LITERARY EXAMINER.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently!—It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The love that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were fierce with strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still,"

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Experiences of Literature and Literary Men.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

The longevity of novels before they die into forgetfulness, would be an amusing branch of research for those versed in literary statistics. How many we recollect reading, of which diligent inquiry now can develope no trace. Some die of their own worthlessness, some of neglect, while the longer lived are driven out of the field by new aspirants for the honors of their predecessors if not by superior merit. Scott drew a veil of darkness over a host when 'Waverly' appeared.

One of the older works of fiction we recollect about this time was the 'Canterbury Tales' of the Misses Lee, a joint production, of which an edition appeared about 1805. Harriet and Sophia Lee kept a boarding school at Bath, called the Belvidere. Sheridan patronised them; Sophia wrote 'The Recess,' one of the better novels of her time, which we used to read in boyhood with delight. It was then a work of twenty years' standing, published originally in 1786. Harriet, the younger sister, wrote a comedy, but was best known by her 'Canterbury Tales,' which came to a second edition in 1805. From one of these Byron took the plot of his play of 'Werner.' They were the most popular of her works. Sophia was said to have written two of the stories. We remember lugging home under our arm, the five volumes of which they consisted, and devouring the contents in secret. Jane Porter's 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' we have already mentioned. Her 'Scottish Chiefs' and 'Pastor's Fireside,' the last published in 1815, did not so much please us—we were ten years older, and perhaps less easy to be pleased. The 'Hungarian Brothers' and the 'Recluse of Norway' were written by Anna Maria, her sister. We can only remember we preferred the product of Jane's pen to her sister's. Robert Ker Porter, an artist, who went to Russia afterwards, and got knighted there, painted a picture of the battle of Agincourt, which crowds went to see, ourselves among the rest. We were much struck with the spirit it displayed in the principal figures.

We remember that an exhibition was open in Fleet-Street about the same time as that of Mr. Porter's, of the pictures of George Moreland, who had died about a year before. This we visited twice, struck with the homely faithfulness to nature of most of the paintings. There was a Thunder Storm among these pictures, which we even now see in fancy, charmingly but boldly dashed off.

From other novelists of that time, and later times as well, Miss Edgeworth bore the palm, and held it the longest. She began about 1798, perhaps a year or two before, and kept a well sustained position for a long period. Her 'Castle Rackrent' was her first work we ever read. The second production of this lady's that fell in our way was her 'Essay on Irish Bulls.' Her 'Popular Tales' were also deservedly "popular." Her 'Patronage,' which we read about 1815, was equal to any of her preceding works, and marked with her beauties and defects perhaps more strongly. There was little to startle the reader in her writings. No high flights of genius, nor were there any corresponding depressions, for she was not the creature of extremes. Her flight was equally sustained. She was an accurate observer of character possessing the highest moral feeling. She penetrated deeply into motive, was alive to all the weaknesses of social existence, and never conceded indulgence where virtue demanded corrective censure. Read with high satisfaction in her better moods she did not displease when less happy. She never abandoned in her works as modern novel writers do, some high moral end.—She felt that amusement, unless conjoined with the exalted object of moral improvement, or teaching some useful lesson, was an unworthy aim of literature, and, to a certain degree, a misapplication of a writer's powers. She sometimes, indeed, marred her end by making her object too prominent, and in such cases she was not relished by that numerous class of every-day readers, who seek only to murder time.—She ventured occasionally on the description of scenes to which she was not familiarised, and failed. Her plots were not always sufficiently varied. She did not fully admit the combination of the great virtues and vices seen in some energetic characters, and hence in her love of what was good and her dislike of evil, she forgot a great natural law and lessened the striking effect she might otherwise produce.—She had, perhaps, a fear of creating admiration for what was of evil tendency. She would increase the sum of moral good by analogous means. She might fail on this account of effecting her object with inert sensibilities, that could only be touched by startling contrasts, but upon the larger part of her readers she would be fully effective. We do not mean that she was not sometimes improbable and extravagant, but, for the most part, her narratives were stamped with authenticity in an eminent degree. She was our favorite in days of youth and passion, for she ever seemed imbued with an innate feeling for what was good, and youth and passion are attached to what is good, even when too heedless of evil themselves. We could never relish "parson" Hannah Moore, while Miss Edgworth we read with avidity. Her imaginative powers were of a high order. She loved her country, and loved, too, all classes of its inhabitants. She never suffered the hollow pretensions of rank or wealth to prevail over justice or sound morality. She painted her characters to admiration, none could surpass in accuracy her descriptions, and all that was good she colored with gentleness and beauty. Her merit so equable, the benevolent views, the prodigality of her invention, and her sympathy with her kind, must prevent her writings from being forgotten. She had a crowd of servile imitators, who proved sufficiently that "none are ever great by imitation."

