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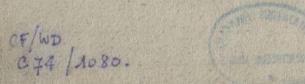
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disappear continually, diverts the spectators, and the whimsicality of the characters and scenes will sometimes force a smile upon the countenances of even the gravest of philosophers. We see giants who presently dwindle into dwarfs, and pigmies who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. We see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most promising plans, guided by prudence and armed with precaution, who are nevertheless circumvented in all their endeavours; whilst a group of indolent, careless, worthless fellows attain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of the world, and he who would divert himself with it at his ease and in safety from the danger of crossing and jostling, must take his place in some corner, where he may be an unobserved spectator of the whole performance, and laugh at his leisure.

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EDITOR.

MAGIC LANTERN.

VOL. I.] NOVEMBER 1, 1822. [No. 1.

THE GALLANT-EE SHOW.

"Veluti in Speculum."

ONE gloomy evening, in the latter part of the month of October, I was seated in my elbow chair, in my nightgown, cap, and slippers, with my old friend a German pipe in my mouth, puffing a cloud to keep away sorrow; but, whether it was owing to the heaviness of the atmosphere or the lightness of my pockets, I could not contrive to get my spirits up above par. My wife, (I am old fashioned enough to live with my wife, although I am well aware that it is not fashionable or exactly conformable to court-etiquette,) my wife would now and then interrupt the train of my meditations with some important observation or other; but as the general drift was to inform me where cheap bargains were to be bought-that a linen-draper, a few doors off, was bankrupt, and the stock selling off dirt cheap, and that now was the time to lay in a winter's stock for herself and the children, I found her to be only one of Job's comforters, and returned her no other answers than Pish! Poh! Psha! Hum!

"Plaids are all the wear now (quoth she) since the royal visit to Scotland; if we could get a dress apiece for myself and the girls cheap."

"Pish!" cries I.

"There is a cheap ladies' shoe-maker (quoth she) who

has opened a shop in the next street. The girls want some shoes, and wet feet often occasion colds and doctor's bills."
"Poh!" cries I.

Finding that I was not in a humour to be drawn in to launch out, my better half resumed her needle-work, resolved to renew her attacks on the first favourable opportunity, and I returned to my usual train of thinking how to raise the wind, when I should no longer be able to parry them with Pish—Poh—Psha—Hum.

From this unsocial state of apathy, we were rouzed by the grinding of a hand-organ directly under our windows, accompanied by a voice exclaiming in an Israelitish accent gallant-ee show—gallant-ee show!

"Why, papa," cries one of my daughters, "you're a cup too low."

"That's not very often the case," thinks I to myself, "at this time of the evening."

"I should like, for once in my life," quoth she, "to have a peep at the gallantee show. Is it a good thing?"

"That depends on the showman," replied I; "if he is a man of spirit, selects proper subjects, and handles them well, much rational amusement, and no little instruction, may be gathered from such an exhibition."

"Well," cries my amiable partner, "I will make my old gown last me a fortnight longer, if you will let the girls take a peep.

"A true descendant of mother Eve," quoth I; "curiosity to the back bone!"

"And I," quoth one daughter, "will wear my bonnet another week."

"And I," says the other, will make my shoes last.

"And I," cries the boy, who had not yet chimed in, "will go without my pocket-money for a week to come."

"A pack of fools!" I exclaimed, in order to impress

them with a sense of my superior wisdom, although I must confess that I myself felt no dis-inclination to pass away an hour in laughing at the follies of others, as my own would hardly bear reflection. After a few more arguments and intreaties I suffered myself to be prevailed upon to give my assent, and having directed that the silver spoons and other loose articles be removed out of sight, as these showmen, though no magicians, are generally conjurors and slight-of-hand-men, as many people know to their woeful experience, the showman was called in.

Every preparation having been made, and the room darkened to increase the effect, the exhibitant made his exordium thus:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you are going to witness the wonders of

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

"The first scene I shall have the honour of displaying to this illustrious assembly will be a grand representation of the court of Yorge-Hi, Emperor of China. You behold the Emperor seated on his throne, having the ladies of his harem on his right and left. They all appear to be 'fair, fat, and forty' upwards, the Emperor preferring the most experienced matrons to the trouble of drilling raw recruits for his corps d'amour. He is reckoned the most accomplished gentleman in the world, having got the whole of the 'book of ceremonies' by heart, and his whole conduct being governed by its rules. Unlike his predecessor, who (like a fixed star) never travelled farther than from one of his imperial palaces to another, and maintained a heavy cumbrous pageantry of state, Yorge-Hi has traversed his dominions, and displayed the utmost condescension and affability to even the humblest of his subjects whom chance or business threw in his way. Next to his passion for the fair sex, and his love of ceremonials, is his taste for dress. During the reign of his predecessor, when he was simply a war-mandarin, he designed the uniform of the corps which he commanded, and which, from its splendour, caused it to be stiled the 'China corps.' At his coronation, he not only gave instructions for his own imperial robes, but also for the decorations of all the suit who attended in the procession. The present dress of the imperial guards has been all modelled and re-modelled according to his inventive genius, and it is allowed on all hands that his Imperial Majesty would have made a capital master of the ceremonies, or a complete army-tailor. Fastidious people, indeed, quote the ancient maxim, that " parva leves capiunt animos,"-little things betray light minds; and assert that an attention to such trifles is beneath the ruler of the greatest empire in the universe; but history furnishes us with numerous instances to the contrary in the greatest men, and there is no general rule without an exception. Nimrod (the first of the race of kings) could tally-ho the hounds as well as any English fox-hunting 'squire. Solomon (nick-named the Wise) was a great architect, and displayed the bent of his genius in the building of his temple at Jerusalem. Agamemnon (the king of men) was a famous cook, and, from Homer's description, could broil a beef-steak on the coals as well as ever it has been since done at Dolly's chop-house. The late king of France was a locksmith, and his queen often displayed a principal part in the opera of " Love Laughs at Locksmiths;" and the intermediate predecessor of Yorge-hi was a button-maker, from his skill in the manufacture of that article. Whatever the discontented may alledge, and there are discontented folks in every state, the Emperor's reign is certainly most mild and beneficent; his people enjoy freedom; and if they complain of the too-heavy pressure of taxation, his mandarins must bear all the blame, as it is a standing law of the empire that "an Emperor can do no wrong!" As to his attachment to the fair sex, David, "the man after God's own heart," and Solomon, the wise, far exceeded him in the number of concubines, and, like them too, he will in time find out that "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas," vanity of vanities, all is vanity! These youthful follies must have an end.

That grotesque figure which you see near the footstool of the throne is Qua-li Kurt-hees, the court-droll. He has a soup-ladle in his hand, and a chain of sausages round his neck, he is a good-humoured, harmless animal, endowed with about as much sense a Baluam's ass, and with as much stubborness too. He has the gift of speech, or rather of braying articulately whatever comes uppermost, and what he wants in sense is most amply made up in brass. He is the Sir John Falstaff of the play, and is put forward on every occasion, where it may be necessary to raise a laugh, and put the audience into good humour. If he loves any one thing upon earth it is his belly, which has been the grave of many a turtle and baunch of venisen, and the store-vault of many a pipe of wine. Who that hears of the wealth of this overgrown cit, and sees him thrust himself into the very first ranks of life, but must exclaim,-

" Oh that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motly coat."

The group, which you see standing before the throne, is composed of the various principal Mandarins of State. The person, who is playing with a jointed paste-board figure, is Lie-ver-puhl, the puppet-show-man; he moves all the state-puppets, by means of certain secret wires and strings, with as much facility as he manages the paste-board figure with which he is playing.

The one, who is mounted on a ladder, on which he dances about without any person to hold it up, is called Kahn-hing, the chief corresponding mandarin. Descended from the lowest ranks of society, (his mother having been one of an itinerant corps dramatique,) but endowed with an ardent mind and unbounded ambition, he has climbed and wriggled himself through every round of the ladder to the very top, principally by the aid of the great war mandarin, Qua-ling-tun, whose skill and success in battle has rendered him no less formidable to the enemies of his country than to his country itself, and even to the Emperor, who is supposed to have been rather averse to the elevation of Kahn-hing, on account of his having acted contrary to his imperial master's wishes in some disputes which unhappily existed in his harem. It is acknowledged by all that Kahn-hing is an experienced posture-master, who can twist and twine himself into any shape; but as he is quite new in office, it remains to be seen, whether he will be able to maintain his present elevated situation, or whether he will be precipitated to the ground in disgraceladder and all.

The person who is amusing the court with cups and balls is named Van-seit-hart, the mandarin of Finance, who manages the imperial revenues; and a devilish clever sleight-of-hand man he has proved himself. See! he is just about to play off a new state-trick! He borrows of one of the Chinese spectators five ingots of gold; he lays them on the table, and bids the lender take them up. He makes haste to obey, but Van-seit-hart meanwhile waves his magic wand over the table, and instead of five the deluded lender grasps only four ingots. His looks betray his surprise and disappointment; but Van-seit-hart laughs full in his face, and tells him that he has full payment, as the four ingots, by means of his talismanic

charm, are worth more than he gave for the purchase of the whole five. The lender expresses dissatisfaction, but as the juggle is performed in the face and with the applause of the whole imperial court, he is obliged to put up with the loss, mentally exclaiming, "Tis well 'tis no worse! What devil's trick will this fellow play us next!"

That dull heavy-looking thing that you see in the Pantaloon's dress is Seid-moth, late one of the corresponding mandarins; he, Qua-li Kurt-hees, and Balaam's ass, would form a remarkably congenial trio, and might mutually exclaim—"We three loggerheads be!" He is the clown of the performance, but without the least grain of sense or humour to qualify him for the place.

That group, on the right hand of the imperial throne, consists of the bonzes or juggling priests. They profess abstraction from all worldly pursuits; but it is merely a hypocritical pretence, as their grasping at honours and wealth sufficiently evinces. They eye one another continually as vultures regard a dying animal, in hopes that the angel of Death will carry off some of their body, and make way for the promotion of the rest. One of them has slunk into the back-ground, holding spiritual consultation with the Evil Spirit (who, in plain English, is the same worthy personage as our Old Nick.) You must observe that in all countries where there is a priesthood there is a devil; they could not exist one without the other; for who would be such a fool as to lay out his money for a policy of assurance where there was no danger of fire? They have another principal puppet, the Dalai-Lama, which they play off upon the credulity of the Chinese people, and feed most luxuriantly upon the offerings of the superstitious votaries to their baby idol, whose dried excrements they moreover vend to them as precious passports to the reign of bliss!

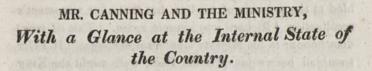
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The group opposite to them is composed of the mandarins of the law, or quirks and quibbles. The chief of them appears habited in an old woman's dress, probably to denote that the law is as uncertain as a woman's will. So very wavering is the state of the law in China, that a man is punished for perjury if he do not speak the truth; and, in the very same court, he is punished as a libeller if he do speak the truth; one of the sages of the profession having laid it down as an axiom, that "the greater the truth the greater the libel." In fact, so uncertain is the law, that nothing is certain but the ruin of both the litigants, and the prosperity of these swarms of locusts who devour the whole land.

The group, more in the front, is made up of the mandarin legislators, who make all the statutes of the empire, and raise all the money which may be wanted for the state expenditure. This body, as representing the people, ought to be chosen by them; but a great portion of them is nominated by the Emperor's mandarins of state and the great Tartar Lords, whose interests are diametrically opposed to those of the people. During the pressure of a heavy war, they contrived to raise the rents of their estates to treble their real value! and now, after years of profound peace, they are struggling to keep up the standard by continuing the prices of all the necessaries of life at an enormous rate, to the ruin of the empire. Their dress is remarkable for large loose hanging sleeves, which malicious persons attribute to their convenience for holding the bribes which they receive from the state mandarins for betraying the interests of the people. They are now busy in devising laws for the good of themselves, and new taxes and imposts-" pro bono publico!" The whole empire cries loudly, and justly, for a Reform in this body.

In the front of the whole scene you behold the Chinese

people as spectators of this very amusing scene: and if you inspect very narrowly, you may observe a parcel of fellows, whose hands are very busy about the pockets of the gaping crowd. These last are the inferior mandarins, collectors of the taxes and imposts, custom-house and excise officers, who are by no means inexpert or negligent in doing their duty to ease the people of their superfluous dross, and to fill the imperial coffers, whilst the gulled Chinese, their victims, are amused by the juggling tricks and antics of these state-buffoons, posture-masters, and sleight-of-hand men, exclaiming at every new trick—"Hao! kung, hao!"—"charming! delightful!"



"Grim ghosts flit by on ev'ry side,
And screaming vengeance flies before;
Death, on a patriot's back astride,
Waves high his dart, and joins the roar."

So at last, Mr. Editor, we have Mr. George Canning seated or rather bedded in the Cabinet, for so determined is he not to be rejected, that a bed has been set up for his repose in the office at Downing-street. His success, in thus insinuating himself into the Foreign Secretaryship, has shewn him to be the fittest personage to meet the intrigues of continental courts.

What force cannot effect he can accomplish by other means; and if great objects are to be attained, and honest English policy be inadequate to their attainment, Mr. Canning is evidently the man to accomplish them at all costs. This then, Sir, will obviously be the field for a display of his powers; there he will be at home—there, perhaps, crooked policy may be the best, and who has proved himself so crooked a politician as Mr. Canning? Any thing which will employ that witty and wily master-politician on the pole of the British Constitution, which already trembles, and with great reason in his withering presence, will tranquillize the apprehensions of a conscientious, generous, and high-spirited people, reasonably jealous of its best rights, which have been vitally assailed at their very basis by his parricidal hand.

