

the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself on the harpsichord; when finished, he kneeled down and prayed aloud for her and for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself that God would avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, that He would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralize on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch supreme over empires and republics—the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. O, brothers, I said to those who heard me first in America—O, brothers, speaking the same dear mother-tongue; O, comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle. Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest, whom millions prayed over in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, the darling of his old age killed before him, old Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and calls—Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.

“Vex not his ghost, O! let him pass, he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.”

Hush strife and quarrel over the solemn
grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march.
Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his
pride, his griefs, his awful tragedy!”

Mr. Thackeray's fourth lecture was a merciless exposure of the character and habits of the Sybarite of Brighton—a monarch whom, we are ashamed to say, we saw hailed and cheered in Scotland, as if he had been possessed of all the royal graces of which not one was truly his. We abstain from going into this subject, for we feel that we have reported as much of the demerits of the four first Guelphs as is likely to do any good. And this brings us to a stricture we are inclined to make on the general tendency of this gifted writer to select bad types of humanity for the amusement of the public. He gives us noble and beautiful characters, too: how more than admirable his Colonel Newcome! But such appear exceptional. The greater number are paragons of selfishness and folly. This we think untrue to nature, and we thoroughly believe that it has a bad effect; for when any undecided mind is encouraged to think that his fellow-creatures in general pursue only their own interests, and that by bad means, he feels himself justified in going into the same course; whereas a picture of the opposite kind is calculated to act as a good example for such persons. As to the historical verity, we continually, throughout the lectures, felt inclined to say—“This is perhaps the truth, or part of the truth, about those low-minded kings and those servile courtiers; but the age in general is not to be depicted from the bits of scandal which have been handed down to us, while the virtues of the great body of the people have passed into oblivion.”

BURMAH AND THE BURMESE.—When the fields are flooded with water, the Burmese ride into them on the backs of buffaloes, dragging a rough sort of harrow after them: the feet of the animal pound the mud into holes, and the harrows spread it about, and then the seed is scattered over the surface carelessly, literally “cast upon the waters.” A Burmese man does nothing but fishing, boating, building bamboo-huts, and riding on buffaloes—all very easy work—the navigation part of the business especially so. These people are all great drunkards, and addicted to opium. They all smoke, men, women, and children; an infant in its mother's arms will take the cheroot from her mouth, and indulge in a whiff or two. Wild

animals are remarkably scarce in Southern Burmah; probably the annual flooding of the country is the reason; but four-legged animals are rarely seen except in the neighborhood of the Aracan Hills, or mountainous frontier to the eastward. North of the delta, there are a good many elephants, and an occasional rhinoceros. Tigers are not numerous. There are no jackals, but sometimes a fox is seen. Deer and pig are to be found, but not plentiful. Birds, even, are not numerous; a few snipe, plover, jungle-fowl, and pigeon are to be got with great practice; but such a bag as a sportsman might make anywhere in India, is not to be made in Burmah.—*Private letter to Chambers' Journal.*