Miss Owenson had then published 'St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond,' 'The Novice of St. Dominick,' and the 'Wild Irish Girl,' as we have mentioned. Her 'Patriotic Sketches of Ireland' were also published, we believe, before she changed her name. The 'Novice of St. Dominick' was a general favorite, and the rage to obtain it at the circulating libraries was so great that it was with difficulty that we obtained it. This lady's writings were of various kinds, all stamped with that love of country which marks the sex in the sister island. We have not a vivid recollection of the date of all her works. 'Ida of Athens' subsequently published, was always a great favorite of ours. It was full of imagination, and touches of the romantic. Lady Morgan wrote cleverly and with piquancy on all subjects. There was, however, apart from her novels, and particularly in her continental tours, too much of attempt at effect, and a use of foreign languages by no means in the best taste. Shrewd, intellectual, social, and of much more varied reading than her sex in general, Lady Morgan always made a sensation when any of her works appeared. The tyrant of Austria, Francis, did her the honor to interdict her entrance into any part of the Austrian dominions because she wrote the truth fearlessly respecting his actions or those of some of his subordinates. The head of 34,000,000 of people with an army of 500,000 men, was alarmed at the truth from the pen of a feeble woman.—This was something of which any authoress might feel justly proud.

Clara Reeve, who died nearly about 1806 or 1807 delighted us with 'The Old English Baron.' We were ignorant at the time she had stolen her plot from Horace Walpole, but had we known it we should have been equally well pleased.

'The Abbess,' a romance, by the forger of the Shakspeare MSS., W. H. Ireland, we well recollect perusing; neither did we deem it the worst novel of the class and time. It was read, and went, we believe, through two editions. Ireland was a man of middling height, with somewhat acute features and a florid complexion. His forgery confessions were published in 1805. Had the forgery not involved the character of the father so much that he was said to have died of a broken heart in consequence, the hoax would have been of less moment; that mischievous reprobate, Hook, would have gloated over it. The success this forgery met with and the division of opinion about the authenticity of the plays showed up well the vanity of criticism.—'Vortigern,' one of the forgeries, was acted at Drury Lane, and might have passed muster but for the judgment of Mr. Malone, and the publication of his detection of the fraud. Ireland did not want cleverness; he was ingenious but ill-principled. He died in the King's Bench about twenty years ago.

'The Children of the Abbey,' by Regina Maria Roche, was a popular novel about the end of the 18th century. It was read with zest in our youth, and we well remember some of its scenes, It was as good a specimen as can now be found of what the novel-reading taste was at that time. 'The Discarded Son' was another of this lady's works, which appeared in 1806 or 1807. 'The Children of the Abbey' is among the cheap editions of the present day.

Perhaps no female author made more noise with less title to be deemed above the ordinary class of writers of her day, than Anna Seward, of Lichfield. Full of pretension, affected, and obscure, she was a favorite of the hour, and is now meritedly forgotten. It is difficult to find any production of this lady's that will bear a second perusal. She wrote a sort of poetical novel called 'Louisa,' a life of Dr. Darwin, with several monodies and elegies which are long since in the tomb of the Capulets. She exhibited no powers of invention, and her descriptive talents were far surpassed in many of the works of the Minerva Press at that time, but she was the adopted child of an evanescent fashion.

Pratt, in that day a most voluminous writer, now forgotten, among his other works published a novel called 'Emma Corbet.' He also wrote a work entitled 'Gleanings,' which made considerable noise, but, as I remember, was little above common place. He had, or affected to have, the character of a philanthropist. Never did one who wrote so much really write so little worth reading. His novel had been in circulation then for nearly twenty years in the libraries, having held its place, through his continual publications of all sorts, keeping the author's name alive.

'Queen Hoo Hall,' a posthumous publication by Joseph Strutt, author of 'Rural Games' and the 'Pastimes of the People,' and not published for several years after the writer's decease, fell into our hands by accidental purchase. This had been left unfinished by the author. It deserves particular notice, because it was the first endeavor we know of to embody a story of the olden time with correctness of keeping in character, dress, and custom. It may, therefore, be said to have led the way to subsequent improvements in these respects. As *Macbeth* was once played in a bagwig, so the old novelists gave modern dresses, language, and customs to ancient characters, or those intended to be such. Strutt, with his profound knowledge of our ancient manners, was admirably qualified to commence a beneficial reform in this respect. The scene was laid in Hertfordshire, in the time of Henry VI. The principal character was Lord Boteler. It was unfortunate that Strutt did not live to complete his task, which was not well brought to a conclusion by another hand. We have often thought of Strutt as a sort of herald to Scott, in his first connecting the keeping of character and custom. Strutt had no claim to genius, but, deeply read in our national antiquities, thus unconsciously became a reformer of our school of romance writers. He died in 1802. If we recollect right, his romance did not appear until 1809, and made a considerable noise. We were enraptured with its information.

