

in its form; the case is neatly ornamented with filigree, but the movements are of very ordinary workmanship, and wound up with catgut. After Charles's death, the Castle became the prison for the children. When the heroic Countess of Portland, after her surrender, was ordered to leave the castle and the island in two days, not one of the islanders could be found to convey her to the opposite shore. She was indebted for that service to the seamen of a trading vessel. The well that supplies the castle is seventy-two yards deep; and the water is drawn up by a large wheel, turned by an ass. In 1747, there was an ass that had been in that service forty years.

More.—Sir Thomas More was, doubtless, a great and good man; he was undoubtedly, a just Judge, but it is to be deplored that whilst he was Speaker of the House of Commons, he was a sycophantic slave. Why did he pray that, if any of the Commons should speak more largely than they ought, that they might be pardoned? It is an eternal blot upon his name and character, as well as on that of the House of Commons, in ascribing to him any such a prayer; and it is no small consolation, whilst reflecting upon his uniformly virtuous life and his heroic manner of laying his head under the axe, that this victim of that terrible monster of bloodshed and rapine, Henry VIII. reflected in his dying moments, that had he, in 1523, defended the right of legislators in the Commons House, to speak whatever they liked, without either fear, or danger from, any tyrant whatever; he would not have been brought to the block in 1535, for denying the *supremacy* of his bad a King, as ever wielded a sceptre.—What a pity it is that great men cannot descend into their graves, without leaving a stain upon their reputation!

The Rump Parliament.—This Parliament, which lasted 13 years, that is, from Nov. 1640, till its dissolution by Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, on the 20th of April, 1653, is known by several denominations. "The Rump Parliament," "The Rump Parliament," "Cromwell's Long Parliament," "The Barebones Parliament." It received the latter nickname from the fanaticisms of several of its members, among whom was a man named Barebones; a dealer in leather, in Fleet-street, London; who, being infected with the rage which was then very general of changing the Christian names, John, Thomas, &c., into Scriptural phrases, metamorphosed his own name into "Praise to Barebones." During the continuance of this Parliament, civil war raged over the land in consequence of the imprudent conduct of Charles I. The opposing parties were styled Cavaliers and Roundheads, but, properly speaking, the contest was carried on by the king and his adherents against the Parliament and the people. The plea for the long continuance of this Parliament was of course the necessity of affairs; for, during the struggle for superiority between the King and the people, it would have been dangerous, nay, impossible, to elect new representatives from year to year. In fact, this Parliament had taken up the position of declaring itself sedentary until the affairs of the kingdom should be settled: this was the only ground on which they could contend with the Sovereign at the head of a powerful army; and it would have been unsafe for them, as individuals, to have abandoned it. At all events, let it be remembered that if this prolongation of a popular Parliament was unconstitutional, it was at least a *quid pro quo* for the total want of Parliaments during the twelve years preceding.—*A Key to both Houses.*

An Imperial Huntress.—Previously to the return of Don Pedro from the Brazils, the Empress was to be met frequently in different parts thereof in her sporting attire, and with all the paraphernalia of the sports of the field; or, to use the Great Bard's style,

"Caparisoned, mounted for warrior-deed."

When last seen in this costume she was on a fine horse, which she rode *en cavalier* disdaining the side saddle, and was flanked by servants on either hand, bearing fowling-pieces, and surrounded by her dogs. Her hat was richly surmounted with ostrich feathers; her *paletotiers* were highly laced, but still the whole turn-out was that of Imperial Majesty *in cog*. Her manners were affable, and she saluted those passing with condescension, and strangers with an increased degree thereof.

Brent Tor Church, Devonshire, situate upon a Rock.—On Brent Tor is a church, in which is oppositely inscribed from scripture, "Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is said that the parishoners make a weekly concert for their sin, for they cannot go to church without the previous penance of climbing this steep; and the pastor is frequently obliged to humble himself upon his hands and knees before he can reach the house of prayer. Tradition says it was erected by a merchant to commemorate his escape from shipwreck on the coast, in consequence of this Tor serving as a guide to the pilot. There is not sufficient reason to bury the dead at the foot of the Tor resided, in 1809, Sarah Williams, aged 109 years. She never lived further out of the parish of Brent Tor, than the adjoining one; she had twelve children, and a few years before her death cut five new teeth.