A rumour, Sir, has been afloat, that, when he went to kiss hands and receive the seals of office, the King turned pale; that, when the Royal hand was extended, it trembled at the pressure of his lips, but that after a moment's recollection 'Richard was himself again.' This (if true) does honour to his Majesty's paternal feelings. If Felix trembled before his prisoner Paul, well might the King tremble when he was in the bonds of his subject—a King unschooled to obedience, and a subject yet untaught to rule.

The sentiments of Mr. Canning, as to the Catholics, are too well known; we all remember his Bill to admit Catholic Peers to sit amongst Protestant Lords, and legislate for Protestants. What was Mr. Canning's objects? at once to destroy the barrier which exists and has practically existed from the year 1700 down to the present time, and by which the Catholics have been defeated and the fears of the Protestants have been allayed. Mr. Canning will not be slow to begin again, for he is seeking popularity as well as power through the medium of innovation. And will he have the power of bending a House of Commons to his will? I trust not. They ought to feel that on them is reposed by the Constitution the honour-

able the sacred charge of protecting the Sovereign against being called on to do contrary to the plain and clear sense of his coronation oath. I am persuaded, as men of honour as well as conscience, they will never abandon such high duties. The anomalies introduced by Mr. Canning's Bill he may now try to do away with. I heartily wish that, after his grand speech to his constituents at Liverpool, he had sailed to amalgamate his principles, and exhibit his liberality of mind among Hindoos and Mahometans, and then those whom he left behind would at least have so managed church and state as to keep the upper hand of their secret enemies.

Many people are so foolish as to praise Mr. Canning for his noble daring. "Will the secretaryship," say they, "recompence for relinquishing the golden prospect of governing India?" He certainly has in his present situation a nobler opportunity of exerting those talents, for possessing which we would willingly give him credit; still we must doubt all he says, when we recollect how he has " turned and turned again." But let us rest assured that, by the House of Commons, the sacred alliance of church and state, the only secure foundation for our civil rights and liberties, will be maintained, and the proposal of Mr. Canning, or any other presuming individual, to sever them, be spurned with contempt. What are we to expect from the present heterogeneous ministry? All of them. with Mr. Canning as a leader, know no more of domestic politics than an expeditious mode of temporary finance and the training of a House of Commons. The best interests of the empire will perish in their hands, unless they can be checked by men of public virtue and genuine good sense. A Secretary for the Home Department has the means of doing an essential good to the country if he venture as far as his office permits him-to think and act

for himself. But if Mr. Peel (who is really a good character) did so, would not Mr. Canning have him sent to the right about in the twinkling of an eye? We labour at present under the disgrace of having no young Englishman who makes a brilliant effort for the character of the nation-not one who holds a prominent rank in either its debates or councils.

Mr. Canning is one of the old school; we remember him being called Mr. Pitt's bear, kept to bait the House of Commons, and tire them out, by long-winded orations; but if he now knows himself, he will no longer attempt to hold the public opinion cheap; he has no Minister standing ready to support him, like a giant in his strength. He must endeavour to originate some new measures of policy, of internal policy, that will give him a command of the public mind, and increase at the same time the king's popularity: if he does not take pains to do this, his influence will be small, and he will do no credit to his office. The day is gone by for gaining men's hearts by trickery and selfish caution; we are already satiated and disgusted with both.

How would this country love and honour the minister who, by the force of his own character, should break down that paltry and prevaricating system that is now so constantly acted upon! Look at the declamations uttered of late in the House of Commons; mere shallowness and barbarism. That such effusions should be mistaken for statesman-like eloquence, or for the exposition of fair and awakened policy, would denote that the nation had lost its senses. But that is not the case, for there is scarcely a man out of Parliament who does not see through the deception. Mr. Canning's hour of trial is hastening on; we heartily say, "God send him a good deliverance.' Retrenchment and a new tone of cabinet influence are neces-

sary to the loyalty and welfare of the country, as the declarations of the public will teach us from year to year, more emphatically than they ever yet have done. Mr. Canning must not, like his predecessor, try to amuse the public by leading the attention of the House of Commons to matters that are foreign in a great degree to our interests; for the hour of reformation must come: luxury, profusion, effeminacy, and base selfishness, are the great enemies with which we have to struggle, and the virtues that are opposite to those vices must be cherished publicly and privately, if we mean to prepare for those great sacrifices which, before many years are past, we shall have to make. We are not inclined to make things look worse than they really are, but these are times when equivocation should be far from our lips, and the evil shewn with all its concomitant horrors. Mr. Canning himself cannot throw a film before men's eyes. Let'us look back to a few sessions ago, when a more able man than Mr. Canning held the reins, and, Phaeton-like, hurled along the chariot of the Sun. The House of Commons have dwindled down to a few angry remarks, drowned amidst the clamours of the majority; and the freedom of the press has been so nearly strangled, that none can tell that it hath even breathed. The glory, the public and political glory, of England has long been like a shadow, and that shadow hath at last departed. The Cobbetts and Hunts, those fire-brands of the day, preach their crusade, and recite their legends upon reformation, amidst the howlings of mobs, and insulated disturbances are settled by the bayonet and the gibbet. Women and children have a far greater hold upon the world than men are willing to believe, and therefore it may be that, whilst the people of England are keeping out the Catholics in dread of future slavery, slavery is striking its roots so deep into every family, as almost to

defy extirpation; and the very men who are spurning the fetters of Catholicism may leave Protestant fetters as a les

gacy to their children.

The progress is pretty obvious; to preach, to cant, wheedle, tempt to crimes, and grant pardons, is the fair way to keep alive in the country delusion, deceit, and villainy. We ought to be pitied under such lamentable circumstances; it seems as if a moral malady were creeping over intellectual England, similar to that which scatters death on the shores of Italy. The earth looks green and beautiful, and the breeze seems balmy and healthful; but there is a secret and insiduous vapour which steals along the green earth, or floats along the clear sky, every inspiration of which is sickness that withers all the powers, and a continuation in which is death beyond the help of medicine. Or, to use a more awful simile, it is like the lava of Mount Vesuvius, after it has proceeded far; and is seen by the light of day resembling huge pyramids of red stone, which advance only by the apparent tumbling down of one column after another, but which produce the most desolating effects-the trees taking fire, the fountains disappearing, the buildings falling, and the marble crumbling to dust at its approach. Such we are likely to come to if the present progress of demoralization is not crushed by a powerful hand-a hand stronger than that of Mr. George Canning; a perception, a mind more decided, and a judgement more prophetical in the ministerial calendar of political saints.

To what, it will naturally be asked, is this sudden alteration-this dreadful humiliation of a people always calling and lately proving themselves among the first in the world, to be attributed? We answer at once, -to the imbecility of the government, growing weaker and weaker with every sun that rises to invigorate all nations, but themselves, with renewed strength.

All history proves to us in every quarter of the known world, from China to Peru, from Greece to the Sandwich islands, that a feeble government has even been the precursor, if not the really efficient cause of national decline. It matters not for the form-be it despotism, monarchy, a republic, or any thing else-let the head of the state be called dictator, satrap, autocrat, or president, if there be talent, and vigour in those who ruletalent and vigour will be called forth among those who are ruled; and if there be none in the former, those among the latter will wither and die as plants do for want of proper nourishment. Mr. Canning has taken an awful responsibility upon his shoulders; he is too feeble an Atlas to support the weight of the British empire. If he pleasingly disappoints our awful expectations, how happy shall we be to reverse the above gloomy but faithful picture, and hail him as a saviour, willingly submitting ourselves to be spurned at for erring judgment and mistaken conceptions of what England is now and what she ought not to be.

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

" Prima societas in ipso conjugio est." Cicero Off. i. 17.

Marriage is the principal bond of society.

MR. EDITOR,

Next to the evil of being lawless, is that of being so inundated with law, that one can turn neither to the right nor the left without being entangled in some one or other of them. Our statute books already form a library which a man who should live to the age of Methusalem would scarcely be able to wade through; our game laws and our poor laws would each fill a waggon, and yet we go on,

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session after session, adding to the collection of rubbish, that it would require another Hercules and another river Alpheus to cleanse the Augwan stable. When will this rage for legislation have an end, or at least a reasonable limit? If our representatives must be doing somewhat for six months out of the twelve, would it not be more beneficial if they were to turn their attention to the revisal of the old statutes,—the repeal of the obsolete ones,—and the compression of the rest into something like a reasonable compass? How true is the old saying,—"It is better to be doing nothing than to be doing mischief."

The New Marriage Act is, by every person, deemed a proof of this maxim. It has cast terror into the hearts of all his Majesty's loving subjects, by the impediments which it has thrown in the way of the billing and cooing system. Legitimacy is grown so much in vogue, that none but the great and rich will be legitimate by and by, and all the rest will be illegitimate. The pressure of taxes, the consequent high price of all the necessaries of life, the decay of commerce, manufacture, and trade, the depression of agriculture, and the want of employment, were serious obstacles in the way of marriage before the new act, which has now blocked up every avenue to the Temple of Hymen. So abominably obnoxious are certain parts of it, that nought but the most violent love, or the most powerful excitements of interest, can induce the votaries to submit to the degrading impositions of having their names posted up against the church-doors, making oaths before justices of the peace, &c. &c. The clergymen, in many instances, have refused to administer the oaths; so that a minor-a virgin, (if one can be found at the years of maturity,) whose modesty is her brightest jewel, is compel-Ied to appear at a police-office, amidst thieves, prostitutes, and the scum of mankind, and stand their gaze and sneers, whilst she proclaims her wishes to enjoy the marriage blisses! Is this not sufficient to convert female modesty into unblushing effrontery? Is not this obstructing the source of the greatest of human enjoyments? Is it not to sum up all, counteracting the Divine command,-" Increase and multiply?" Can these restrictions serve any other purpose than to increase the number of prostitutes, already infesting the streets with the most disgusting scenes? Can it be expected that the master-passion of the soul can be controlled by an act of parliament? It is already a bye word among the lower classes,-" If we cannot marry we can take each other's words," and numbers have acted upon the plan of trusting to each other's good faith, the dreadful effects of which will be too apparent in the shoals of deserted females and illegimate children. The people will not submit to be deprived of their natural pleasures for a mere ceremony. The very first business, therefore, of the next session of parliament should be to repeal the odious act, or at least the most obnoxious parts of it.

Neither the clergy nor the magistracy know how to proceed upon the act. A countryman applied to one of the latter for information on the subject. "Read the act," said the magistrate, who was just as wise as himself, "Why so I have," said the fellow, "but I can make nothing of it." "You must be a fool then," said the magistrate. "Why no, measter," quoth the fellow, "I dont think I be quite a fool, but I be very near one."

The rich fly to Scotland, Ireland, and France, rather than submit to the exposure which the act requires; the poorer classes, who live on the coasts or borders, follow the example; so that the English clergy are defeated of their customary dues. "In the course of this month (October) in one week no less than 23 couples, all of the higher classes of society, the ladies attended by their brothers,

mothers, or other friends, arrived in Dublin on matrimonial excursions. One minister received a present of twenty guineas, and two other presents of large amount, for uniting these couples. The obnoxious provisions of the Marriage Act not extending to Ireland, that country may be termed, until its repeal, the "land of marriage." Scotland, too, reaps the benefit of our folly, and laughs at it. An English gentleman, on expressing his surprise to an old Scotch magistrate at the facility with which marriage may be contracted in Scotland, received the following answer: "We don't find, when people are determined to get together, that throwing impediments in the way of marriage keeps them separate; they will only dispense more frequently with marriage. You, English, are very fond of interfering with every thing, and while you pretend to be a free people, you have such multitudes of petty regulations that you can hardly turn to the right or left without suffering for them. In Scotland we leave people more to their own discretion, and we have no cause to repent it. You do not find that more imprudent marriages are contracted here than in England, because a marriage can be made at any time, and in one minute. On the contrary, you will find us much more cautious than you are respecting that matter. You will find, also, the almost total absence of seductions effected by promise of marriage, so frequent with you; for, in attempting to deceive a young woman, the deceiver might deceive himself."

Next to the knowledge of how to do well, is that of leaving well alone. That part of the act, which makes past doubtful marriages valid in certain cases, may be good; all that part which throws obstacles in the way of future marriages, is unnatural, unjust, irreligious, and ought to be instantly blotted out of the statute-book. Whatever theorists and speculatists may write to the contrary, the sole

strength and ornament of any country is a numerous. healthy, and industrious population. The old Romans were aware of this. Julius and Augustus Cæsar endeavoured to promote marriage by annexing every possible advantage to the state, and every discouragement to celibacy. It would be hyperbolical and most egregious vanity to assert that we are either a wiser or a braver people. The British approach nearest to them, and we hope their fates may not be similar. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire was occasioned by the profligacy of the Emperors, the corruption and servility of the senate, the venality of a standing army, and the consequent effeminacy of the people themselves. The British people are, at present, a model for the world; and under a free and wise government, Great Britain will ever be GREAT BRITAIN. But nature will have its course in spite of all the stupid legitimates in the world, and all their holy alliances, or infernal compacts; and, if the game of sacrificing the happiness of millions to the preposterous vanity of a few aristocratic families be carried much farther, the obstructed torrent will overflow its banks, or break down all artificial dikes and mounds; deluge the whole country, and sweep all before it :-

So, in the mansion of some rich old maid,
Whose closet with rich china is array'd,
If Puss, by chance, should hear a rat or mouse,
His eyes dart fire, he makes a spring, and souse!
Gods, goddesses, kings, queens, and mandarins,
Emp'rors, empresses, idols, soup-tureens,
Bestrew the ground:—Puss eyes them with a stare;
"Purr! purr!" quoth she; "they're fine but brittle ware."
HYMENEUS.



