

TWILIGHT.

FROM "OLLIER'S LITERARY MISCELLANY," Just published.

That hour when day and darkness join Like Pluto meeting Proserpine; And sweetest sounds in citron shade The soul's effluvia serene...

The lover seeks the leafy bow, And bats are whirling round the tower; And casting rooks, right prone to roam, Like ivory neighbours, travel home...

Then hearts expand and flowers close, And the bee bids farewell to the rose; And fancy mounts her shadowy throne, And poets love to be alone...

The girl, by faithless vows betrayed, Stretches out beneath the pitying shade— Wraps her thin cloak across, to screen Whose mantle she is unwilling to shed...

When he who once was better days, (From some sad pity striking) strays, Like his own spectre, from his bed, To seek, perchance, a little bread...

To every heart the calmness speaks— Or his that bougls, or his that breaks; Gives breathing time to those who sigh; If not, thy falling moments say, That life must waste like his away...

GERMANY.

The best commentary on the now too fashionable doctrine, that the happiness, comfort and prosperity of men are best promoted by arbitrary Governments...

Prussia is of course the beau ideal of the admirers of the arbitrary system. It has had the good of bad fortune to be ruled by a succession of Princes, of whom most have been able men...

Let us know what M. Hodgskin says on this subject. This traveller, of whose recent work on Germany we cannot speak too highly, did not content himself with a visit to Berlin...

In the first place, with respect to morals, he says, "the People are less domestic than those of any other part of Germany. I had scarcely entered Magdeburg, before I was accosted by two or three lads, with offers to shew me a good inn, or if I wanted any thing else...

Over Government.—A multiplicity of governors and inferior governors may be observed, with a strictness of subordination not to be surpassed by the most disciplined army. It is this land, not at the height of prosperity, it cannot be for want of obedience on the part of the People...

Misery of the Country.—My route was by Brandenburg to Magdeburg, and there are two roads from Berlin to the former town; one goes by Potsdam, the other by Spandau. I took the latter, because it was rather nearer, and because I had passed over a portion of the former. Though this was formerly the post road and the only road, it had now degenerated to a mere track...

My route was by Brandenburg to Magdeburg, and there are two roads from Berlin to the former town; one goes by Potsdam, the other by Spandau. I took the latter, because it was rather nearer, and because I had passed over a portion of the former. Though this was formerly the post road and the only road, it had now degenerated to a mere track...

My route was by Brandenburg to Magdeburg, and there are two roads from Berlin to the former town; one goes by Potsdam, the other by Spandau. I took the latter, because it was rather nearer, and because I had passed over a portion of the former. Though this was formerly the post road and the only road, it had now degenerated to a mere track...

My route was by Brandenburg to Magdeburg, and there are two roads from Berlin to the former town; one goes by Potsdam, the other by Spandau. I took the latter, because it was rather nearer, and because I had passed over a portion of the former. Though this was formerly the post road and the only road, it had now degenerated to a mere track...

I was indebted to a shepherd, who was travelling my way, for guiding me. The difficulty I had had during the day to find the road, prevented me reaching Brandenburg, and made me think it prudent to stop at the commencement of night, when I was by no means tired, and where there was no sort of decent accommodation to be had...

What I experienced for these two nights, and on my road, where I could not procure a bed, and scarcely any thing to eat, may serve as a specimen of the wealth, or rather poverty, in which his Majesty of Prussia's subjects live. The reader will remember that I was not more than 70 miles from Berlin, that I was in a high road, and that houses of public entertainment had neither beds nor any thing to eat. Such is the state of the dominions of the Great Elector...

SPECIMEN OF A FREE COMMUNITY. We shall now take one of those German States which formerly enjoyed a considerable share of freedom. The little land of Hadeln (population 15,000), in common with the rest of the shores of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, had the good fortune to remain long without any Sovereign; and after its incorporation with Hanover, it remained in the enjoyment of so many privileges, that "the chief duties of the Government of Hanover towards it seem to have been, to give it the name of its dominions, and to take a portion of its revenue."

Hadeln is divided into farms of various sizes, but the largest seldom contain more than three hundred acres, and the smallest less than fifty. Compared with the other peasants of Germany, their (the cultivators) tenement has made them licentious. They eat meat three or four times a day, and instead of being clad in coarse woollen which has been made by their wives, they wear fine English cloths, and look like gentlemen.

