"Surely, my situation is a little vexatious, and not a little singular. I am, it seems, called upon to disown the libels in which, I am myself satirized as well as others. If I give no denial, things are fixed upon me which are not, on many accounts, very honourable to whom. If I deny, it seems to be giving satisfaction to those to whom I owe none and intend none. In this perplexity all I can do is, to satisfy you, and to leave you to satisfy those whom you think worthy of being informed. I have, I dare say, to nine-tenths

of my acquaintance, denied my being the author of Junius, or having any knowledge of the author, as often as the thing was mentioned, whether in jest or earnest, in style of disapprobation or of compliment. Perhaps I may have omitted to do so to you, in any formal manner, as not supposing you to have any suspicion of me. I now give you my word and honour that I am not the author of Junius, and that I know not the author of that paper, and I do authorize you to say so. This will, I suppose, be enough, without showing my letter."

"Not the author" seems to us not quite to hit the question, and Charles Townshend could hardly, but perforce, have been satisfied with such an answer. Whether he had to do with the publication, was more in dispute, than whether the formal authorship was his. Sir Philip Francis gave a much more resolute denial, when a denial was less a point of prudence: yet the evidence of his participation is to us almost final. We should say that there exists a presumption of joint workmanship on the part of Francis and Burke: with probably no confessed knowledge on the part of either, that he knew his fellow-workman. When Francis afterwards criticised a proof sheet of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, he wrote, it seems to us, as if he had often had to sit in judgment on the writing of his friend.

"Once for all, I wish you would let me teach you to write English. To me, who am to read everything you write, it would be a great comfort, and to you, no sort of disparagement. Why will you not allow yourself to be persuaded that polish is material to preservation? It has not yet been in my power to read more than one third of your book. I must taste it deliberately. The flavour is too high! the wine is too rich; I cannot take a draught of it."

In another nervous passage, Francis warned him of the effect of the *Reflections* on his position and permanent fame.

"Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little, before you determine that this is an office that perfectly becomes you. If I stop here, it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself, is, to my apprehension, palpable. It is visible. It will be audible. I snuff it in the wind. I taste it already. I feel it in every sense; and so will you hereafter; when, I vow to God (a most elegant phrase), it will be no sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did everything in my power to prevent it. I wish you were at the devil for giving me all this trouble; and so farewell."

Nor can we resist quoting from a subsequent letter the masterly remarks of Francis on the excesses of the French Revolution. They are in the profoundest spirit of philosophical appreciation. They penetrate to the innermost core of that wonderful event.

"Many things have been done which greatly deserve to be lamented; and the more, because they weaken and disgrace a cause essentially just and honorable. The loss of a single life in a popular tumult, excites individual tenderness and pity. No tears are shed for nations. When the provinces are scourged to the bone by a mercenary and merciless military power, and every drop of its blood and substance extorted from it by the edicts of a royal council, the case seems very tolerable to those who are not involved in it. When thousands after thousands are dragged out of their country for the sake of their religion, or sent to row in the galleys for selling salt against the law,—when the liberty of every individual is at the mercy of every prostitute, pimp, or parasite, that has access to the hand of power, or to any of its basest substitutes,—my mind, I own, is not at once prepared to be satisfied with gentle palliatives for such disorders."

In this brief notice of a very important book, we have merely sought to indicate some leading features in illustration of Burke's character. We shall close with a few extracts on miscellaneous matters of interest. We believe that there are few readers, within whose reach the book may be, who will not make a point of consulting it. They will be well rewarded for all the attention they can give to the wisdom and eloquence it contains.

#### Lord Chatham on his way to Stowe.

"Before I conclude, I ought to tell you that Lord Chatham passed by my door on Friday morning, in a jimwhiskee drawn by two horses, one before the other;—he drove himself. His train was two coaches-and-six, with twenty servants, male and female. He was proceeding with his whole family (Lady Chatham, two sons, and two daughters), to Stowe. He lay at Beconsfield, was well and cheerful, and walked up and down stairs at the inn without help."

We know nothing that marks so broadly the distinction between the characters of Chatham and Burke, as the greater readiness of the latter to acknowledge the American Independence.

#### Burke's Literary Neighbour.

"On my coming home I found, by woful experience, that one of the news-printers has got a country-house at Beconsfield. The old man that milks my cows and the old dairy-maid had married, and he has made a flaming paragraph of it. I suppose I shall be the subject of news enough, if this be the case. But I have sent a formal message, to beg myself off in the particular of my family here."