The Funeral "Garland."—In Stockton Church, in the county of Wilts, is a piece of iron frame work, with some remains of faded ribbon depending from it. It is the last remnant of the custom (now quite disused in this part of the country) of carrying a garland decorated with ribbons before the coffin of a young unmarried woman, and afterwards suspending it to the church. This instance occurred about thirty years ago.

Bentham and a Royal Mule.—The first writings Mr. Bentham committed to the press were letters in a newspaper on the affairs of Europe, somewhere about the close of the American war, which had the singular distinction of being answered by George III. The king published his letter in the *Herald* journal—it was replied to by Mr. Bentham, and most unmercifully dissected; probably in that manner in which he afterwards so much excelled, the application of the rack of analysis. The king learned who the writer was, and never forgot him. Mr. Bentham's bill for the establishment of a Panopticon prison for the reform of criminals, had passed the two Houses of Parliament, and the king had the pen in his hand to sign it, when he and Lord Shelburne who it was that was undertaking this scheme. The answer was, Mr. Bentham of Lincoln's Inn. "Bentham!" said the king, and put down the pen. The bill never received the Royal assent, the scheme was obliged to be given up, and Mr. Bentham was saddled with a large pecuniary loss, a thing he cared little for in comparison to the defeat of his benevolent project.

MY HEART'S IN OLD IRELAND.

My barque o'er the billows dash'd glorious along;
And glau were the notes of the sailor boy's song;
But sad was my bosom and bursting with joy
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The shores they were lovely, but cheerless and vain
Bloom'd the lilies of France and the daisies of Spain.
For I thought on the fields where the wild daisies grow;
Oh my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers all Italy yields,
Is the red breasted daisy that sparkles our fields,
The shamrock, the hawthorn, and the white-blossom'd
rose,
Oh my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

For the rose and the lily abandon the plains
When the summer goes by, but the shamrock remains,
Like a friend in misfortune it blooms o'er the snow,—
Oh my friend's in old Ireland where ever I go.

I sigh'd, and I vowed that if e'er I got home,
No more from my sweet little cottage I'd roam,
But the harp should resound, and the goblet should flow,
Oh my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

The English National Political Union have published an address to the electors of the United Kingdom, on the pledges to be given by candidates at the ensuing elections. The pledges set forth are seven, which relate to Parliamentary Reform, [including a shortening of the duration of Parliaments, and voting by ballot.] Law Reform, Financial Reform, Trade Reform, [including free trade in corn as well as every other commodity.] Church Reform. Abolition of Slavery, Taxes on Knowledge. The following is the pledge relating to Church Reform.

1. Equalizing to a great extent of the Church establishment. Every dignitary of the church preaches poverty and wallows in wealth. Great wealth being condemned as incompatible with the true religion, none of its ministers should therefore be wealthy.

2. Ceasing to compel any one to pay for the maintenance of any particular doctrine he does not approve.

3. Abolition of tithes in the fairest way, and in the shortest time possible.

State of Germany. The German wrongs are not imaginary. They are real and innumerable. They are material and substantial, as well as theoretical and moral. They are governed by tyrannical Princes—they are subjected to tyrannical laws—they are taxed to an excessive and tyrannical amount—they are made to serve as soldiers for a period, and on conditions which are oppressive and unjust—they have lost the right of managing their own municipal affairs—they are perpetually liable to be called on to fight against their own principles and against the happiness of their fellow countrymen—they enjoy no one benefit which free institutions necessarily confer—and they are only allowed to form alliance with arbitrary and tyrannical Governments. All the domestic concerns of life are subject to the imperfections of a coarse and vulgar police. All the family interests and private affairs of individuals are perpetually examined into by the prying eye of an inquisitive and odious espionage—and even a servant cannot be hired or discharged without the approbation of local authorities. You must not suppose that these injuries and those wrongs are not general in Germany. You must not imagine that it is only in some few States that this feudal system of government continues; but when you take the Map of Germany you may be sure that nine-tenths of that immense country are thus enslaved and degraded.—*Morning Chronicle.*

The Irish Gentry and the Irish poor.—The classes of society in Ireland are ill-arranged. The re is