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NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

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From Fraser's Magazine. PROGRESS OF EVENING. From yonder wood mark blue-eyed eye proceed: First thro' the deep and warm and secret glens, Tho' the pale-glimmering private-scented lane, And thro' those alders by the river side: Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep Have hallow'd out beneath their hawthorn shade. But ah! look yonder! see a misty tide Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove, Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides Until they sink and melt away like chalk; Now it comes down against our village-tower, Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears The clinging ivy from the battlements, Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone, All one vast ocean! and goes swelling on In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

LITERARY.

From the Athenæum. SOME REMARKS ON THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE, And on the traditions of his Biographers. PROFESSOR PORSON'S opinion of Shakspeare was, that of all writers, ancient or modern, there was not one whose genius was to be compared to his, except, perhaps, Homer—of whom, when and where he was born, or whether he was the sole author of the immortal poems attributed to him, are still points of controversy. Of Shakspeare, who lived at an interval of nearly three thousand years, it is remarkable that of his personal history almost as little is known. Rowe, his first biographer, says the character of Shakspeare is best seen in his writings. This is true of his genius; but his individual character, or even the bias of his mind to particular opinions, will be there sought for in vain; and none have been transmitted to us by his contemporaries, except scanty generalities by Ben Jonson, and individual remarks by Hemminge and Cordall, in the preface to their edition of his plays. John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, is variously represented; whether he was a glover, a butcher, or a dealer in wool, or all by turns, is very doubtful; and whether he was a ruined tradesman in the year 1586, and so destitute that when a distress was issued to seize his goods, he had no goods to seize, seems not to be more certain, although apparently supported upon documentary evidence. One fact, not sufficiently noticed, clouds this statement with suspicion; he died in the year 1601, and in 1596 he memorialized the Earl Marshall for a grant of arms, and had the grant allowed in 1599, when the fees of office were then, as to the relative value of money, the same as they are now, and could not have been obtained at a less expense than what would have been equivalent to fifty pounds of our money, exclusive of the present stamp duty. On the coat of arms itself, as regards the respectability of Mr John Shakspeare, it is also to be remarked that he had a motto assigned to him, "Non sum droict," "I am not French, and a falcon displayed for a crest, which in the reign of Elizabeth, indicated some rank as a gentleman. I pass over the statement in the memorial in the Herald's College, that his great-grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to Henry VI. was rewarded with a grant of lands and tenements; as those who contend for the inferiority of his birth and station, consider that as a mere fiction of office; which is rejecting written and contemporaneous testimony for conjecture beyond the ordinary bounds of credence.

All the facts known of Shakspeare, from contemporary authority, are—"He was honest, and of an open and free nature, and an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions;" and "that his mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that he scarce ever made a blot in his papers." This is all we know of his personal history, except what can be gleaned from Parish Registers. He was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, April 23, 1564, and married a farmer's daughter, whose name was Anne Hathaway, when he was little more than 18 years old, and had three children, two daughters and a son. He left Stratford and went to London, where he became a player and wrote for the stage; and, after acquiring a small independence, he retired to Stratford, and died there in 1616, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of his birth. Of his three children, his two youngest, a son and a daughter, were twins; the son died in his youth. The eldest daughter, whose name was Susanna, married a Dr. Hall, and died in 1649, leaving one daughter, born in February 1608. His youngest daughter, Judith, married a Mr. Quiney, by whom she had three sons, all of whom died before her mother, leaving no issue. She died in 1662. The only daughter of Mrs. Su-

