POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING CHILD.

We saw her borne to her lonely grave,
Far from the place where her dear head rest;
And marked the tear that the stranger gave,
To hallow the turf o'er her youthful breast.
Too soon, like a flower of blooming spring,
She fell in her vernal loveliness;—
Ere the budding hope of her life could bring
Joy to the heart she was formed to bless.—
How sad, alas! is the deadening thought,
That deep in a father's breast is bid,
When the closing earth to the grave is brought
And—dashing, sounds on the coffin lid—
"Tis then that he feels that his treasure's flown,
Untimely laid in an early tomb,
Like a vision of bliss, that's past and gone,
Leaving a withering pang in its room.

B—

Wick, Jan. 1831.

LITERATURE.

SONGS OF SOLITUDE. By William Bennet. Glasgow, W. R. M'Phun; Simkin and Marshall, London.

We noticed some time since a collection of prose tales and sketches—"Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character"—by Mr Bennet; and in the present volume we recognise the same tone of thought and sentiment—the same love of the more quiet and unobtrusive scenes of Nature. Objects as humble as

Crimson drops
In the bottom of a cowslip,

have often furnished happy themes for poetry; but Mr B. has drawn his best inspirations from the feelings and affections of domestic life. We are glad to see him in the midst of the din and turmoil of St Mungo's crowded city, and in the midst of his laborious duties as Editor of the *Free Press*, dwell with unabated pleasure on the hopes and joys of his early days, and on images of rural freshness, beauty, and tranquillity. Our readers may remember the touching and beautiful reflection of Mungo Park, when isolated and depressed in a vast African wilderness, on casting his eye upon a small moss in a state of fructification, the delicate form of whose roots and leaves struck him with admiration—and—though the idea may seem somewhat fanciful—we cannot help regarding Mr Bennet's "Songs of Solitude" as a growth equally rare in the dry and dusty field of Glasgow politics, and equally grateful to the eye and heart. Occasionally, our author strikes a higher key, as in the following vigorous lines:—

"Who e'er hath heard, on Greenland's savage shore,
Roused by the storm, the polar surges roar;
Or, bent on prey, the ravenous bear hath seen
Roam o'er those wastes where spring hath never been—
Where torrents in their beds forget to flow,
And earth's sole mantle is eternal snow—
Where nature, bound in icy fetters, lay
And heaven, with tears of hail, above her weeps;
And where, all pale and shrinking from the storm,
The shrivelled native shows his minim form?

"Or who has seen, where, floating in the deep,
The giant iceberge ceaseless warfare keep,
Where mass on mass with crashing noise is driven—
Their bases fathomless, their peaks in heaven—
Where sports the whale along their crystal sides,
Or through some fretted arch-way proudly glides,
Whose roof, with rainbow hues divinely gay,
Smiles in the sun, and doubly lights the day?

"Say, ye who oft, amid this wild domain,
Where barren winter holds his stormy reign,
Have in your barks the mighty whale pursued,
And all those splendours, all those horrors viewed;
What were the thoughts that crowded on the soul,
When beaumed the sun, or tempests shook the pole—
When nature seemed to start, as in despair,
And burst the icy chains that bind her there,
And the low heaven, as from its balance flung,
Above the struggling world in darkness hung?

"Then, then you felt, and raised your hearts on high,
How vain the hope not anchored in the sky;
And wept in memory o'er your native land,
And owned the power of an Almighty hand!"

