

(From the London Literary Gazette.)

MODERN ROMANCE,
OR MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

JEMIMA, love, just close the door,
I've fifty things to say;
Be serious, dear, and recollect
You're twenty-three to-day.
Now, though I do not blame you for't,
I never thought to see
Jemima Tompkins spinster still,
So late as twenty three.

Sir Harry Jones!—I always thought
You would be Lady J;
It was extremely singular
You let him get away.
Then Mr. Edwin Smith was warm—
A fortnight at the least;
He danced with you, and talked with you,
But there the matter ceased.

And now there's Captain Stevenson,
His figure is most striking—
Examine him next time you waltz,
I'm confident you'll like him.
His father is a baronet,
And he's the eldest son;
He likes you—so, if you like him,
The business will be done.

The Captain is a bold young man,
And, maybe, never woo'd,
So, pr'ythee, if he kisses you,
Jemima, don't be rude.
Of course you need not kiss again,
For modesty has charms;
You'd best contrive to get away,
But do it—in his arms.

But don't be long in coming to,—
And do it gently then;
Perhaps you may encourage him
To come and kiss again.
Come,—you and I must practise this,
For every body knows,
It is a very useful plan
To make the men propose.

Hark!—is not that the captain's knock?
His cab is at the door.
There, pr'ythee don't be flurried, love—
What would you wish for more?
Sit in a pretty attitude—
There's your canary—feed it;
Or, stop—I know he loves Petrarch—
Here's 'Dobson's Memoir,'—read it.

A SPEECH.

The Quincy (Illinois) Whig contains the following report of a recent speech in the Senate of that State, on the bill for repealing internal improvements:

Mr. Speaker; I rise, sir, not to make a speech—speech-making is not my trade, but to tell the friends of the repeal, that I am for them, altho' I hate railroads as any man in this yearth, perhaps, and I have good reason to hate them, yet I shall vote against repealing them, because all my constituents on this side of the river bodashiously are for them, and a good many on tother side too—It are a fact, Mr. Speaker, I know very little about railroads, but I know as much as some other folks do.—We have a railroad at Clinton for some years, across the bottom there at Carlyle, and one over Crooked Creek bottom, in Marion, and of all infernal roads in creation, for roughness, they bang the beater—gentlemen may laugh—but its no joke—my constituents have lost, in the single item of breaking of eggs, sir, a handsome fortune. Scot, who keeps a tavern in Carlisle, and a rale tavern too, not one of your Springfield greas yes, but a right jam up chicken fixed tavern, told me, that no mortal man could tell the eggs that had been broken, in bringing them to market, across that infernal rail road; and Tully told me the same thing exactly about Crooked creek railroad, the same smashing of eggs. You know Huey, Mr. Speaker? I wish you could have hearn Huey curse, the time his carriage was jolted up into eternal smash, crossing this same railroad. [Here the Speaker, unable any longer to control his risible faculties, laughingly observed, 'the gentleman must confine himself to the question, and to the rules of the Senate.'] Well, sir, as I was saying, he cuss and he swore, and fairly snorted agin, but still, he is for railroads. These are my notions, Mr. Speaker, and I could not sit here, without belching them out. (Here the orator turned his head, and in an audible voice addressed a Senator to his right—'Uncle Peter, what is the name of our Wolf bill?' but receiving no answer, he then, straitening himself up, again addressed the Speaker.) As I am now up, Mr. Speaker, I will give you my notions on Uncle Peter's wolf bill.—(Here the Speaker interrupted him again, by reminding him that the wolf question was not now before the Senate, and therefore its merits could not be discussed.)—Your'e mistaken in your man, Mr. Speaker; I'm not a cussing character, and if I was, I should be very far from cussing Uncle Peter's wolf bill. No, sir; I want you and all this here Senate to know that I am no Jupiter Iscariot, in this or any other matter; I'm for that bill, head and ears, no mistake in shave tail—I go it, sir, on the loud.—One more thing, Mr. Speaker, and I'm done—the gentleman from Shamrock county—I don't think that's the name exactly either—but the two headed gentleman over there, said the other day—(here the Speaker, assuming as much gravity as possible, called the gentleman to order, and requested him to take his seat.)