sanna Hall, whose name was Elizabeth, was twice married, first to a person of the name of Nashe, and after his death to a Sir John Barnard, but left no issue by either husband; and upon her death which happened in February, 1670, Shakspeare's descendants became extinct. All these persons, together with Mrs Hart, Shakspeare's sister, who lived 30 years after him, were capable of giving some details of his individual habits and character, but not one word is recorded on their authority; and Rowe, who first wrote his life at nearly a century after his death, has quoted none of them for any of his facts. Betterton, who was born nineteen years after Shakspeare's death, is referred to by him as the authority "for the most considerable of the passages relating to his life." But we have no evidence that Betterton ever received any account of him from his descendants; on the contrary, the probability is that he never did, or Rowe would have stated that fact, to give weight and authenticity to vague and improbable tales. Betterton appears to have been the Garrick of his day, and doubtless heard the current stories of his time; but story-telling, and even conversation, as my Lord Coke says, is slippery and uncertain, and no reliance can be placed on such authority. The stories of deer-stealing, and of his leaving Stratford to avoid a criminal prosecution, or persecution, (for it is doubtful which) or of his holding horses at the door of the theatre for subsistence, if not mere fables, are unworthy of credit. A controversy has been sustained among literary men, whether Ben Jonson was unenvied of Shakspeare's superior genius; Malone says "he persecuted his memory with clumsy sarcasm and was ungenerous of Shakspeare's superior genius; Malone says "he persecuted his memory with clumsy sarcasm and restless malignity;" while Mr. Gifford contends that he was wholly without envy; and facts are adduced to support their respective opinions. This, however, seems to be clear on Ben Jonson's own showing, that the players had a greater admiration of Shakspeare than he had, and that they thought him not entirely free from a disposition to undervalue his genius; for when he said he wished Shakspeare had blotted out a thousand lines, Ben Jonson says, "they thought it a malevolent speech." And when he relates a ridiculous observation of Shakspeare's, he says, "there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned;" which betrays a frigid feeling. And his recording, for the information of posterity, that he had small Latin and less Greek, seems not to bespeak that warmth which professes "to honour his memory as much as any on this side idolatry."

prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen. She made no reply. Unresistingly she allowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlour. I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surrounded by an open forehead, sufficiently high and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; while an upper and an under lip, where the master-line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose, that must once have grown there, was on it. Sorrow had plucked the flower—had taken it up by the roots. Though she wore her gown high at the neck, and her sleeves reached to her wrists, yet I could see that she was finely formed. She appeared to be an inch or two above the middle height; and a slight elevation of the skirt of her gown, as she endeavoured to disengage her handkerchief from her pocket, in order to wipe her brow, which I saw, was moist with agitation, discovered to be a small, well formed foot, and a delicately turned ankle. From such a combination of personal requisites, it was impossible not to infer a mind and a heart. Indeed, the whole demeanour of the poor girl bore testimony of their presence. She entered my parlour as though she had no right to be there. I handed her a seat, but she remained standing; and when I desired her to take it, she scarce occupied a third of the chair. The light seemed intolerable to her; but what I perceived distressed her most, was the presence of my servant. "Mary," said I, addressing the latter, "this is a young friend of mine, whom I have unexpectedly lighted upon, and find in unfortunate circumstances. You shall take care of her for me until I can restore her to her connexions." At this the girl slightly raised her head; I could not see the direction of her eye, but I guessed it. "She will occupy my room, and I shall sleep out. Make her as comfortable as if she were your master's relation." What a look she cast upon me here.—It went to my soul. I bade her good evening, and that night she laid her cheek upon an innocent pillow in my bed; and I took a bed at a friend's. The next morning I saw her again. There was the same uneasy and reserved demeanour as on the preceding evening. She looked but once at me, and that was when I entered the room; but that once was enough.—She was grateful, though she did not say so. I inquired how she had slept? "Well," if the servant had made her comfortable? "Yes," if she regretted the step which she had taken? "No," if she preserved in her wish to go into the Magdalen? "Yes." After some time I asked her if her parents were alive? She was silent. I repeated the question.—She was silent still. After a pause I repeated it again.—She burst into tears. I felt distressed for her and vexed with myself. "I am sorry," I remarked, "that I inquired after your parents; I fear they are dead." "Well for them if they are dead," she exclaimed.—"Well for them if they are! Alas! that their child should say it!"—their girl to whom they gave life, and for the sake of whom they were well for them they had never been born, for she has brought sorrow and shame upon them!" I never witnessed any thing half so piteous, as the agony with which she uttered this. "Twas thrilling, and I felt too much affected to speak; besides I thought it best to leave her to her self. Her heart had been oppressed almost to bursting with the feelings which my question had awakened in it; nature had suggested to her the way to ease it; she had given vent to what was labouring within it; and the gush, if left to itself, would keep on. I was not mistaken. "I would have been nothing, Sir, she resumed, "had they been unkind to me—had they loved me, Sir—I was their only child—the dearest to them for that. Happy fell them they had never seen my face! This care they took of me! The pains they bestowed upon me! The sufferings they underwent for me! For two whole months I was once confined to my bed; and night or morning never did I open my eyes, but the one or the other of them was watching beside me! And their thankfulness, when I recovered, that Heaven had restored their child to them—to break their hearts!" She started up. "I'll go back to the street again!" she exclaimed, "I ought not to be allowed to repeat!—Repentance is a blessing; a wretch like me should not taste of it! I'll quit this roof, where I have no business to remain! The roof that is fit for me is that under which vice and infamy are received, and, cursing themselves, take shelter!" "Stop," said I, "sit down and compose yourself. Just now you know not what you are about. Compose yourself and then remain or go as you please; but sit down for the present." She resumed her seat. "One to whom the sense of error seems so intolerable, could ever have been a willing trespasser." She appeared all all once to recover her self-collectedness. She turned full round, and fixing upon me a look, which demanded credit for the truth of what she was going to say, "I was not a willing trespasser, Sir," she exclaimed. "Will you hear my story? Few words will suffice to tell it."

