

A SHORT SPEECH

To be spoken at the next opening of the Legislative Council, by His Excellency the Governor.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council I feel happy again to meet you. And with every sentiment of regard most cordially greet you. And trust that the zeal you evinced in the business of last session, will continue in the present one in steady progression.

Gentlemen, I beg leave to thank you, with unfeigned reality, for the many proofs you have given me of your great liberality. Since the council first in convolve began its legislation, for the prompt support you afforded me on every occasion; for planting the colony with so little hostility; for placing the colony in such a happy position; for clipping off excrescences, an eye-sore to each statesman; for sending to the right about each superfluous placeman; for reawakening the aid of inventive, speech, or rally; for reducing, by one thousand, my successor's yearly salary; for knocking on the head (a lesson to impart meant) the Surveyor-General's very useless department.

Gentlemen, I could name many other measures per motion, that have gained for the Legislative Council my entire devotion. I commend by virtue of my vic-regal authority your giving me on each question such a sweeping majority. I applaud the course so independent and manly, you adopted to bring to his senses my Lord Stanley; a Sec. for the colonies, of such arrogant kidney. We may leave in the hands of the learned member for Sydney; who to deal gammon style of eloquence will no doubt, let my Lord Stanley's members know "that he is out."

Who to deal gammon style of eloquence will no doubt, let my Lord Stanley's members know "that he is out." I propose the grumbling squatterocracy to tax, and to stick to the rich grazing community like wax. Gentlemen, to this end it is my intention fully, to close a small impost on every bale of wool. Say that on every pound one penny was due. The Scotch edge says "each mickle makes a muckle."

This, in the aggregate, though not felt by the squatters, will make a considerable difference in our financial matters. To meet this view, I reckon, of doubt perfectly valid, on the honorable member for Port Phillip, Ben Boyd, who all the squatters, to stamp down he will stir 'em, back'd by the honorable and learned member for Durham. But gentlemen, if to this bill the council say nay, pray how the dance am I my government officers to pay? Gentlemen, those settlers who in opulence actually wallow, I propose making pay a small export duty on tallow—say three shillings on each pound of fat they down may melt. This little impost can surely scarce be felt.

While the tallow due a remedy reveals Apply to grease my sore clogg'd government wheels. Gentlemen, there's a matter on which we are still in the dark, I mean the late affair touching the barracks at Hyde Park, so ably alluded to by the honorable and learned M.D., who further in this matter than any of us here can see. Gentlemen, if pistols are permitted to make an excursion, in the terrific manner described in the learned Doctor's version, what will become of the colony, I faint would say. Are pistols, even unloaded, to alarm us? Are thoughts on murderous tools to appal society? And fight the City of Sydney "from its propriety?"

Are wicked men of Hyde Park Barrack wad to jump at night, and stab on a learned member for Durham. Gentlemen, I ask, are honorable and learned M.D.'s, who've on the look-out for patients and fees, thus to be grimly deprived of their mental ease. To the appalling subject of which I have made mention, Gentlemen, I wish to draw your particular attention, Gentlemen of the legislative, a moral lesson. That short and sweet should be an opening speech. I therefore shut my traps de ponne de terre, leaving the colony to your special care.

Apply to grease my sore clogg'd government wheels. Gentlemen, there's a matter on which we are still in the dark, I mean the late affair touching the barracks at Hyde Park, so ably alluded to by the honorable and learned M.D., who further in this matter than any of us here can see. Gentlemen, if pistols are permitted to make an excursion, in the terrific manner described in the learned Doctor's version, what will become of the colony, I faint would say. Are pistols, even unloaded, to alarm us? Are thoughts on murderous tools to appal society? And fight the City of Sydney "from its propriety?"

TIM DAWLEY'S DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH DUEL.