THE VIRGIN'S LAMENTATION

OVER

THE NEW MARRIAGE ACT.

"Curse on all laws but those which love has made!"

Oh! well-a-day, what shall we, virgins, do?

This curst MARRIAGE ACT has so put us to stand;

No lover, so bold, will to church with us ever go—

Virginity now is dead stock upon hand:

Chorus. 'Tis so troublesome grown
To get the noose tied;
To the doctor's left lug
Would a noose were applied!

Against the church-doors to post true lovers' names,
'Midst thieves and loose women, 'fore justice t' appear;
To proclaim to the scoffers we burn with love's flames,
Is too much, indeed, for a maiden to bear!

Chorus. 'Tis so troublesome, &c.

'Twas an impious thought—whoe'er dar'd conceive it,

To make love a bankrupt, and shut up the shop;

"Better marry than burn," scripture says; we believe it—

No power on earth propagation shall stop:

Chorus. 'Tis so troublesome, &c.

Civilian he may be, but not very civil,

At virgins and widows to have such a fling;

If 'we lead apes in hell,' we beseech thee, good devil,

To grant that the doctor may be in our string!

Chorus. 'Tis so troublesome, &c.

THE PEERAGE AND THE COMMONS:

GEORGE CANNING REFUTED.

[Founded on an OFFICIAL DOCUMENT just published by the House of Lords.]

IN these days of political prudery, when no part of the virtue of existing governments is to be questioned, when whatever is "is right"—it appears like a curious slip in the "legitimate" Lords of our land to be prying into the origin of their rank, into the character of our early legislative assemblies, and in fact into all matters "touching the Dignity of a Peer of the realm." Why should they have such a curious eye? Why should they be so desirous of disturbing musty records, and of calling to our recollections the deeds of some of their ancestors? Why do they evince such a prurient restlessness? Such however is the fact, and to some it might appear marvellously strange; to some it will seem more than natural if philosophy—or "Magic"—might not be able to find it out.

In consequence of the renewal of the Hastings, Huntingdon, and other peerages, and of various other applications to call into active life several dormant titles, particularly that of Lord Marmion; and the difficulty of resisting them, even if the will to do so existed, provided previous resolutions and decisions of the Lords' own immaculate house were to go for any thing beyond what was calculated to bring the house "into contempt;" their lordships two or three years ago set to work, by means of a snug committee of their own body, to ascertain—not by what quirks and punctilios, not in fact how such accumulating claims could be resisted—oh, no! but by what general principles their lordships had guided, or ought to meet such claims, to revive neglected or dormant peerages. This was all perfectly commendable. They were

appointed regularly, and Lord REDESDALE became nominated Chairman: Rumour says that the learned lord frequently if not almost always constituted the whole committee—that he was "the colonel and the regiment too!" But that must be false.

They have made several reports on this momentous subject. The second report, published in 1821, mainly related to the constitution of the legislative assemblies from the conquest down to modern times; but as it occupied well towards one thousand folio pages of solid matter, and though amidst many blunders (we beg pardon, imperfect representations! Lords never make blunders!) there were some interesting facts favorable to popular rights, we cannot pause to take further notice of that report now. On the 29th of July last, just before the prorogation of Parliament, the committee, or rather Lord Redesdale, the chairman, if not "regiment," presented a third general report "from the Lords' committee appointed to search the journals of the house, the rolls of parliament, and other records and documents, for all matters touching the dignity of a peer of the realm, &c. &c." That document is now printed for the peculiar use and edification of their lordships; and as we have been of the favored and select few who, without a title, have obtained a copy of it-and though it fills near three hundred folio pages also of solid matter, we cannot but notice one or two of its points-they are so curious, especially as they come from the Lords themselves. We are further induced to this course, because, it is doubtful whether many of our readers may ever see, even if they were disposed to read, this ponderous and OFFICIAL DOCUMENT!

For the information of our antiquarian and constitutional readers, we may premise with stating that their lordships' publication treats, FIRST, "of the decisions and resolutions of the house on claims of peerage, or generally touching rights of peerage," and it is a curious and consistent division; secondly—"What has been asserted to be the general law with respect to the nature and the origin or creation of dignities of peerage, and with respect to the succession thereto"—which shows still more consistency; and thereto, "of the origin of the dignity of a peer of the realm, and of the different degrees of that dignity, and the means by which a right to the dignity might be acquired, from the conquest till the union of England and Scotland;" in which division, occupying 200 pages, depend upon it there is neither inconsistency nor confusion!

In 1640, the House of Lords resolved "that no person that hath any honour in him, and a peer of this realm, may alien or transfer the honour to any other person," (p. 17.) and yet Feb. 7, 1673, it was allowed that "Jervis Clifton, by virtue of a writ of summons, and sitting in parliament, was a peer and a baron of the realm, and his blood ennobled; and that the honour descended from him to his only daughter and heir, and successively after several descents, (so that there must have been several marriages) to the then claimant," who was adjudged to be entitled to the barony of Clifton. This decision produced a claim by the Lord Freschville, created by letters patent (16th Charles II.) of an ancient title of honor, as the lineal heir of Ralph de Freschville of Stavely, who had summons to parliament amongst the barons of the realm, &c .- a claim founded on precisely similar grounds, except from the advantageous peculiarity that it was not derived through a "daughter;" yet such claims was rejected, because it did not appear that Ralph, or any of his descendants, had been summoned to parliament "after" the 23rd Edward I.! If there had been a summons at all, what had the "after" to do with it? But, as if it were requisite to make more clear

the force of their Lordship's resolution that "the honor of a peer of this realm could not be aliened or transferred, the Lords were afterwards compelled to allow the Earldom of Arundel, a title that devolved on the possessor of Arundel Castle, to whatever person such Castle might be "aliened" or "transferred!" Matchless consistency of principles and practice! "The dignity of the Earl of Arundel (say their lordships, Rep. p. 31.) was claimed as an immemorial IN-CIDENT to the possession, and therefore necessarily to be transferred with the castle and honor to the person to whom the castle and honor" (why repeat these words as the honor was derived by possessing the castle?) "might from time to time be transferred. The dignity must follow the castle and honor as a shadow must follow the substance." The present Duke of Norfolk is Earl of Arundel, the late Duke having (we believe) purchased the castle!

The barony of Clifton in 1673 was granted, the descent being from a daughter after several successive descents; but in 1694 Sir Richard Verney's claim to the title of Lord Broke, as cousin and next heir, deriving descent from Elizabeth, daughter of the lord who had been summoned, was refused! "Truly," observes the Report, "this decision seemed to controvert the decision in Lord Clifton's case." It did seem to do so indeed! But the Committee get out of the dilemma admirably, most admirably. Let us hear them, ye Gods! let us hear them, and wonder and admire, and admire and wonder! On our bare knees, clothed with sackcloth only, if we must have any garment at all, let us applaud the "working of events," the system that "work so well," which blesses the land with so much wisdom as this document proves heretofore to have existed in the House of Lords, and to have only been surpassed by Lord Redesdale's committee! "It probably was founded on a supposition." There is justice! behold the equity! rejecting a solemn claim to be an HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR "probably" "on a supposition that if a dignity descended to two or more co-heirs, it merged in the crown, and became extinguished, unless revived by the crown; and that the death of the other co-heir or co-heirs without issue, whereby one of the co-heirs, or the heir of such co-heir, became sole heir of the person to whom the dignity had been granted, did not, without the king's act of restoration, give a right to the person then claiming as sole heir." There! needs there any argument to prove the value of HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS! blush SPAIN!

Truly it is strange, but by means of "Magic" a reason might be discovered—to find Lord Redesdale and his committee afterwards observing "that they apprehend that in some cases the evidence admitted in support of such claims (Qu. the CASES REJECTED?) has not always been such as caution seemed to require. It may not follow that any wrong has been done; and of late years the House has been more scrupulous, &c." Aye, they are more anxious to admit the claims, and to recognize the force of preceding resolutions and decisions; and with the view of facilitating such claims, (scrupulously and cautiously of course,) not of ascertaining how they might be resisted, their lordships have had committees thus ably working.

But one word more, and that concerning the Lords, the Commons, and Mr. Canning. Their lordships in this their report are pleased to inform us, after having consulted "Journals of the House, the rolls of parliament, and other records and documents"—good authority! that "the House of Commons, in parliament," (Qu. what is a House of Commons out of parliament?) "was then considered (in the reign of Queen Anne, and before the union with Scotland) as the representative of the Third estate

of the realm of England; that is, of THE WHOLE MASS of the LAY POPULATION of the kingdom except the temporal Lords of Parliament!" Here we have something like a House of Commons; here we have a real "REPRE-SENTATIVE" of the people; here we have indeed "the People's House;" here we have what we are justified in deeming the guardians of the people's purse and the defender of their rights; a house the REPRESENTATIVE of "the WHOLE MASS of the LAY POPULATION of the kingdom." After this admission from such high, unquestioned, and unquestionable authority, it would be waste of time to revert to Mr. Canning's wild flourish at the Liverpool farewell about any such house constituting a democratic assembly, which was NEVER contemplated by the constitution, and the existence of which would subvert the constitution. The Lords have consulted evidence; and their decision must confound Mr. Canning.

A COMMONER.



THE STATUE IN HYDE PARK.

" Meruit famam Alcibiades."

Pliny.

MR. EDITOR,

Now, that the tide of folly seems to have spent itself, and to be rather on the ebb, I take the earliest opportunity of noticing the ridiculous criticisms, or rather the bad jokes (for they are undeserving of the term of criticisms) of certain newspaper writings, levelled at the noblest monument of the arts which any country in the universe can boast of.

The model, from which this statue was cast, has been

long acknowledged to be one of the finest remains of antiquity; and the estimation, in which it has been held, is fully proved by its having been attributed to the hand of Phidias, the most renowned of the Grecian masters. From the perishable nature of the materials of the original, which is of marble, the surface is materially injured, and many of the protuberant parts have been destroyed; these deficiencies have been supplied in the copy with a judgment that does infinite honour to the skill of Mr. Westmacott the artist; and we are now in possession of the most noble cast ever made, since the restoration of the art of casting in brass, by Zenodius, about 18 centuries since: prior to that æra, history affords only one instance of a work, of similar materials, of greater magnitude, the Colossus of Rhodes; and whilst, from the lapse of ages, the irruption of the Goths and Vandals, the very recent pillage of Rome (once the proud mistress of the world) by the modern banditti, the French, and, we may add too, by the culpable negligence of the Romans themselves during the reign of bigotry and superstition, the ancient monuments of art have suffered considerably, and, from the destructibility of their materials, are fast hastening to decay, I could wish to see every one of them perpetuated in this country, which would then become the proud repository of the arts, as well as the emporium of commerce and manufactures. In spite of the scoffs of illiterate barbarians, every man of sense would rejoice to witness the barren squares of this metropolis adorned with similar casts from the Farnese Hercules, the Apollo Belvidere. the Venus de Medicis, the Laocoon, &c. &c. Absurd is the idea that such exhibitions are calculated to destroy or offend female modesty; the Lucretias, Portias, Arrias, of Rome, were accustomed to behold them without that affectation of prudery, which is only a cloke for depravity; and so too may the British fair, without their causing the slightest suffusion of countenance. Where there is a purity of mind, the inspection of the noblest work of the Almighty, the human frame, imitated by the most scientific and skilful of men, will never occasion any impurity of ideas. Admiration will supercede every other sensation.

Mr. Westmacott must smile within himself at the pitiful shafts of ridicule, launched from such puny hands; and must congratulate himself, that he has deserved, nay, and received too—the thanks and approbation of every man of taste and judgment in the British empire, and handed down his name to the latest posterity.

- " Exegi monumentum ----
- "Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens,
- " Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
- " Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
- "Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
- " Vitabit Libitinam." --- HORACE,

Nothing else was wanting to disprove the insolent assertions of Winckelman, Mengs, and other foreigners, that the British people had no genius for the art of sculpture. Let us go on to multiply the specimens of our skill, and foreigners will be in time attracted to visit London, as they are now accustomed to travel to Rome, Florence, &c. to gratify their curiosity and love of science. By the by, one of the finest statues which we possess, from the hand of a British artist, (that of king James the IL) is buried in an obscure nook of the Privy Gardens, as if it were in-

tended never to be seen, and foreigners leave London under the impression that it really contains nothing of the kind worth seeing. Why not remove it to Waterloo place, or some other open situation? At the same time, it might be as well, for the credit of our taste, to have some of those leaden gilt casts in our squares, and many of those cenotaphs in St. Paul's Cathedral, which would disgrace a country church, removed any where—out of sight.

Every lover of the arts must hail the intelligence that Mr. Westmacott's skill and judgment are again about to be put in requisition, as a new dawning æra of our progressive improvement. If the public money is to be voted to erect statues to commemorate glorious national events, or to perpetuate the fame of men who have deserved well of their country, the design and execution should be committed to men of acknowledged science and abilities, in order that the works may do honor to, and not disgrace, the national taste.

BRITANNICUS.



ON TAILS.

MR. EDITOR,

On this subject a round unvarnished tale (tail) might be delivered, "for this once much disputed topic has not yet lost its interest; it is still the cause of much discussion in private families; newspaper writers try their learning to expound it, and women endeavour to settle the question in vain. Lord Monboddo has been laughed at for saying that men originally had tails as long as those of the ouran-outang; that there are human beings inhabiting the earth, nay even some distant parts of our own island possessing

tails of a much more astonishing length, has been manifested by the late visit of his majesty to Scotland. The most surprising property of these tails is, that they can be put off and on at pleasure; and they are shortened and lengthened as necessity requires. The possessors are extremely proud of these tails, and take them with them, for public exhibition, even to the capitals of civilized society! Many persons in this part of the kingdom must have felt much wonder at reading in the news-papers of daily exhibitions of this ludicrous kind even at the cross o' Enbraugh! And a certain southern baronet who was present is said to have greatly regretted that he had no tail to show, a circumstance which occasioned much merriment among the long-tailed Bashaws of the North.