#### Garrick's News of Great Folk.

"Mr. Tommy Townshend, your friend, I hear, is wofully angry at Rigby's preferment. I dined lately with Lord H—x: we had great talk about your quondam friend, and mine. He knows him to the marrow of him. How will the malignant spirit (I can't read the name you give him in your letter) determine to do with himself at the Northampton election? Poor Lady Hinchinbroke will be soon dead—she is in a deep consumption. Adieu!"

Davy "loved a lord." He cannot introduce a modest musician to Burke without a glance at his dinner with an archbishop that gave him the gout in his knee. But so delightful a companion, and so great an actor, might be pardoned worse failings than this.

#### Garrick to Burke.

"CARISSIMO MIO EDMUNDO, May 3, 1771. The bearer, Mr. Aylward, is a very great musician, and organist of St. Michael's, who had your interest (as he tells me upon the occasion.) He is ambitious to be the musical professor, I think they call it, of Gresham College. As twelve patriots of the city are to elect him, whose interest can be of half the service to him as your honour's? If our friend Mr. William and you can give him a lift to the intrepid Wilks, the resolute Oliver, or the wiser Trecothick, you will oblige me, and serve a very worthy, able musician, who has been served by you already. I therefore, according to custom, trouble you to serve him again. I would have been with you in person, but dining yesterday with an archbishop, I have got the gout in my knee.

"Your's ever and ever, and most affectionately,  
"D. GARRICK."

#### The Dean and Dr. Johnson.

(From a letter of Richard Burke.)

"News, indeed, I have none, but an anecdote I have; take it. A company of *beau esprits*, Garrick, Johnson, Dean of Derry, Fox, &c., &c., dined with Reynolds. Brilliant yet easy, but good-humour was cury carry-stick; in the midst of which, in a conversation on the subject, the dean observed, or, if you will, asserted,

that after forty-five a man did not improve. 'I differ with you sir; a man may improve; and you yourself have great room for improvement.' The dean was confounded, and for the instant silent. The others forced another subject; but it went, as such subjects must, heavily. The dean recovering,—'On recollection, I see no cause to alter my opinion, except I was to call it improvement for a man to grow (which I allow he may) positive, rude, and insolent, and save arguments by brutality.' The other groaned an intention to reply; but a second, and more successful effort of the company to change the discourse, succeeded. He has since confessed his bad behaviour, telling Mrs. Thrall that he did not know what ailed him."

Mrs. Burke's Pride in her 'Ned.'

"The Monday following, the corporation met and voted the freedom of that city to be sent to Ned in a silver box. My dear Nelly, I believe you will think me very vain; but as you are a mother, I hope you will excuse it. I assure you that it's no honor that is done him that makes me vain of him, but the goodness of his heart, which I believe no man living has a better; and sure there can't be a better son, nor can there be a better daughter-in-law than his wife."

This is very pleasant: nor less so for the Mrs. Gamp-like composition of the which I believe, &c.

Burke thanks Dr. Broclesby for a Festive Gift on a Fast and Humiliation Day.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

A thousand thanks for your remembrance, your intelligence, and your cod. The first will always be most grateful; the second is as good as the nature of things will give us leave to expect; the third was in high perfection, and consumed, according to the intention of the donor, with all possible execration of uncharitable fast and hypocritical prayer. Instead of this, we had very charitable cheer, and very honest and sincere toasting; and when we drank the health of the worthy founder of the feast, I assure you we did not dissemble. We made your cod swim in port to your health, and to those of the few that are like you. Had the times been very good, we must have been very intemperate; but the character of the age gave us one virtue,—that of a small degree of sobriety. Mrs. Burke and all here salute you.—I am most truly and affectionately yours,

"EDM. BURKE."

The fast-day was the ever-to-be-deplored American Resistance. Other beautiful letters record the good Doctor's munificent present of a thousand pounds to his old friend and schoolfellow.

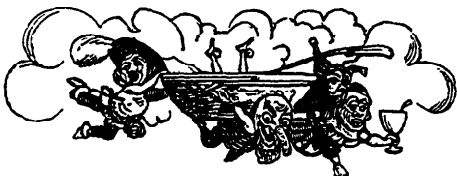
Burke on Poetry and Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.'