THE MAGDALEN. BY A MODERN DRAMATIST. UNDER certain circumstances there is always a danger in a young man's playing the benefactor towards the other sex, in his own person. A thousand times better to do it by a second hand—engage the services of some kind aunt or female cousin. You cannot extend protection without taking an interest in the object whom you benefit, and there is no telling where the interest which we take in a woman—how slight soever it may seem to be at first—may terminate. Many a man who has entered upon a speculation of the kind, perfectly free, has presently found himself embarrassed by entanglement, beyond the possibility of voluntary extrication. But this is not one half of the question, and the more important half. If in such a case there is danger to you, there is another who stands in still more imminent peril; a being, in whose heart, gratitude, like every other virtue, when once it takes root, grows strong; and, where the more tender affections have not been previously excited, not unfrequently undergoes transmutation, and changes into love—a result, with a rather remarkable illustration of which I am about to present you.

Returning from a party one night about eleven o'clock, in the autumn of 1610, an unfortunate female accosted me. In reply to a remark which I made, declining her company, she uttered a sentiment which would have done credit to one who had never forsaken virtue. I was struck by it. "A pity," said I, "that a woman who feels as you do, should follow an occupation so degrading! In reply, she told me it was necessary; that she was unhappy; that she would give worlds to be rescued from her present mode of life. I perceived at once that she was a girl that had received an education, and her manner convinced me that she spoke from her heart. The idea of the Magdalen Hospital occurred to me. I asked her if she would avail herself of the refuge which that institution offered to persons of her description. She declared her readiness to do so; and to put her sincerity to the proof, I proposed that she should instantly abandon her present abode and take up her residence in mine; where I would place her under the care of a prudent and kind old woman who waited upon me. She looked up inquiringly in my face; and, for a couple of minutes, at least, neither of us spoke a word. "Are you serious, Sir?" she at length exclaimed. I felt that I had acted rashly; but something

prevented me from profiting by the opening which her question afforded me for retraction. "Yes," said I, "my girl, my roof shall shelter you till you can be admitted into the Magdalen. She made no reply. Unresistingly she allowed me to draw her arm within mine—it was the least suspicious way of walking with her—and in a quarter of an hour she was sitting in my parlour. I had now leisure and opportunity to observe her. She was an uncommonly beautiful creature. Her eyes were full, and of a deep blue; her eyebrows, two unbroken regular arches, surrounded by an open forehead, sufficiently high and remarkably smooth and fair. Her face was a perfect oval; with a nose, somewhat between the Grecian and aquiline; while an upper and an under lip, where the master-line of the artist waved convincingly, composed a mouth of exceeding delicacy and expression. Her cheek was full of softness; but not a trace of the rose, that must once have grown there, was on it. 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fellows used not often to visit me, yet I was frequently invited to their homes; while, owing the humble station and homely manners of my family, I always went alone. Ah, Sir! A young girl just entering upon life has need of a parent's eye upon her. My parents were flattered by my being admitted into society so much above me, and always, on my return, inquired what gentleman had paid attention to me; for it constantly ran in their heads that I should marry a man of rank or fortune. This was my aspiring—Good souls! it was only to love for me. Well, Sir; attentions I could not receive from gentlemen; but there was one who was particularly assiduous in his civilities. He used to make a point of seeing me home. He always contrived to find out what parties I was invited to, and if he happened not to be one of all company, he was nevertheless sure to be for me when it was time to break up. I professed a passion for me, but for certain reasons, which he told me I should learn hereafter, he begged that I would keep his addresses a secret, and I did so. Oh, Sir! Young creatures are fools to keep such things a secret; especially from those who they know, sincerely love them. Had I confided in my parents, I might—