"Tim, dear—that's a good boy," said an Emerald-Irish boon companion, over a glass of potheen, "tell us all about the *jeu de betux* the Squire and Mither Doody." "I'm agreeable," replied Tim, clearing his throat and relating as follows:—"You must know boys, that at there's a thing in this world the masher prides himself upon, 'tis his larin' in geohoggrapp. Now, as bad luck would have it, Mither Doody kem to dine wid the masher when day the masher had been readin' a grate dale about som Damnyrayree, somewhere or other, Lord knows I can't tell where. Well, after the sixth tumber, says the masher to Doody 'maybe ye think ye have the science iv geohoggrapp?' 'Be dad,' says Doody, 'I have me share av it, anyhow—thry me.' 'Dov ye know,' says the masher, 'where some island called Damnyrayree lies?' 'It lies,' says Doody, 'convaniant to Rooshia.' 'Oh, bedad,' says the masher, 'I wish ye joy av yer larin', Doody: the island iv Damnyrayree is to be found on the map av the world, in latitude 63, longitude the same, and is wan av the Sandwith islands, where Captain Cook was et be the natives.' (Oh, bys, what a fine thing larin is.) 'Do ye mane to tell me that?' says Doody. 'I do,' says the masher, 'what thin?' 'Why, thin, Mither O'Rourke,' says Doody, 'axin' yer pardon at the same time, I wouldn't like to be uncivil to any gentleman in his own house, but I must say, if you mean to tell me that the island av Damnyrayree doesn't lie convaniant to Rooshia, I'll make dooty to tell you, you lie! The words wor scarce out av Doody's mouth, when the masher's tumberfull av hot punch was at Doody's head. 'That's an insult,' says Doody. 'Make the most iv it,' says the masher. 'I'll have satisfaction,' says Doody. 'The sooner the better,' says the masher. So they agreed to fight it out at once. The masher had a pair av plunderwids in the house; so out they went, each wid won, an' plenty av powder an' balls, into the road, and the night so dark you couldn't see yer hand. They agreed to face one another on the road, and to give the word to fire by turns. I follud thin sally an' heard Doody say 'Are ye at yer post, O'Rourke?' 'I am, Doody,' says the masher. Well, I stole over to the masher, and whispered him, masher, sis I, you just staid away, fair an' aisey, an' lave Doody standin' where he is, in the dark, an' we'll have a laugh agin him as long as he lives. What daz the masher do but gi' me a kick that tumbled me into the mud; wid that, away I crept, an' stud behind an ould pump, in case the balls might travell my way. Out sings Doody 'Where are ye, O'Rourke?—is it skulkin' in a corner from me, ye are, ye tinker?' 'Here I am, you pig!' says the masher, 'right foreinat ye.' 'Are ye ready,' says Doody, 'I am,' says the masher. 'Blaze away, thin,' says Doody. So they blazed away. 'Did you get it that time?' says Doody. 'No I didn't, you cobbler,' says the masher; 'load agin. Are you ready?' says the masher. 'At your service,' says Doody. 'Blaze away, thin,' says the masher. So they blazed away agin. 'Did you get it, that time?' says the masher. 'Divil a haporth, you botch,' says Doody. 'Load agin,' says the masher. 'Are you ready?' says Doody. 'I'm at the prisint,' says the masher. 'Blaze away,' says Doody. So they fired agin, an' I heard a groan from the masher, as he tumbled down. 'Aha! sis Doody, 'how do you like that boys? Good night to you, Mr. O'Rourke, and it's a nice supper ye've got from me. Wid that, Doody made off wid himself. I went up to the masher

and found him lym on the ground. Oh, masher, masher dear, sis I, where did ye get it? 'Clane through the head, Tim,' sis he, 'an' I'm quite spachless.' Come along, sur, sis I, an' we'll send for the 'pot' thim aff the ground, 'won grate thing is aff my conscience.' What is it, masher? sis I. 'Whatever comes a' this matter, Tim,' sis he, 'it's a grate aise to my conscience, that we dan the thing like gentlemu.'"

THE DOMESTIC YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Let us make a slight sketch of our amiable friend, Mr. Felix Nixon. We are strongly disposed to think, that if we put him in this place, he will answer our purpose without another word of comment.