The haughty demeanour which the possession of these wonderful tails has produced in many of the owners, has been the occasion of innumerable deadly feuds, for a man of this gifted order very often carries himself according to the strength of his tail; and such are the strange properties of the tail itself, that it sympathises, whether off or on, with all the motions and dictates of the head. The putting on of these tails when going to battle exhibits a scene than which nothing can be more terrific; but, as we do not mean to attempt to rival Lord Byron in his description of long tailed-warriors, "whose very beard curled with ire," we will drop the poetical metaphor, and say we mean the manner of a highland chieftain assembling his clan.

A detail of this is not, however, our intention at present. The tail of a highland chief, of whose rare qualities we have thus spoken, is then, in sober language, his clan, or following, as it is called. It may be doubted whether the strength of the various chieftans of the present day be the same as it was, in this respect, when the following

official enumeration of the clans took place, at the commencement of the 18th century.*

The three great branches of the M'Donalds, viz.

Clanranold, Glengarie, Sir Donald M'Donald of Sleat 1500 effective men; the Farquharsons, M'Intoshes, M'Phersons, including others lesser about them, 1500 effective men.

The M'Leans can bring to the field 500 effective men.

The Camerans, 500.

The Stuarts and Robertsons of Athol, 1000.

The M'Naughtons and Stuarts of Appin with M'Neil of Barra, 500.

The Drummonds, 500.

The M'Kenzies 1000.—The Frazers 500.—The M'Leods 500.—Sinclairs 500.—The M'Kays and the Highlanders of Strathnaver 500.—The Rosses of Balnagowan 500.—The Grants 500.—The Campbells of Breadalbin about 500.—The Grahams of Monteith and Stuarts of Dower 500.—The M'Neils, M'Lauchlans, M'Kinnons, M'Aulays, M'Nabs, M'Gregors, M'Gibbons, M'Echins, about 1000.

M'Pherron's original papers.

AN ADMIRER OF TAILS.



VARIETIES, ANECDOTES, BON MOTS, &c. &c.

LIKE DOCTOR, LIKE PATIENT.

A VERY eminent physician happened to be sent for one evening, after having indulged at a convivial meeting, so that by the time he had been whirled to his patient's door, he was very ill qualified to decide in a case of difficulty.

^{*} The clans are here mentioned, with at least five hundred men to a re-

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Having made shift to reach the drawing-room, and seeing a lady extended on a sofa assisted by a female attendant, he by a sort of mechanical impulse seized her hand, but finding himself utterly unable to form an opinion on the case, exclaimed, "Drunk, drunk, upon my honour." (meaning that he was so,) and immediately made the best retreat he was able. Feeling rather awkward at this adventure, he was shy in renewing his visit; however on being sent for on some occasion he took courage, and was preparing an apology, when the lady presently relieved his apprehensions, by whispering in his ear-" My dear doctor, how could you find out my case so soon the other evening? It was certainly a great proof of your skill, but pray not a word on the subject. The doctor thus added to his repute by a circumstance which might have endangered that of a less fortunate man.

A PROVOKING MISTAKE WELL REVENGED.

COUNT STOCKLEBERG was once sent on a particular embassy by the Empress Catharine of Russia into Poland. On the same occasion, Thurget was dispatched by the Emperor of Germany: both these ambassadors were strangers to each other. When the morning appointed for an audience arrived, Thurget was ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, seeing a dignified-looking man seated and attended by several Polish noblemen, who were standing most respectfully before him, the German ambassador (Thurget) concluded it was the King, and addressed him as such, with the accustomed formalities. This dignified character turned out to be Stockleberg, who received the unexpected homage with pride and silence. Soon after the King entered the presence chamber, and Thurget perceiving his mistake retired, mortified and ashamed. In the evening it so happened, that both these ambassadors were playing cards with his majesty. The German envoy threw down a card, saying, "the King of clubs." 'A mistake" said the monarch; "it is the knave." "Pardon me, Sir," exclaimed Thurget, casting a significant glance at Stockleberg; "this is the second time to day that I have mistaken a knave for a king." Stockleberg, though very prompt at repartee, bit his lips, and was silent.

LORD MATHEW AND THE GRENVILLES.

Tuis good-humoured peer was in conversation with Mr. Grant, late Secretary in Ireland. The latter, (who is a ready wit) observing on the universal reduction, said that every thing had fallen in price but the Grenvilles. Ah, said his Lordship, that is not only true but strange, considering what a heavy commodity they have long been in the market.

ADVANTAGES OF RATTING.

During the last session of parliament there was a vacancy amongst the commissioners of the Lottery office at Somerset-house. These situations are comfortable little sine-cures of £200 per annum each, and about two thirds of the Commissioners reside at a distance from London, and their duties are then performed by such of their colleagues who are on the spot, and who by such extra attendance increase their pay to about £250 per annum. The conscientious and religious Earl of Liverpool resolved that the vacancy in question should not be filled up; and a member of the house failing in his application for the place, considered himself as very ill used, and politically displayed his resentment.

Subsequently, however, to this honorable member's disappointment, his grace the Duke of Buckingham applied to the Earl of Liverpool for the commissionership, and he obtained it, the place being bestowed on a friend of the Duke's eldest son.

"So much for Buckingham."

TWO WORDS TO MR. CANNING.

An advertisement in the M. Chronicle (which paper is a good back-bone Radical Reformer, and an enlightened thick and thin eulogist of Mr. Place!) informs us that for one shilling you may buy "two words to Mr. Canning, the new minister for Foreign affairs. By an english merchant." Motto! "Abandon all friendship with despots, and make alliance only with nations." There's a motto! there's a beginning of two words! "abandon" all friendship with despots." Whoever said he had any such "friendship!" aye?

MORAL!—Peachum says to his daughter—"Why, Polly, the Captain knows his business—'Tis our's to take—every man to his business: so that there is no malice in the case."

" Two words indeed !"

THE ADDINGTONS.

THE Gazette of the 8th ult. informs us that "the King has been pleased to appoint Henry Unwin Addington, Esq. to be his Majesty's Secretary of legation to the United States of America." £2,225 per annum is received by the minister plenipotentiary, things are so dear in America. Ought not the above annunciation to have said Henry—and win, &c. For, if the name of John or Henry be only followed by Addington, it is likely to go to court and win! What comfortable times the Addingtons have, and have had, as well as and win! In some lines on "moderate men and moderate measures," produced in 1803, and attributed then and now to Mr.

GEORGE CANNING, of Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, but who intends sometimes to sleep at the Foreign office; in those lines the honest poet says,

Addington, with measur'd motion, Keep the tenour of thy way; To glory yield no rash devotion, Led by luring lights astray;

Splendid talents are deceiving,*

Tend to councils much too bold;

Moderate men we prize, believing,

All that glitters is not gold.

GRAND CHORUS.

All that glisters,
All that glisters,
All that glisters is not gold."

IMPROVED ADVERTISEMENTS.

THERE is great improvement in the style of writing the ordinary advertisements in those "fragments of history," the newspapers. Heretofore, when a partner's money only was required, the journals told us, that "a sleeping partner was wanted who could advance," and so on; but a few days ago we were told in a daily paper, on the authority of Messrs. Winter and Williams that "a dormant partner with £3,000 was wanted to join, &c." A dormant partner! how pretty, and from a Lawyer's office too!

City composition too improves rapidly. The newspapers inform the world—not the snugglers—that "J. and W. Waithman continue to give the full value (Qu. are they sold again for more than their value?) for Long and square India shawls." We undertake to present any

^{*} The author is continuing to address "Addington;" he is not speaking of himself.

one with a "long and square" number of the Magic Lantern who will show us before the next election in Common Hall an India shawl that is at once "LONG and SQUARE." Let the classical annonce be referred to the Common Council's Committee of ways and means.

Mr. Dixon, of the City Repository; is advertising a person who had run away from the Horse-repository, and in the description—not of a racer but of the man, the rogue is described as being, amongst other excellencies, "knock-kneed and loose made!" Surely Mr. D. deserves to be sent to the place where he says his servant lodged, for having trusted a "loose" fellow, namely, St. Luke's!

Mr. Sadler, in the same paper, says he has a hunter to sell that is "a fleet horse in the field!" There's for you, a racer that can run!

The same personage also has the audacity to proclaim, that he has on sale a Tilbury horse and fashionable Tilbury and harness, "forming one of the neatest equipments in London;" the horse, he adds, having been—"HUNTED the whole of the last season!" Why was not Mr. Martin's "Cruelty to Cattle Act" in existence before it passed? as Mr. M. would say.

COWPER'S DISLOYALTY.

Cowper, the poet, in his "Table Talk," has some most disloyal lines; and it is truly wonderful how Mr. Murray has contrived to hop over them. And what was Horatio about? Were he and his brother too busily engaged with their correspondence with the Beacon, to think of looking for libels in Cowper? The lines then must be pointed out to them, though they are so horrible and so false that they

absolutely make one's bair stand on-end? How could Cowper die in his bed? And did not the types start in their cases, or from the compositors' hands when they were about to give "local habitation" to what was calculated to bring into contempt what are sacred, "God's vicegerents on earth?" No! what, no! Why then there was "magic" in Cowper; but his lines must no longer escape marked reprehension. They are—read them and tremble!

"Seldom, alas! the power of logic reigns
With much sufficiency in Royal brains!
Their reas'ning falls like an inverted cone,
Wanting its proper base to stand upon.
Man made for kings! Those optics are but dim,
That tell you so—say, rather, they for him.
That were indeed a king—ennobling thought,
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.
The diadem, with mighty projects lin'd
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Is worth, with all its gold and glitt'ring store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more!"

Monstrous! monstrous!—Thus, to speak as Hamlet spoke, it would be told us "that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honest to have it thus set down; for yourself, Sir, shall grow as old as I am, if, like a crab, you would go backward." Pol. "Yet there's method in it."

THE COURT NEWSMAN.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to be in great vogue with that disinterested person and elegant writer, the Court Newsman; for the papers nearly daily inform

us, while these circulars have almost wholly omitted to mention the movements of any other Minister—that, yesterday the Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived in town from Blackheath." We marvel that he did not add that prayers were "offered up" on the occasion; and that there was to be a thanksgiving in humble acknowledgment of the providential occurrence! But why does not the learned personage sometimes inform us that "The Right Hon. George Canning yesterday came to town from Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, to transact business?" He has told, to be sure, that there is a bed fitting up for the Right Hon. Gentleman at the Foreign Office, as if so wakeful a guardian of his country's liberties ever intended "to sleep at his post!"

This classical and faithful recorder seems to consider the Exchequer-keeper of more consequence than Royalty itself—for the King absolutely went recently two or three times from Carlton Palace to "the Palace at Pimlico" without this sluggard of the fore-court ever having informed the public thereof! If he do not behave better he must be exchequered.

BETHEL UNION,

A FERTILE SOURCE OF RELIGIOUS DIS-UNION,

At a Meeting held a few days ago of the Bethel Union, the pious Admiral Lord Gambier in the Chair, the company were informed, after a prayer and a psalm in the public-house where the Meeting was held, that the Society had done what it could for them, by causing sermons to be preached at different stairs and in various chapels; and added, that a new floating-chapel, to be moored off the Tower, devoted to bargemen, &c. was in contempla-

tion for their benefit. All business being disposed of, and thanks voted to the noble lord, the meeting broke up, after another psalm and prayer, leaving a liberal contribution the doors.

Far, very far, be it from the Magic Lantern, which is destined to throw a light of truth upon mankind, to throw ridicule upon any attempts to excite or keep up a truly-religious spirit among the useful members of society .-But, at the same time, its pages are designed to expose any attempts to delude them by any fallacious or mistaken notions. We confess ourselves hostile to the wide-spreading contagion of Methodism, under any disguise, as a most dangerous innovation on the Established Church of England, and a mine that is laid to blow up all rational religion in the minds of the ignorant or uneducated. Had we any influence with the Lords of the Admiralty, we should advise that a methodistical Admiral should never be intrusted with any command affoat, but that he be superannuated, and laid upon the shelf as a yellow Admiral, when he might indulge in whatever freaks his imagination might prompt him to, without danger of spreading the Methodistical contagion among our brave seamen, who might be psalm-singing when they should be clearing the ship for action!

We are aware that the example of the round-heads, in Oliver Cromwell's days, may be quoted as an instance that soldiers may pray and sing psalms as well as fight, and that enthusiasm may render them invincible. But we may gather, from the very same example, that religious enthusiasm is like a two-edged sword or a fire-brand in the hands of a madman, which, after cutting up by the roots all those institutions which we hold most dear, may at last destroy all that we deem sacred, and terminate in direct blasphemy. As an effectual preventive of such

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heart-rending scenes as disgraced the reign of king Charles the First, need we recommend a perusal of Butler's Hudibras? Is there a man, who can read, that has not read that entertaining and instructive work? And who, that has read it, but must shudder at the horrid blasphemies of the puritanical holders forth, who talked of settling God's cause, -of informing God of the transactions of the times; of expostulating with God,-of God's doing them more mischief than all their enemies, -and of putting the Lord out of countenance-of putting him to the blush, unless they were masters of their requests! If men of sound morals and of truly-religious principles, but of weak intellects, can be brought to countenance such innovations, the time may come again when we may hear of stables turned into temples, and temples turned into stables, (as was that of St. Paul's and many more,) stalls into choirs, shop-boards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen-ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high place. We may hear (do we not hear it already?) of brewers' clerks exercising, of a tailor expounding, and of a waterman preaching? We may have cooks, instead of mincing their meats, fall upon dividing the word; tailors leaping up from the shop-board into the pulpit, and patching up sermons out of stolen shreads. (Dr. Featley's Preface to the Dipper Dipp'd, wrote in 1645, and published in 1647, p. 1.) we may have felt-makers who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral demi-castors of the world; coblers, who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle scriptures to a bristle; coachmen, who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the head-strong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overturn us. We may have weavers that can

sweetly inform us of the shuttle-swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitudes of all sublunary things, till the web of our life be cut off, and mechanics of every profession, who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion, (The Reformado precisely Charactered, by a Modern Churchwarden. p. 11.) We may have all the blessings of these good old times revived, if the propagation of Methodism goes on as it has of late; but for the improvement and amelioration of the condition of mankind, we need only refer back to the history of these good old times for a satisfactory refutation. The best method of ameliorating the condition of sea-faring people, and, indeed, of all ranks of the community, will be that of lowering taxation, improving our commerce, manufactures, and trade; rendering every necessary of life cheap, and suffering them to enjoy something of the comforts of life, for which to return thanks to the BENEFI-CENT BESTOWER of all things, but which are intercepted by the grasping iron-hand of Power.