We cannot pretend to give these remarks in chronoligical order, but rather in that succession in which memory may present them. We, and several of our friends, had clubbed a sum of money to establish a paper in a distant part of the country. We sent a Scotchman to manage it, who had too great a predisposition for "pottle potations" in a place where there was so much temptation. We sometime afterwards went to supersede him, and hence we were obliged somewhat unwillingly to undertake the editorship. This for a time took us away from the capital.—*Jerrold's News.*

Isaac D'Israeli's Habits and Appearance.

He was himself a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable than the isolation of this prolonged existence; and it could only be accounted for by the united influence of three causes: his birth, which brought him no relations or family acquaintance; the bent of his disposition; and the circumstance of his inheriting an independent fortune, which rendered unnecessary those exertions that would have broken up his self-reliance. He disliked business, and he never required relaxation; he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London, his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers; if he entered a club, it was only to go into the library. In the country, he scarcely ever left his room but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. * * * As the world has always been fond of personal details, respecting men who have been celebrated, I will mention that he was fair, with a Bourbon nose, and brown eyes of extraordinary beauty and lustre. He wore a small black velvet cap, but his white hair latterly touched his shoulders in curls almost as flowing as in his boyhood. His extremities were delicate and well-formed, and his leg, at his last hour, as shapely as in his youth; which showed the vigor of his frame. Latterly, he had become corpulent. He did not excel in conversation, though in his domestic circle he was garrulous. One of his last acts was to compose some verses of gay gratitude to his daughter-in-law, who was his London correspondent, and to whose lively pen his last years were indebted for constant amusement. He had by nature a singular volatility, which never deserted him. His feelings, though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident. He more resembled Goldsmith, than any man I can compare him too: in his conversation, his apparent confusion of ideas, ending with some felicitous phrase of genius, his naivete, his simplicity, not untouched with a dash of sarcasm, affecting innocence—one was often reminded of the gifted and interesting friend of Burke and Johnson. There was; however, one trait in which my father did not resemble Goldsmith—he had no vanity.—[When we [*Jerrold's News*] look at the self-laudation quoted in the first paragraph, and at innumerable [other passages in the author's writing, this conclusion may be doubted; or Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli must attach a very different meaning to the word 'vanity' from what others ascribe to it.]—*Preface to the New Edition of the Curiosities of Literature.*

Primitive and Modern Christianity.

Christianity, as exemplified in primitive times, was an overflowing source of living love to God and man, refreshing and fertilising all the banks between which it flowed, and manifesting its virtues in every sphere and in every department of everyday life. It cannot be concealed that religion, as displayed by us, is a much less noble thing. It talks rather than performs. It is ever busy in preparing itself—to do nothing in particular—pluming its pinions—but not with a view to soar. The evils which lie round its very door it suffers to remain—when it essays enterprises of beneficence it goes to the antipodes.—*Nonconformist.*

Literary Property.

The £600 a year for ten years to Mr. Macaulay, for ten year's copyright of the first two volumes of his "History of England," is perhaps the largest sum ever given for a work in two volumes. The largest sum heretofore known to have been paid are—4,000 guineas to Washington Irving for his "Life of Columbus," in four volumes, octavo—2,000 guineas to Moore for his "Life of Byron," in two volumes, quarto—and £8,500 for ten years to the present Bishop of Oxford and his brother for the "Life of Wilberforce," in five volumes, octavo. Mr. Roberts is said to have received 3,000 guineas for his "Life of Hannah Moore," in five volumes, octavo,—Mr. Twiss 2,000 guineas from his "Life of Lord Elden,"—and Mr. Stanley something like 1,500 guineas, from his "Life of Dr. Arnold;" but these were receipts upon the sale, not specific sums given by the way of speculation like the payments to Moore, Irving, Wilberforce and Macaulay. The largest sum ever realized by any one work whilst it continued to be called a new publication, was £18,000, the proceeds of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon,"—the work of 12 months, and published in nine volumes, octavo, in 1827. "The Row" was literally beseiged with demands for the "Life of Napoleon," as Stationers' Hall used to be an "Almanac Day"—when the exclusive privilege of printing almanacs belonged to the Stationers' Company. Of large sums realized by the sale of new works in a very short period, several of the novels of Sir Walter Scott and the monthly issues of Mr. Dickens might be instanced as probably, both in numbers and profit, exceeding anything in literature since Sacheverel's "Trial," or Dryden's "Hind and Panther,"—the two most remarkable instances of successful publication recorded in the early history of bookselling in this country. The "Life of Columbus" has not yet, we believe, paid its expenses; the "Life of Byron" was a loss till its appearance in one thick volume with double columns; and the "Life of Wiberforce," it is well known, was a heavy failure. Mr. Macaulay's annuity is, therefore, a lottery with the Messrs. Longman. The best and most remunerative books in English literature have been bought by booksellers at the lowest prices.—*Atheneum.*