After looking the Speaker steadfastly in the eye for at least twenty seconds, with a wink of asstance, he said—'Are you in rale yearnest, Mr. Speaker? if so be your are, you're into me about a feet, I s'pouse you think, but sir—look out—I warn you, sir, to keep a skin'd eye for terrapin traps and moccasin traps—I have rights, sir, as the two headed gentleman over there, (pointing to the gentleman from Hancock,) said the other day, that shall not be trodden on nor treated with discern—I'm done, sir—I would, however, before I sot down, say to my friend from Union, not to look so serious, when he tells his funny stories in his speech, but to give us a sort of a smile, as I do, when he comes to the nub, or laughing part, so that we may know when to laugh too. I have now got all I was arter, Mr. Speaker, and I will conclude this speech.'

HEROIC PRESERVATION OF THE COLOURS OF
THE BUFFS AT ALBUERA.

We have often seen occasion to regret the extreme modesty and almost morbid impatience of publicity, of many of the gallant officers of the united services in regard to their achievements; and we could scarcely adduce a more remarkable instance of this sort of fastidiousness or indifference, than that which has been communicated to us by Dr. Morrison, formerly assistant surgeon of the Buffs, who appears to consider justly that the false delicacy which may prevent a gallant veteran, of either service, from vindicating to himself the fame due to his heroism, does not apply to his brother officers: Colonel Napier, in his "History of the Peninsular War," and Mr. Cannon, in his valuable "Records of the British Army," have both assigned the merit of having saved the colours of the Buffs at Albuera to Ensign Thomas, who carried the regimental colour, and who was shot dead in the beginning of the struggle. The merit of saving the King's colours, however, appears to belong exclusively to Captain Latham, then Lieutenant Matthew Latham, who succeeded in preserving them, under circumstances of the most heroic valour.

The following is Doctor Morrison's statement:—"At the battle of Albuera, on the 17th of May, 1811, the 3d Regiment of Foot, or Buffs, (owing to an error to which I shall not here allude more particularly) was surrounded by a large force of French and Polish cavalry. The ensign (Thomas) who carried the regimental colour, was shot dead in the commencement of the struggle, and the colour captured. The King's colour was carried by Lieut. Matthew Latham. He was attacked by several French hussars, one of whom, seizing the flag-staff, and rising in his stirrup, aimed a stroke at the head of the gallant Latham, which failed in cutting him down, but which sadly mutilated him, severing one side of the face and nose; he still however struggled with the dragon, and exclaimed, "I will surrender it only with my life." A second sabre stroke severed his left arm and hand, in which he held the staff, from his body. The brave fellow, however, then seized the staff with his right hand, throwing away his sword, and continued to struggle with his opponents, now increased in number; when ultimately thrown down, trampled upon and pierced by the spears of the Polish Lancers, his last effort was to tear the flag from the staff, as he thus lay prostrate, and to thrust it partly into the breast of his jacket. The number of Latham's adversaries impeded their efforts to destroy him, and the dragoons were ultimately driven off by the 7th Fusiliers and 48th Regt. which came up to support the Buffs. The greater part of the latter corps were, however, made prisoners, and sent to the rear. The brave Latham was turned over by a soldier of the 7th Fusiliers, and the colour which he had thus preserved found under him. Latham was left on the field, supposed to have been killed, and the flag was sent on the evening following the battle to the head quarters of the Buffs, with a statement of the manner of its recovery.