We adore God, reverence religion, and will strain all our nerves in its support; but it must be rational religion, not fanaticism, and the extempore rant and maniacal ravings of ignorant or knavish pretenders to divine inspiration, heavenly ecstasies, new birth, &c. &c. We are sick, even to nausea, of the real madness or knavish impostures of Zinzendorf, Behmen, Whitfield, Wesley, Hill, Huntingdon, Southcott, &c.; and with whatever apathy we may view the alarming increase of Evangelical shops, or houses of God, every True Briton ought to set his face against the inoculating our sailors and soldiers with the Methodistical virus, lest, by fanaticism acting upon igno-

rance, the sword, we put into their hands to defend us against foreign enemies, may be turned against our own bosoms; another civil war ensue, and the Saints once more resume

- their reign, to send does not
- "For which they've yearn'd so long in vain;
- " And felt such bowel hankerings,
- " To see an empire all of kings:
- "Deliver'd from Egyptian awe
- "Of justice, government, and law.

Hudibras.

But justice, government, and law, are the blessings for which we pray; we mean, justice impartial, government free, and law—for the poor as well as the rich. To these we may add—religion without priestcraft, self-interest, or hypocrisy.

EXQUISITELY LOYAL SCOTCH POETRY.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

GREAT occasions call forth great talents, therefore it is no wonder that one John Mayne, that luminous star in the Scotch poetical world, and the author of the "Siller (not silly) Gun" to boot, should have left his grove to sing the praises of "their" King. The Scotch are so honest, so sincere, so disinterested! so is one John Mayne in his Poetry; mightily so! He is what the world would call "a good sort of a man"—no allusion to the silly gun; but, faith! though he claims kindred with "the land of cakes," he is no such cake as some folks might take him for. He has known what he was about; he knows what he is about; to be sure he is a Scotchman!

While our Sovereign, no, "their" Sovereign, was in "auld Reekie"—what delightful language! one John

Mayne struck up his pipes, and held forth merrily, poetically, and modestly to the tune, or rather to the words of "George the Fourth, and a' that." The Southerons, to be sure they are a base set of borderers in character, and can only speak plain English—God help them! But the Southerons do not well understand what the "cakes" mean by "and all that"—"George the Fourth, and all that." Have the words reference to the retinue—to the train of followers—or to that small piece of humanity, Sir William Curtis? It must mean something or another behind—following His Majesty;—"George the Fourth, and all that!" It is bestowing "liberal allowance;"—it must be complimenting what is near to the King:—"George the Fourth, and all that!" How dignified, how affecting!—as Lord Trinket would say, "it touches one, 'pon honour!"

But let us luxuriate through some of the stanzas. The opening is beautiful, and so frank and unaffected.

"King George the Fourth is coming down, "To see his friends in Embro-Town."

How god-like! The King is so condescending that he descends, he comes down, to see his friends; and then again how neatly was this attributed humility returned, for a great personage most truly told the folks of Embro-Town that they had reason to be proud—that there were no rags in Embro-Town—that there all the Embro-Towns' people were Ladies and Gentlemen! How the kilts and cutty-sarks must have been lifted up with joy to have heard the glorious truth!—John Mayne proceeds:—

"Whole days or e'er he reached the land,
A happy people, HAND in HAND,
Were rang'd for miles along the Strand,
Expecting HIM, and all that!
For though our Liege has kingdoms three,
And mony—"

And money! Aye; it is natural to be gratified that a friend is well off; and next that he is "coming down;" so that it was judicious in John Mayne, he belonging unto a prudent people, and having nominally at least a regard for the Mayne chance, to state that there was money! But stop—the poem on looking at it again we find says "mony." Mony! this comes of knowing only plain English or broad Spanish.

"And mony an Island in the sea,
Auld Scotland tries to bear the gree,
For Loyalty, and a' that."

Scotland's "Loyalty!" whoever questioned it? He that ever disputed her Loyalty is a base-born slave. Like the Bourbons, experience has been thrown away upon him; he has learned nothing. But it is not Loyalty only that will satisfy so obedient a people as the Scotch; they must not only have Loyalty, but they must have "Loyalty—and all that!" And, pray, Sir William Curtis, thou good-humoured, honest, and most truly-loyal contractor, and so forth; pray tell the world what is the correct and needful meaning of "Loyalty—and all that?" Since they must mean what is good, coming from that "good sort of man," John MAYNE, tell us, or we die; we want to be "LOYAL—and all that!"

They must be exquisite—of exquisite flavor, Sir William, and we are sure they are pretty beyond measure, "Loyalty—and all that" enabling a man, a loyal man, "to ring so many or mony changes," as John Mayne says.

Minstrels, and music-bells, ding dang, Play'd loyal tunes, and a' that."

"Minstrels" with ding-dang must constitute the beau ideal, as such consummation is followed by—"all that." Then

Only think what "Loyalty—and all that" will do for a people! On every (ilka) house the leddies, like "angels sweet"—aye, sweet Scotch angels of proverbially sweet "wha wants me" Embro-Town—those Scotch angels of leddies were seen perched, and not only "perched," but perched on wings, and not only perched on wings, but perched on wings "o' peace—and all that!" What will not "Loyalty" accomplish? Perfect Magic! But this could only surprise—the disloyal;—for do but hear John Mayne, and cease to wonder that the leddies of Scotch angels were "perched on wings" by the sides of the houses:

"Saluting him—and all that.

His stately form, His graceful mein,
MAJESTIC, DIGNIFIED, serene,
Increas'd the grandeur o' the scene,
And won OUR HEARTS—and all that!"

Are not such things enough to place any leddies in the world, whether they be Scotch angels or not, on the perch? To be sure they are, John Mayne; and therefore, John Mayne, you did perfectly right, and most poetically right to strike up your pipes and sing away,

"A Scotia! lund of hills and lakes!
"Land o' the brave! sweet land o' cakes! &c.

Quite right, perfectly right, John! good bye, John Mayne! thou sweetest cake of the "sweet land of CAKES!"



NEW BROOMS.

To the Editor of the Magic Lantern.

SIR,

I AM an old fashioned fellow, but, for all that, I am not prejudiced in favour of every thing that is old. I like old

[&]quot;On ilka house, frae street to street,

[&]quot;Were loddies PERCH'D, like angels sweet, On WINGS of peace, and a' that."

friends, old cheese, old wine, old October; but I am not partial to old women, although fair, fat and fifty, may be the toast of a great personage. A fair woman is well enough; a fat one puts me in mind of a Wapping Landlady; and one of fifty, though I do not pretend to deny that she may be an amusing companion, is rather past the age, to my fancy, of being a pleasurable one. I have latterly entertained a strong liking (an odd whim you will say!) for New Brooms, which, I think, would be very useful articles in many old and desperate cases, the injurious tendency of which to the constitution the rust of antiquity cannot conceal; for instance:—

When I consider how much our glorious constitution, which has weathered the storms and stood the test of ages, is overloaded and defaced by a heap of disgusting rubbish, the relicts of feudal tyranny; by cart loads of penal statutes, some obsolete, some contradictory, some nugatory, and most of them unnecessary or injurious; when I hear that the prerogative of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; that the civil list is trebled, and a large arrear of debt is outstanding, though nothing like royal state is kept up; when I feel that the nation groans under the pressure of enormous taxation, and yet hear the crown officers defending sinecurists, contractors, jobbers, placemen, and an immense standing army in the midst of profound peace; and when I observe a deaf ear turned to the cries of the people for reform and retrenchment, and then cast my eyes over the disgraceful pages of the Red Book, I cannot, for the soul of me, help exclaiming-"A New Broom would be useful here!"

When I see the Corinthian pillars struggling for place and power, not from the laudable ambition of exerting their talents for their own fame, and the welfare of their country, but for the base motive of providing for their cadets, illegitimate offspring and dependents, or presiding over music meetings, opera singers, and dancers, or degrading themselves to the rank of coachmen, jockies, or blacklegs, or flying from their distressed country, to spend the rents drawn from it in a foreign one, I cannot but help thinking that a New Broom is wanting here.

When I turn my thoughts on the House of Commons, and reflect that the representatives, who should be entirely of the people's free and unbiassed choice, are one third of them nominated by treasury and aristocratic boroughmongers; and observe with what indifference, not to say earnestness, all of them, with very few exceptions, vote away the public money in the most lavish expenditure, and set their faces against every thing like retrenchment and reform, yet most of them making ample provision for their families, friends, and dependents, out of the bankrupt public stock, I groan as I turn over the leaves of the pension list—that faithful record of their—(what shall I term it?) And exclaim "a New Broom is sadly wanting here!"

When I extend my scrutiny to the public offices, and see men filling the highest stations there, who must have owed their elevation to some baneful secret influence, or any thing but their merit; when I see the insolence of office and the supercilious smile of successful servility, assumed as a disguise to conceal ignorance and low-cunning; when I see fellows, who could not earn bread by their wits riding in their carriages, curricles, gigs, tandems, and bespattering with dirt modest merit on foot, I cry out, "here a New Broom might do infinite service in sweeping away these cobwebs!"

When I venture to peep into the Church—(tread softly—we are on consecrated ground!) and take a review of the immense revenues of the bishops and other dignita-

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ries; the high livings of the pluralists, vicars, rectors, and the starved degraded state of the hack curates; when I reflect how much money is paid, and how little is done for it; and (worse than all!) in how slovenly a manner that little is done;—I say to myself, says I—"New Brooms are more wanting in the old churches, than the laying out a million of money in building new ones!,"

When I set foot in the courts of equity and law (beware of steel-traps and spring-guns!) and hear of causes undetermined for twenty years; of the vast sums paid to counsellors, special pleaders, clerks in court, solicitors, attornies, officers of the courts, from the judge's clerk down to the tipstaves; of their town and country-houses, equipages, and the vast fortunes amassed by them, notwithstanding all their expensive mode of living;—when I hear all those things, and turn my eyes on the pining, sickly, wan, meagre, care-worn, desponding, visages and tattered clothes of their clients, I can bethink me of no other remedy than my New Brooms.

When I read complaints of agricultural distresses, and the numerous advertisements for sales of farming stock, under warrants of distress and executions; and collect from the speeches of the *independent* country gentlemen and great land-holders, that they will strain every nerve to keep up the rents of their estates to the war-establishment, that is to treble their actual value; and that there is no other mode of effecting this than by corn-bills, non-importation laws, and other artificial and unnatural means of raising the price of every necessity of life to the consumer, (poor as well as rich,) I can think of no other scheme for sweeping these *independent* devouring locusts than my New Brooms again.

When I turn my attention towards the city of London, and behold our ships rolling in the Thames, and hear the

complaints of the merchants on the Exchange, of the manufacturers in their manufactories, and of the tradesmen in their shops, that their pursuits are nearly annihilated by the pressure of the taxation, and that a commission of bankruptcy must be their last resource; when I pay a visit to the prisons, and see them thronged, even to suffocation, I cry out for my new brooms again.

Lastly, as I parade the streets, and see them infested by beggars; when I hear of eight millions annually being expended for poors' rates, and see the bloated churchwardens and overseers, and the wretched walking skeletons of the paupers; when I read in the newspapers that an overgrown capitalist has fixed eight pence per day at the maximum of allowance to a poor man out of employ I sigh and exclaim,—" Alas! poor John Bull! my new broom is, I fear, the only cure for the heart-ache!"

That the light of your Magic Lantern may dispel our darkness in season, and save the experiment of my new brooms, is the ardent wish of, Sir, your well-wisher,

B. B



PUSH-PIN ROYAL.

'Iterum tentabo.'

I will have another push for it.

Mr. Editor,

If it be true that men are but 'children of a larger growth,' as Pope writes, and every day's experience affords us ample proofs of it, we need not wonder at their childish love of gew-gaws, toys, and play-things, sticking to them through every stage of life. The globe and seep-

tre of kings is only the cup and ball, with which boys amuse themselves. Their sword is the lath dagger, and their decrees are only the ancient play of question and commands; the mock-fights of youth are the real warfare of monarchs, and as the former end with a cracked crown, or a bloody nose or two, so the latter terminate in some thousands of a side stretched out on the bed of honor. A conqueror is a mischievous quarrelsome lad, who will neither rest himself, nor let others rest in peace. The happiest parts of the reigns of David and Solomon were those during which they were engaged in playing at push-pin with their concubines, and blessed is that people whose ruler, instead of oppressing them, will divert himself with the ladies of his court at the innocent and ancient game of push-pin!