Here she could not go on for weeping. Presently, however, she proceeded, "I can not relate the circumstances, Sir.—He was not a villain!—He was a coward!—Oh, that my body had been only as strong as my heart! He ought not to have lived, Sir! But shame is sometimes more powerful than revenge,—I durst not tell the tale,—I durst not show my face at home again. I was soothed, too, with promises of instant reparation. It was postponed, and postponed again; and at last flatly refused. I dared to reproach, and suffered the penalty of my presumption in his utter desertion of me. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me, without ever undressing myself to lie down. I had now been three months from home. Two days did I remain in the apartment where he had parted from me without ever undressing myself to lie down or even so much as tasting food! On the third, the mistress of the house came in to demand the week's rent! He had left me without a shilling, Sir! What was I to do? Tremblingly I confessed my inability to pay her. She would not believe me, accused me of falsehood and dishonesty, ordered me instantly to quit the house, and even pushed me violently towards the door. I was desperate. Sir!—'Twas night—I rushed from the house without bonnet, cloak, shawl, or any other kind of street-covering, and flung myself upon the town! My parents!—I know nothing about my parents!—For five years I have either gone near them nor inquired after them! I suppose I have killed them! and if I have—so much the better for them—so much the worse for me!" It was a considerable time before I could restore her to any thing like a state of composure. At length she was partly soothed. I learned from her the address of her parents, and promised forthwith to make inquiries after them! and, if they lived, to see them and speak with them. I then left her having first exacted a solemn promise that she would not attempt to quit the house till my return.

I set out on my errand instantly. I cannot describe my feelings, as I drew near their abode. Should the poor girl's worst feeling have been realised! I forgot to mention that, several years before her misfortune, they had retired, she told me from business; and resided in a respectable house at —. I took a stage, and was there in better than an hour. When I reached the house, I took a brief survey of the outside, as though I could gather from its looks whether or not its former inmates were its present ones. At length I lifted the knocker with a beating heart.—'Twas answered—all was right! My agitation, however, did not subside when the servant-maid desired me to walk up into the little drawing-room, where the desolate old couple were sitting. To me, who had heard the relation of their child, it was not difficult to read her story in their faces—sorrow had traced them all over. I don't recollect how I introduced my business, but I opened it as carefully as I could, to prevent the shock of a too sudden surprise. At length, by degrees, I came to the point—I had come to speak about their child. From this moment, neither the one nor the other of them spoke or stirred, whilst I went on with my story; but each bent an earnest anxious searching gaze upon me, which nothing but conscious integrity, both in intention and act, as to the errand I had come upon, could have enabled me to encounter. When I had concluded, they still remained motionless and silent, and I was beginning to feel my situation an exceedingly uneasy one; when the female rose slowly from her seat, and tottering towards me, with the infirmity as I thought of age, fell suddenly on her knees before me, and the next moment was stretched in a swoon upon the floor. This had the effect of rousing the father, who started from his seat and assisted me in raising his wife. The servant was called, and she and her master conveyed the still insensible mother to her chamber, which was only the next room.

In a little more than ten minutes he returned. He made a motion with his hand, as if he was either unwilling or unable to speak to me. I took the hint and prepared to depart. He opened the room-door for me, to show me down stairs. As I descended only half of my errand. I stopped and turned round, "You'll see your child I hope?" said I. He made no answer, either by word or look. I slowly descended another stair or two, and paused again; "Sir," said I, "Your child was the victim, not of a seducer, but of, a ruffian! She is penitent; she loves you and her heart is

