

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

(From the Court Circular.)

APPEARANCES OBSERVED ON INSPECTING THE MORTAL REMAINS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—APRIL 24, 1843.

In the head there were no signs of disease, except that a serous fluid was effused between the membranes by which the brain is immediately invested.

The mucous membrane lining the throat and windpipe was of a dark colour, in consequence of its vessels being unusually turgid with blood. In other respects these parts were in a perfectly healthy state.

The lungs presented no appearance of disease. The heart was of rather a small size and the muscular structure was thin and flaccid. On the right side of the heart there was no other morbid appearance; but the valves on the left side, both those between the auricle and ventricle, and those at the origin of the aorta, were ossified to a considerable extent. The coronary arteries were considerably ossified also.

The liver was in a state of disease, presenting a granular appearance throughout its whole substance.

In the lower bowel there were some internal hemorrhoids, but there were no other marks of disease either in any other of the viscera.

(Signed) WILLIAM FREDERICK CHAMBERS, M. D. HENRY HOLLAND, M. D. BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Sergeant Surgeon. ROBERT KEAT, Sergeant Surgeon. JOHN DORRAT. JOHN NUSSEY.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

We do not believe there is a single reader of this paper—we hope at least there is not one—who will, without emotions of pleasure, peruse the passages which we give below from a speech of Lord Brougham, delivered in the House of Peers on the 7th ult., on his motion of thanks to Lord Ashburton for negotiating the Treaty of Washington. We confess our own unaffected gratification at such sentiments from such a source, and will add our belief that language at once so friendly and so complimentary, and at the same time so glowingly expressed, would hardly be as highly prized in this country from any other source in England as from the distinguished statesman from whom it proceeds.—T. S. National Intelligencer.

EXTRACT.

"Then it was said (said Lord Brougham) that Lord Ashburton had, at a public meeting, talked of America as the cradle of liberty. [Lord Campbell: Boston.] Yes, and this was said to be a compromising act. But this was after the negotiations were over; this was 'the song of triumph,' to use an expression of his noble friend opposite on a former evening. At this public meeting at Boston there was no business to be transacted, but it was held for the purpose of celebrating the alliance re-made and the reconciliation effected between these two great kindred nations. He marvelled to hear the Whigs object to any such proceedings at a public meeting, but above all, to hear Whigs, or a sort of Whigs at least (a laugh,) object to any thing that was said in favor of the cradle of liberty. He should have thought the very language was so sweet and dear to every friend of liberty that it might reconcile them to what might otherwise have appeared a breach of dignity and decorum. Now there was no other authority, and it was the last to which he wished to refer—that of our revered monarch, George III. He did not consider that he stooped from his high degree, or that he adopted a truckling and unbecoming tone, when in his reception of the first American Minister who represented his revolted subjects, and had therefore a most difficult task to perform—who first represented these revolted subjects at the court of their sovereign, whose allegiance they had shaken off, and which sovereign was known to have kept fast hold of his American sovereignty until it was wrested from his royal grasp—he took the opportunity of giving a most courteous reception, and of saying—which was unnecessary, but needless though it was, he thought fit to say—that although he was the last man in his dominions that consented to the independence of America, there was no man in his dominions that wished better to that independence, and felt more anxious for the prosperity of the new world. This was after the whole of the military proceedings had closed, as the speech of Lord Ashburton had been made after the negotiations had closed. [Hear, hear.] My lords, [said the noble and learned lord.] I breathe the same prayer which my late sovereign expressed upon that memorable occasion. I hope and trust, for the sake of America first—for the sake of England next—for the sake of humanity, of mankind at large—that the prosperity and happiness of that great people will be perpetuated for ever. My Lords, I cannot view with indifference the magnificent empire which Englishmen have erected in that land, and my heart glows when I reflect that to England is owing that which America never scruples to confess she owes to England—those laws, those institutions—above all, that spirit of liberty, of religious as well as of civil liberty, which has made the American republic the greatest democratic nation that ever held existence upon the face of this earth. Contemplated in itself, there is enough to fill one with admiration, with hope, with exultation; but, in order to appreciate its merits and to carry those feelings to their uttermost, it is necessary that we compare and contrast it with what has happened elsewhere, in other parts of the new world, where all the gifts of Nature were not attended with the blessings of social existence. Look at South America; look at the events which have separated the Spanish colonies from the parent State; contemplate for a moment the rich abundance of natural blessings, of physical resources, of animal power, of all that can make a people great and prosperous, and powerful—above all, the gifts which ought to make them thankful to Heaven—peaceful and contented with one another; their boundless expanse of space diversified with every species of soil which can pour into their lap the produce of industry or scent the air with perfumes, or enrich man by the wealth, the proverbial and unsurpassed wealth of their minerals; every diversity of the most delicious climates, varying from the temperate to the torrid; every thing in absolute perfection, in abundance; these, a people of boundless capacity, numerous, various in their race, from the industry of the negro to the swiftness of the Indian, and the ability, the practised ability of Europeans and their descendants. All these rich treasures which Providence showered on them in such unmeasured abundance had none of them sufficed to prevent anarchy from being enthroned there, had totally failed to secure the establishment of even the semblance of a steady, fixed, regular Republic. But then turn your eye to the contrast, and compare them with North America, where you see men who struggling with a hard climate, with, in many places, an ungrateful soil; their numbers small at first, increasing rapidly; becoming countless and spreading over a vast extent of land, had erected a system which was tried in every political storm, and struggled with success out of it, and, above all, came triumphant over the greatest tempest—that of the European revolution—which had ever laid waste human society. To what was the contrast owing?—It was because the Spaniards did not carry out with them the blessings of a free constitution or the practices or principles of civil or religious liberty, and hence North America was crowned with all these political blessings. And if a passing cloud has come over them for a moment—and it is but for a moment—and if there should seem to be, and I believe it is only the semblance of any departure on their side and in their conduct from those kind feelings and strict principles of religion and commercial honour, and perfect national good faith, which had always distinguished them, I have no more doubt than that I now stand here addressing your lordships, that that cloud will pass away, and that the Americans will once more, and in no long space of time, feel proud and feel glorious in once more retaining their station—a station worthy of their British descent and of their British kindred—by feeling and acting as they have felt, that no stain should be suffered to rest on any part of their national honor." (Cheers.)

JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M. P.

On any night when the British House of Commons is in committee of Supply, and the Army or Navy estimates, or any other of the many estimates so complete is their totals and so complex in the items by which those totals are arrived at, are under consideration, the visitor may see a rather stout thick-set elderly gentleman, with a broad countenance and massive head, sitting about midway down the house, on the second opposition bench from the floor, with a well-used copy of the said estimates in his hand, deeply and earnestly engaged in a task which, by common consent, seems conceded to him almost exclusively. We need scarcely say, that the task is the narrow examination of the nature and amount of every vote, and that the man who performs it with such energy and good-will is Mr. Joseph Hume, the member for Montrose. There he is, oftener on his legs than in his seat, badgering the Minister to the very verge of official endurance and parliamentary courtesy not to be silenced by smooth or vague generalities, and with more inquisitiveness than an income-tax commissioner. His name is one of the few that stand out before the public as known and familiar as a "household word," and associated throughout the empire with the principle of state economy. His reputation has been gained by the thorough-going manner with which he has applied himself to that branch of public business for which, from his peculiar qualities, he is best adapted. He has an intimate knowledge of business and accounts, and great dexterity in applying that knowledge to the affairs before him; while he possesses, also, three great requisites for man who undertakes an almost individual opposition to the government, prompted by the not very gracious motives of suspicion and distrust,—stout nerves, good common sense, and a strong constitution. Nothing can deter him, nothing tire him out, nothing can put him down; once resolved, he is the most immovable of men who ever took a seat in the house or a stand on a principle. Abuse, even if the forms of Parliament tolerated it, would be of no avail; cajolery with him is not to be thought of; and to sarcasms or satire he is perfectly insensible: to the glittering shafts of wit his nature is as impervious as the hide of a rhinoceros is to the light dart of the African hunter. He can be met by nothing less than a thorough explanation, or a majority. As an orator he cannot rank; for though practice has made him a fluent speaker, his language is involved and his sentences almost always incomplete. Though few men speak more frequently or at greater length, he can better manage the figures of speech; and we should think him more likely to vote for an addition to the secret-service money than to give utterance to a metaphor. Of imagination he has not a spark, and as to poetry, anything resembling it is not in him. Should he ever quote, it will probably be the "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," of Shakspeare, who, by the way, described a kindred spirit in the honest steward of the prodigal Timon of Athens, who says of himself—

"When chambers reeled With drunken spilt of wine, when every room Has blazed with light and brayed with minstrelsy, I have retired me to a wasteful cock, And set mine eyes at flow."

Our steward, however, is made of rather sterner stuff and his more practical bent of mind would have led him in the above situation not to have wept, but simply to have turned the cock and stopped the extravagant effusion in the most unsympathising manner possible.

Mr. Hume must be now verging to sixty years of age, but he is still hale and hardy; time can scarcely alter his ingrained complexion; even his hair is as thick and bushy as that on heads that might belong to his son, though his hue is a decided grizzle. He seems to have been in Parliament half a life-time; he was in the house when many of its present members were in their cradles and yet when looking at him he does not impress you with any idea of age. He has never held office himself, but he has politically out-lived—we should be afraid to say how many administrations. And to do Joseph justice, he has been very impartial in denouncing the financial doings of all of them. He had made no distinction between Tyrian and Trojan; they were ministers and therefore to be watched; they spent money and therefore were to be called to account for the same whenever they

Attempted to dispense with Cocker's rigors, And grow quite figurative with their figures.

