

LITERATURE.

TIME AND THE PRESS.

PRIDE'S monumental grandeur loads the earth
With mould'ring mounds; the castle's lofty walls
And tow'ring turrets strew at length the plain;
The splendid palace blacken'd o'er with age,
Dismantled stands, scarce shelter for the herds,
When howling storms spread savage o'er the land:
Thus Time rolls on—the pyramid's vain heads
Shot up amid the clouds, he coldly mocks—
Sweeping their records dull, oblivion's lap
Receives; till they like sullen blots remain
Defacing wide creation's lovely form
With their unwieldy bulk of baffled pride.
The voice of fame wakes echoes o'er the world;
Soon sleep those echoes—he it sung forgot.
Oblivion follows Time's unresting march,
Its outstretch'd mantle floats along the breeze,
And where Time's foot doth press, its bloodless hand
Passeth o'er memory's brow—and all the past
In universal blindness sinks to rest,
Yet though Time's nod wrecks cities, nations, worlds,
And cold Oblivion o'er the ruin broods,—
Despite his strength, the bold and peerless Press
Grows stronger, bolder, as the years roll on.
Of intellectual fire, the kindling spark,—
Or soul's bright beacon lit from age to age,—
The tongue of glory, fadeless scroll of fame,
The Press immortal—tears from vice the mask,
Showing her hideous visage, black as night,
Or crimes nursed in its rank envenom'd heart;
And palsyng envy's withered, canker'd arm,
Protects pure virtue's heavenly-moulded race,—
Awarding greatness to the truly great,
Immortal laurels to immortal minds,
Without the Press, the minstrel strain would cease,
As harp-tones sleep, and never wake again—
As odour shed, for ever's lost to earth,
As wither'd youth, no sun restores to bloom—
As virtue's snow, once stain'd, is' fair no more.
But chief, the Press sheds o'er the wide-spread earth
Religion's holy flame; to cleanse the soul
Ere it to heaven ascend, till, plumed with light,
It spurns with wing sublime the grosser world,
And mounting to Eternity's bright realm,
Gains bliss immortal at the throne of God!

J. W. THIRLWALL.

Rambles in the United States and Canada, during the Year 1845; with a Short Account of Oregon. By RUBIO Clarke.

This is another of the books (unhappily, so common of late years) the design of which is to pour unmeasured contempt on everything American. Fortunately, however, the execution by no means corresponds with that design. Seldom have we seen one more unsatisfactory in substance, or feeble in manner. The author may, as he boasts, have travelled long on this earth's surface; but he has looked at Transatlantic society through the worst of all glasses—early, deep-rooted prejudice. Little has he of the spirit becoming the liberal-minded traveller. He is no citizen of the world. He takes not into account the influence of circumstances on the development of national character. He does not see that nations, like individuals, may and must have their peculiarities; still less does he acknowledge that, where morals are not concerned, they may exist anywhere without offence. The Americans, no doubt, have many characteristics which, to a European, and especially to an Englishman, are somewhat repulsive. Their manner is too bold, often impertinent; their dinners are abominable, and their mode of devouring them more wolf-like than Christian; their incessant squirting of tobacco-juice is disgusting; while their vanity is pitiful and ridiculous. But with all these defects, and some moral ones which we are far from overlooking, they do not merit a tithe of the abuse with which they are here covered. In the infancy of society, refinement of manners is not to be expected. Men who either reside in the forest, or are every moment employed in providing for material wants, have no opportunity, no leisure, no inclination to adopt the conventionalities of artificial life. Where no class exists corresponding with our estated gentlemen, and where there is no court to establish the laws of what we call good-breeding, it is absurd to expect many traces of a code so easily obeyed at Buckingham Palace, or in Belgrave Square. We forget that the Americans are a young people, with all the buoyancy of feeling, all the sanguine, care-for-nothing impulses of that season, and taught to look with less respect than they ought, perhaps, on the more stately and calculating measures of age. Men who are occupied in felling the forest, the true pioneers of civilization, or in harrying to the Atlantic ports the produce of half a world, may be as usefully, though not quite so elegantly employed as if they were treading the mazes of an intricate dance at Almack's, or practising a bow for the Ministerial levee.