breaking with remorse for the misery she has caused you! Will you not see her? My second appeal was as fruitless as my first. He never opened his lips, but kept them firmly pressed together. Without interchanging a word with me, he saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and stepping on smartly before me, he hastily opened the street-door. I paused a third time "You are a father, Sir," said I, "and you know your own duty best, your child repents her of her errors, and is willing to atone for them for ever; but, so strong is her sense of the wrong she has inflicted upon her mother and upon you, she doubts the practicability of penitence. How far your inflexibility may confirm her in her misgivings, I do not pretend to calculate. I have only my own duty to answer for.—I have taken her under my protection, and I will save her if I can." Saying this, I was in the act of passing out when I felt myself arrested, and firmly, though tremulously grasped by the hand; I turned round, and saw in the old man's countenance the workings of the father's soul, struggling, in defiance of nature, to preserve the man. The contest had been kept up till the last moment; it was impossible to maintain it longer—his tears were gushing—he drew me back into the hall and put to the door. "I thank you, Sir," said he, "An old broken hearted father thanks you. I'll see my child, and tell her so—'I'll see her to-morrow; for her mother is unable to accompany me to your house to-day,—and tell her we forgive her, Sir! She has indeed, afflicted us,—shamed us;—but we have nothing else to live for,—she was our all, Sir, and fallen as she is, she is still our all. Although she shall still find that she was our child, she shall still find that we are her parents, Sir." His voice here was entirely overpowered by his feelings, and precipitately retreating to the end of the hall, he sat down upon the stair foot, and sobbed as if his heart would burst.—I could not stay any longer. I let myself out, and hastened home.

The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were still alive—that she should see them burst—I could not stay any longer. I let myself out, and hastened home. The manner in which the poor girl received the intelligence that her parents were still alive—that she should see them and be forgiven by them—may be easily imagined; and I shall leave it to be so, as well as what took place upon her meeting with them: on which occasion, not daring to take her home with them, least their tenderness for her should induce them to dispense with the course of probation to which she had consented to submit, and which they had the goodness to see was necessary, they enjoined her to remain in my protection; and solemnly assured her, that when her term of seclusion should have expired, they should joyfully receive her, and employ every means in their power, to render her contented and happy.

To be Continued.

MISCELLANIES. Sale of Sir Walter Scott's Manuscripts.—Yesterday a number of distinguished literary characters, collectors and others; were attracted to the rooms of Mr. Evans in Pallmall, it having been announced that the original manuscripts of the Waverley Novels, all in the hand writing of Sir Walter Scott, Bart, were to be submitted to the hammer by Mr. Evans. The manuscripts were in good preservation, and distinguished by comparatively few exceptions. They excited much curiosity among the company.

After a prefatory eulogium from Mr. Evans, the sale commenced with the autograph MS. of The Monastery, three volumes in one, warranted perfect, and done up in green morocco. The few erasures, alterations, or additions which occur from the first conceptions of the illustrious author to their final transmission to the press; are very remarkable in this curious manuscript. After a tolerable spirited competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Thorpe at 18l. Lot 2nd was Guy Rannering, three volumes, wanting a folio at the end of volume two. This autograph MS. was also in green morocco, like the preceding, and the alterations in it were more numerous. It was purchased by Mr. Thorpe, at 27l. 10s.—Lot third was Old Mortality, three volumes quarto, warranted perfect; done in green morocco; knocked down to Captain Basil Hall for 33l.—Lot fourth, The Antiquary, three volumes quarto, warranted perfect; also purchased by Captain Basil Hall, price 42l.—Lot fifth was the MS. of the most popular of the whole, namely, Rob Roy; this was in three volumes quarto, quite complete; the 2nd volume was wrong pagged, the numbers passing from 39 to 50 instead of 40, the mistake continuing to the end of the volume; after a good deal of competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Wilkes, M. P. for 50l.; the highest price brought by any of the other MSS. Lot 6th, Peveril of the Peak, four volumes in two, done also in green morocco like the foregoing, knocked down for 42l. Lot 7th, Waverley, 3 vols, very imperfect, purchased by Mr. Wilkes, M. P. for 18l. Lot eighth, The Abbot, three volumes, also imperfect, brought 14l. Lot 9th, Ivanhoe also imperfect, purchased by Mr. Rumbold, M. P., for 12l. Lot 10th, The Pirate, volume I, pages 25 and 26 repeated twice, with other imperfections, brought 12l. Purchased by Mr. Molteno. Lot 11th, The Fortunes of Nigel, ending abruptly, brought 16l. Lot 12th Kenilworth, also imperfect, purchased by Mr. Wilkes, M. P., for 17l. Lot 13th, The Bride of Lammermoor, brought 14l. 14s., purchased by Captain Basil Hall; making in all the small sum of 316l. 4s.