Unless the present ministry proves long lived indeed, he bids fair to do the same for several Governments to come; and he has bothered so many different Chancellors of the Exchequer, that we can see no reason why he should not continue to do so. Brahm has just taken a new lease of his voice after more than half a century's use of it; Joseph's is not so sweet certainly, but it is rather an additional chance of its durability. As he sat in many Parliaments, so he has represented many places. He was long fixed in Middlesex, but since he lost his seat from that Metropolitan county he has been rather unsettled; wandering from Ireland to England and to Scotland, where he is at present returned from Montrose. During his absence from the house for a part of last session, his place and duty were attempted to be filled by Mr. Williams of Coventry; but he was immediately sent to the place he sits for; he had not Joseph's calibre; and the house, though tolerant to power and originality of any kind, could not permit what was felt to be a decided imitation.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

In the free city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rop, communicating with an alarm, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now, the duty of answering the life-bell has devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official "Death-Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarm had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman and child, as stiff, as still, and as silent as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies, out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes—but disciplined, by the national phlegm, to an active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a transcendental spirit would not dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the corpse-chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred, not a muscle twitched, not a finger contracted, and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring—unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly it is curious to observe, that, in proportion to the multiplication of physicians and the progress of medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The exanimate no longer rally as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last life.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who—long past the first tremors and fancies of his novice—had come, by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouse-man or Lethian wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived. In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sour cream, veal cutlets, with

bullace sauce, carp, in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild-boar brown, herring salad, sweet pudding, Leipzig larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlful of plums, by way of dessert—suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed, as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where, being deposited in the corpse-chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell round the dead man's fingers, and then, retiring into his own sanctum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odour of Araby the Blest, and the society of the Houris.

"And did that fat man come to life again?" "Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear."

"It was past midnight, and in the corpse-chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At his head the solitary funeral lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame or to curve the long spider-lines that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it—but the very air seemed dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

"In the adjoining room reposed the Death-Watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself, in his clothes, on his little bed, with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped—not a mouse stirred—nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote, the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw, but all was quiet as the grave, still as its steadfast tombs—when suddenly the shrill hurried peals of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that for fifteen years he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that for as many long years he had utterly ceased to expect, abruptly startled the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp!

"In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon—to reanimate a cold, clammy corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralysed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouth piece passed into his throat and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of this struggle, a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling noise, as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—then a strange, unearthly shout, which the Death-Watch answered with an unnatural shriek, and instantly fell headlong, on his face, to the floor."

"Poor fellow! Why it was enough to kill him."

"It did, madam. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate Death-Watch, stiff and insensible; whilst the late corpse, in its grave-clothes bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against his own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more—whereas Martin Grab was alive and actually stepping into the dead man's shoes, became, and is at this day, the official Death-watch at Frankfort-on-the-Maine."

EXTRAORDINARY MECHANIC.—In the town of Alyth, in Scotland, there lately lived a man of much provincial celebrity, of the name of James Sandy. The originality of genius and eccentricity of character which distinguished this remarkable person have rarely been surpassed. Deprived at an early age of the use of his legs, he contrived, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a workshop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which, being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, tables, vices, and tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled too in the construction of optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and, we believe, he was the first who made the wooden-jointed snuff boxes, generally called Laurence Kirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased and sent as presents to the Royal Family. To his other endowments, he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both of these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence. For upwards of fifty years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kinds of birds' eggs by the natural warmth of his body, and he afterwards raised the motly brood with all the tenderness of a parent; so that on visiting him it was no uncommon thing to see various singing birds, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of both Church and State were discussed with the utmost freedom. In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, and would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired by his ingenuity and industry an honorable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. He married about three weeks before his death. From this brief history of James Sandy, we may learn this very instructive lesson, that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance, and that genius, though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail, unless by its own fault, to secure competency and respectability.

TRICKERY IN TRADE.—The last number of Hunt's merchant's magazine contains an interesting memoir of Gideon Lee, from which we derive the following anecdote, illustrative of his own fair dealings, and of the useful effect of trickery in trade. No man more thoroughly despised dishonesty than Mr. Lee, and he used to remark, "no trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth, but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him in the shape of bad debts and increased risks." A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had, on one occasion, obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion over another neighbor, "and today," said he, "I have obtained one over you." "Well," said Mr. Lee, "that may be; but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat-skins." The man made the promise and took them. Fifteen years afterwards he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant on seeing him he exclaimed, "You have violated your word; pay me for the goat-skins!" "Oh!" said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," said Mr. Lee, "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for over-reaching others must ever keep you so."

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