The proprietors ride into town, to take their coffee and play at billiards, and hear and tell the news; and at home they drink their wine out of cut glass, or tea out of china. Their houses are all surrounded by lofty trees and hand-somely laid-out gardens, the floors are carpeted, and the windows of plate-glass. The dwelling apartments, the barns, and the places for the cattle are all covered with our immense roof, and every house looks something like a palace surrounded with a little park. The proprietors direct the agriculture without working a great deal themselves, and resemble very much in their hearty manners English farmers.

The farm work is done by hired labourers; in other parts of Germany the farmers and labourers are the same people. The farm servants seem all well fed and well clothed. They generally live in the house of their master, and, besides board, receive about 8d. per day; when they do not live in the house, their wages are about 14d. at the same time selling for 5s. 6d. per bushel, and they generally have enough of ground for a garden and to grow potatoes. They die, and at this work they take much care of their clothes; each one was provided with a little straw mat, which he threw on the dung or on the wagon, that he might sit clean. Both in France and in England, I have seen the labourers throw themselves lazily on the putrifying heap. The Hadelners were formerly, with the exception of the Britons and the Frieslanders, perhaps the most free of any people in Europe; and they, like our countrymen, managed their own affairs themselves. The consequence has been, that there is no little spot where all the inhabitants appear more comfortable than in the land Hadeln. I will not affirm that every advantage which their situation affords has been adequately improved; that they might not add commerce and manufactures to agriculture, that no machinery might be employed with advantage, and that knowledge is cultivated as it ought to be. But I have not seen any plan on the Continent, with the exception of the near neighbourhood of Hamburg, that equals Land Hadeln in the apparent happiness and prosperity of its People. It is one of the happiest looking little spots I ever saw, and while every lover of British freedom most admire this last remains of the freedom of his German ancestors, he must lament over the number of similar little districts which, in the course of years, have fallen under the dominion of one or other of the great nobles of Germany.

This little Country has lately been stripped of many of its advantages; but says Mr. Hodgskin (and we are always glad to have it in our power to speak well of the House of Hanover), "It does honour to the Sovereigns of this little Country, that they allowed this little land to enjoy all its ancient privileges till it was occupied by the French." It would, however, have been still more to their honour, if, after the expulsion of the French, they had declined to retain any of the fruits of their usurpation.

The fixed population of Paris has increased to 657,172 persons. In Paris the number of women is greater than that of the men by nearly one-fifth.

THE QUEEN ENTERING JERUSALEM.

We have seen a very curious picture consigned to this Country by a mercantile house at Genoa, and representing the entrance of the Queen into Jerusalem. This singular painting (so extremely interesting at this moment, and, considering the important circumstances with which Her Majesty's situation connects itself, so historically remarkable), is the production of a distinguished foreign artist, the Signor Carloti, of Milan. It is a specimen of Italian arts; but its principal attraction is undoubtedly the subject. Carloti was, we understand, employed by the Queen to paint this striking event in her life, and was engaged upon it for no less than four months, during all which time he resided in her palace, and had numerous sittings for all the particular portraits. We know not through what accident it has happened that the picture has found its way into strange hands—whether the funds to pay for it were not convenient, or whether the hurry of political calls prevented the Queen from rewarding the artist according to his deserts? Certain it is, that for composition and effect we have hardly ever beheld a performance, on the same scale, superior to it. The scene is highly picturesque. Moving down one of the precipitous hills in the vicinity of the Holy City, is seen a cascade of Syrians and Turks, and a scatered litter, in which are some of the Queen's female attendants. In the foreground the principal group of about a dozen persons appear, having descended from the height, and wound round an abrupt precipice on the left. Steadfast the Canterbury Pilgrims will furnish a good idea of this party: in front, at some distance, and near one of the gates at Jerusalem, (which is disposed in amphitheatre form on the right) rides the Janizary, who has the firm and charge of the travellers. Foremost of these is the Queen, in a Turkish dress, and riding upon an ass, according to the fashion of that Country, astride on the saddle. Her loose trowsers are just visible under the red robe, and her appearance is lusty and healthful. Leaning on the high pommel of her saddle, she is turning towards the celebrated Bergami, who is mounted on a noble white charger close behind her. Bergami's portrait is that of a very good-looking man, florid for an Italian, and with more of a German countenance. His eyes are light and pleasing; his nose well shaped; and his cheeks, lip, and chin, covered with hair, approaching to Auburn in its colour. He wears a blue riding dress, and has three Orders hanging on his breast. On the left of Bergami is another Cavalier, adorned with an order of merit, and we presume, from a likeness between them, brother to the favourite. Immediately behind are two other horsemen of the suite, and between them the Countess Oidi, also on horseback, and dressed something like the Queen. In the rear of these are other followers, and nearer the front, a black boy and a white boy; the latter is handsomely dressed and mounted on a fine steed. He is about eight years old, and a son, it is said, of Bergami, the black being his maternal uncle. Behind these again is the much-talked of Billy Austin, on a black charger, well disposed for variety in the group, and looking pale and sickly. Several attendants bring up the rear.