A Conscientious Child.

I knew a little boy in petticoats, who had no particular taste for the alphabet, but began to learn it, as a matter of course, without any pretence of relish. One day his lesson was, for some reason, rather short. His conscience was not satisfied. When his elder brother was dismissed, Willie brought his letters again, but found he was not wanted, and might play. The little fellow sighed; and then a bright thought struck him. (I think I see him now, in his white frock, with his large, thoughtful eyes lighting up!) He said joyfully, 'Willie say his lesson to himself." He carried his little stool into a corner, put his book on his knees, and finished by honestly covering up the large letters with both hands, and saying aloud two or three new ones. Then he went to his play, all the merrier for the discharge of his conscience.—*Household Education, by Harriet Martineau.*

Confessions of Miss Martineau.

It must ever be carefully remembered that fear often puts on the appearance of apathy,—especially in a proud child. No creature is so intensely reserved as a proud and timid child; and the cases are few in which the parents know anything of the agonies of its little heart, the spasms of its nerves, the soul-sickness of its days, the horrors of its nights. It hides its miseries under an appearance of indifference or obstinacy, till its habitual terror impairs its health, or drives it into a temper of defiance or recklessness. I can speak with some certainty of this, from my own experience. I was as timid a child as ever was born; yet nobody knew or could know the extent of this timidity; for though abundantly open about everything else, I was as secret as the grave about this. I had a dream at four years old which troubled me to such an excess that I cannot now recall it without a beating of the heart. I could not look up at the sky on a clear night, for I felt as if it was only just above the tree tops, and must crush me. I could not cross the yard except at a run, from a sort of feeling, with no real belief, that a bear was after me. The horrors of my nights were inexpressible. The main terror, however, was a magic-lantern which we were treated with once a year, and sometimes twice.—We used to talk of this exhibition as a prodigious pleasure, and I contrived to reckon on it as such; but I never saw the white cloth, with its circle of yellow light, without being in a cold prespiration from head to foot. One of the pictures on the slides was always suppressed by my father, lest it should frighten the little ones,—a dragon's head, vomiting flames. He little thought that a girl of thirteen could be terrified by this; but when I was thirteen,—old enough to be put in charge of some children who were to see the magic lantern,—this slide was exhibited by one of my brothers among the rest. I had found it hard enough to look and laugh before; but now I turned so faint that I could not stand, but by grasping a chair. But for the intensity of my shame, I should have dropped. Much of the benefit of instruction was lost to me during all the years that I had masters: my memory failed me when they knocked at the door, and I could never ask a question, or get voice to make a remark. I could never play to my music master, or sing with a clear voice, but when I was sure nobody could hear me. Under all this, my health was bad; my behavior was dogged and provoking, and my temper became for a time insufferable. Its improvement began from the year when I first obtained some release from habitual fear. During these critical years I misled everybody about me by a habit of concealment on this one subject, which I am sure I should not now have strength for under any inducement whatever. Because I climbed our apple tree, and ran along the top of a high wall, and took great leaps, and was easily won by benevolent strangers, and because I was never known to hint or own myself afraid, no one suspected that fear was at the bottom of the immovable indifference and apparently unfeeling obstinacy by which I perplexed and annoyed everybody about me. I make these confessions willingly, in the hope that some inexperienced or busy parent may be awakened by them to observe whether the seeming apathy of a child be really from indifference, or the outward workings of some hidden passion of fear.—*Household Education.*

Truthfulness.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in the house. All comfort is gone when suspicion has once entered; when there must be reserve in talk, and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place generous confidence in their children, and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to doubt the truth of any one. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible;—and avoid disgracing their poor child while there is any chance of his cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured, he will become duly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must of course be taken to prevent his example doing harm; and then, as I said, the family peace is broken up, because the family confidence is gone. I fear that, from some cause or another, there are but few large families where every member is altogether truthful. Some who are not morally guilty, are intellectually incapable of accuracy. But where all are so organised and so trained as to be wholly reliable, in act and word, they are a light to all eyes, and a joy to all hearts.—They are a public benefit, for they are a point of general reliance; and they are privately blessed, within and without. Without, their life is made easy by universal trust; and within their home and their hearts they have the security of rectitude and the gladness of innocence. If we do but invoke wisdom, she will come and multiply such homes in our land.—*Household Education, by Harriet Martineau.*

A Gem from Whittier.

"Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers
And gone the Summer's pomp and showe,
And Autumn in his leafless bowers
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

"I said to Earth, soe cold and grey,
An Emblem of myself thou art:'
'Not soe,' the Earth did seem to say,
'For Spring shall warm my frozen heart.'

"I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams
Of warmer Sun and softer Rain,
And wait to hear the sound of Streams
And songs of merrie Birds again.

"But thou, from whom the Spring hath gone,
For whom the Flowers no longer blow,
Who standest, blighted and forlorn,
Like Autumn waiting for the snow:

"No hope is thine of sunnier hours,
Thy Winter shall no more depart;
No Spring revive thy wasted flowers,
Nor Summer warm thy frozen heart."

The Burial of the Beautiful.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes the softest
sigh;
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—Bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly
rest,
In purity, over the sleeper's breast;
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep undying love;
Where no proud column in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below;
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where the wandering Peris love to rest;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—bury her there!

Gipsy Sorceries in the Deccan.

From their first appearance in Europe, about the middle of the fifteenth century, to the present day, the gipsies have been objects of wonder, curiosity, or interest, from the mystery in which their origin is enveloped, and from the singular manner in which they have kept apart from the nations amongst whom they wander. They were originally believed to be Egyptians, but the researches of late years establish the probability, if not the certainty, of India being their mother country. Their language is found to have no affinity with the Coptic; but it bears a strong resemblance to that of Hindoostan; and their arrival in Christendom followed at no great interval of time the period when Timour ravaged and desolated the East, practising cruelties on the wretched natives of India, which might have very probably induced them to emigrate in vast numbers.

Whether this latter supposition be correct or not, it is difficult to determine; it is, however, a fact that the gipsies exist as a distinct and numerous caste in Asia; and during a recent visit to the Deccan, I chanced to have an opportunity of seeing a large tribe of these singular outcasts, who came down from the mountains to pay a rude homage to the governor, by exhibiting before him the magic arts which, from far-off ages, have been the heritage of their race.

For this purpose they were assembled outside the governor's bungalow at Dahpooree, in a large open space, bounded on one side by the broad stream running through the garden in which the residence is built, and on the other by a hedge of giant jessamine, the post of a Hindoo sentinel. The whole population of the neighboring little village was assembled, and covered every part of the ground, sitting, after their own strange fashion, on their heels, and all gaping with intense eagerness on the space left near the veranda for the performances of their admired sorceries. Of the simple faith with which they were prepared to witness the spectacle, we had no doubt, both from the expression of their countenances and our knowledge of their extreme superstition; for near our seats stood a young Hindoo mother, carrying an infant whose tiny ankles were tied up in rags, to preserve it from the effects of the "evil eye," which is peculiarly baneful when *blue*—and we had unhappily admired the little creature on the previous day.

It was about three in the afternoon, and the sun, still glorious in the cloudless, glowing sky, poured a flood of light upon the whole scene, which was highly picturesque. In a few seconds the circle by the veranda was occupied by an aged wizard, and an assistant beating a tomtom, or drum. He placed a small pan of lighted charcoal on one side, and cast into it a few grains of incense, muttering at the same time an incantation. A wicker basket, of about the size used to hold a baby's wardrobe, was then brought forward, and our gipsy informed us that it was his intention to put a *baba* (youth) into it; afterwards to change him into a pigeon or dove, and make him fly off withersoever we chose. The trick did not promise to be very difficult; but we thought differently when we saw the candidate for the metamorphosis. He was a tall, fine looking lad of sixteen or seventeen, apparently much too big to occupy the space assigned him; but the wizard approaching, threw him on the ground, tied his feet to his hand, and literally doubling him together, dropped him into a sort of cabbage-net, which he fastened over his head. He then brought him round for us to examine the strange prison; and, certainly it appeared a clear case of "I can't get out." He was consigned to the basket, and a cloth thrown over him, both of course being much raised and distended by the captive they covered. The wizard now began a solemn promenade round the basket to the sound of the tom-tom, mutterring mysteriously the while. By degrees the cloth and basket shrank down, growing smaller and smaller, till the latter appeared empty; then the lid was gently raised, and the net and ligatures thrown out; a second circuit made by the old gipsy effected the promised translation, and a white pigeon fluttered from the basket, and directed its flight (as we desired) to Poonah. The enchanter now affected great amazement, called on the boy to come forth, raised and shook the basket, and finally producing a long naked sword, thrust it with loud cries apparently into every crevice of the wicker-work. He then turned, and called in the direction of Poonah, which was only seven miles off, was answered from a distance by the best ventriloquism I ever heard. This was a summons for the lad to return. He, or rather the pigeon, obeyed. The basket began to swell again, the cloth rose, and the young gipsy sprang forth, leaving us in admiration of his wonderful power of self-compression; as how he could have folded himself into so small a space, we were unable to conceive, or how he avoided the sharp point of the sword.