In these observations we exclude morals, which are everywhere of equal obligation. Are the republicans more deficient in this respect than the nations of the Old World? Our author asserts that they are; and it must be confessed, that the conduct of a repudiating States gives but too much color to the accusation. No language can be strong enough to denounce the conduct in question. But why should the States who are honorably providing for their public debt be so unjustly classed with the rest? And why should the great body of private citizens be made responsible for the acts of a few local legislatures? Again: it may be said, and truly said, that the American inkneepers know how to impose on travellers. But are such impositions greater than in some parts of France, or Germany, or Italy,—aye, or England, Scotland or Ireland? We doubt it. Oh! but the American is not honest; he plunges into such rash speculations, which, if they benefit a few, must end in the ruin of thousands! Let us wait the issue of our railway projects, before we throw stones at other men and other nations.

While condemning, however, the temper and tone of the volume before us, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that it sometimes tells the truth. Indeed, for most of the statements

there is something like a foundation; but the superstructure is not often warranted by them. Even where they are undeniably true, we must censure the *animus* which accompanies them. It is possible for a book to consist entirely of facts, yet to be a false book: the object is there, but invested in such colors as to deceive the eye. And little respect can we have for the logic which confounds the species with the individual. There are many rogues all over the Union, and especially in the Atlantic cities—*ergo*, the whole nation are rogues. Such reasoning has been; and unfortunately such reasoning still is. *Ecce signum!* look into the present volume, and there is evidence! why then do we notice it? For three reasons, and good ones too. First, we wish to illustrate the bad spirit of the author by short extracts. In the next place, we hope to correct it by remarks of our own. Lastly, as even the devil can speak truth, so can our author, who is neither devil nor conjuror. In reality, he sometimes speaks a great deal of truth, and though it may not be agreeable to others, and we may add useful too, especially to such (a very numerous class) as meditate a removal into the transatlantic world.

As early as page 2 we have the following paragraph:

With regard to the barefaced hypocrisy and dishonesty of Americans in the eastern and middle States, I am perfectly borne out by one of their most clever and popular preachers, who said in one of his most admired sermons, delivered in New England—“You come here, and by a listless attendance at the House of God on Sundays, and the austere observance of the appointed fast days, you expect to atone for all your wicked actions, wrong thoughts, and unholy feelings in the past week—a six days' life of meanness, deception, rottenness and sin!”

Now, if we remember right, the late Rowland Hill on one occasion addressed something very like this reproof to his congregation, but we do not suppose that any rational being therefore inferred that the members were worse than other people. Then the Americans, men and women alike, are not merely ill-made, but ugly:—

The men have no shoulders: they are tall and lathy like corn-stalks, and under the nape of the neck they are sometimes as narrow as a female. The ladies of New York have been through all time, which means about fifty years, so famous for their beauty, that I know I shall be accused of heresy, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness if I say that it is entirely a mistake. But the truth must be told, and I have seen more pretty women in London in one day than ever I saw during all my rambles in the United States. That prominent point of female loveliness, and which the whole English race so much excel in, is entirely wanting in the American ladies: they are as flat as their own horrid sea-coast.

Again:—

The pure red and white of English complexions must not be looked for in any part of the States. The lillies and carnations are not of American growth; the men are sallow, and the women tallow.

These extracts afford no bad illustration of the truth of our preliminary remarks. If the people have not the healthy looks of Englishmen,—if they are generally sallow and sometimes lividly so (owing partly to the climate, partly to the diet, and still more to apartments without ventilation), both sexes are as well made as the natives of other countries. Among the women too as many are good-looking,—and some of almost unrivalled beauty. It may be that their charms are more transient than in countries more favored by nature (indeed we know that they are); but the one fact does not alter the other,—that between fifteen and twenty-five, the ladies generally may vie with those of any country.

In assailing the climate of the country, “Rubio” is more successful; here, unhappily, he is on firm ground. But even this Physical fact is sure to be distorted in his hands. He calls it “the worst in the world;” but then recollecting himself a little, he qualifies the sweeping assertion by calling it “the worst in the temperate zone.”