Latham, however, although so desperately wounded, was not killed; in two hours afterwards he crawled on his remaining hand and knees towards the river of Albuera, and was found by some of the orderlies of the army attempting to slake his thirst in the stream; he was carried into the convent, where his wounds were dressed, the stump of his arm amputated, and he ultimately recovered. He immediately received his company in the "Canadian Fencible Infantry," and an opportunity offering itself soon after, of an exchange into the corps his gallantry had so highly distinguished, he remained with his comrades by whom he was so highly loved and esteemed. The officer of the Buffs entered into a subscription to purchase a gold medal for Latham (value one hundred guineas,) on which his gallant action was represented in high relief, and to which the sentiment he had uttered, as stated above, served as a motto. The permission of the Sovereign was applied for, through the Commander-in-Chief, and officially granted, that Capt. Latham should wear the medal presented by his comrades in arms, suspended by a scarlet ribbon edged with buff, at his breast; which he continued to do while he remained in the corps, and he no doubt still preserves with care that honorable badge.

Latham, on his recovery from his wounds, joined the 2d Battalion of the Buffs, which was stationed at Brighton in 1815, and was presented to the Sovereign, George the Fourth then Prince Regent, by his Colonel. When Latham's heroic action was stated to him, the Prince, after expressing, in strong terms, his admiration of his valour, observed, "that the mutilation which Latham had undergone admitted of alleviation; that he had latterly heard of many cases in which a celebrated surgeon of London—the illustrious Carpus (who still lives to attest this statement,) had succeeded by a revived and improved operation, in almost miraculously repairing the most frightful mutilations of the face." He added, "If Captain Latham should feel disposed to avail himself of Mr. Carpus's aid, I shall be proud to be allowed to defray the entire expence of the operation and cure." Latham assented to this kind proposition; the operation was performed in the summer of 1815, by Mr. Carpus, assisted by the Surgeon of the Buffs, Mr. Anderson, who still lives, (the author of this memoir subsequently attended with Mr. Carpus during the progress of the cure) and was attended with the most perfect success. Captain Latham retired from the service a few years afterwards, and resides at this moment in a secluded part of France.

Colonel Napier, in his splendid history of the Peninsular War, in describing the battle of Albuera and the disaster of the Buffs, and the capture and rescue of the standard gives the honor to Ensign Thomas, (who, as I have stated,

was killed on the spot,) and never even mentions the name of Latham, to whom all the honor belongs. He also puts the sentiment I have quoted into the mouth of Thomas. In the history and achievements of the Buffs, which has been lately published by authority, uniformly with that of other regiments, the story of the affair of Albuera has been taken from Col. Napier's history, and of course does not contain the name of Latham."

THE ROYAL GEORGE.—Colonel Pasley began his proceedings, for the removal of the wreck of the Royal George, on the 1st of May, but up to Tuesday, nothing very remarkable was effected. At eight o'clock in the morning, the red flags at Spithead announced that a great explosion was to be attempted, and at 11 o'clock, one of those huge cylinders, which have already been described, and filled with 2116 lbs. of gunpowder, was lowered to the bottom. One of Col. Pasley's divers (George Hall), who has acquired great expertness in these operations, descended his rope ladder, a little in advance of the cylinder, and succeeded in fixing it securely to one of the lower gudgeons or braces of the rudder-post, within 6 or 8 feet of the keel. The diver having remounted, and the vessels being withdrawn to a safe distance, the enormous charge was ignited by means of the volcanic apparatus. Within less than two seconds after, the shock was felt; the sea rose over the spot to the height of about 15 feet, or not quite half so high as it did on occasion of the great explosion last year; a difference ascribable, probably, to the cylinder, on the present occasion, having been placed under the hull instead of alongside of it. The commotion in the water, however, was so great as to cause the lumps and lighters to pitch and roll at a great rate. The whole surface of the sea, for several hundred yards round, was presently covered with dead fish and small fragments of the cylinder. Amongst these were innumerable tallow candles, and a mass of butter, a foot and a half in length, evidently driven up from the purser's store-room. As soon as the vast commotion in the water had subsided, and the boats had returned from the universal scramble for the candles and the dead fish, the diver proceeded again to the bottom, and soon reported that the whole stern of the ship had been driven to pieces, and that, so far as he could ascertain, there was now a free and wide channel directly fore and aft the ship, from stem to stern, through which both the flood and ebb tides will rush, and thus the mud with which the hull of the Royal George has been silted for half a century, will be washed out, and the way cleared for Colonel Pasley's further operations. From the auspicious manner, indeed, in which he has commenced, there can be little doubt now of ultimate success.—London Sun.