Felix, then, is a young gentleman who lives at home with his mother, just within the twopenny-post office circle of three miles from St. Martin le Grand. He wears India-rubber goshes when the weather is at all damp, and always has a silk handkerchief neatly folded up in the right-hand pocket of his great coat, to tie over his mouth when he goes home at night; moreover, being rather near-sighted, he carries spectacles for protection. He is a weakish tremulous voice, of which he makes great use, for he talks as much as any old lady breathing.

The two chief subjects of Felix's discourse, are himself and his mother, both of whom would appear to be very wonderful and interesting persons. As Felix and his mother are seldom apart in body, so Felix and his mother are scarcely ever separate in spirit. If you ask Felix how he finds himself to-day, he prefaces his reply with a long and minute bulletin of his mother's state of health; and the good lady in her turn, edifies her acquaintance with a circumstantial and alarming account, how he sneezed four times and coughed once after being out in the rain the other night, but having his feet promptly put into hot water, and his head into a flannel something, which will not describe more particularly than by this delicate allusion, was happily brought round by the next morning, and enabled to go to business as usual.

Our friend is not a very adventurous or hot-headed person, but he has passed through many dangers, as his mother can testify: there is one great story in particular, concerning a hackney coachman who wanted to overcharge him one night for bringing them home from the play, upon which Felix gave the aforesaid coachman a look which his mother thought would have crushed him to the earth, but which did not crush him quite, for he continued to demand another sixpence, notwithstanding that Felix took out his pocket-book, and, with the aid of a flat candle, pointed out the fare in print, which the coachman obstinately disregarding, he shut the street door with a slam which his mother shudders to think of; and then, roused to the most appalling pitch of passion by the coachman knocking a double knock to show that he was by no means convinced, he broke with uncontrollable force from his parent and the servant girl, and running into the street without his hat, actually shook his fist at the coachman, and came back again with a face as white, Mrs. Nixon says, looking about her for a simile, as white as that ceiling. She never will forget his fury that night, never!

To this account Felix listens with a solemn face, occasionally looking at you to see how it affects you, and when his mother has made an end of it, adds that he looked at every coachman he met for three weeks afterwards, in hopes that he might see the scoundrel; whereupon Mrs. Nixon, with an exclamation of terror, requests to know what he would have done to him if he had seen him, at which Felix smiling darkly and clenching his right fist, she exclaims, "Goodness gracious!" with a distracted air, and insists upon extorting a promise that he never will on any account do anything so rash, which her dutiful son—it being something more than three years since the offence was committed—reluctantly concedes, and his mother, shaking her head prophetically, fears, with a sigh, that his spirit will lead him into something violent yet. The discourse then, by an easy transition, turns upon the spirit which glows within the bosom of Felix, upon which point Felix himself becomes eloquent, and relates a thrilling anecdote of the time when he used to sit up till two o'clock in the morning reading French, and how his mother used to say, "Felix, you will make yourself ill, I know you will," and how he used to say, "Mother, I don't care—I will do it," and how at last his mother privately procured a doctor to come to see him, who declared, the moment he felt his pulse, that if he had gone on reading one night more—only one night more—he must have put a blister on each temple, and another between his shoulders; and who, as it was, sat down upon the instant, and writing a prescription for a blue pill, said it must be taken immediately, or he wouldn't answer for the consequences. The recital of these and many other moving perils of the like nature, constantly harrows up the feelings of Mr. Nixon's friends.