"By the way, I forget, as indeed I forget many things which I ought to remember, the pretty poem you sent me about Ballitore. It has that in it which I always consider as a mark of genius;—the turning to account the images and objects that one is familiar and conversant with, and not running at all into repetition or over-improvement (if that were possible) of the images which have struck others, in other places and times. This latter shows that people have but little fire of their own, though they may be capable of kindling at the fire of others; and it does not mark them as good observers, though it may as retentive readers. What true and pretty pastoral images has Goldsmith in his 'Deserted Village;' They beat all;—Pope, and Phillips, and Spenser, too, in my opinion;—that is, in the pastoral, for I go no farther."

Yet he knew Spenser well. It was his love for his old friend which carried him thus far. When some one told him that Anne Pitt used to reproach her brother Chatham for knowing nothing but Spenser's Fairy Queen, he remarked that perhaps that might be enough, for whoever relished and read Spenser as he ought to be read would have a strong hold of the English language.

Burke's Opinion of the Tories.

"It is the glory of the Tories that they always flourish in the decay, and perhaps by the decay, of the glory of their country. Our session is over, and I can hardly believe, by the tranquillity of everything about me, that we are a people who have just lost an empire. But it is so. The present nursery revolution, I think, engages as much of our attention."



A Bowl of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.—No. 1.

BYRONI-MANIA.

THERE is a mystic thread in life  
Around my bosom turning,  
Which guides me through each maze of strife,  
And sorrow's dark repining;  
Its fibre in its heart's warm ray  
Reclining, where you put it,  
With gentle pressure seems to say—  
"Oh, Heavens, William! cut it!"

There is a flame which shines as pure  
As angel's eyes in ether;  
Still beaming on (no meteor lure),  
Through storm and wintry weather:  
A thwart life's rock it throws a light,  
That mariners may know it—  
Ah! should this flame be quenched in night,  
What could I do? "Oh, blow it!"

SMIRERS.

EPITAPHIUM (IN PROSPECTU.)

Mantua me genuit: Calabri rapuere: tenet nunc  
Parthenope: cecini pascua, tura duces.

VIRG.

I crushed flocks, tillage, people: England gave  
Me birth: death Canada: this realm a grave.

CONS.

Why is Queen Victoria's Court like the Areopagus?—Because its Ma's Court.  
What's in a name?—Ask your bill-broker.  
If the soul of "Porus," the Indian king, had transmigrated, what would it have passed into?—A filtering stone.  
Why was "Pygmalion" like an American?—Because he went the "whole hog."  
When do the moderns make game of "Bias," the wise man of Greece?—When they play at "bowls."

What is the foreman of a Jury like; speaking figuratively?—A duodecimal.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.—At Limeburner's Creek, from Cockle Bay, the "Dando," laden with oyster shells. The weather as represented by the crew, (a Welsh stonemason and a little black boy,) was uncommonly severe throughout the passage. On rounding Cockatoo point they were met by the puff of a head wind which put their pipes out, in spite of their teeth; and immediately afterwards the Welshman discovered a leak. By the fortunate interposition of his flannel wig, the hole was stopped in the boat's bottom; whereby her progress to the bottom was also stopped, and her safety insured; although her cargo was not.

DEPARTURES.—For Sing-apore, the "Warbler," Captain Chaunt, laden with staves.

A CODE OF SIGNALS

Invented by Commodore Moreheart, to be observed in P. J. Yacht Clubs and Sailing Matches.

- |  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Q. Will you pick a little oakum? . . . . .                   | 7 over 5        |
| A. No. We're just picking a bit of junk. . . . .             | 5 over 7        |
| Q. When will you be doubling the Cape? . . . . .             | 2 at the peak   |
| A. When we've done the Dublin Stout. . . . .                 | 3 do.           |
| Q. Have you any pork fresh pickled? . . . . .                | 2 over 7        |
| A. Yes. One live pig has just jumped into the briny. . . . . | 1 overboard     |
| Q. Can you lend us any turnips or carrots? . . . . .         | 8 over 2        |
| A. Yes: if you'll come and take them. . . . .                | 7 over 3        |
| Q. Where's your commander? . . . . .                         | 8 over 1        |
| A. Down the hatchway, drunk. . . . .                         | Head over heels |
| Q. Where will you meet us to-morrow? . . . . .               | 5 over 2        |
| A. At the Police-office, of course. . . . .                  | 9 precisely     |
| Q. Where will you lay the vessel? . . . . .                  | 2 by 2          |
| A. With ourselves in the stocks. . . . .                     | All blue        |

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Baron Von Humbong and Count Maeskov have broken up their country establishment in Carter's Barracks, and opened their town residence, a two-pair back in Brougham Place, in the newest style. It is their intention to give a "serious" of entertainments on a grand scale throughout the winter. They have already concluded arrangements with two bagpipes and a triangle; and a publican in the neighbourhood has been induced to contract for the "heavy" line, and light cigars. Spirits were not mentioned, as the badness of the times will inevitably insure an overflow of "blue devils." These noble-men have also hired a billiard room, where it is their intention to initiate their friends into the mysteries of a "bal masqué."