There are nearly a hundred pieces in all. Of those purely descriptive, the lines on Loch Eck are our chief favourites; and of the songs, the one called a "Thrush's Music in a Shepherd's Voice," is unquestionably the best. There are a few pieces of which we should have counselled the entire omission. Taken altogether, the volume (which has also the recommendation of being beautifully printed) is full of poetry—the poetry of the heart.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

Some of the late volumes of this first-born of the Family Libraries have hitherto been overlooked in our columns. We are happy to see it keep on its course rejoicing, in the midst of all the competition with which it is surrounded. To its spirited projector, the late Mr Constable, the cause of cheap literature and useful knowledge is much indebted, and the claims of the Miscellany since his death have neither been few nor far between. The translation of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, by Dr Memes, would alone suffice to establish a periodical of this kind, as presenting in a neat and compendious form, for the charge of half a guinea, a work which in the original cost upwards of three times the sum. The translation of Bourrienne was succeeded by a history of the Greek War of Independence, the only fault of which is, that the author has crowded his narrative with a multitude of petty details, which distract the attention and sometimes interrupt the main story. "The Conquest of Peru by the Spaniards," and written by a Spaniard, (Don Telesforo Cosio,) is a work of greater interest, and, like the author's former publication, the Life of Hernan Cortes, full of romantic incidents. We hope the Pizarro of Don Telesforo (who should sink part of his long Spanish cognomen, seeing that he is almost naturalized amongst us, and writes such excellent English) will have as good a run as the Pizarro of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The last on the list of the Miscellany is the first volume of "The Achievements of the Knights of Malta," a work which is to be completed in another volume. This seems to be a careful and correct record of the exploits of the renowned Order of the Knights-Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, whom God rest. Their day is over; but Mr Sutherland has hedgerouped a number of daring and splendid incidents, with nightly virtues and adventures, well worthy of being conned over by the light of a winter evening fire. He seems to be almost too careful and exact—"too fond (like Burke) of the right to pursue the expedient." The number of works he must have consulted to lay the groundwork of his history, would frighten most people from the task—and here we have another instance of the superior manner in which these popular compendiums of history are now written. Formerly, the authors and compilers of cheap narratives were literally "harmless drudges," as Johnson defines the tribe of lexicographers. They are now nearly men of letters—of learning and extensive information, who can look beyond their brief. The present Lord Chancellor did not disdain—and the fact is worth mentioning, as another proof of his unwearied application and perseverance—to compile, for a comparatively small sum, the Index to the first twenty volumes of the Edinburgh Review—a task almost equal to the toils of th ose who dig in the mine or labour at the anvil!

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING. Second Edition, Two volumes 8vo. London, Tegg.

This is a feeble, trashy performance. It is surprising how any person could so effectually spoil so good a subject. The only recommendation of the work has, is, that its author has made more use of his scissors than of his pen—giving us some of the best and most brilliant speeches of Mr Canning *verbatim* from the Parliamentary Reports. These splendid effusions contrast strangely with the unvaried dullness of the author's narrative; and remind us of Campbell's graceful simile of "Morning led by Night."

TRADITIONS OF CROMARTY.—No. II.

KIRK-MICHAEL.

"Scotland has her Munroes."

Half way between the chapel and the northern wall of the burying ground there is a square altar-like monument of hewn ashlar, inclosing in one of the sides a tablet of grey sandstone. This monument was erected about sixty years ago by a Baronet of Fowlis, to the memory of his aunt, Mrs Gordon of Ardoch, a woman whose singular excellence of character is recorded by the pen of Doddridge. She was the only sister of three brothers, the best and bravest men of their age.