Such is the extraordinary painting. The likeness can hardly be otherwise than excellent, for they possess much character, and are very carefully finished. The execution is that of capital miniatures; and the whole affords a perfect notion of the scene and its actors.—Literary Gazette.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

It is a curious and pleasant thing to consider, that a link of personal acquaintance can be traced up from the authors of our own times to those of Shakspeare, and to Shakspeare himself. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil, (Trist. Book 4. v. 51). But still he thinks the right of him worth remembering. And Pope, when a child, prevailed on some friends to take him to a Coffee-house which Dryden frequented, merely to look at him; of which he did, to his great satisfaction. Now such as we have shewn hands with a living Pope, might be able perhaps to reckon up a series of connecting shakes to the very hand that wrote of Hamlet, and of Falstaff, and of Desdemona. With some living Poets, it is certain. There is Thomas Moore, for instance, who knew Sheridan. Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Milton is said to have known Davenant, and to have been saved by him from the revenge of the restored Court, in return for having saved Davenant from the revenge of the Commonwealth. But if the link between Dryden and Milton, and Milton and Davenant, is somewhat episcopal, or rather dependent on tradition (for Richardson the painter tells us the latter from Pope, who had it from Betterton the actor, one of Davenant's company), it may be carried at once from Dryden to Davenant, with whom he was unquestionably intimate. Davenant then knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman, Donne, Dryden, Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, Raleigh, and perhaps all the great men of Elizabeth's and James's time, the greatest of them all undoubtedly. Thus have we a link of "beamy hands" from our own times up to Shakspeare.

COUNTY OF KILKENNY.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JULY.

[From the Moderator.] The continued drought throughout the past month, with some disadvantages to vegetation, has tended to promote agricultural operations. Farmers were enabled, in consequence, to do effectively their fallow grounds, which, doubtless, will offer high tillth at good time. The weeds may be extirpated in those lands for the season; and although the fallow system is very prudently resorted, under most circumstances, as being merely a struggle between the farmer and his weeds, it is, notwithstanding, when lands be come fall, the readiest and most effectual method to cleanse them. Here, too, it may be said, we are too poor for a regular succession of crops, and are obliged to fallow. For what advantages could the Irish Agriculturist derive from raising a field of Turnips, when his slender means do not admit of his having Sheep to eat them? Our only green crop, therefore, to any extent, is the Potato, which offers every advantage possible to an Irishman, with the exception of the impoverishment of soil consequent on its production. This crop, however, forms an evil of the greatest magnitude. A Turnip crop, on the contrary, is both a restorative, and an enricher of the soil; putting into it quantities of vegetable matter, of which it had been drained by producing a constant and uninterrupted succession of white crops, and again bringing manure to it in the droppings of the Sheep whilst feeding on the Turnips.

The general appearance of Crops, this season, we are happy to remark, is favourable. Wheat is excellent, particularly those in fallow, being thick, clean, and well coloured; and with a strong rough ear. There are some partial complaints of smut, but the crop, there is every reason to expect, will exceed an average. Barley promises to be tolerably well, yet there are some light crops to be met with. The breadth, in this district, is not near so extensive as last season. Oats are rather inferior, particularly in our dry soils; the straw being very short, and appearance of grain deficient. The cold, mountainous crops, promise better. Rye has been generally thrashed out in the fields during the month; the breadth under it was extremely limited, yet the price has notwithstanding, advanced but little. Potatoes offer under the present dry season, and although early Potatoes are of good quality, yet they are by no means productive, but, on the contrary, in this district, considered small. The general crop, however, appears healthy, clean, and of a good verdure; and, no doubt, under the influence of rain, and the blessing of a kind Providence, will prove abundant. Meadows are nearly cut and laid in the best order. The bulk of Hay is far below an average crop. One late mowing has promise better, and if they improve, and are saved in tolerable order, may, with the redundancy of it last year, prevent any cause of alarm for a scarcity. Hay is now rising in value, but is yet cheap. Pastures are quite bare, and new grounds under Clover, &c. have suffered. Springs in many instances have been affected, and a want of that greatest of all necessities, Water, has in some places been experienced. Wood has been nearly bought up during this month, and, in every instance, the quantity has been found deficient. This may be partly attributed to the severity of last winter, and its influence on the constitution of the whole ferec species. This article has risen a little, owing to a demand from England; it may now bring from 21s. to 22s. per stone of 16lbs. MARKETS are reasonable. Better in fair demand, at 81s. to 87s. per cwt. Beef and Mutton, 4d. to 5d. per lb. Wheat, 30s. per barrel; Barley, 12s. to 14s.; Oats, 12s.; old Potatoes, 3d. per stone; new, 8d. per stone. We are employed to be had, and means to pay our Labourers, all would be better; but the almost total want of the latter presents the possibility of extending the former. The Peasantry, notwithstanding, evince the best dispositions, bearing their privations with a firmness and resignation that honour both their moral and religious feelings. Let us hope that such conduct may not be unrequited, and that the harvest, now so nearly approached, may open a comparatively profitable season of labour and industry to that meritorious order of people.