Mr. Boss ablutionized himself yesterday morning at the Fig Tree bath; but unfortunately lost his breath and garments at the same moment. As he had only purchased the latter articles second-hand, the previous evening, his acquaintance with them was not long enough to swear to them; he, however, remedied this deficiency by swearing at the takers in good round terms. Policeman Fubbs who was on duty, lent him his upper garment; and most humanely and promptly conveyed him to the station-house, and provided him with board and lodging for twenty-four hours.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

An additional sentry has been placed on the Government-gardens to prevent the abstraction of the fruit: particularly the "love apples," which seem to be in great request in that quarter.

On account of the vast collection of mud during the late rains, the pioneers have been ordered on street duty for the purpose of picking their way.

The Grenadiers have been directed to quit all low company; also to set their caps strait on their heads; and not on both sides of the way, as they have hitherto been accustomed.

A new set of colors was presented to the regiment last evening; consisting of a black eye and crimson nose. Several privates were also made non-commissioned officers, by the conferring of stripes.

Great complaints have been made at the mess, respecting the scarcity of nuraery-maids, knockers, and bell-pulls. It is scandalous on the part of the public, that there is not a uniform supply of these articles for military practitioners.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

- "I should like to see you do it," as the blind man said when his wife threatened to break his head.
- "No more on that suit," as the pawnbroker said to the clothesman.
- "It's a crying evil," as the Pa said of his first-born.
- "You look very blue," as the sailor said to the New Zealander.
- "This rain makes us spring," as the cabbage-plant said to the kangaroo.
- "That's a very serious charge," as the gentleman said when his gun-barrel burst.
- "We'll keep up the steam," as the small coal said to the tea-kettle.
- "I've taken French leave," as Louis Phillippe said to the Queen.
- "We fly by night," as the bat said to the rent-bolter.
- "None of your sauce," as the turbot said to the shrimps.
- "I'll share your bed with you," as the pig said to the potato garden.

JONATHANS.—(HOME MADE).

- There was a man in our town so sharp that he cut his largest creditor in the street.
- There was a man on the Surry Hills so small, that he was obliged to get drunk and see double, before he could see himself at all.
- There was a lady at the last fancy ball who drank so much lemonade and negus, that she positively swam through a quadrille.
- There is a man in our alley so tall that he is obligated to get up a ladder when he wants to comb his hair.

PROSPECTUS

Of a forthcoming Double Durnal Diary, to be entitled The Bray of Balaam; or, The Laughing Jackass.

MOTTO.—"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be wax ends; And mind thou stick'st at to them, my lad o' wax; For Cobblers ne'er should go beyond their lasts."

THE COBLER OF LOWESTOFF.

On the first of April next will be published, twice a-day, a paper under the above imposing title; which it is intended shall be suited to the highest and lowest capacities, both in the city and the bush; and so admirably balanced, as to make it a toss-up

whether town or country shall have it more in demand. As this paper wishes to accommodate itself to all classes, conditions, and politics; and feeling, if it said anything, that it must inevitably offend somebody; it publicly avows its intention to publish itself in the form of a blank sheet of paper, elephant size; which, it is conceived, will not only render it highly useful for lining trunks, or for linen-drapery and soft-goods shops, where objections are known to exist against papers which have been stained by printers' ink; but will also enable it to preserve its "virgin page pure and unwritten still." An additional advantage will also accrue by the adoption of this principle; inasmuch as the subscribers will be furnished with an opportunity of filling the paper with their own ideas, thereby not only tickling their own palates, but also establishing a self-acting Normal School of Editorial Unities; a class, the want of which is much felt throughout the Universe, as well as in this Colony, which is supposed to be out of the world.