The nobility are equally attached to gew gaws in their manhood, as in their youth. Some few of them are fond of playing at soldiers; some are avaricious, and hoard up their pocket money, all their pleasure lying in adding to their pence; whilst others spend all their own money, and all they can borrow from the more saving boys. Others amuse themselves with a yard or two of red, green, or blue ribbon, tied across their shoulders as sashes, and strut about as proud of them as the 'jay in borowed plumes;' but how very few of them belong to the order of merit! Numbers of them, instead of tee-totum, balls, marbles, &c. substitute dice, cards, billiards, and other games of chance, to the ruin of themselves, and, what is worse, of many poor industrious tradesmen's families. How much more innocent, as well as rational, would it be, if they would content themselves with the harmless and fashionable game of push-pin! and it is about element an about

The legislative part of the state puts one in mind of boys playing at chuck-farthing, where the greatest sharper

is sure to pocket all the cash on the long run, whilst the deluded losers exclaim with sheepish looks-"you don't play fair." A very favorite game with them is leap-frog, or jumping over one another's heads. A sprained ancle or a broken back is sometimes the consequence. Some ride on the backs of others, and, like the old man in the Arabian Nights' tales, are very disagreeable rough riders, and very hard to be got rid of, unless power makes them intoxicated, and they tumble off. Most of them are very fond of playing with the minister at "take this"-what's this? " This is the secret service money." Indeed, they think they can never have a enough of it. In and out is also a very favourite game, in which they exert all their ingenuity, and no trick is reckoned too dirty, to put in practice to gain their ends. As a great deal of mischief, however, often ensues from their squabbles, it would be much better for the people, if they would follow the more harmless pastime of push-pin.

To the nation at large, the game of push-pin holds out the most important and solid advantages. How fond—ridiculously fond—are most men of wasting their time and money in public-houses, to the destruction of their health and happiness as well as of their property, in reading over the newspapers, and debating, and very often quarreling and tighting on the score of politics and state affairs, which they can neither make nor mend! and the consequence is that bankruptcy very often ensues. If the taxes are so oppressive; if trade be so bad; and if the times are so very hard as they are said to be, how much more pleasantly, as well as advantageously, might such men be employed at home, with their mistresses, if single, or with their wives, if married, to the prevention of many a divorce, in a sociable game at push-pin!

I have the happiness to be certain that one half, and

that the fairer half, of the creation, will side with their most humble servant in his serious recommendation of the game of push-pin. The ladies are always prepared for it, a pin-cushion being an inseparable female appendage. In single life, it would bring the two sexes more together, the general consequence of which is the conquest of the fair sex over their devotees; and then, if two lovers should be at a loss for conversation, nothing will relieve them more, or serve better to fill up the time, than a game at push-pin. How many bachelors might be wheedled into the marriage state, if a fair one could but get them once fairly drawn into a match at push-pin! How few leaders of apes would there be in-a place that it is impolite to name, if the game of push-pin were but brought more generally into use! In the married state, when a man and his wife are in the sulks, instead of black looks and angry words, how much better would it be, if they were to cool their anger over a match at push-pin! How many female reputations might be saved, if, instead of tea-table scandal, the sexes would but associate more together at that repast, and close it with a game at push-pin!

In short, Sir, push-pin deserves the epithet of a royal game better than King Charles's royal game of the goose; and I cannot but think that happy must be that nation, whose monarch will not only set the example, but will issue his royal proclamation, strictly enjoining all his loving subjects, instead of mis-pending their time in ale houses or in private scandal, to devote all their leisure hours to the royal, I should say, imperial game of push-pin.

I am, Sir, Your humble Servant,

Amen Corner. A FAIR PLAYER.

SCENE FROM THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

As acted, not in the anti-room of the COUNCIL CHAMBER. [From the variorum edition possessed by one Mr. George Cunning.]

Scene Peach'em's "Lodge."

PEACH'EM (solus) sitting at a table with LISBON (a bottle) before him, some Liverpool Farewell Speeches, and the "Anti-Jacobin."

Peach'em. (trying to keep up his spirits.) Yes, the system has worked well; but I like not the gloom of other climes, though furnished with Indian spoils, (Having hummed "the pilot that weathered the storm," he hums "through all the employments of life," eventually breaking out into clear voice:)-

"All professions berogue one another; The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, The lawyer beknaves the divine, And there's OLD BAGS, because he's so great, Thinks his trade is as honest as mine."

Heigho!-A Lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine; like me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues and for 'em.

Enter LOCKIT with a bowl of CORONATION PUNCH in his hand, and some Commissions of bankrupt dangling by his side. He approaches, singing.

When you censure the age, Lockit. Be cautious and sage, Lest our courtiers offended should be; If you mention votes or bribes, They're so pat to all the tribes, Each cries-that was level'd at me!

Pea. (aside) Ah! me. The "presiding genius of another place!" But I must be cautious. A birth at home is not to be had without him; and I do not want to be banished. I must offer some "compromise."

Lock. (Suddenly perceiving Peach'em.) Ah! I doubt the evidence of my own senses; if I did not doubt, I should say is it not Peach'em, "aye or no?"

Pea. (condescendingly) Well met! Is it not high time, good "cousin" to look about against next Sessions? "Derry" is gone—but I am here; and I am for service still, if there are any jobs to be done or glossed over.

Lock. (Looking thoughtfully and endeavouring to weep.) In this last affair, good "cousin" Peach'em, we are agreed:—He is gone, and your sincere grief I perceive. He was a mighty clean handed fellow! "Sixteen snuff-boxes" were the produce of his leisure tours. He was none of your poor, petty-larceny rascals, ah, ah! [Locket tried to laugh, as if he had pilfered some petty joke.]

Pea. (Aside) I hate this fellow; he is always for getting, as if he would have no one get but himself. He counts so.

Lock, But, Peach'em, do you consent to go halves? You shall have the chapel; let me have the hospital.

Pea. We shall never fall out about such matters. (aside.) I'll have him out soon though, or my right hand forgets its Cunning.

Lock. But how stands our old accounts?

Pca. Mention them not now. I'll "compromise;" let there be some "breathing time." The long arrear of the government was very hard upon me. Unless those who employ give me more leading employment, I promise them for the future I shall let other rogues live besides myself.

Lock. We must not suffer any thing that tends to bring

us into contempt—as if our proceedings were not reputable Though in one respect indeed our employment may be reckoned dishonest, because, like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

Pea. Such language, "cousin," any where else might turn to your prejudice, you might be challenged to the proof.

Lock. What! Mr. Peach'em—is my honour to be called in question—by you?

Pea. Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

Lock. Act dishonourably! Why did you not think of that before? But who accuses me?

Pea. You are warm, "Cousin;"-(aside) I know he is "as rich as Lucifer."

Lock. He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—and this usage—Sir—is not to be borne.

Pea. Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you that you are charged with taking quite as many fees as you are entitled to—I dont say, more—that in fact you are considered to have lined your money bags quite fast enough: and it is all information money!

Lock. Well, certain persons must be paid, or where would be our information? But ought you to use such language to me, sirrah, who have saved you from being "banished?"

Pea. You! But if I am to be banished, it shall be for laughing at you. Ha, ha! you cannot do without me: it would indeed be foreign to the system that works so well to transport me.

Lock. This hand shall make an indenture of you (throwing some GREAT SEALS at him that had been left on the table by some visiting magistrate.)

Pea. (With affected smoothness) cousin, cousin — we are both in the wrong—we shall be both losers, if we

dispute; 'tis our mutual interest, 'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I have said any thing, cousin, to the prejudice of your character, I ask your pardon.

Lock. I can forgive. (aside) I must.—Peach'em, give me your hand: suspicion does not become a friend.

Peach. You accept the "compromise;" I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself. Here is my hand.

Lock. Here's mine. (They afterwards embrace, Locket dropping several tears, while Peach'em fastens on his back a label, cautioning all people to "beware of crocodile Old Bags!") Good day! (aside.) Before you can intrigue me off, I shall be able to get a few pounds more. I love "the million."

Pea. Good day! (aside) I shall get that hypocritical old woman out. (To Lockit) Good day! Believe me your SINCERE FRIEND.

Lock. (aside) May all such friendship get into chancery, and be there well punished.

Pea. (aside) There goes " A PRESIDING GENIUS! Ha, ha!

Lock. (aside) Now there goes a hollow and a flashy knave—though he is my friend.

sired, who have sured your break being

Exeunt.

A PEEP AT THE PARSONS.

If to "shoot even folly as it flies" is no very gracious or pleasing task, how much more irksome and disagreeable must be the duty of attacking vice and folly combined, and that too in the garb and form of those whose particular duty it is themselves to be patterns of sobriety, chastity,

holiness, and virtue; but who, nevertheless, deviate from that plain and prescribed form of virtue which they hold to others, yet neglect themselves.

We know very well what danger we run in laying siege to the follies and vices of the clergy, protected as they are by the strong arm of the law, and by the remains of that public opinion which once held them up on all occasions as the apples of God's eye—the servants and ambassadors of the Lord—ministers of grace, and depositories of all spiritual blessings.

Let us, however, in the very onset, be rightly understood: we never will lend our pages to attacks on the truly modest and good—the amiable and unassuming minister of Christ, who seeks not the things of another; but having food and raiment is therewith content; seeking poverty rather than riches; bearing reproach for his master's sake with patience, meekness, and chastity, dispensing not only the word of life to the multitude, but also, as far as lies in his power, the good things of this world to those who 'stand in need; men who when reviled revile not again, who on being smitten on one cheek turn the other, who "preach not themselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and themselves our servants for his sake;" men who uniformly return good for evil, and even "count it all joy when they are called upon to suffer."

We war not with men like these; but to those of a directly opposite character, we now throw down the gauntlet. We will watch them in all their sinuous movements—we will ferret them out from their latent lurking places—we will attack them even at the altar, whenever we observe that they have themselves but little regard for the sacred edifice.

It is against the hypocrisy, the covetousness, the pride, the cupidity, the arrogance, and the wickedness of a set of wretches calling themselves ministers of religion, that we now commence and are determined to carry on hostilities. The Durham fellows may fancy that they are perfectly safe under the shelter of a recent verdict; but neither the clergy of Durham nor of any other diocese shall be screened from the animadversions of this work, whilst they render themselves obnoxious to public censure, by their private vices or their public delinquencies.

Before we descend to particulars, let us take a short view of the inducements which are held out to the clergy, generally to perform their respective duties faithfully. We will say nothing of those motives to a virtuous life which are common to all good men; nor of those spiritual encouragements and future rewards which peculiarly belong to this class of individuals; but confine our observations to those temporal rewards and emoluments which are so plentifully heaped upon the dignitaries of our national establishment, and which ought most assuredly to operate on their gratitude, at least so far as to produce in them habits of virtue, arising from sound principles of honour and religion; but which we have too much reason to know, have a very contrary effect on multitudes, both in and out of the metropolis; and whom it is our determination to drag to public light; that at least, seeing they will not be ensamples for our good, they may be examples for our abhorrence and detestation.

Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
Lights of the world, and stars of human race;
But, if eccentric, ye forsake your sphere,
Prodigious, ominous, and view'd with fear,
The comet's baleful influence is a dream;
Your's real and pernicious in th' extreme.

COWPER

There are about two thousand clergymen in England and Wales of the established religion; and about ten thousand parishes. The rectories are 5098; the vicarages 3687; the livings of other descriptions 2970; in all about 11,755. Rather more than thirty of these livings may be estimated at one thousand pounds per annum and upwards; four or five hundred at 500 pounds a-year and upwards; two thousand of them at 200 pounds a-year and upwards; and five thousand of them at 100 pounds a-year.

Queen Anne's bounty, granted in the year 1714 to augment the livings, amounts to about £13,000 per annum, clear of all deduction. The money arises from the first fruits and tenths of church livings above a certain value, which before the time of that precious head of the church and defender of the faith, our eighth Harry, used to go to the Pope of Rome.

The entire income of the church and two universities is about, £1,500,000 a-year. There are twenty-six Bishops, whose annual income, (independent of their private fortunes, (which in most cases is not very contemptible, for those who are successors, followers, and imitaters of him who "had not where to lay his head") is little short of £100,000, one way or other; for these gentry are exceedingly "wise in their day and generation," and contrive numerous ways of "laying up treasure on earth," maugre the prohibition of their Lord and Master on that point. Each of these twenty-six prelates, therefore, has on an average not much short of £3,700 per annum, supposing he had no other preferment, which, in no one instance, perhaps, is the case. There are twenty-eight deaneries and chapters, whose income is about £5000 per annum each, making together about £140,000. The income of the two universities is together about £180,000 per annum.

Oh! gentle reader, were we to ennumerate the almost endless list of offices, and officers, attached to this grand system, devised for the salvation of us Englishmen, your heart would swell with gratitude at the recital: the whole paraphernalia of archbishops, bishops, deans, chapters, archdeacons, prebends, canons, rectors, vicars, deacons, priests, curates, readers, &c. &c. &c. all invested, supported, and carried on for our benefit; and that our way to the kingdom of heaven might be made as smooth and as comfortable as possible, indeed demands our warmest admiration and grateful acknowledgments. And then only think of the fact, that, attached to the twenty-eight cathedrals, there upwards of 800 lay-officers, such as singing men, organists, vergers, &c. &c.!!

But then you will say, these good things are not fairly divided amongst the clergy; that all the bishoprics, prebendaries, deaneries, headships of colleges, and best church livings, are occupied by a smaller number, in all probability, than an eighteenth part of the whole body of the clergy; and that, to adopt the language of one of their own body, from whom we have derived many of these facts, it is curious enough that these church dignitaries, who are in possession of several thousand pounds a-year, have made laws directly contrary to the practice of St. Paul; that the inferior clergy, who are destitute of all the elegancies and many of the comforts of life, shall not be permitted to follow any other calling whereby to improve their condition!