London comprises an area of 70 square miles, or about 9½ miles in diameter, and thus assuming a radius of five miles from St. Paul's cathedral. Every year London is adding to its population that of a city equal to York. The total population of the metropolis is now 1,950,000, and by the next year it will exceed 2,000,000, and in ten years a population of 400,000 has been added, which is as much as the ancient city in the time of Charles the Second.

ASPECT OF MODERN ROME.—The elegant villa where the voluptuous Sallust indulged in Epicurean delights, cultivated Attic studies, and worshipped Venus in Vitruvian temples, is now partly a vegetable field, and partly a sedge morass, encumbered with a few—very few melancholy ruins. From thence, round by Dioclesian's baths (where of old stood the Prætorian quarters), by "Santa Bibiana," on to "Santa Croce in Gerusalemme," you traverse a lonely rural district; some straggling country seats, and the village huddled round "Santa Maria Maggiore," relieve the solitude, as you turn to the right to survey the Esquiline and Virinal Hills, on to the Quirinal. Returning to the suburb of the Lateran back again, the immense tracts extending over the Cælian Mount, the flat country lying between it and the Tiber, round to the Aventine, are divided into farms and vineyards—a singularly lugubrious and sequestered region. The bark of the watch-dog, the chaunt of the *vignorolo*, or the toll of the convent bell, are the only interruptions of the awful stillness; and the low *osteria*, with a few loitering *Compagnoli* playing at morra—the casino, with barricaded doors and shattered casements, and gardeners' huts here and there constructed in the absis of a temple or the alcove of a *tricladium*, only increase, by the miserable contrast, the indescribable air of desolation characteristic of these scenes.—The Dublin Review.

NEGRO EDUCATION.—In the miscellaneous estimates, there will be proposed by the British Government a grant of £30,000 to defray such expenses as her Majesty may incur in aiding the local legislature "in providing for the religious and moral instruction of the emancipated negro population—namely, towards the erection of school-houses in the colonies and settlements to which the provisions of the act for the abolition of slavery apply, and towards the establishment and maintenance of normal and other schools, for the education of the negro population."

FEAR OF DEATH.—If we inquire of those who are accustomed to observe the actions and sentiments of the dying, we shall find that, except in a few acute diseases, attended with agitations and convulsions which exhibit only the appearances of pain, most expire quietly, and without the smallest indication of uneasiness. The greatest part of mankind die without being sensible of the fatal stroke; and, of those who preserve their senses to the last groan, there are very few who do not entertain some hope of recovery. Death is a spectre that terrifies us at a distance, but disappears when we approach it more closely. That the succession of ideas may be so rapid as to give a moment the appearance

of an age, and thus to subject our departure from existence to excruciating torture, has been supposed, without a single proof in its favour, and against all probability and analogy; excessive pain extinguishes all reflection; yet symptoms of the latter appear in the very moment of violent death. When Charles XII. received the blow which terminated in an instant, both his enterprise and his existence, he clapped his hand upon his sword. The mortal pang, since it excluded not reflection, could not have been excessive. He found himself attacked, and determined to defend himself; it is evident, therefore, that he felt no greater pain than he would from an ordinary stroke. If it were as easy to dissipate the terrors caused by the anticipation of what is to happen after death, and to quiet the minds of men concerning the undiscovered country beyond the grave—as it is to prove that the termination of existence is not physically painful, the human race would be most signally benefited, and no longer have to envy brutes their peaceful death.—Rees.