Mrs. Nixon has a tolerably extensive circle of female acquaintance, being a good-humoured talkative, bustling little body, and to the unmarried girls among them she is constantly vaunting the virtues of her son, hinting that she will be a very happy person who wins him, but that they must mind their P's and Q's, for he is very particular, and terribly severe upon young ladies. At this last caution the young ladies resident in the same row, who happen to be spending the evening there, put their pocket-handkerchiefs before their mouths, and are troubled with a short cough; just then Felix knocks at the door, and his mother drawing the tea-table nearer the fire, calls out to him as he takes off his boots in the back parlour that he needn't mind coming in in his slippers, for there are only the two Miss Greys and Miss Thompson, and she is quite sure they will excuse him, and nodding to the two Miss Greys, she adds, in a whisper, that Julia Thompson is a great favourite with Felix, at which intelligence the short cough comes again, and Miss Thompson in particular is greatly troubled with it, till Felix coming

in, very faint for want of his tea; changes the subject of discourse, and enables her to laugh out boldly and tall Amelia Gray not to be so foolish. Here they all three laugh, and Mrs. Nixon says they are giddy girls; in which stage of the proceedings, Felix, who has by this time refreshed himself with the grateful herb that "cheers but not inebriates," removes his cup from his countenance and says with a knowing smile, that all girls are; whereas his admiring mamma pats him on the back and tells him not to be sly, which calls forth a general laugh from the young ladies, and another smile from Felix, who thinking he looks very sly indeed, is perfectly satisfied.

Tea being over, the young ladies resume their work, and Felix insists upon holding a skein of silk while Miss Thompson winds it on a card. This process having been performed to the satisfaction of all parties, he brings down his flute in compliance with a request from the youngest Miss Grey, and plays divers tunes out of a very small music-book till supper time, when he is very facetious and talkative indeed. Finally, after half a tumberful of warm sherry and water, he gallantly puts on his goshes (over his slippers, and telling Miss Thompson's servant to run on first and get the door open, escorts that young lady to her house, five doors off: the Miss Greys who live in the next house but one stopping to peep with merry faces from their own door till he comes back again, when they ca' out "Very well, Mr. Felix," and trip into the passage with a laugh more musical than any flute that was ever played.

Felix is rather prim in his appearance, and perhaps a little priggish about his books and flute, and so forth, which has all their peculiar corners of peculiar shelves in his bed-room; indeed all his female acquaintance (and they are good judges) have long ago set him down as a thorough old bachelor. He is a favourite with them however, in a certain way, as an honest, inoffensive, kind-hearted creature; and as his peculiarities harm nobody, not even himself, we are induced to hope that many who are not personally acquainted with him will take our good word in his behalf, and be content to leave him to a long continuance of his harmless existence.

MISS O'NEIL.

Lady M— afterwards related to me many interesting circumstances respecting the celebrated Miss O'Neil, whom, as you know, I regard as the greatest dramatic artist it has ever fallen to my lot to admire. She said that this extraordinary young woman, who from the very commencement of her career had given evidence of the highest genius, remained utterly neglected at the theatre in Dublin, where she performed for some years. She was at that time so poor, that when she returned home at night after the greatest exertions, she found no other refreshment than a plate of potatoes and a miserable bed which she shared with three sisters. Lady M— once visited her, and found the poor girl mending her two pair of old stockings, which she was obliged to wash daily for her appearance on the stage. Lady M— now procured for her various articles of dress, and took upon herself in some degree the care of her toilet, which had been extremely neglected. She obtained more applause after this, though still but little. At this time one of the managers of the London theatres accidentally came to Dublin, saw her, and had the good taste and judgement immediately to engage her for the metropolis. Here she at once produced the most extraordinary sensation; and from a poor, unknown, young actress, rose in one moment to be the first star of the theatrical firmament of England. I still remember her acting with rapture: I have never since been able to endure the part of Juliet, played even by our best actresses: all appear to me stiff, affected, unnatural. One must have seen the whole thread of the life of the Shaksperian Juliet thus spun before one's eyes to conceive the effect. At first, it was only the sportive, youthful joyousness of the careless child: then, when awakened by love, a new sun appeared to arise upon her; all her attitudes and movements assumed a more soft, voluptuous air; her countenance, her whole person became radiant—she was the southern maiden devoting her whole soul and life to her beloved with all the fire of her clime. Thus did she burst into the loveliest and richest blossom; but care and sorrow soon ripened the noble fruit before our eyes. The most imposing dignity, the deepest conjugal tenderness, the firmest resolve in extremity, now took the place of glowing passion, of the quick sense which seemed framed but to enjoy; and how was her despair depicted at the last, when all was lost! How fearful, how heart-rending, how true, and yet how ever beautiful, did she know how to rise even to the very last moment! Certain of her aim, she sometimes ventured to the very utmost verge of her art, and did what no other could have attempted without falling into the ridiculous: but in her, it was just these efforts which operated as electric shocks. Her madness and death in Belvidera, for instance, had such a terrific physical truth, that the sight of it was hardly endurable; and yet it was only the agony of the soul, showing through every fibre of her body, which had an effect so powerful, so almost annihilating, on the spectator. I remember well that on the evening in which I saw it, I remained wholly insensible to any physical impression; and even the next morning, when I awoke, wept bitterly over Belvidera's fate. I was certainly very young then, but my feelings were those of many; and it was a striking fact, that Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians, were equally enthusiastic admirers of her; though, generally speaking, one must have a thorough knowledge of the language and character of a nation, to feel perfectly satisfied with its actors. She, however, had no trace of mannerism; it was only human nature in its truest and noblest form, which spoke to every human heart. She could not be properly called beautiful; yet she had a stately person, magnificent shoulders and arms, and beautiful hair. But her peculiar charm was that indefinable pathetic expression which at the first glance moved the inmost feelings of the heart. In such features,