The second exhibition was far more extraordinary, and more difficult; indeed I could not have believed it, had I not witnessed it myself. A young man stepped forward, and by the assistance of one of the Parsees, who acted as interpreter, informed us, "that though it was not usual for the eyes to work as the hands did, he would for onee, and to show his respect, &c., for the *burra sahib* (great man) use them in a similar manner." A huge piece of stone, two or three feet thick and square was then placed before him, to which two short lines were strongly attached, having at the ends a small round piece of tin, the size and shape of a sixpence. Lifting his eyelids, and rolling the ball of the eye on one side in a most extraordinary manner, he stooped, inserted these coins inside the lid *on the eyes*, and *closed* the lid on them. His hands were then bound behind him, and raising himself slowly, he actually lifted the huge mass *by the eyelids* from the ground to the level of his waist. How long he would have continued to hold it I cannot tell, for the ladies present were so shocked at the really terrible exhibition, that they insisted on his being commanded to let it go. He was rewarded by a gift of ten rupees. We afterwards inquired if this power or art were common amongst the gipsy tribes, and were told it was not—being rather rare, and highly esteemed by them, the performer always expected an extra present from the spectators. Our Parsee servant added, that the practice entailed early blindness on its possessor.

A man then seated himself before us, and ordered one of his companions to 'light the fire,' a command which was immediately obeyed; the fireplace being actually the speaker's head, on which they placed a piece of something that looked like black mud, and on it kindled a blaze of some height. The fire-king, as he called himself, then opened his mouth, and received a lump of fire into it, from which he puffed volumes of smoke both from his mouth and nostrils; and certainly no one could look more like the "Zatanai" he personated than he did, for his eyes were large, and glitteringly black and white, his features deformed, and his skin swarthy.—Then followed the equally common snake charmers, with their huge basket of civilised reptiles. It is perhaps less curious to see these creatures move to the monotonous music which is supposed to influence them, than to examine at leisure, and with impunity, their different appearances; from the frightful cobra de capello, to the deadly cobra manilla, the bite of which I once narrowly escaped by the presence of mind of a young child, who, without speaking, pulled me back at the moment my foot was descending on the step where it lay. This snake exhibition is common all over India, as well as that which followed it—the juggler and his golden balls. Some of the gipsy women then advanced to display their skill; but they were anything but interesting "magas." For the most part they were old, and very ugly, and their chief cleverness appeared to consist in making a fountain of their nose, from which they showered in a continuous stream the water they drew into their mouth from a small tube.

Swordsmen followed, and really displayed the most wonderful skill with their weapons. When their fencing was concluded, they made a huge pile of their swords, the points being upwards, and leaped over it with great agility and boldness. The entertainment concluded by several men breaking cocoa nuts with their heads; a feat which they achieved by throwing the huge fruit high into the air, and catching it on their skulls, which were certainly of the thickest, as, though they sounded fearfully, they did not appear hurt by a blow which separated the shell of the cocoa-nut. By the time they had finished their employment of nut-cracking, the sun had nearly set, and the burra sahib after gracious commendations, and a very liberal backsheesh, dismissed her Majesty's gipsy lieges though they assured us they had many excellent tricks still in store. We were, however, weary, and believed the actors must be so too; therefore further proffers were declined, to their great surprise, as we were told; for the native princes or chiefs can never have enough of similar exhibitions, and tax the poor creatures' powers almost beyond endurance when they are thus brought before them. The exhibition had greatly amused us, both for the skill of the people and the picturesque effect of their wild appearance and costume. Their own apparent faith in the incantations they muttered, and the real credence bestowed on their powers by the native spectators, gave a reality to the scene which no English jugglery can ever possess. The sword exercise and cocoa-nut breaking were accompanied by shrill, animated, and exciting cries. Of their skill in palmistry we were unable to judge, as we did not understand their language; but we were told that their prophetical gifts are very similar to those of their European brethren.