On the 29th of May last, in New York, the frost was so severe as to cut off every green thing. The thermometer fell to 24°, and on the 18th of July the same thermometer was up to 104°, showing a rise of 80° in less than two months. During the cold on the 29th May, it seemed as if the marrow had all left the bones, and every one stood shivering, almost incapable of exertion. Not that 24° of cold is anything very intolerable when it comes at Christmas, or in January or February, but here the excessive cold had been preceded by some extraordinary hot weather in the middle of May, and the sudden transition which occurred in the short space of nine or ten days made the sensation of cold on the 29th May most acute and painful; but there is a remedy for cold, however severe—additional clothing, additional fires, and extra exercise. But how are you to alleviate great heat?

Again:—

I know that my friends in America will find fault with thus speaking of their climate; but I will defy them all to point out a spot throughout the Union, where the thermometer has a smaller range or variation than 100° in the course of six months; unless it be a place notoriously subject to yellow fever. Now, can anybody call such a climate good? Is it not execrable?

Though there is exaggeration in some of Rubio's statements (for we could easily point out districts west of the Alleghany chain in New York, where the variation is not much greater than in England) there can be no doubt that the variations are generally extreme, and often very sudden.

In regard to New York, our author observes:

Another thought occurs involuntarily to the pedestrian through the city, where are the *old* men and women? You see none, absolutely none. The fact is, from the statistical tables published, the mortality of the American cities and towns is frightful!

He might have made the observation everywhere; and it is a consideration of too much importance to be overlooked by any emigrant.

With all his spleen, even “Rubio” can find some things to commend in the great Republic. Among these is the pilot service of New York, which he admits is “nearly perfect”:—

There are seventy pilots, all middle-aged men, and none are eligible except *total abstinence* men; therefore, vessels are never lost owing to drunken pilots; this is impossible. The English might here borrow a leaf out of the American book. It frequently happens, on arriving in the English Channel, that the pilot who boards you is a man of seventy years of age, and I have known him hoisted up with a tackle, because he was too infirm for climbing up the side-ladder; but an important service like that of pilots should be limited to the ages between thirty and sixty. And,

moreover, the first thing an English pilot asks for is a *glass of grog*; whilst the New York pilot who boarded us, a hundred miles from the port, in common with the other sixty-nine of the fraternity, are pledged to drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee, or they would be refused a license.

Nor can he avoid praising the steam-vessels of the Union, which are at once splendid, spacious, cheap, and comfortable:—

But to return to the magnificent steamers on the north and east rivers. They are as truly surprising in their dimensions as they are convenient, and profuse in their decorations. *Fifteen steamboats make a mile*: this is a new rule of arithmetic, only found out in America, and I mention it because it is much more easy than to remember that they are three hundred and fifty feet long each. The Americans of all classes are a travelling people, eminently so as confined to their own country; but they know nothing of any other countries. The United States is large enough, they think, to satisfy the most greedy of travellers, and the price of travelling is so cheap that, as the whole population lives in boarding houses, it is as cheap to be travelling as to be stopping at home, if you can apply such a word as home to a boarding house. For instance, in these moving palaces, which go twice a-day to Albany, one hundred and fifty miles, as far as Margate and back again, I paid two shillings, but I might have gone the same day for one shilling, by another boat not quite so new and splendid. Only think, to Margate and back for one shilling! We sat down two hundred to dinner, and an excellent dinner we had, but it was two shillings each, rather a high price. I noticed that everybody drank water. I hardly remember one single cork being drawn during the whole dinner; perhaps there was not one! Now, here is a fact as truly astounding as the vast proportions and magnificent fittings of the steamer, and I thought to myself, who can stop the progress of a nation that, to an unlimited extent of fertile land, adds these two grand auxiliaries of steam and temperance? Steam has done wonders for America, and is only in its infancy; and yet, omnipotent as it is for developing the power and wealth of the growing states, yet the universal diffusion of temperance is calculated to secure the greatest amount of individual happiness.

Equally remarkable is the enterprise of this astounding Republic. She has accomplished works the bare sight of which makes old and richer nations stagger. Her boundless resources are called forth in a manner to excite the admiration of the world. Her roads, canals viaducts, are truly wonderful. Even in humble matters, she has a genius of her own:—

