

is such a thing. I have felt it, Sir—have it—and if I hadn't had good advice, Sir, I shouldn't have been able to get on at all." I consulted Sir Astley Cooper, Sir.

Aye, you had better have consulted your wife, cooper.

Oh! that's talking lightly, Sir. I say I have consulted Sir Astley, I have read Dr. Paris, consulted Abernethy, bought his book, studied it, got it by heart almost, consulted him again and again, ordered not to bother him any more, tried tonics, vegetable and mineral, stomachics and carminatives of all sorts, quick and regular, got more empty phials than would fill a cart, all of no use, tried little and often, tried six hours apart, wore skin comforts, swallowed white mustard seed by the bushel, all of no use, and now I've left town for the first time these seven years, on purpose to try what a little sea air would do for me, and can't get a drop of water fit to drink! Sir, I wish you a good afternoon, and so saying he pocketed his pamphlet & fersuaders, and walked forth.

"A queer old gentleman that?" said his plump opponent, as he lifted a sole of seven inches by eleven on his plate, and almost set it a swimming in melted butter, anchovy, essence, catsup and India, say. Very queer thought I—almost as queer as the fact that what is cause for the gosse won't do for the gander; and having wished Tom Cat a comfortable nap, I strolled out on the beach, where I found a flock of sea gulls at dinner, the greedy rascals swallowing their fish alive and kicking, as fast as they caught 'em. Query—did ever any body see a dyspeptic sea gull? and if not, would not their mode of dining be worth trying on the dyspeptic animal impluse bipes on shore.

Lond. Magazine.

From the Philanthropist.

"Self denial!" said Uncle Ben, there is very little of that commodity in this wicked world. A gang of counterfeitors have been up and down in the earth, and circulated with indefatigable industry a coin which they call self denial. But in most cases easy of detection, for although it bears the image and supercession of the true coin, yet when weighed in the balance it is found wanting. It is all a cheat & the more malitious of it, the worse he is off.

Uncle Ben was a thinking man. He talked much about definitions, and the nature of things, and moreover he was possessed of a very rare instrument, called a metaphysical diving bell by which he often descended to the bottom and spent whole days and nights there, and though he did not always bring up pearls, yet he always searched for them. Uncle Ben was mightily attached to his favourite instrument. So much so, that he might be said to live in it. This instrument resembled very much what is called a thinking cap. But to return, "true self denial," said he, "is very scarce in this world. Self denial is the giving of one's personal good, for a greater public good!" So thought Uncle Ben, and he had flushed up the definition from the bottom. Who talks without definitions, talks at random. Now reader, you need not stop here—you need not be frightened for I do not intend to put you into Uncle Ben's diving bell and sink you to the bottom of the sea; I have scarcely learned to breathe in it myself. I only wish you to take a short trip with me on the surface, and if we sail in smooth water we may perhaps chance see the bottom which may answer our present purpose.

We have seen the ravages of Intemperance. The nation is reeling to destruction. Efforts not altogether ineffectual, have been made to check its progress; but still the monster stalks through the land. The press has sent out his missiles. General abstinence has rallied his troops, and many stout hearted defenders have come up to his help; but still the broken hearted wife weeps in secret over her lost husband, and the sighing of widows and orphans goes up to heaven on every breeze. Here and there, a drunkard has been reformed, some temperate men have become abstinent, some professors of religion have banished ardent spirits, some retailers of liquid poison have discontinued the traffic, but the flood is not stayed. Why is it that a cause so righteous should meet with so many obstacles? Is it not because men are unwilling to deny themselves? The good to be given up is so small and so fleeting, and the good to be gained is so great, so general, and so lasting, that it seems strange the whole nation do not come forward en masse, and make the sacrifice.

Let us look a moment at the distiller. The greens of the land have entered into his ears. The ghosts of departed drunkards have come up from perdition and haunted his pillow by night. As he rolls out his headgear of distilled spirits, he rolls a shroud of death over the whole community. As he walks abroad, he sees the infection spreading far & wide, the taverns, and the grog shop, and the wretched inmates reeling home with horrid purpose, the roar of obscenity, and the madmen of dethroned reason meet him with fear frequent! and conscience tells him with a voice of thunder, this is thy work; yet in view of all this, does he relinquish his trade? No! And why not? Because he loves a little ill gotten

wealth, better than the happiness of the whole community. Is it not so? How otherwise could he continue to traffic in liquid poison?

Look next to the vendor of ardent spirits.—Where is his self denial? He has such regard for the best interests of his country, his neighbourhood, his friends, that he is willing to give up his personal good which consists in the uncertain profit arising from the sale of poison? No! It is so selfish that the community must be sacrificed to his supposed advantage. But how is this? Does he not know that he is living upon the blood of his fellow creatures? Alas, he has so long looked upon his own interests that he cannot see a neighbourhood, or a nation. Go and say to him, the good of society requires you to give up the trade of making men drunkards, and he will mourn with you, over the evils of intemperance, and perhaps as you describe to him the misery of a family whose father had become a drunkard, he will weep, but he cannot think of giving up the trade. What shall I do? I have got my living by retailing spirits for years; and must I give it up now? What will become of my family?" Thus he reasons, and keeps on selling poison. Sometimes, when he is hard beset by conscience, and his friends, he promises to give up the business of selling spirits, as soon as any body will convince him it is wrong. But he has determined not to be convinced as long as the trade is profitable. If you continue to urge him, he will pretend to think his neighbours have combined to ruin him, and then he will let the world know that he is not afraid. He will retail as much rum as he chooses.