About three or four days afterwards, as we were returning from a drive, we met the whole tribe on their march back to the mountains. The road was narrow, and they were therefore obliged to move to one side, passing in a long-continued and most picturesque file, beneath the sweet mimosa-trees that bordered the way. One might almost have fancied himself living in the age of the Patriarchs, and witnessing the journeyings of a people, as he gazed on them. The strong men came first, each armed with a tall staff; then the women, bearing their infants on their hips, or leading the young children by the hand; old crones and "ancient men" followed, with such cattle as they possessed, and bundles, containing, as we supposed, their property. They all salaamed us with kindly smiles as they glided by; and we watched them with considerable interest for some time, the great plain they traversed permitting us to see them till they were lost in the dim though brief twilight. We never saw the gipsies of the Deccan more; but we have often thought and talked of them, and regretted that the energies they displayed, and the toil by which they must have brought many of their performances to perfection, had not been more worthily employed and better directed. They follow strictly the wise injunction, "*Whatsoever* thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" though unhappily their hand, through ignorance, finds little to do that is useful or becoming rational beings; and they are thus far examples to those who, living in the light of civilisation, never exert the capabilities, whether mental or physical, which their Creator has bestowed. Many a sluggard of our enlightened Europe might thus derive a useful lesson from the wild gipsies of Hindoostan.

Street Scenes of Turin.

The following is an extract of a letter from an English gentleman, at Turin, dated 12th January, 1849:—

The inhabitants, as usual abroad, live out of doors; the streets on a morning are like an English fair, and no opera scene in *Masaniello* is more picturesque and interesting than what one meets with here in one's common walks. Priests, with their black cloaks and long shovel hats; friars, with their coarse gray and brown gowns, cowls, downcast eyes, and stupid sensual expression; Savoyard and Piedmontese soldiers; groups of officers, of every hue and variety of gay and graceful uniform; peasants and peasantesses, of many a costume; Lombard refugees, with plumed hats and Spanish cloaks: with a not numerous sprinkling of dark-eyed ladies; these actually crowd every street you pass through.—What an infallible symptom of barbarism is this vast proportion of priests and soldiers. I could almost pronounce upon the degree of civilisation a people has reached, on hearing the number of priests and soldiers to each thousand of the population.—Here, the gay and thoughtless slaves of the sword, the salaried slayers of their fellows, the paid butchers of mankind, strut about in their bright plumage, and are looked upon with honour and reverence by the unhappy dupes who pay them to be their curse. To worship a golden calf is at least a harmless folly; but to cherish and feed a minotaur like this, to foster so upas-like a class in the bosom of the nation, is,—nay, with what words shall I stigmatise the madness? It is worthy of a people whose ignorant fears and timorous credulity lead to maintain a second army of priests and friars.—And yet, they live, and dance, and flourish.

Great efforts of anger to little purpose, serve for pleasantry and farce. Exceeding fierceness, with inability and impotence, makes the highest ridicule.—*Shaftesbury.*

Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and veritable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself up on; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; but a rich store-house for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—*Lord Bacon.*

Song of Departure.

One more sigh,—this hour of parting
From the life we live and love;
One more tear of manly weakness
For the home whence we shall rove.
Here is quiet, there are perils,
And the bravest well may fear;
One more sigh for life departed,
For our friends another tear.

But the land we leave behind us
Is debased with slavish men;
Thoughts, opinions, all are copied,
And a tied hand holds the pen.
Still we act as others acted,
Still we think as others thought,
And we shun the daring freeman
From whose lips new words are taught.

Let me burst these rusty fetters;
They corrode my inner soul;
Let me wander where no others
Can my words nor deeds control:
Where the free wealth of the rivers
Is no richer or more free
Than the free air, yet unpoisoned,
Sweet and wild with liberty.

I will range with hardy hunters
On their hoary mountains bold;
They are rough, but richly inlaid,
Like their rocks, with heart of gold;
Or, if slaves are still around me,
I will hide myself away
In some recess, and, unnoticed,
Watch by night till comes the day.

No more sighs then—no more weakness
In this parting from old home;
Here is bondage—there is freedom—
There the soul may widely roam.
Dash that tear from off the eyelid—
'Twas the sharpness of the gale!
Cast off moorings! they are fetters—
Now my heart swells with the sail!

The Civilised Man and the Savage.