One need not walk through the many streets in New York without witnessing in one of them a removal or lifting up of a house; this is almost peculiar to American mechanics, and I was never tired of looking at it. The practice has contributed very much to the straightness and uniformity of the streets, and so perfectly at home are they at it, that if an advertisement were to appear in the *Sun*, the *Herald*, or the *Tribune*, to remove the London Mansion House to Hampstead Heath, there would be several offers for the job. As for the north side of Middle Row, they would think nothing of removing it bodily at once to the Model prison at Clerkenwell without any of the young *misses* of the family being in the slightest degree interrupted in their usual avocations. As for the everlasting and dangerous nuisance of Holborn Hill, which I have been looking at more in sorrow than in anger for these forty years, in New York it would be levelled in a week. A worthy tradesman in the city of Brooklyn, opposite New York, wanted to convert his two parlour windows into a shop front; “No, no,” said the builder, “don't throw away your parlour, I will lift the house up, and build you a much better, loftier, and more spacious shop, where the parlour now stands.” The screws and timbers were accordingly brought, and I saw the two-story brick house go up slowly and imperceptibly, whilst the daughters were looking out of window, as if nothing was going on more than usual. I watched the alteration every time I crossed the ferry to Brooklyn, and in the course of two or three weeks the tradesman was occupying his new and handsome store, as the shops are called.

But with all her advantages, natural and acquired, it is a question of great interest without as well as within the Union, how long the Union will go on and prosper. There is but too much truth, we fear, in the following speculations:—

It needs no ghost to come from the grave to tell us that the glory will be departed from the United States long before they attain their expected population of a hundred millions, and that, long before that period, the “Queen of the World and the child of the skies” will most likely be split into three or four separate governments. The present cabinet of Colonel Polk is weak in the extreme, and so are all the heads of departments; and we all know to be weak is to be miserable. The chief himself is already tired of his elevation, which he finds to be not altogether a bed of velvet; and, though it may be fun to the democrats who elected him, the Great Unknown, out of sheer opposition to a worthy and virtuous man, Henry Clay, yet it was death to him, and he publicly declared, before he had been three months at the White House, that he had no intention, at the end of his four years of kingship, to offer himself again as the representative of the sovereign people! The Colonel is considered by the few who know him as a plain, straightforward man for a lawyer, with firmness and courage, but knows nothing of the science of government, which should only be entrusted to him who possesses most virtue, most knowledge, and most intellect. But these, though they are recommendations in old and experienced countries, are the very worst and most fatal qualifications to a candidate's success in America for the presidential chair. *No honest man can ever be President of America again.* The day of the Washingtons and Jeffersons is past never to return. The people publicly declare that they do not want the *best* man; they want the most *available* man. If you *elect* me I will *appoint* you; and as all the servants of the Government are abruptly turned out at a general election every four years, it gives the new President immense patronage, and for the first half-year of his office he is obliged to work like a horse in considering upon and filling up the ten thousand offices that suddenly become vacant. “Rotation to office” is one of the watchwords of every part in America, but particularly of the democrats.

“Rubio” is a great enemy to emigration for objects purely agricultural; and he gives a melancholy account of one respectable English family. There can be no doubt, we suppose, that the Birkbecks are referred to, though the name is suppressed:—

It is impossible for an English agriculturist to succeed in this country,” said the surgeon, “whether he has capital or not. Without money he would stand perhaps a better chance, but either way it is impossible. As soon as Mr. — arrived in this country he was sanguine of success; all his neighbours entered into an agreement among each other by every means to obtain his ready money; and though the real price of Indian corn was only five-

pence per bushel, amongst themselves, yet, when Mr. — became a buyer, as he must be to a large extent, the price to him was to be a dollar, or four shillings per bushel; and they all religiously adhered to this piece of roguery on every occasion to fleece the rich *Britisher*, who, so far from repining at the high price, saw in it the very element of success, and wrote home those well-remembered letters, and calculations of wealth, by growing thousands of acres of Prairie land with Indian corn at eighty bushels per acre, and four shillings per bushel, but which, fortunately, deceived nobody but himself! Perhaps no Englishman ever emigrated to America with greater advantages than Mr. —. With a large capital and still larger experience as a practical farmer, he carried with him his own society of several educated sons and daughters; and the only mistake he seems to have made, and a fatal one it was, was not going to Upper Canada instead of to the United States. Had the family gone to the *English* side of Lake Erie instead of the *American*, with such advantages as they possessed, everything they touched would have turned to gold; the sons and daughters would have married into the first Canadian families."