The eldest of this family was Sir Robert Munro, 27th Baronet of Fowlis, a man whose achievements, as recorded by even the sober pen of Doddridge, seem fitted to associate raven the sober pen of Doddridge, seem fitted to associate raven with their deeds derived from the high conceptions of poetry and romance, than with those which we acquire from our experience of the incidents of real life. He was a person of calm wisdom, determined courage, and unassuming piety. On quitting the University, which he did when very young, he passed into Flanders, where he served for several years under Marlborough, and became intimate with the celebrated James Stuart, the Highland Cornet of Dragoons. This intimacy soon ripened into a friendship which did not terminate until death, and perhaps not even then. On the peace of 1712 he returned to Scotland, having risen in a few campaigns, to be signalized himself by a good, well-directed courage, to the rank of Captain. The Rebellion broke out about two years after. At the head of his clan, and in union with the good Earl of Sutherland, he harassed a body of the Highland Chiefs, who under the Earl of Seaforth were then on their march to join the insurgents at Perth, that the junction was retarded for nearly two months; —a delay which perhaps decided the fate of the Stuarts in Scotland. In the following year he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the forfeited estates of the attainted; in which office he exerted himself in the erection, in remote districts of the Highlands, of parishes, which derived their stipends from the confiscated lands; and in this manner, says his biographer, "the presbyteries were formed in countries where the discipline and worship of Protestant churches had before no footing." It is added that by his interest with government he did eminent service to the Highlanders and clansmen of his kindred. He was for thirty years a member of parliament, in which he distinguished himself as one of the most rational and consistent of patriots. In the year 1740, when this country was on the eve of what is called a just war, though of an age at which the soldier commonly begins to think of retiring from the fatigues of the military life, he quitted the business of the Senate for the dangers of the field, and passed a second time into Flanders. He now held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and such was the influence over the soldiers under him, and such their admiration of his character, that his spirit and high sense of honour seemed to pervade the whole regiment. When a guard was granted to the people of Flanders, by the protection of their property, they prayed that this guard should be composed of Sir Robert's Highlanders; and the Elector Palatine, through his Envoy at the English Court, tendered to George II. his thanks for this excellent regiment; for the sake of whose Lieutenant Colonel, it was added, he would for the future always esteem a Scotchman.

The latter part of the life of this great and good man, resembled that of a well-wrought drama, whose scenes become doubly interesting as it hastens to a close. In the battle of Fontenoy he was among the first in the field, and having obtained liberty that his Highlanders should fight after the manner of their country, he surprised the whole army by a display of the most admirable tactics, directed against the enemy with the most invincible courage. He dislodged from a battery which he was ordered to attack, a force superior to his own, and found the main body of the French, who were deeply entrenched beyond it, preparing to fire. Commanding his men to assume themselves to avoid the shot, he raised them when the enemy were in the act of reloading, and rushed down on the latter with so irresistible a charge as forced them precipitately through their lines. Then emerging according to the manner of the Highlanders, he again advanced to the charge as before, and with similar effect. This manœuvre of alternate flight and attack was frequently repeated during the day. When after the battle had become general the English began to give ground before the superior force of the enemy, Sir Robert's regiment formed the rear guard in the retreat. A strong body of French horse prepared for the pursuit, came galloping up behind, but when within a few yards of the Highlanders, they turned suddenly round, charged, and received them with a fire so well directed and effectual, that nearly one half of them were dismounted. The rest wheeling about rode off, and did not again return to the attack. It was observed that during the course of this day, when the Highlanders had thrown themselves on the ground, immediately as the enemy had levelled their pieces for firing, there was one person of the regiment who instead of prostrating himself with the others, stood erect, exposed to the whole volley. That one was Sir Robert Munro. The circumstances of his death which took place about eight months after, at the battle of Falkirk, were calculated to display still more his indomitable heroism of character. He had recently been promoted to the command of a regiment, which, unlike his brave Highlanders at Fontenoy, deserted him in the moment of attack, and left him enclosed by the enemy. Defending himself with his half pike against six of their number, two of whom he killed, he was not overpowered, though wounded, until he came coming up, shot him dead with a musket. His younger brother who accompanied the regiment, and who had been borne along by the current of the retreat, returned only in time to witness his cute and to share it.