To all this we can only reply, that, if these gentry do not divide the spoil fairly or equitably amongst them, we laymen, from whom their means of wealth, honour, and dignity, are wrung, cannot help it. These "servants of servants" have at length become our masters, and they will manage our cash as they think proper. What is it to us, that, as is openly the case, "one man, not a whit better than his brethren, shall enjoy £20,000 a-year, another £15,000, another £10,000, another £5,000, another

£3,000, another £2,000, and another £1,000!—that one shall heap living upon living, preferment upon preferment, to a vast amount, merely because he has got access—too often by mean compliances, to some great man, while his more worthy brother is in want of bread for his family?

All this, they will tell us, we have nothing to do with. Be it so; but is it nothing to us that many of our clergy, with all the inducements we have above briefly enumerated, set us such sorry examples? Indeed, indeed, they are no better than they should be!

Oh, laugh or mourn with me, the woeful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman and a fiddling priest;
He from Italian songsters takes his cue;
Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too!
He takes the field: the master of the pack
Cries, "Well done, saint!" and claps him on the back.
"Is this the path of sanctity? is this
To stand a way-mark in the road of bliss?
Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep, what wonder if they stray!"

The sacred functions, in your hands, is made
Sad sacrilege! no function, but a trade!

Progress of Error.

To hear a Bishop preach, complains one of the established clergy, is a sort of phenomenon in the country; and, speaking of the great Founder of our religion, it is properly remarked that his kingdom was not of this world; whilst the conduct of our bishops is, in a great measure, secular. His meat and drink was to do the will of Him that sent him—he literally went about doing good—he preached every where and to all descriptions of men. A genuine patriot, he was never weary of contributing to the happiness of his country. He was frequently in the temple, but never in the palace, except when dragged thither by

force. Our prelates, however, are so occupied in the great council of the nation, in dancing attendance at court, in guarding their secular emoluments from waste, in visiting the nobility and gentry of the land, and in other worldly enjoyments of every description, that they have but little time left for reading the scriptures; for private retirement, or for preaching the gospel to the poor of the flock in their respective districts. And when any of these prelatical tribe do vouchsafe, once in a way as an extreme favour, to include the people where they happen to spend a little time, they usually affect so much pomp and dignity in their manner, that little is the real good they can possibly do.

Good old Bishop Latimer's words, speaking of characters of this description, are not more quaint than strong and appropriate. "Oh," said he, "that a man might have the contemplation of hell! that the Devil would allow a man to look into hell, to see the estate of it! If one were admitted to view hell thus, and beholding it thoroughly, the Devil should say, "On yonder side are punished unpreaching prelates; I think a man should see as far as a kenning, and perceive nothing but unpreaching prelates; he might look as far as Calais, I warrant you."

Another anecdote, but not of this honest Bishop, though much in his way, is to the same effect. A learned friar in Italy, famous for his learning and preaching, was commanded to preach before the Pope at a year of Jubilee; and to be the better furnished, he repaired to Rome a good while before, to see the fashion of the conclave, to accommodate his sermon the better. When the day came on which he was to preach, having ended his prayer, he, looking a long time about, at last cried with a loud voice three times, "St. Peter was a fool!—St. Peter was a fool!—St. Peter was a fool! Which words ended, he came out of the pul-

why he so conducted himself, he answered, "surely, Holy Father, if a priest may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment; live at ease, and seldom or never preach, St. Peter was a fool who took such a hard way in travelling, in fasting, and in preaching, to go thither." The anecdote is thus related in Whiston's Memoirs of his own life. What a pity, that, with all our refinements, we have not, even to this day, been able to produce something like a reform in our ecclesiastical dignitaries: to this very hour, we repeat the painful fact, we have too many "unpreaching prelates" priests, who

For their bellies' sake. Creep, and intrude, and climb, into the folds Of other care they little reckoning make, Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast, And shove away the worthy bidden guest: Blind mouths, that scarce themselves know how to hold A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs. What reeks it them? What need they? They are sped, And when they list, their lean and flashy songs Grate on their sciannel pipes of wretched straw. The hungry sheep look on, and are not fed, But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw, Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread: Besides, what the grim wolf with privy paw Daily devours apace; and nothing said, But that two-handed engine at the door, Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

MILTON

We must for the present conclude these general remarks on the conduct of the clergy; but we have not done with them. On a future occasion, it is our intention to go a little more into detail and particulars; for we have some very flagrant instances of clerical delinquencies before us. Once more, before we end the present paper, let us beg to

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be rightly understood. It is not against the church establishment, either in her doctrines or her ritual; and still less against the few truly faithful ministers in that church that we cry out. We revere the church of England, but we abominate her worst enemies—the rapacious immoral clergy, who think they have done quite sufficient for the support of religion when they have sent a blasphemer to jail; or paid a paltry guinea to support a worse than paltry "gang," associated, not so much for the defence of the laws and religion, as to gratify their own selfish views and persecuting principles.

Neither let the "clergy" of the dissenting class think to escape our animadversions. We have an eye upon them also; and they may rely upon hearing from us in no very gentle strains. If the church of England is cursed with a Bishop Jocelyn and a Doctor Draper, the saints of methodism, have still amongst, them and that too openly, bold, daring, impudent, and popular, the infamous John Church, who yet, reeking with the stench of a two-years' imprisonment, for having indulged in the Clogherian propensities -the fuel that burnt up the two cities of Sodom and Gomorrah-still preaches or prates to very crowded congregations, amongst which are even to be found hundreds of women of all ages; and it is to be feared, of nearly all characters! These are awful signs of the times; yet so "the world goes;" and so it will continue to go, unless honest men will step forward, and endeavour to stem the torrent by boldly and fearlessly shewing "vice her own image;" and expose the very "form and texture" of iniquity wherever it dares to raise its hideous front.

Once more, bising we end the present pager, let un begins

H. E.

FOREIGN BUBBLES,

OR A PEEP INTO THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

MR. EDITOR.

As your Lantern appears to be intended to illuminate and exhibit pictures of passing objects, or scenes of real life, no objects appear to me so worthy of being placed in their true light as the animals which at present infest the Stock Exchange. But it is rather a dangerous experiment to attempt to drag either bulls or bears before the public, for the purpose of making them exhibit those tricks openly which they have hitherto only practised in private.*

These creatures are, however, become so noisy and ferocious, that the whole neighbourhood is annoyed with them; and their tricks are become so alarming and dangerous that it is absolutely necessary that a Lantern should be hung up (as at the doors of bad houses) at the entrance of the den, where these creatures devour their prey, to serve as a warning to rational beings not to venture in among such a voracious set. Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you will have no objection to lend your Lantern for this laudable purpose, at least for the present month, during which time the rage of these wild creatures may perhaps subside a little; for it is impossible they can continue long to contend with each other in the manner they have been doing for some time past. The menagerie at Exeter Change is a well-governed institution, and there is no danger to be apprehended from the Pole-cats, Lapland dogs, and African tigers that are to be seen there, because they are all carefully confined; but the Russian bears, the English bulls, the Chilian squirrels, the Peruvian foxes, and other foreign

^{*} On the Stock Exchange a buyer is called a Bull and a seller a Bear.

animals that at present infest the Stock Exchange, are become so unmanageable by those who used to keep them in awe, that they are constantly tearing each other, and all who come in their way. The other day a Spanish wolf tore a Russian calf to atoms, and nearly pulled off the ears of a German mule, before it could be secured.

This comes of introducing so many foreign animals into the very centre of the British capital. When Mr. Pitt had the management of 'Change, none of these outlandish and ravenous creatures were exhibited there. A German stallion might now and then be seen, and even an American hippopotamus sometimes ventured to raise his head; but none of your small animals from the Torrid, or your monstrous ones from the Frigid Zones, dared to mix among the herd of English bulls. But under the present manager (Mr. Vansittart) the most ravenous creatures that are to be found in Europe and America are as frequently to be met with in 'Change-alley as English ducks* formerly were; it is, however, expected that a large supply of these fowls will soon be exposed there, and that they will have some effect in stopping the farther advance of the foreign animals which has been prodigiously rapid during the last three months. The noise and depredations made by the Spanish wolves, for the last few days, have been so alarming, that no other species of creatures dared peep out of their holes except the Peruvian foxes, whose cunning was the only barrier that could be opposed to these ferocious and devouring creatures. It has, however, been proposed at a meeting of our indigenous animals, again to propose a scheme for importing South-Sea whales, to prevent the farther advance of the minor animals that make such a

noise at present in the heart of this populous city, to the great danger and no small annoyance of his Majesty's liege subjects. In order to accomplish this patriotic scheme, books are to be opened at the office of John Bull and Co. on the 3rd of November, and continue open for twelve days, after which no opportunity can be had of embarking capital in this exotic scheme, which is expected to be as productive of important effects as the one upon which it is to be modelled, namely the memorable scheme formed in the year 1720, commonly called the South-Sea Scheme.*

Another scheme has just been made known to the public by Bear, Lameduck, and Co. which has the appearance of being still more advantageous to subscribers. This is to fit out a squadron of Steam boats to cruise in the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of seizing all the mermaids which shall have the audacity to show their heads above water, and for bringing them to this country for public exhibition! One of the partners in the house of the said Bear, Lameduck, and Co. yesterday told those who had already come forward to subscribe to the above scheme, that, if one mermaid were got safe home, whether dead or alive, he would guarantee to the subscribers much better dividends than could ever be obtained by investing in any kind of British stock that could be named.

Now, Mr. Editor, here are opportunities for those who wish to invest capital in foreign funds: you know the South-Sea is as distant as Peru, Chili, or even Patagonia; and as much gold may be invested or sunk in it as in the rivers of Amazon, Oronoko, or La Plata, which flows through these

^{*}The person who refuses or is unable to pay his losses on Time bargains is called a Lame Duck, in the language of the Stock Exchange.

^{*} Or rather the South Sea bubble, which had the effect of ruining most of those who were so foolish as to embark their capital in it.

countries; and as the great object at the present moment is to invest in any schemes which has the effect of carrying the superfluous gold out of the country, no scheme can answer his purpose better than to subscribe to the loan now forming for enabling Bull and Co. to import South Sea whales! or the more rational one of Bear, Lameduck, and Co. of importing mermaids!

An Admirer of Mermaids.



THEATRICAL NOTICES.

[WRITTEN BY "A GENIUS OF THE LAMP."]

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Oct. 1.—This house opened for the season; but as far as the company is concerned under rather unfavorable auspices. The proprietors, or "committee of management" (Drury made us sick of all committees in theatrical concerns!) are exhibiting just the opposite of what used to characterize the conduct of this Theatre. Heretofore there was boundless extravagance, which was accompanied by its general companion, neglect of those needful precautions that are as requisite as they are profitable where money is concerned. After the re-modelling of the management, it is stated that there was a complete "sweep," in the several departments of the Theatre, particularly amongst the money and check takers, &c.; and to all appearance this was rather wanted, as some of the aforesaid respectable personages were riding about in their chaises,

keeping their country houses, buying farms, and pursuing many other freaks that usually distinguish men of substance. Some of them had offers of births under the new system; but they belonged to your true "legitimates;" they saw that change was ruin to them, therefore those humble individuals preferred retirements to their country mansions. Their absence may be no loss to the Theatre, for the "Road to Ruin" had perhaps been performed oftener than was profitable to the treasury; but there have been some changes-perhaps the "committee of safety" call them rehearsals of the "School of Reform"-which we fear will be of as serious consequence to the treasury as were the alledged tricks of the money-takers, &c. The company is minus several of their most distinguished performers in Tragedy, Comedy, and Opera-a diminution that is said to result from the adoption of a very, very frugal system. Viewed abstractedly, any frugal system merits applause; but in its pursuit there may be such a thing as becoming "penny-wise." Enormous salaries had long been encouraged; extravagant management found its willing votaries; and the management of Covent Garden Theatre appeared first amongst the foremost in acting upon the anti-frugal system. Performers were bought-up as it were; a sort of financial warfare seemed to be in active operation to destroy the rival house; and some imagine that such warfare was carried on till this Theatre found itself somewhat in the situation of a certain great country. which made warfare on the finances of another nation that was then declared to be "on the brink, nay, in the very gulph of bankruptcy," till the agressors became more hampered with debt and financial difficulties than marked the power sought to be subdued. And if this be so, how just is the retribution! how worthily is the "poisoned chalice" returned! But whether it be so or not, how miserable seems the policy of that concern to squabble about some few salaries, when it had run such a long career of high salaries and "buying-up;" and when its own system was about to be brought into the field by that rival concern which was to be played down, and which was to be destroyed by assaults on the treasury chests! Hitherto this Theatre has had dreadful "houses;" so much for the working of the frugal system; and such a "beggarly account of empty boxes" has there been, that, if there were any chance of the continuance of such a state of things, the "committee" might as well send the dress-boxes after the dismissed basket! Heretofore they have been wofully attended, or rather neglected; so much so, that to look at them has the same effect which a Frenchman once described to us on viewing "a winter piece," "it véritablement make de body to freeze!"