Look now at the private gentleman who takes his glass daily. Surely he will give up that practice when he sees the evils of intemperance, when he sees also, that his example is leading a dozen others to destruction. No, he will not even do this. Hear him talk. "Am I to be denied my glass because another man chooses to be a drunkard? I am not afraid of becoming a drunkard myself, and let others take care of themselves." Tell him he ought to abstain for the good of others, and he will cry out "persecution! anarchy! what is the world coming to?" This news, however, bears little or no evidence of its authenticity; it looks more like a ran dom speculation of a dashing Parisian Journalist, than a sober grave fact.

With regard to the last assertion, it is particularly, it happens unfortunately for its correctness, that so far from being reinforced, the French army in the Morea is on the eve of its return home. The other French Journals afford no food for comment.

The Times in a leading article head-

ed Scandalous corruption of the Anti-Catholic press, asserts that letters have been forwarded from the Brunswick Club of Dublin, to all the provincial milits in that kingdom, calling, with the Cardinal Chamberlain, who, during the time the Holy See is vacant, forms part of the military movements which are now going on in Piedmont. [The latter part of this story is contradicted by the Mogiteur.]

It is stated in the French papers

that the reports of the fortune of the earl of Bridgewater, as well as of his testamentary bequests, have been singularly exaggerated. He is said

to have left his secretary £25,000 a year.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

It does not appear that either Prus-

sia, Austria, England or France, sing-

ly or united, can effect peace between

Russia and Turkey. With respect

to the Allies, Lord Aberdeen, Prince

Polignac and Prince Levene, signed,

on the 16th of November, a docu-

ment confirming the Republic of

Greece to the Morea & the Cyclades.

Russia had left about 25,000 men to

the South of the Danube, of which

12,000 are shut up in Varna, and the

remainder have to contend with a

bout 50,000 of the best Turkish

troops still in the field, and which,

in spite of the weather, continue their

harrassing attacks and demonstra-

tions.

The John Bull states that the go-

vernment of France are about to ac-

knowledge Don Miguel as the right-

ful king of Portugal. "They have

withdrawn their frigates from the

Tagus; they have rejected Bois-

ois, who is in London, and have sent a-

way the refugees from their shores;

in fact, we should be surprised if

he had not done so, for, pending the

doubt in which our government have

appeared to be involved as to the

right of Don Miguel, France has al-

ways herself of the position of things

and is now carrying on a brisk trade

with Portugal."

We stop the press to announce that

last night, about seven o'clock, a poor

woman, living in Pollockshaws, who

was confined of a disease under which

she had been returned from the Igh-

maria as incurable, was stolen from

her bed, and has not since been found.

Intelligence of this was instantly sent

to Glasgow, and in all directions, but

at the moment at which we write,

nothing had been obtained which

could throw any light on this mys-

terious affair. As the poor woman was

wholly incapable of rising out of bed

her disappearance is a subject of the

most serious alarm, and has excited

the greatest agitation in the neigh-

bourhood.

[Glasgow Free Press, Feb. 25.

CASE OF HARE.

The Edinburgh Murderer.

On the second of February, the

High Court of Judiciary met, & the

Judges delivered their opinions in the

case of Hare, the accomplice of Burke,

and who had been used as King's evi-

dence against him. Burke, it was ad-

mitted, could not have been con-

victed without the testimony of Hare.

Count Pashal, after a short stay at

Jassy, had returned to Bucharest. In

consequence of the severe cold, the

sanitary state of Bucharest and the

country had greatly improved.

In little Wallachia fresh Russian

troops are continually arriving. On

the other hand the Turks are not idle;

they are busily engaged in strength-

ening their fortresses on the Danube,

and we expect soon to hear of impor-

tant operations on both sides. Ac-

ording to all appearances the Rus-

sians will attempt a diversion in Ser-

bia. The great obstacle to this op-

eration is Widdin, for this is the re-

idence of the most fanatic Mussul-

men; 2000 Turkish emigrants from

the Morea have lately arrived at Gil-

logia. They are in the greatest mi-

serity.

Russia insists on her original terms,

viz. the freedom of the Black Sea;

the observance of treaties by the

Porte, and compensation for her ex-

penses.

The Austrian authorities begin to

show less ill will towards the Russi-

ans, and the government has permi-

ted the exportation of 20,000 che-

wers of oats, which have already

passed the frontiers of Moldavia, but

which have been truly, very dearly

paid for.

The idea that the Russians, at the

opening of their second campaign,

will enter Servia, is every day con-

firmed. A bridge of boats, it is said,

is to be formed above Widdin. The

Turks are also assembling on that

side some considerable forces, which

some say amount to 50,000. By fol-

lowing that plan, the Russians might

turn the defiles of Shumla and the

Balkan, of which they have extreme

fear, and which the Turks consider

impregnible.

Vienna, Feb. 16.

M. Bois le Comte, secretary of

the French legation, arrived here

yesterday from Paris, and bro't with

him the speech of the king of Eng-

land on the opening of the session.

This speech has strengthened the per-

suasion that the peace of Europe will

not be disturbed, and has had a good

effect on the funds.

The articles of impeachment against

Mr. de Villeille had been withdrawn

from the French Chamber of Depu-

ties.

POLITICS OF HIGH IMPOR-