After the sale of the Waverley MSS, was closed, an splendid collection of autographs of Princes, Popes Cardinals, Statesmen, Literati, and Artists, from the 13th to the 19th century, was submitted to the com-

ny; amongst these, the most remarkable were an extensive and interesting series of autograph letters and signatures of various distinguished persons of the illustrious house of Medici, comprising the autographs of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Pietro de Medici, Leo the 10th, and various others, were knocked down for 27l. And eight letters of Leopold Emperor of Austria, thirteen of Eleanor, the Princess, four of Sigismunda D'Espruck, three of Isabella Duchess of Mantua, one of Ferdinand Charles, the Archduke, brought only 4l. The others in General brought good prices.

Speech of King Henry in the year 1106.—The following curious Royal Speech is the first on record in the parliamentary history of England. It was delivered in the year 1106 by King Henry I. the great barons of the realm, whom he had summoned by a Royal Mandate to meet at London. He had dispossessed his elder brother, Robert, duke of Normandy, of his right of succession to the English crown, and being apprehensive of his injured brother's designs against him, he endeavoured, by the most artful insinuations, to engage the barons in his interest.—"My friends and faithful subjects, both foreigners and natives, you all know very well that my brother Robert was both called by God, and elected King of Jerusalem which he might have happily governed, and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know, also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality, because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed; he is impatient of peace. I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows; he calls you a set of drunkards and gluttons, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly a king, meek, humble, and peaceable, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formally sworn to perform, will hearken to your wise counsel with patience, and will govern you justly, after the example of the best princes. I will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formally sworn to perform, will hearken to your wise counsel with patience, and will govern you justly, after the example of the best princes. If you desire it, I will strengthen this promise with a written charter; and all those laws which the holy king Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will again swear to keep inviolably. If you my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we will easily repulse the strongest efforts the cruellest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour and power of the English nation, all the weak threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable to me."

Metallic Steam-Boat.—On Monday evening an elegant steam-vessel, formed entirely of iron, was launched from the engineer works of Messrs. John Neilson & Son, Old Bason, and conveyed from the building yard to the Broomielaw, a distance of about one mile and a half. The various preparations for removing the vessel on carriages were completed about half-past eight, and the steamboat was then moved by the workmen and a number of assistants in fine style, along the main road from Garscube, through the village of Cowcaddens, down Renfield, Union, and Jamaica streets, and arrived at the river Clyde shortly before 12 o'clock. The length of the keel measures 90 feet; ditto of deck from stern over taffrail 107 feet; breadth on deck at midships 15 1/2 feet; depth of hold eight feet nine inches, and the weight of the hull something under 30 tons. It may be remarked that none of the nails or pins were started during the conveyance, so superior is the binding of metallic vessels to the usual method of those formed of timber. The steam-boat was upwards of a year and a half on the stocks; and in consequence of a varnish or coating having been applied to the material no oxidation took place nor is there any doubt of the same coating being perfectly proof against the corrosive effects of salt water. The machinery was informed, in several instances totally different from any description hitherto applied to propel steam-vessels, and the boiler is formed on an entire new construction—the heat passing first through the centre and outside of the boiler, and then through a tube of water 100 degrees below the boiling point. From the general construction of the vessel and the machinery, a great saving is expected to be obtained in fuel, together with an equally important result on the durability of the boiler.—Scotch Paper.

Conversation at a distance.—One of the poets has put into the mouth of a madman a petition to the gods to "annihilate both time and space." But the object of the prayer seems almost to have been realized in sober earnest, on the Liverpool railroad, the miraculous powers of which we are now more than ever able to anticipate. It is now proposed that a tube shall be carried along the course of the rail road, through which a conversation between Liverpool and Manchester may be carried on.—Manchester paper.

Grammar vs. Orthodoxy. A worthy young clergyman who has a respectable kirk in his eye, was in company, a few days ago, with a venerable matron of the old school, who congratulated the reverend gentleman thus: "Hech, sirs! I hear ye're coming out to be a minister noo! Eh, man, ye'll preach gude common sense and orthodoxy. Dinna fash your head wi' grammar, callant, for a handle of grammar sermons dinna edify; and the pupil and the world were baird better when nae grammar was heard tell o' preach ye gude common sense, laddie, and aboon a' things preach orthodoxy."—Scotsman.