We fully concur with "Rubio," that Canada West as a home, is preferable to the United States. The climate is more healthy; the taxes are much lower; and the people, though villanous enough in some parts, are of a class superior to the destitute beings who establish themselves in southern localities. There too is rational freedom—which eschews at once the despotism of one and of many. There you may think and say what you please. In the Union you have indeed permission to think; but if you speak contrary to the general sentiment, your life is not worth an hour's purchase. But though there are many traits in the American character which we do not like, unlike Rubio we maintain that with all their faults, they have many good and some admirable qualities. Indiscriminate censure like Rubio's is odious; and it is foolish too, for it defeats the very end in view.

The Snow Storm. A Christmas Story. By Mrs. GORE. Fisher, Angel-street.

This little volume contains a tale, whose plot is simple but interesting. The Hacklewood estate, in Yorkshire, has for centuries belonged to the Reveley family. But the last heir of this ancient race assisted his father in mortgaging the property to such a fearful extent, that when his sire died he found himself totally ruined, and disappeared no one knew whither. A certain Sir Richard Ribstone then purchased the estate; and one of his first acts of proprietorship was to get rid of the old tenants to make room for new. Amongst those who were thus cruelly dispossessed, was a certain "farmer Welland," who was ejected from Bush Farm, which his ancestors had held on lease from time immemorial. Sir Richard Ribstone was a mere upstart—a *parvenu* Knight, who deemed that he exhibited his gentility when he oppressed the poor. His son Charles was, however, a different kind of person—possessing many generous qualities—in a word, all the requisites for the hero of a novel. Farmer Welland retired to a small farm, called Nessford Holm, where, in a state of semi-imbecility, he mused over the happy days that were fled. He had a sister (Aunt Dinah), who superintended his household economy, and a niece (Grace Welland), who is the heroine of the book, and consequently the object of Charles Ribstone's love. It is also necessary to observe, that a prominent character in the tale is the parish-clerk—Mr. Abel Drew, an individual of no small consequence in the district, as all parish clerks are, and who was devotedly attached to the ancient name of Reveley. Sir Richard Ribstone furnishes Hacklewood Hall in a splendid manner, and invites thereto numerous guests to spend the Christmas holidays. A terrible snow storm comes on, on Christmas eve, and several of the guests when on their way to Hacklewood, are compelled to seek an asylum at Farmer Welland's miserable dwelling. Aunt Dinah, however, bustles about, and provides an excellent supper. When the meal is concluded, an old man arrives at the farm-house and obtains the hospitality of the Holm. Shortly afterwards, Charles Ribstone himself makes his appearance; and the old man dilates in a strange manner on the cruelty of the youth's father towards old Welland. It eventually turns out that this venerable stranger is none other than the last of the Reveleys, and that Sir Richard Ribstone is his nephew. But for an explanation of how Hacklewood Hall had only been purchased by the "mushroom knight" in trust for and with the gold of, the last of the Reveleys, who had grown immensely rich during long years of enterprise in a far off clime—how farmer Welland was restored to Bush Farm—and how Charles married Grace, we must refer our readers to the work itself. And it is with much pleasure that we recommend the "Snow Storm" as an excellent Christmas present—a volume whose contents will arouse generous sympathies, and awaken kindly feelings in both old and young. It is well got up, and is beautifully illustrated by George Cruikshank. The following dialogue is the opening part of the conversation between the old man and Charles Ribstone; and it contains, as will be seen, an exquisitely pathetic description of

THE SORROWS OF AN EJECTED TENANT.

"Does it never occur to you, young man," persisted the stranger, who, by degrees, had turned the wicker-chair edgways towards his companions—"does it never occur to you, as you urge your thorough-bred horse past this accursed old rat-hole, which a few such nights as this would shake to pieces like a house of cards, that old John Welland has twice as good a right to be merry and thriving under the roof of the Bush Farm, as your upstart of a father under that of the Reveleys?" "Amuse yourself with what impertinence you please towards myself, old gentleman!" cried Charles, starting from his place, and with difficulty withholding his clenched hand—"But, by the God of Heaven, I will make you respect my father!" "Order, order, order, order!" cried Shoreham, pulling back his young friend by the skirts of the coat, and forcing him to be seated. "Let the lad talk!—No man ever died of a few hard words!" said the hoary aggressor, who, on Charles Ribstone's menacing advance, turned coolly towards him, and sat surveying him from head to foot. "He knows as well as I, that the good man of this house was jockeyed out of his farm by a trick of the law, to make way for a gim-crack exhibition of China milk-pans, and a pack of varnished cow-houses and pigsties, to tickle the vanity of Sir Richard Ribstone, *Knight!*" "Since you are so well versed, sir, in my family history," retorted Charles, with flashing eyes, "you ought to be aware that Welland's lease was quashed before my father purchased the Hacklewood property." "Aye! because Dicky Ribstone made it a *sine qua non* of the purchase, to have the whole estate in his hands!"—sneered the bitter old man—"And what won't an attorney manage to make good in law, which is to accomplish his own ends, and put