As the "Bray of Balaam" will not say or mean anything, it will be assisted by a Journal, to be called

The Finger-Post; or, a Key to the Mystery;

so that by becoming joint subscribers, the public can furnish their friends "abroad" with a cut-it-short compendium of all the colonial proceedings, which may, or may not, make their acquaintances "more abroad," (that is, less inclined to emigrate,) according to fancy. The Finger-Post does not intend to point to any precise path, or to confine itself to any particular direction, but to give a full scope to its creative genius, trusting to the imaginative rather than the true; for, as the former is universally acknowledged to travel further and faster than the latter, the Finger-Post hopes by these means to acquire a more widely extended and quicker circulation.

As the Finger-Post does not wish to blindfold the public, or induce them to buy a sacked porker, it has determined to give a specimen of its quality, upon the principle of the Irish jontleman who, wishing to dispose of his tenement, always carried a brick in his hand, by way of sample. Here is the extract from our realms of rhyme.

LEGENDARY LEAVES.

\* \* \* \* \*  
THE WATERFALL.  
\* \* \* \* \*

[This extract refers to a maternal and filial conversation respecting a waterfall, which of course cannot be understood unless the whole poem were printed: and even then a considerable doubt might arise.

Ed. B. B., or L. J. F. P., or K. M.]

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Dear child, what sounds are these I hear,  
That waken images of fear,  
Like grisly giants, which appear  
Their lowering forms on high?  
Oh, Ma! that hissing, toiling, moiling,  
Is our tea-kettle overboiling,  
Whose sharp spout shot (all vision foiling)  
A cataract in my eye!

N.B., 1.—Advertisements will be received by the printer and publisher; when anybody can be found to undertake the job: and all subscriptions must be paid in advance, as it were the height of absurdity to expect them after the paper has been seen.

N.B., 2.—Although the "Bray of Balaam," in the first instance, will only appear "twice a day;" yet the proprietors intend to publish it "once an hour," or, in fact, whenever they open their mouths; should the principles it looks after require an extension of our plans. We say our for the sake of being pronominally correct.

N.B., 3.—In order that no objection may be taken to the wood-cut; or, to use a more appropriate metaphor, no "Quarrels on Emblems;" the "Bray of Balaam's" arms will be—"King Log, couchant; supporters, three fool's-caps, coronant; two asses' ears, rampant."

Memoranda of Men and Things.

WHAT A CHANDOS CAN DO!

A great event appears, from accounts which for several days occupied the columns of our cotemporaries, to have lately taken place in the Buckingham family, viz., the attainment by the Marquis of Chandos of his twenty-first birthday. This event, though in strict analogy with the course of nature and by no means unusual, is nevertheless, we have no doubt, an important one in the Buckingham family. Where family annals are not over rich in the historical, and events are rather scarce, it is an event, perhaps, that the heir and hope of the house should arrive at his twenty-first year. But the extraordinary fuss which appears to have been made at Buckingham on this occasion might lead one to conjecture that this distinction is felt to be one of the very few which attach themselves to members of the noble family of Buckingham. The event is, at any rate, made the most of; and, were the family at Stowe the only one known to benefit by this favouring dispensation of nature—and the Marquis of Chandos the only one who, by living long enough, did at last contrive to be twenty-one years old—the circumstance could not have excited more overwhelming interest, and been celebrated with more pomp.

In the first place, we are informed that "the local journals for some weeks past have been alluding," in strains of eager and flattering expectation, "to the forthcoming event." Public curiosity and hope are raised to a high pitch by these announcements. At last the important day comes. The day is fine, and there is the usual description of happy faces, and roads and bye lanes crowded, and rustics in holiday attire. All the population for twenty miles round is described as being in a state of the most unbounded animal spirits—more elevated by mirth and jollity than can be expressed. In this glow of Elysian excitement the "inhabitants of Stowe, Reedelike cum Chackmoor, Akely, Foscott, Water Stratford, Maids' Morton," and a variety of villages, make their entrée into Stowe Park. The town of Buckingham is in the same state of happiness—the streets streaming with people, bands parading, colours flying, children shouting. All this is very well.

But now come the regal honours, symbols, and paraphernalia, and all the pomp and circumstance of the Court of Stowe. The worshipful corporation of Buckingham, the Royal Bucks Artillery Corps, and the Royal Bucks Hussars, the latter appearing to be the body guards of the grand ducal house, are visible everywhere. The corporation and the artillery corps vie with one another in zeal and activity on the occasion, and are seen moving about with incredible activity through the crowd. The latter appear by the accounts to be always wheeling their cannons with them; for at every moment's pause, as a stimulus to prevent the excitement subsiding, a cannon goes off in honour of the various members of the ducal family in order of seniority.

We were not aware, by the way, before that Buckingham was a