The present is not the age of tradition; and there is perhaps cause of fear that that spirit which led Scotchmen of the last century to regard the achievements of the brave and excellent of their countrymen as reflecting honour on themselves, is fast evaporating, leaving behind it a residuum of apathetical indifference, alike uncongenial to the growth of courage and the interests of morality. The achievements of Sir Robert are almost forgotten by the grandchildren of those who would have deemed it happiness to have purchased his life at the expense of their own. It has been told me by a friend, who about forty years ago resided for some time in the vicinity of Fowlis, that he could then have collected traditions of his exploits among his tenantry sufficient to have filled a volume. They were all of one character—tints of varied but unequivocal beauty which animated into the semblance and colour of life the faint outline of heroism traced by Doddridge. There was an old man who used to sit by my friend for whole hours together, narrating the exploits of Sir Robert. He was a tall, upright, grey haired Highlander, of a warm heart, and keen unbending spirit, and he had fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden, and Quebec. One day, when describing the closing scene in the life of his almost idolized chief, after pouring out his curse on the dastards who had deserted him, he started from his seat, and grasping his staff as he burst into tears, he exclaimed in a voice almost smothered by emotion, "Ochon, ochon, had his own folk been there!"

The following anecdote of Sir Robert, which I owe to tradition, sets his character in a very amiable light. On his return from Flanders in 1712, he was introduced to Miss Jean Seymour, an English lady, handsome, and of elegant propossessing manners. The young soldier was smitten by her beauty, and had the happiness of perceiving that he had succeeded in at least attracting her notice. So happy an introduction was soon followed up into intimacy, and at length what had been only a casual impression on either side, was ripened into a mutual passion of no ordinary warmth and delicacy. On Sir Robert's quitting England for the north, he arranged with his mistress the plan of a regular correspondence; and wrote to her immediately on his arrival at Fowlis. After waiting for a reply with all the impatience of the lover, he sent off a second letter, complaining of her neglect. He had no better success than the first, and shortly after a third, which shared the fate of the two others. The inference seemed too obvious to be missed, and he strove to forget Miss Seymour. He hunted, fished, visited friends, and involved himself in a multiplicity of business, but all in vain. Images she still continued the engrossing object of his affections; and after a few months stay in the Highlands, during which his very character seemed to have undergone a radical change for the worse, he again returned to England. When walking on a friend's place in London, he was observed precipitately into the midst of a fashionable party, and found himself in the company of his mistress: she seemed much startled by the rencounter. Her blood mounted to her cheeks; but suppressing her emotion by a strong exertion of her offended, she turned to the lady who sat next her, and began to converse on some common topic of the day. Sir Robert retired, and beckoning on his friend, entreated him to procure for him a short interview with Miss Seymour. This was easily done, and an explanation ensued. The lady had not received a single letter, and forming at length from the seeming neglect of her lover, an opinion of him similar to that from which she herself was suffering in his esteem, she attempted to banish him from her affections, an attempt, however, in which she had been scarcely more successful than Sir Robert himself. They were now rejoiced by the discovery that they had not been mistaken in their first impressions of each other, and they parted more attached, and more convinced that the mutual passion was mutual than ever. In less than a month Miss Seymour had become Lady Munro.

Sir Robert succeeded in tracing all his letters to one point—a kind of post office on the confines of Northamptonshire. The proprietor in this neighbourhood was deeply engaged in the interests of the Stuarts, and decidedly hostile to Sir Robert, the scion of a family which had distinguished itself from almost the first dawn of the Reformation, in the cause of both civil and religious liberty. There was therefore little difficulty in assigning an author to the contrivance; but Sir Robert was satisfied in barely tracing it to a discovery, for squaring his principles of honour rather with the morals of the New Testament, than with the dogmas of that code which regards death as the only expiation of injury, he was no duellist. An opportunity, however, soon occurred of his avenging himself in a manner agreeable to his character and principles. On the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715, the person who had so wantonly sported with his happiness, joined the standard of the Duke of Perth; and after the total failure of the enterprize was among the number of the proscribed. Sir Robert's influence with Government, and the peculiar office to which he was appointed, gave him considerable power over the confiscated property of the insurgents; and this power he exerted to its utmost extent, in behalf of the wife and children of him by whom he had been injured. "Tell your husband," said the good man to the former, "that I have now repaid him for his cruelty to my sister." The second brother of Sir Robert Munro, (the first as has been related, died with him at Falkirk) was killed about seven months after in the Isle of Skye. His only sister survived him for nearly a year, "a striking example" (to use the language of Doddridge) of profound submission and fortitude mingled with the most tender sensibility of temper." She was the wife of Mr Gordon of Ardoch, an estate in the parish of Kirkmichael, and now better known by the name of Pointzfield.