hard money into his pocket?" "Did your father purchase the Hacklewood property, Charles?" inquired Shoreham, with seeming unconcern. But before young Ribstone had time to more than nod his unconcerned assent, the stranger renewed his attack. "Small matter to a man without a root in the ground he stands on, or a tie to the hired hearth by which he warms himself, to say—'Give the old fellow notice to quit. I want the farm in my own hands.' Ha, ha! 'Notice to quit!' To quit the place where you first drew breath—where your mother's hand first smoothed your hair—where you were first chastised and first forgiven—and where you know that all this had happened from one generation to another—to your father, and your father's father before him!—I tell ye, youngster, that to leave the ashes warm upon your hearth, and go forth and turn your back on't for ever, and know that strangers' hands are about to pollute all you hold sacred in the world, is enough to wrench a cleaving curse out of the mildest nature. See that Hacklewood flourish the more, under the weight of such a malediction on its roof!" "Are you a kinsman, Sir, of Farmer Welland?" demanded Charles, trying to find an excuse for the old man's angry energy. "Not he! I saw him arrive here. He is an utter stranger to the family," whispered Shoreham, half aside. "Are ye so sure of that, my young malapert?" retorted the old man, overhearing him. "But if I were a stranger, is there nothing in the bond of fellow-creatureship, to justify sympathy in the wrongs of a helpless pauper? Ay, smile, Sir! You are a fine gentleman—I, an unmannerly crack-brained old ass! Ha, ha!—That is what you feel, and what brings a simper to your face. But be assured by one who looks at the things of this world as through his coffin-lid, that if grey hairs bring wisdom to the head, they bring twice as much to the heart. You two, who would bluster with the best about the depth of your feelings and nobleness of your sentiments, have plenty of superfine wire-wove sensibilities, no doubt, at your fingers' ends. But, I tell ye, you know no more of the strong human love at the bottom of a simple human heart than what monsters are swimming at this moment in the depths of the Pacific Ocean."

Punch.

PUNCH'S PATENT MEDICINES.

Punch respectfully begs to offer the following Patent Medicines for the patronage of the public:—

Punch's Kalopoeitic Sternutatory, or Beautifying Snuff.—There is, perhaps, no feature of the "human face divine" of more importance as an element in personal beauty than the Nose. It has long been observed that the Snuffs in common use exert a most prejudicial influence on this organ; producing an unseemly dilatation of the nostrils, and not unfrequently an alteration of hue. The Kalopoeitic Sternutatory, so far from being chargeable with these disadvantages, possesses the remarkable property of changing the Shape and Color of the Nose for the better, converting, after a few weeks' employment, the most decided Snub into the most perfect Aquiline; and effectually removing all Warts, Pimples, Tuberosities, and Bristles from its extremity.

To those suffering from the effects of ardent spirits on this feature, the Beautifying Snuff is confidently recommended: one Box will remove the most inveterate alcoholic efflorescences. This Cosmetic Mixture will prove a real blessing to the fair sex in dispelling that nasal rubescence which is one of the greatest miseries of winter, and which One Pinch will infallibly transfer to the cheek in ten minutes. It may be taken to excess without the slightest injury to the voice. In color it is of a beautiful French White, and exhales a most delicious Fragrance. Its effects on the Nervous System are most beneficial; producing a gentle but permanent Exhilaration of Spirits, and a lively and facetious Flow of Ideas. To such of the Nobility as may wish to possess a Nose worthy of their Birth and Station; and to those of the Public in general, who are anxious for an Aristocratic Profile, this Snuff will be found inestimable. In tin packages, at 5s. and 2s. 6d. each.