you think you discover the trace of every passion, though an unearthly calm is spread over them like ice over a volcano.

One other practical rule with respect to our wishes, it is of still greater importance to render familiar to us: that in estimating the different objects which we obtain, and those which we see obtained by others, we should accustom ourselves to consider, not merely what each has acquired, but what has been given by each in purchase for it—the time, the labour the comfort, perhaps the virtue; and, that we do not repine, therefore, when objects which we should have wished to acquire, are possessed by those who, in the great barter of happiness, or what seems to be happiness, have paid for them more than we should have consented to pay. All which we wish to attain in life is so truly a matter of purchase, that I know no view so powerful as this for preventing discontent in occasional failure, and I cannot urge it more forcibly to you than has been done by one of the first female writers of the age, in a very eloquent moral Essay against Inconsistency in our Expectations. From this essay of Mrs. Barbauld, which is confessedly founded, in its great argument, on a very striking paragraph of Epictetus, I quote a few passages:

"We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, are so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another, which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing everything else to?—You may then be rich; thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left. 'But I cannot submit to drudgery like this, I feel a spirit above it.' 'Is well: be above it, then; only do not repine that you are not rich."

"Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchased, by steady application and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. 'But says the man of letters) what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life.' Et tibi magna satis! Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill-employed your industry. 'What reward have I then for all my labours?' What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices—able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven! and what reward can you ask beside?"

"But it is not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation? Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot, I am content and satisfied."

"You are a modest man, you love quiet and independence, and have delicacy and reserve in your temper, which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them."

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or what you please.—Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind.

HYDROPATHY; OR THE COLD WATER CURE, AS PRACTISED BY VINCENT PRIESSNITZ, AT GRAEFENBERG, SILESIA, AUSTRIA.

It is easy to conceive that anything so novel and so extraordinary as Hydropathy, on being first made known to the British public, will create no little surprise. But how much will this be increased by the knowledge of the fact, that at Graefenberg, within two days' journey from Dresden, and only eight or ten days' from London, there exists one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, one of the most astounding geniuses of this or any other age—the founder of a system—by which he proves, beyond the power of contradiction, that all curable diseases, and many declared by the faculty beyond the power of their art, are to be cured by the sole agency of cold spring water, air, and exercise (the first applied in manifold ways); that the aid of this second Hippocrates has been sought from 1820 to the present time, by upwards of 7000 invalids, the greater part of whom were of the better orders of society; that between forty and fifty Hydropathic establishments have sprung-up in different parts of Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, chiefly presided over by medical men, and that books have been published on the subject in almost every continental language, and comments made in the greater part of the German papers: yet this most interesting and highly valuable discovery, one calculated to ameliorate, both physically and morally, the condition of mankind, more, perhaps, than any other made since the dawn of Christianity, is altogether unknown in England. This leads us to inquire into the cause of this very singular fact. Graefenberg is in an isolated position, out of the regular tract of English migrations, leading to no place of consequence. To go thither, the English must diverge from all the leading routes. This may be the reason why so few of our countrymen find their way to Graefenberg; but I confess I am utterly at a loss to account for the silence which prevails in the literary and medical world on this highly important subject.