Cromarty. M.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

RUSSIA.—The Paris papers contain reports of disturbances in Persia, which, as they are likely to affect Russia, may be very useful to the cause of the Poles. The whole of the population in the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus, which have always unwillingly bent the neck to the Autocrat, are stated to be now in an active state of alienation from his authority. A movement in Finland is also talked of.

The Emperor Nicholas has published a manifesto which indicates his determination to re-establish Russian ascendancy in its full force. His expressions are those of the utmost confidence in his own strength, and contempt for the efforts of his revolted subjects. "They dare to think of victory, and propose conditions to us!"—"Powerful Russia is able in a single decisive battle to reduce to obedience those who have dared to disturb the peace of the Autocrat!" citations as these, and the assured tone in which he speaks of the spirit of his immense army, are, if well founded, but too sure prognostics of the fate that attends the struggles of the unfortunate Poles against the gigantic power of their adversary.—On the other hand the accounts from Poland are very cheering, tending to shew that the Poles are aware of the greatness of the danger which threatens them, but fully prepared to meet and overcome it.

The National Congress of Brussels are still engaged in debating the project on "the head of the State." It is supposed that a Commission of Regency, to consist of MM. Méode, Roger, and Gendebien, will be provisionally installed till this important point is settled. The King of Holland, it is said, rejects all the terms of the Great Powers, and declares his resolution of maintaining his sovereignty by arms. The resolutions of the Great Powers, however, are to be submitted to the consideration of the States General at the Hague.

The Russian Ambassador presented his credentials on Saturday to the King of the French in full Court. His Majesty is said to have expressed great satisfaction at this act of grace, which, though tardy, may serve to remove much ground of bickering between the two countries.

A private letter in these papers asserts that all negociation is broken off between this country and Don Miguel, and that Lord Grey is determined shortly to recognise the Regency of Terceira and the title of Donna Maria.

By the French papers dated Thursday, it appears that the French Ministry are pursuing the measures of defence for the country, but at the same time uniformly deprecating war. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is said, had refused to receive a Polish Envoy, who had been sent to Paris to solicit assistance on behalf of Poland. The Chamber of Peers are about to bring the remaining Ex-Ministers of Charles X. to trial, and proceed against them as against criminals absconding themselves *per contumacy*. A French Minister had been accredited to the Conclave at Rome.

German and Flanders papers to the 11th have also arrived. The National Congress of Brussels have not as yet come to any conclusion upon the choice of a King for Belgium, but the chances seem to be in favour of the Bavarian Prince Otho. A communication appears to have been made to the French Court upon this subject of the choice, and the answer returned is very favourable. The King has always discouraged the project of a union of Belgium with France, or the placing one of his sons on the throne, lest it should excite the jealousy of other Powers; but he approves of the choice of this Bavarian Prince, and is not indisposed to his marrying one of his daughters. Great impatience seems to be felt at the little progress which the Congress make in the execution of their trust, but a Constitution cannot be voted in a day. They have made some progress; they have resolved that the head of the State—they will not call him King—shall be inviolable; that his Ministers are responsible; and that no official act of the Sovereign can be valid, unless it is countersigned by a responsible Minister. They have again chosen M. Surlet de Chokier their President, who, upon re-entering upon his office, expressed his hope that his labours and those of the Congress would soon be finished. From the unsettled state of things in Belgium, and the distress of trade, there can be no doubt but that this wish will be universally responded to.