Punch's Metamorphoseon, or Transformatory Eye Water.—This wonderful discovery, for changing Eyes of an indifferent color to Blue, Hazel, or Black, is the result of a long series of Experiments and Researches in Ophthalmology. It is a fluid of limped appearance, and not distinguishable by the senses from Pump Water; but, by the aid of Homoeopathic Chemistry, it has been infinitesimally imbued with a peculiar substance, endowed with the astonishing power of so acting on the Iris as entirely to change its color. According to the number and mode of the applications, it converts the natural tint of the Eye to Blue, Hazel, or Jet Black; and is warranted to extirpate the smallest conceivable portion of Green in the Eye. It likewise imparts to the Apparatus of Vision a peculiar Brilliance and Lustre, on which account it will be of the greatest service to the Lover; and no one about to enter on a career of courtship ought to be without a bottle of it. It so far improves the dullest sight as entirely to supersede Spectacles, and corrects the most confirmed squint, thus rendering the painful operation for Strabismus unnecessary. In bottles at 10s. 6d. and 5s. each; or 2l. 2s. for a case containing five bottles.

Punch's Figure Pills.—These extraordinary Pills, by an occult operation on the formative principle of the Human Body, effect an amelioration of the figure, remedy emaciation, reducing corpulence, and exalting Deformity itself into the Perfection of the Ideal Marble, whereby all Stays, Bandages, Screws, and other Mechanical Contrivances, so prejudicial to Health and Longevity, may be dispensed with. They effectually remove all kinds of Spinal Curvatures, Bow legs, and other Distortions of the Frame, and enable the unhappy possessor of unshapely extremities to realise a delicately-formed hand, taper fingers, and small feet. They likewise eradicate all Warts, Corns, Bunions, Wens, and other excrescences; and one month's persevering recourse to them will clothe the most haggard pauper with the proportions of an Antinous, or transform the most unwieldy Alderman into a Belvidere Apollo. A single trial will prove the fact. Their ingredients being entirely vegetable, their composition is perfectly innocuous. In Boxes at 3s. and 1s. 6d. per Box.

Punch's Moral and Intellectual Elixir.—The influence of the Body (through the Medium of the Nervous System) on the Mind, is well known. *Punch's Moral and Intellectual Elixir* is an unfailing remedy for all Mental Maladies from Insanity and Fatuity to Mania; also for all obliquities and vitiations of the Feelings, and faults and defects of the Understanding. It is a certain cure for Ignorance and Stupidity, and completely controls and subdues all tendency to Theft, Larceny, Swindling, Murder, and Suicide; as well as all Pride, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Gloom, and Discontent; producing an amiable disposition to look at the bright side of everything. Whims, Crochets, and Prejudices, including the various Idols enumerated by Lord Bacon, are extirpated by a few doses. To Attorneys, Bill Discounters, and others, desirous of living honestly, it may be safely recommended; also to Metaphysicians, Philosophers, and all Persons engaged in the investigation of Truth. Statesmen wishing to become true Patriots, will find their account in taking the Medicine. Sold in Pint Bottles, at 12s. the bottle. Will keep in any climate, and may be safely exported to America.

The above Medicine to be had only at the office (194, Strand), of Mr. Punch, (Publisher of the Almanack.) All are contained in envelopes, signed, Punch, and countersigned, Boy Dick. None others are genuine.

Memoranda of Men and Things.

THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT IVAN.