In our little coterie at Graefenberg, consisting of three other Englishmen, besides myself and family, the absence of our sick friends was ever matter for regret, and we constantly wished that certain noble characters in our own country, whom we knew to be suffering from chronic complaints, were acquainted with this mode of treatment, being fully persuaded that they would be radically cured if they adopted it; nor could we, when referring to the past, but lament the recent loss of many distinguished individuals that are now slumbering in their tombs, but who, if it had been known to them that such a man as Priessnitz existed, might, at that moment, have been living ornaments of their country.

Some years ago, a friend of mine at Graz in Styria, who had received in his own person a most miraculous proof of the efficacy of the treatment at Graefenberg, strenuously recommended me to go there; but as almost every one is prodigal of advice, and as one every day hears of some vaunted panacea, it made no more than a momentary impression me, and was, therefore, disregarded. My attention was first seriously drawn to the subject, by a distinguished officer of marines at Venice, who was some years ago so reduced by fever in the East, as to be unable to continue the service in which he was then engaged. Mr. Priessnitz, whom he met at Vienna, advised him to drink bountifully of cold spring water, and to use it constantly in external ablutions. From that time to the present, he has seldom failed in drinking from ten to fourteen glasses of water a day, and bathing in the Adriatic winter and summer; during which period, he was unconscious of pain, and became strong and robust. Seeing me attacked by rheumatism and head ache, to both of which complaints I have been subject for the greater part of my life, my friend strongly advised me, in the winter of 1840, to follow his example.

At an evening party at Venice, I was introduced to one of the leading medical men who attended the Imperial Court at Vienna, and the British Embassy in that city; on my inquiring of him if he knew any thing of Graefenberg, he told me that as empirics are not permitted to practise in Austria, some years ago, on a complaint being addressed to the government of Vienna, against Mr. Priessnitz, the Aulic Council appointed him and two others to proceed to Graefenberg, to inquire into and report upon the truth of the allegations, the danger or utility of the system, &c., that he proceeded there as directed, and without entering into details, he would leave me to judge of what he thought of it, by the fact, that Mr. Priessnitz was not only allowed to practise, but was honored by the friendship of some of the members of the Imperial family.

On asking him if he thought the treatment would be advantageous to me, he replied in the affirmative, and said that he frequently sent his own patients to Graefenberg.

On arriving at Rome, after being confined to my bed at Florence for nearly two months, I endeavoured to induce a friend, who was extremely ill, to accompany me to Graefenberg; this he would not consent to, without first speaking to his medical adviser, who was a German. Much to the credit of this liberal man, he answered my friend's enquiry by saying, "You are too much reduced for so long a journey at present, or I should advise you to undertake it; for I have been myself at Graefenberg, and have seen Priessnitz undertake cures, from which any medical man would have shrunk. I fancy he is so completely ignorant of human anatomy, that if asked where the liver was situated, he would be at a loss to say; but that he can cure the liver complaint, there is not the slightest doubt. Whilst there, he went on to say, 'I witnessed cures of such an extraordinary nature, as to lead me to believe that Priessnitz must be acting under divine inspiration.' Failing to persuade my friend to go, I nevertheless prevailed upon two of

my countrymen to precede me to Graefenberg. Now although my mind was fully made up to go there, I confess that my confidence was often shaken by the fears sometimes very forcibly expressed by persons I fell in with by the way; but I was determined on going, and judging for myself.