Oct. 2 .- "Speed the Plough." Mr. Evans, from the Bath Theatre, made his first appearance as Farmer Ashfield. He has since played other characters, previously sustained by the late Mr. Emery, such as Dandie Dimmont in "Guy Mannering;" so that we may view him as having been engaged expressly to supply the great loss occasioned by the death of Mr. Emery, whose peculiar powers enabled him to make so many characters "his own." Mr. Evans, however, is unfit for a tythe part of such task, though such incapacity may be deemed as no proof of want of ability; but Mr. Evans has not shewn the capability of powerfully delineating Yorkshire or country characters-he certainly fails more as contrasted with his predecessor. Much may not be thought about the dialect of country characters, so long as it does not belong to Bowbells, auld Reekie, or that amiable spot the Emerald Isle; yet it would be no defect if some northern provincial dialect could be somewhat distinctly traced in the performer's tones. This was a great excellence in Mr. Emery; but it perhaps was inferior to the characteristic merits distinguishable in the round shoulders, truly Yorkshire countenance and gait, and mind, as it were, of the countrymen represented. Mr. Knight, for instance, gives a miniature likeness of a countryman; however, when he assumes the rustic garb, he is ever Jerry Blossom, and nothing but Jerry Blossom; yet, though it be a small likeness, it is active and agreeable for the moment. Mr. Emery had variety; there was body in his performances; but with Mr. Evans there are little more than heavy outlines. However accurate may be his notions of the characters represented, his resources of delineation are limited and dull.

Oct. 8 .- " The Jealous Wife." The representation of this comedy introduced Miss Chester as Mrs. Oakley; not the Miss Chester, a daughter (we believe) of a late " Master of the ceremonies," Sir R. Chester, and lately married to the Earl of Liverpool; -but Miss Chester, if we mistake not, formerly of Drury Lane Theatre, under the patronage of Mr. CALCRAFT, M. P. for Wearham. But come from where she may, or by whomsoever patronized, Miss Chester certainly possesses decidedly superior personal advantages for the stage; -a fine tall figure-a handsome face, with rather prominent features, and an imposing countenance, and, in general, graceful action, with complete self-command. The lower or ordinary tones of her voice are well enough; but it is not a voice of extent and strength, and it is managed injudiciously. If raised beyoud the usual key, to give increased force to striking or energetic portions of the performance, its power failed. It became rough and broken, and fell harshly on the ear. Her performance in the earlier scenes was promising and effective; but in the latter acts it was too violent for genteel comedy, and rather too stormy for any place-except

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home, where even otherwise excellent wives sometimes obey the whims of capricious tempers somewhat too closely .- Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE (the playhouse " leader" of this season, most theatres have their "leaders" now) was Mr. Oakley. Its fault was that it was too close a copy of nature; "it was the hen-pecked husband" to the life; if he had rehearsed it daily for years he could not have given a closer copy. Even the hair of his head seemed to have paid willing obedience to its hapless lord, and to have shared in these conflicts (matrimonial) which it is to be hoped have existence only in the ill-natured pages of cynics, or in the stories of those excellent persons doomed by fate to "single blessedness," and terrible occupation in t'other world. The forehead was partially bare; and the straggling portions of hair that remained seemed left as sad mementos of "breezes" which had committed many a " rape of the lock,"

The dressing of the character was as bad as the acting of it; for it was not Jerry Sneak or the suppliant Maworm gratefully eulogizing the kind services and productive prayers of Dr. Cantwell that Mr. C. Kemble had to personate; it was Mr. Oakley, the leading character in a genteel comedy, not the hen-pecked production of a farce. It was Mr. C. Kemble's general failing rather to "overstep the modesty of nature;" here he was more indiscreet than usual:—it was not a step, it was a jump."*

Oct. 10 .- Venice Preserved, (not "Venus pickled," as the Frenchman translated it.) This performance brought forward Miss Lacy from Dublin, and the daughter of the Dublin Patentee; so that we presume her Belvidera is to be deemed a sort of Patent Performance. But whatever prescriptive excellencies belonged to the performance, or whatever "genuine applause" the Patent exertions called forth, we were not aroused by the magic terror of the scene, nor had we occasion to copy a Paris critic, on a memorable occasion, to raise an umbrella to protect us from the "showers of tears." This was the bombast of a people always running into extremes; but we nevertheless have little hope of that performance which did not require one handkerchief to be raised, which did not call forth one sympathetic tear! It was cold, as far as real passion was concerned; it was without soul, without feeling. Miss O'Neil made the blood thrill in one's veins, and brought tears into the sternest eyes. Speech seemed to have its organs abstracted; and the heart beat for the woes of Belvidera. And she who cannot accomplish some of these thingwe do not insist that every tragic actress shall be absolutely a Miss O'Neill-the actress that cannot achieve some of these excellences is not likely to become a "leader," whatever Patent of priority may be possessed, and whatever shouts of "genuine applause" may be thundered forth-by the play bills, till the compositors' cases and the printers' presses tremble with sounds. If the performance were of the first order, or of sterling promise, and received with such words of "genuine applause," how comes it that the performance after its close was not announced for repetition, especially as "a genuine applauder" in the Pit vainly endeavoured to rally the party by exclaiming "Miss Lacy!" when Mr. Egerton appeared to give out other performances?

Oct. 19.—"The Beggars' Opera." Miss Paton, a songstress of rich voice, great taste, much science, and youth in her favor, was transplanted from the Haymarket to "Covent Garden, appearing as Polly; but as her powers are known to the public, particularly in this character, we need not add "perfume to the violet."

Oct. 22.-Miss Chester, who succeeded so promisingly a

^{*} It is due to Mr. C. KEMBLE and to truth, from which, in whatever view we may write, we shall not wilfully swerve very far, to state that on the repetition of this comedy, on the 16th, the character of Mr. Oakley was dressed and acted in a different and an improved manner: indeed it would have puzzled a respectable actor like Mr. K. to make any change without change being for the better. There was no longer the outré dress, and farcically over-done demeanor, nor the ridiculous wig nor arrangement of the hair; the performer had proceeded in his dressing room, and he forgot not the sentiment when on the stage, as if he were to play the Gentleman in "genteel Comedy."

Mrs. Oakley in the "Jealous Wife," appeared as Violante in "The Wonder;" and the elegant sprightliness of her general demeanour, with the effective manner of delineating fondness for Felix, and wounded pride at his unjust and torturing suspicions, rendered her Violante a "rare" and dignified specimen of genteel Comedy.—We hardly know what or rather who is come to Mr. C. Kemble. If his "dresser" be in fault, we wish he would discharge the bungling fellow; if his own taste be the offender, for his own sake we should be glad if he would correct it with all convenient haste. The neck-dress and the head-dress were monstrously frightful; to particularize regarding the latter, the hair was matted so as almost entirely to cover the forehead—it came down nearly to the eye-brows. Thus beneath the eye brows the audience were indulged with what was made a conspicuously long face. Surely this could not be deemed to be in good taste.

Rather miserable houses still, in spite of the splendid blow-up of Ali Pacha!

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Oct. 16 .- "OLD DRURY" opened with a new title, which evinced no novelty where Mr. Elliston's taste is concerned; he has christened it (there was neither wine, punch-PETER MOORE not being on the committee - nor brandy and water "engaged!") the "New Theatre Royal Drury Lane." However, in many respects it may merit the title. First, the house is greatly improved and is really clean; that is new. Secondly, the Pit and the Boxes have been genteelly crowded; that is new. Thirdly, we can keep ourselves warm in the Theatre, and absolutely "see and hear" what is going forward on the stage without the assistance of a day and night telescope; very new. Fourthly, according to what has been exhibited and what is promised in the bills, there is likely to be a decent, we mean of course, a good company; wonderfully new! Fifthly, by means of looking-glass that is placed all round the saloon in modest imitation of various virtuous apartments in the Palais Royale, you may behold the filles with a double appearance; prodigiously new! Sixthly, Mr. Elliston, at the opening of "old and new" Drury, gave a most promisingly sober version of that amiable Libertine Charles Surface, in whose estimation "JUSTICE is a hobbling old hag;" but in sober truth, as such things may be, what is there "old or new" about this? Seventhly—why however need we level "thirty-nine articles" at old and new Drury's monarch, since he is no Saint? Surely that is something new!

With respect to the gorgeous splendor of the house, the bald outlines of sketches from Shakespeare in front of the dress-boxes. of which so much has been said and so little can be seen; the hide-and-go-seek slit in the centre of the new-drop curtain, the snug and dark family-boxes behind the dress-boxes, the gloomy vaulted avenues in the rear of the first and second circles of boxes, (the saloon folks could best describe these places, and the commodious passage between the slips and under the gallery!) and generally concerning and touching other fancy alterations, improvements, and conveniences, we have no occasion to say one word about, because the literary and un-literary gazettes; the monitors that do any thing but "teach by example," and the papers, with news and without news, have said nearly enough to satisfy all moderate people, whether they be managers, players, architects, critics, or literary murderers, yclept "killers of time." We could say a good deal-of course; we then should have to write a good deal-also of course; and in such case we should have had a good deal to say and write IN PRAISE-likewise, we are happy to add, of COURSE. But our precursors, and, of course, our betters, have kindly cleared the way for us, so that with regard to the extra-judicial circumstances connected with the opening of "new and old" Drury, we may dismiss this portion of our labour with praising the occasional address, and applauding Mr. Terry's able and manly manner of delineating it.

The operations of the company as yet, though many of them are of special note, do not require any very special notice;—the "roving stars' are good stars, some of them large enough for planets, and will shed no twinkling light, except managerial clouds obstruct their brilliancy; but hereto we are spared the trouble of minute description, because, though they are rather new to new Drury, they are not new to our hemisphere. The metropolitan public in particular know them well; and if WE were a METROPOLITAN, they

house on this and some subsequent evening has been tolerably well attended, fears of cold, smells of paint, &c. having, we suppose, evaporated.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank T. G. for his "sketch respecting LORD and Lady Portsmouth; but as the business is likely to occupy the attention of the bar, perhaps the worthy personages thereof would consider us as intermeddling with their disinterested pursuits if we were to give it publicity at present. Some of the facts mentioned are indeed astonishing; as "legitimates" we would say, incredible; and T. G. (we know) is in gross error, and shows we fear hostility that deserves horsewhipping, when he declares that THE lady, besides being the daughter of one of Lord P.'s Trustees, used to extend personal chastisement to a "Peer of the Realm," when the parties resided at Fair-Lawn House, Turnham Green. This is mere calumny; envy towards the superior classes of cultivated Society." Shocking!

S. J. indeed makes us sigh; but why should he have put "faith in Princes?"

Will old Log, if "the times be not out of joint," " AU-THENTICATE" his communication; we must have his name "in secret." We cannot quarrel with the mode of bailing bulls at Bethnal Green, nor complain of the cruelty of carrying about French dogs for sale, unless the articles be "properly authenticated."

We agree with Archy that it is dreadful news for the world-as well as for Lord Do-some-more, (if possible)that the press totters, and yea that "the great globe itself is likely to be swallowed up, and that too by a commonno, an uncommon traveller!

LUMLEY ST. GEORGE is not within our "rules."

A COMMONER will perceive that we have attended to his favor. It is of increased value, as it called the public

should have "the benefit of clergy." With true metropolitan spirit, we of course mean the elect, because to those who have not been "called," who were not saved before we arrived, how can we extend to them any indulgences? By the faith, impossible! If at the end of our number, towards the conclusion of our periodical labours, we retire, from more importants occupations, to the Theatres for relaxation, is it to be supposed that we can afford to display our fashionably critical acumen by praising those who never had praise before? By every faith, impossible! We need not name the TERRYS, the Youngs, the LISTONS, the BRA-HAMS, the STEPHENS; but as they are up, as they could do without us, in the spirit of true Christian charity we shall condescend to take them by the hand! As to some other poor devils, even if they were " no more"-they are nothing now! How could we in Christian charity accommodate them with "Christian burial?" But as they are down, and never have been up, how can individuals, who are enlightened by " the spirit of the age," not the spirit of the stage, think of taking them by the hand? By every faith that ever was or ever will be, impossible!

The opening play was SHERIDAN's-the School for Scandal; that of the second night Shakespeare's Hamlet.

P. S. To aid our critical remarks, we must quote the M. Herald, (Oct. 9) :- Capt. T. O'Cutter and Charles Oakley have little to do; but that little was made a good deal of!" There, " Capt. O'Cutter."

P.S. The Times informs us (Oct. 9) that Mrs. Gibbs was, in every requisite, the Lady Freelove of the Author:- The play is Coleman's .- N. B. We have observed only one Latin quotation in this Journal's Theatrical criticisms during the last six days. Then there is some hope! No. No! why? Because French is brought from English; yet the assistance was wanted, we presume. Exquisitely amusing in an anti-Buonapartean Journal.

Oct. 22 .- MUNDEN returned to his duty, and appeared as Old Dornton, in the Road to Ruin .- After the opening-night, and till this evening, the fashionable company appeared to be rather shy of the boxes. We need say nothing of the saloon; but the

attention to an important official document. But what will Mr. Canning say to it? He cannot now treat the lords, spiritual and temporal, with gibes; though he says he has nothing to do with "interpretation," and never had!! He forsooth is for "argument;" he has it with the lords, and judgment too!

We should be glad to hear more from Bath of Namby Pamby Horace Twiss's marriage. It is almost as good a story as that about the young lady who escaped from a Mrs. T's boarding school in our correspondent's city, and who was said to have accompanied the servant to a fair about midnight, and to have danced with a black man! Poh!

FILCH'S story about one THEODORE and John Bull we care nothing about, though we thank the writer for his good intentions. Libertine Johnny is now becoming debilitated. He is more silly than ever; his day is gone by. The writer's episodes about the penchant for GOLD SNUFF BOXES, silk handkerchiefs, &c. had better be mentioned to Sir Richard Birnie; he is a good judge in such matters.

FRIZ's notice of the LORD MAYOR's dinners is too spare a dish; we cannot stomach it.

DRAB is rather severe on Madam Vestris—on her performances we mean;—we must do, as other critical gentlemen have done—let her pass. Why does our correspondent enclose a view of Lowther Hall?

Modestus is wrong in supposing that Eve could have had any thing to do with such an "affair" as has been stuck up in Hyde Park—yet it may be not worthy of A-DAM.

College St. George is not willing our Proless

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