Ivan Ivanovitch—John the son of John—got permission thirty years ago, from his lord and master, to seek for work, by paying his *abrok*, or yearly tribute. The instinct of traffic is as natural to the Muscovite as to the Hebrew, and he is both a shrewd and a bold speculator. He began as a pedlar; then perhaps he kept a *lavka*, or petty shop; from thence speculated in corn, or oil, or hemp, or hides. He has undertaken government contracts, and had the capital and spirit to bribe high enough to obtain them, and then to bribe to evade the fulfilment of them. He has been, or may become, lord mayor of St. Petersburg, or of his native town; but he is seldom ambitious of any honours, which he looks upon as a pretext for fleecing him; unless, indeed, he gets one of the crosses, which dangle by scores about the breasts of the hungry *employés* and officers; for this at once makes him a nobleman, and enables him to purchase slaves. He has probably now attained the summit of his wishes, and realized the ideas of perfect felicity of a Russian of his class—in his estimate of which, the possession of a fat wife, a fat cat, and a fat horse, have a considerable share. His ordinary mode of life is frugal. He never abandons his fermented cabbage, his buckwheat gruel, his luscious oil, his fish-pies, and his raw salt-herring and onion; but when he invites any one to his table, every imaginable luxury from every quarter of the globe is stored upon it. Nevertheless, he scarcely ever concludes a bargain in his business without dropping into a fruit-shop. These fruiterers are at once wine-merchants, grocers, sellers of every variety of indigenous and foreign fruit, cheesemongers, and oil and Italian warehousemen, and make a most tempting display of their goods. Here a certain number of bottles of champagne or London porter are drunk, with a luncheon of Caviar, or a few oysters. The average price of oysters (which are not found in the brackish waters of the Baltic) is, in St. Petersburg, about a shilling a-piece, which raises them infinitely in the estimation of the Russians, who do not object to their being occasionally high flavoured. In the warm weather, the great luxury is the water-melon, which arrives in great quantities from Southern Russia; and at home, in his profuse moments, the bearded merchant may be seen sitting with one of these cool fruits, into the heart of which he has scooped a hole, serving him as a hat, the juice trickling down and anointing his patriarchal beard. He drives out, when in a carriage, with four horses, because this is a privilege which, as a first-guild merchant, he holds in common with the nobility—and, in fact, the only one. The costume of his wife and daughter is, in common, homely and dowdy; but on great occasions they appear in public in all the magnificence of pink and sky-blue satins, marabout-feathers, and expensive furs and diamonds. With regard to himself, his principal hobby is his horse. For his own sledge, he estimates the beauty of the animal by his breadth and fatness; for the race-course he is naturally influenced by certain breeds and performance. He seldom drives, and never rides—as, in fact, no Muscovite unmixt with Cossack or Polish blood willingly does; but yet he does not hesitate to give from five hundred to fifteen hundred pounds for a horse—always for what he considers his beauty and his weight; or his speed as a trotter.—*Revelations of Russia.*

THE SECOND ATTACK ON WILKES.—In one matter, indeed, Grenville, at the expense of justice and liberty, gratified the passions of the court while gratifying his own. The persecution of Wilkes was eagerly pressed. He had written a parody on Pope's Essay on Man, entitled an Essay on Woman; and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous commentary. This composition was exceedingly profigate; but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works—the imitation of the second satire of the first book of Horace, for example; and, to do Wilkes justice, he had not, like Pope, given his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed, at a private press, a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book, than a negro of being tanned by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. The ministers resolved to visit Wilkes's offence against decorum with the utmost rigour of the law. What share piety and respect for morals had in dictating this resolution, our readers may judge from the fact, that no person was more eager in bringing the libertine poet to punishment than Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. On the first day of the session of parliament, the book thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen, except by his printer and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full parliament. Though he was a man of easy temper, averse from danger, and very susceptible of shame, the surprise, the disgrace, the prospect of utter ruin, put him beside himself. He picked a quarrel with one of Lord Bute's dependents, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and, when half recovered, fled to France. His enemies had now their own way, both in the parliament and in the King's Bench. He was censured; expelled from the House of Commons; outlawed. His works were ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Yet was the multitude still true to him. In the minds even of many moral and religious men, his crime seemed light when compared with the crime of his accusers. The conduct of Sandwich, in particular, excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the Essay on Woman before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of parliament, the Beggar's Opera was acted at Covent Garden Theatre. When Macheath uttered the words—"That Jimmy Thitcher should peach me I own surprised me"—pit, boxes, and galleries, burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down. From that day Sandwich was universally known by the nickname of Jimmy Thitcher. The ceremony of burning the *North Briton* was interrupted by a riot. The constables were beaten; the paper was rescued; and, instead of it, a jack-boot and a petticoat were committed to the flames. Wilkes had instituted an action for the seizure of his papers, against the under-secretary of state. The jury gave a thousand pounds damages. But neither these nor any other indications of public feeling had power to move Grenville. He had the parliament with him; and, according to his political creed, the sense of the nation was to be collected from the parliament alone.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE TURF.—The greatest winner by horse-flesh this year (1845) is Lord George Bentinck. He has won fifty-eight races, with twenty-five horses, netting a sum of £17,372, besides a cup.