It would appear that the finer the climate, and the fewer man's wants, the more he sinks towards the condition of the lower animals. Where the natives had passed the night no huts, even of bushes had been set up. A few tufts of dry grass only marked the spot where, beside a small fire, each person had sat folded up, like the capital letter N, but with the head reclining on the knees, and the whole person resting on the feet and thigh joints, clasped together by the hands grasping each ankle. Their occupation during the day was only wallowing in a muddy hole, in no respect cleaner than swine. They have no idea of any necessity for washing themselves between their birth and their grave, while groping in mud for worms, with hands that have always an unpleasant, fishy taint, that clings strangely to whatever they touch.—The child of civilisation that would stain even a shoe or a stocking with one spot of that mud would probably be whipt by the nurse. Savage children are not subject to that sort of restraint. Whether school discipline may have anything to do with the difference so remarkable between the animal spirits of civilised children of civilised parents, and those of savages, I shall make no remark, but that the buoyancy of spirit and cheerfulness of the youth amongst the savages of Australia seem to render them agreeable companions to the men on their hunting excursions almost as soon as they can run about. If the naturalist looks into the mouth of a savage he finds ivory teeth, a clean tongue, and sweet breath; but in the mouth of a white specimen of similar, or, indeed, less, age, it is ten to one but he would discover only impurity or decay, however clean the shoes and stockings worn, or however fine the flour of which his or her food had consisted. What, then, is civilisation in the economy of the human animal? one is led to inquire. A little reflection affords a satisfactory answer. Cultivated man despises the perishable substance and pursues the immortal shadow. Animal gratification is transient and dull compared to the acquisition of knowledge, the gratification of mind, the raptures of the poet, or the delight of the enthusiast, however imaginary. It is true that, amongst civilised men, substance is still represented by the yellow ore, and that the votaries of beauty 'bend in silken slavery'; but are not beauty or gold as dust in the balance, substantial though they be, when weighed in lofty minds against glory or immortality? When the shadow he pursues is worth more, and is more enduring than the substance, well might it be said that 'Man is but a shadow, and life a dream.'—*Colonel Sir J. Mitchell's Expedition to the Interior of Tropical Australia.*

Names of Newspapers.

All newspapers love advertisements, and therefore a great proportion of them are styled 'Advertisers.' 'Chronicles,' 'Heralds,' 'Journals,' and 'Gazettes' are very numerous. They are usually edited by men of good business qualities, who think that they have a great deal to do for the public service, and that the wheel of commercial progress would hardly move on without them. 'Guardians' emanate from a class of kind, considerate creatures, who believe that they have much to do in the cure of public morals. There are a few 'Free Presses,' and about as many 'Independents,' who, in their several ways, believe that freedom and independence are supported by their columns, and hold strong opinions upon the prostration of the press in general. There are various kinds of 'Times'. Whig 'Times,' Tory 'Times,' Radical 'Times,' and Neutral 'Times.' One of these eclipses all the others, and seems to try to outstrip time itself, by frequently issuing Double 'Times.' There are several 'Mercurys': whether they derive their names from mythology or medicine, is a matter of little importance; to all of them quick-silver is acceptable. A few 'Standards' are set up on behalf of various principles; they have been found to stand-hard wherever they have been erected. Akin with these are two or three 'Banners.' 'Reporters' are a modest class of public servants; they are quiet and respectable in their bearing, and do not exhibit strong political features.—There are a good many 'Conservatives,' a few 'Whigs,' and a less number of 'Patriots.' Of 'Suns,' 'Stars,' and 'Comets,' there are a few, but only one 'Luminary.' The most extraordinary phenomenon is the 'Flying Post.' There are about equal numbers of 'Sentinels,' 'Watchmen,' and 'Messengers,' who all do duty after some established code of laws. There is one grave old 'Justice of the Peace,' a small group of 'Witnesses,' a bluff old 'John Bull,' a modest 'Looker-on,' and two or three 'Spectators.' There is also a keen 'Lancet.' The latter ought to be printed in red ink.—*The Family Friend.*

A Peculiar Race.

I have now and then met a peculiar race scattered through Ireland, with lovely, rich, dark brown hair, having a golden tinge—the real auburn; the skin is soft and beautiful; the thinking forehead forms almost a line with the straight mild nose; the mouth, lips, and chin are exquisite; the teeth are white and well set; and then that expressive, soft, dark eye contains so much honest love, it really speaks; the whole countenance is expanded and open; such harmony of parts. * * The man is equally elegant. * * Occasionally you will meet this race doing penance on Holy Island, performing a weary pilgrimage round and round on the bare knee, traveling the rough pathway on the the toilsome crag of some holy well.—*Dr. Massy (Medical Times.)*