Since the date of our Correspondent's useful and intelligent communication, we have had frequent and continued showers of rain, which must have essentially improved the vegetation of this valuable cereal.—Ed.

HONORARY ASSOCIATE.—The Rev. Dr. Coffey, one of the coloured people who went out to the coast of Africa, mentions that a Spanish ship was recently captured, having on board 400 slaves. To prevent their falling into the hands of the captors, the Spanish crew mixed poison in their victuals, which destroyed all but six.

The issue of the new Bank of England notes, it seems, again postponed, some unexpected difficulties having occurred in this manufactory, and doubts are entertained if the American plan will not ultimately be adopted.

ENGLISH BULL.—The Sister Island frequently admits and laugh at Irish Bulls, but the following Bull, in the Bank Note Act, passed by the Commons of England, equals any of our own, viz.—That the signatures of the persons employed to sign the Notes, shall be impressed by machinery.

WATERFORD: Printed and Published by BENJAMIN PERRIN, Chronicle-Office, Quay. Advertis for England—Morning News and Gazette, with every, London.

WHITFEAS MICHAEL BRENNAN and THOMAS CALHIGAN (Apprentices) left our Employment on Monday, the 20th inst., without any cause—We hereby caution all PAPER MANUFACTURERS not to employ or procure them as far as their Law will allow. FRANCIS & WM. PHARR, Cork, August 8, 1820.

TO BE SOLD. THE INTEREST in the LEASE of the LANDS of COONAGH, in the County of Wick, of which there is a Term of 85 Years unexpired. These Lands contain 90 Acres, 2 Roods, 10 Bishes and Pasture Ground, and on which there are a good DWELLING-HOUSE and OUTHOUSE, but for the recreation of a gentleman. They are situate within 6 Miles of New Ross, 2 of Buncurry, and 12 of Westport, are not liable to any Rent, and are let to Mr. JAMES O'NEILL, for 10 Years, at the Rate of 1000 per Annum for the Life of Mr. JAMES O'NEILL, but for the term of 85 Years, if he should die before the expiration of the said Term, the said Lands shall be held by Mr. JAMES O'NEILL, or his Assigns, and for further particulars apply to Mr. BASTIAN ROSSON, at the Promises, No. 10, St. James's Street, Dublin, August 12, 1820.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, BY ORDER OF THE ASSIGNEES, ON SATURDAY, 19TH INSTANT, AT 12 o'Clock at Noon, OPPOSITE THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, A CHARIOT, NEARLY NEW, ALSO, A PAIR OF YOUNG HORSES AND HARNESS. JOHN FITZPATRICK, Auctioneer, Waterford, August 12, 1820.

TO BE SOLD, about 30 TONS of OAK BARK, well dried, and of good quality. Also, ALLAN'S VIGORATE, and other Medicines, &c. The Bark is the very best imported in any market. The Vigorate is both BARK and EXTRACT. Proposals to be made for the whole or any part of the above, and to be sent in to the Office of the Earl of DESART, at Mr. JAMES LEE'S, Druggist, Kilkenny. The Proposals will be received till the 20th inst. at 10 o'clock. Proposals will be distributed when the fair value is known. No Preference whatever has been promised, or will be given. Whereby these Terms will show the Bark at Dublin, and the Vigorate at Waterford. August 20th, 1820.

NEW ROSS HOTEL. TO BE LET. FROM 29th of NEXT SEPTEMBER, THE INN AND STABLES, &c. Now occupied by the Widow SHARRAN.