On arriving at the establishment at Graefenberg, and finding all the rooms engaged, I was compelled to descend to the town of Freiwaldau, at the bottom of the mountain, where strangers are sure of finding accommodation. The arrival of an English carriage and family, probably for the first time, was too important an event not to be immediately known to everybody. Consequently, early the following morning, our countrymen, whom I had persuaded to go; one, a medical man, who had been there two months, the other one month, called upon me to invite my family up to the establishment that day to dinner. These gentlemen, on our meeting, declared that they owed me an eternal debt of gratitude, for having directed their attention to Graefenberg, adding, "when we came here we were encased in flannel, to which we have said adieu for ever: our appetites are excellent; and above all, we sleep well, and exercise never tires us. We have now acquired a buoyancy of spirits quite incredible; had any one told us three months ago it was possible to attain it, we should have treated the idea as chimerical." They then expressed an opinion that it was flannel, abstaining from drinking water, and ignorance of its value in ailments, and not the damps of England, that caused so many to seek health in other climes, to the evident disadvantage of our own country.

MEXICAN THIEVES.—Some time since, an English gentleman was quietly sauntering along the Portales, the most crowded thoroughfare of Mexico—his attention being occupied with the variety of wares offered for sale by the small dealers—when suddenly he felt his hat gently lifted from his head. Before he could turn to seize the thief, the rascal was already a dozen yards off, dodging through the crowd. Upon another occasion a Mexican was stopped in broad daylight, in a lonely part of the town, by three men, who demanded his cloak. Of course he very strongly objected to parting with so valuable an article; when two of them placed themselves on either side of him, and the third seizing the garment, immediately disappeared, leaving the victim in the gripe of his companions. His cloak gone, he naturally imagined that the thieves had no further use for him, and attempted to depart. The vagabonds, however, told him to remain patiently where he was, and he would find the result more agreeable than he expected. In the course of fifteen minutes their accomplice returned, and, politely bowing, handed the gentleman a pawnbroker's ticket! "We wanted thirty dollars, and not the cloak," said the villain; here is a ticket, with which you may redeem it for that sum; and as the cloak of such a caballero is unquestionably worth at least a hundred dollars, you may consider yourself as having made seventy by the transaction. Vaya con Dios!—Mayer's Mexico.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—It is a common idea that the most laconic military dispatch ever issued was that sent by Caesar to the Horse Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici;" and, perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The dispatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The dispatch consisted of one emphatic word—"Peccavi;"—"I have Sinned" (sinned).—Punch.

THE ECHO AT KILLARNEY.—When the exhibition was over, and we were plodding up the Gap, I asked Spillane why Echo was always of the feminine gender? The bugler scratched his head, as if trying to elicit something from the brain, but soon acknowledged that he was unable to give a satisfactory answer. He observed that he heard her every day, yet he had never seen her, and could not tell whether she wore petticoats or smallclothes. All at once Spillane seemed struck with some new idea, and exclaimed—"Maybe, your honour, that Echo is represented as a female, because she always has the last word." A newly-married couple were walking with us when Spillane delivered himself of this brilliant conception, and to the bride I referred the solution of the enigma. She quickly and spiritedly replied "What, sir! would the lords of the creation wish to engross both the first and the last word? In that case, we poor women might lock up our tongues, as we do our jewels, to be used only on gala days.—Johnson's Tour in Ireland.

USE OF A LADY'S FINGER.—It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did, once in his life, go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the great at indulgence paid to his little peculiarities. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady provided him with a pipe, and they were seated, as if to begin the explanation. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady. A pause of some minutes ensued—he seemed still more uneasy. At last Sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. Now the palpitation began, he will kiss it, no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand to his head. Already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart,—when, pity the lady, gentle reader, Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand to make the fore-finger, what he much wanted a tobacco stepper!

A HINT TO THE PASSIONATE.—Dr. Caldwell, an American writer on physical education, contends that a well-balanced brain contributes to long life, whilst a passionate and turbulent one tends much to abridge it; and, if persons knew how many dangers in life they escaped by mildness of temper, instead of the opposite disposition, how eager would be the aim of all men to cultivate it.