HINTS TO FARMERS.—Earl Spencer states that since he has placed lumps of rock salt in his pasture lands, he has not had an instance of premature calving among the cows.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.—THE PROTESTANT
CHURCH, AND THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

(From the London Globe, of April 9.)

If the highfliers of the Church be allowed to soar unchecked to the height which their exalted notions of the claims of Episcopalianism to the exclusive appellation of Protestantism prompt them to attempt, the existence of the national church, and the safety of the empire, will be periled by their madness. To suppose that the people of this country will sanction the ridiculous pretensions to exclusive Protestantism, on which the Bishop of Exeter rests, in the debate of Tuesday night, the claims of the church of England clergy to the whole of the "Clergy Reserves" in Canada, is an assumption little less preposterous than the pretensions themselves. It may be deemed fit employment for the learned leisure of the monks of the nineteenth century to trace an unbroken line of descent from the Apostles to Bishop Philpotts; and sensible men will laugh at the laborious scheme; but when Bishops "raise their mitred heads in Parliament," and call upon the legislature to pass laws founded on such dogmas, it then becomes too serious a matter for ridicule. The inquiry then naturally suggested is, Where will these things end? How may their consequences be averted, and the exactions of those who are for reviving the doctrines and the practices of the dark ages?

The Bishop of Exeter, as we yesterday observed, made short work with the Established church of Scotland. "He could not call the clergy of the church of Scotland a Protestant clergy." At one fell swoop this incarnation of intolerance cast without the pale of the christian church—delivered over to "the uncovenanted mercies of God," as aliens from the Christian commonwealth—the entire nation which received the doctrines of the reformed faith with an avidity, and asserted them with a constancy in suffering and labor, which has made their name a praise among Protestants in all lands!

"He could not call the church of Scotland a church!" The Bishop of Exeter, in common with the Lauds of every age, associates with the idea of a church enormous wealth, high-sounding titles, and princely grandeur. The church of Scotland has not lands, or rather territories, worth millions. It cannot exhibit prelates with royal revenues, living sumptuously in vast and splendid palaces, attended by bodies of serving-men gorgeously attired, and of priests the proudest nobles of the land, nay, taking precedence of them—it has not crowds of inferior clergy richly provided with worldly goods, the wealthiest not even compelled to reside among their flocks, and those who do reside not compelled to do any one act of duty beyond providing and paying a deputy just enough to keep him from starving; nor still greater crowds of poor, laborious ministers doing all the work, and receiving next to none of the wages. Such an establishment may be, and doubtless is, the perfection of beauty in the eyes of the Bishop of Exeter, who with proud disdain refuses to admit the claim of its humbler sister establishment to the appellation of a church, in order to exclude her from a share of the reserves appropriated by the state for the support of a "Protestant clergy" in the Canadas!

The Bishop of Exeter "could not call the clergy of the church of Scotland a church!" How could he? For from the Tweed to John-o-Groat's House there is no such thing as a Bishop—not even a Dean—or Prebendary—or Canon—or Minor-Canon—nay, in all the land not a single curate is to be found! The people of that unchristian country support no cathedrals, maintain no pluralists, suffer no non-residence; nay, so unworthy are the members of the church of Scotland to sustain the appellation of protestant, that they are ignorant even of tithes!—True, they are amongst the most moral, most religious, and best educated of any of her Majesty's subjects. But destitute of the advantages we have enumerated, how can they be christians—protestants?—The Bishop of Exeter "cannot call them a church!"

We now turn to the Bishop of London, who expatiated upon the injustice of admitting any other but his own Church to share in the "Clergy Reserves" in Canada. Lord Ellenborough had said "he thought that every man who had read the papers relating to Canada, that had accumulated within the last three years, must see it would be inconsistent with the peace of the colony, and with its relation with us, to attempt to maintain the ascendancy of the Established Church of England within it."