We have received Calcutta papers to the 5th September. The only article of intelligence they contain worth extracting is an account of the death of Colonel Sir J. Macdonald, the British Resident at Lahore, who died on the 14th June. Captain Campbell of the Madras Cavalry, was acting as Charge d'Affaires. These papers are filled with an atrocious case of slave dealing, which has been discovered at Bombay, Dalyell, when pecuniary premiums were awarded for different machines, of which the models were exhibited. The Silver Medal was voted to John Robison, Esq. Atholl Crescent, for an improved mill-post on mille-mark—and the thanks of the Society to Mr Robert Jamieson, of Leith Walk, for a plan, presented by him to the Society. Mr Dalyell, in concluding his report, stated the necessity of all inventors offering their models of sufficient dimensions and of good workmanship.

Mr Fergusson of Woodhill adverted to the success which had attended the introduction of Mr Bell's reaping machine, for which the society had voted a liberal premium; and the favourable results which had attended it upon further trials. Some members doubted the utility of a reaping machine. The medal was then remitted Mr Fergusson's suggestion to the Directors.

Mr Mackintosh of Geddes laid on the table a communication from Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore, inclosing copies of a printed proposal for establishing a regular communication by steam between London and the shores of the northern counties, including the friths of Moray, Dornoch, and Cromarty, with copies of a prospectus subscribed by a great number of the extensive landed proprietors, and by the magistrates of burghs connected with these counties, engaging to promote the success of such an establishment. It was suggested that individual members should patronize the measure and give it their countenance and support by sending cattle and sheep, or other freights, which was all that was desired towards its speedy and successful establishment.

Various communications from agricultural and literary societies in England and abroad, were laid on the table, and were presented; among the latter the copy of an elegant and useful work on the steam-engine, by Mr John Milne, teacher of architectural and mechanical drawing, Edinburgh; the specimen of a topographical work by Mr Lawson Scott, of the Views of the Scottish Lakes, by Mr Joseph Swan, engraver, Glasgow, also dedicated to the Society, and a work which promises to do much credit to the artist; the second volume of the Hortus Siccus Scoticus, prepared for the Society by Mr Lawson their secretary; a useful little work, called the Farmer's assistant, with easy tables for weighing live stock, grain, straw, &c. by Mr James M'Dermont of Ayr; and a copy of a publication by Mr Matthew of Gourdie Hill, on Planting and Naval Timber; for all which the thanks of the society were voted.

The business being concluded, the Duke of Hamilton, in moving the thanks of the Society to their Noble President for his conduct in the chair, said he could not but congratulate the Society on the choice they had made. The motion was seconded by the Earl of Strathmore, and carried with great approbation, when the meeting adjourned.

ELECTION OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE FORFAR DISTRICT OF BURGHS.

This election which has excited a deep interest, took place at Forfar on Thursday. From the great popularity enjoyed in the town of Forfar by the noble family of Airly, the inhabitants felt a lively interest in the success of Capt. Ogilvy, which they expressed by acclamations, and by displaying flags, banners, &c. As the day of election drew near, the interest in the result became more intense, as the mode in which the returning officer would treat the vote at Dundee was rather uncertain. The populace began as early as Tuesday to give indications of tumultuous proceedings, and it was then also stated, that an attempt would be made to prevent the delegate from Dundee reaching Forfar. With a view to the preservation of order, the Magistrates issued a proclamation, which tended to counteract the disposition of the people to violence; but still crowds paraded the streets shouting—"Airly for ever,"—"Hurrah the Ogilvy,"—and "Down with Jeffrey." These feelings were excited to a considerable degree by the arrival of the active clerk of the burgh (Mr Hunter) from Edinburgh. A Council was called at six o'clock, for the purpose of meeting him. He reluctantly attended, and when he did appear, he would not declare which of the candidates he would return. He was urged to be explicit, but declined. He, however, ultimately intimated, that he had consulted the Dean of Faculty (Mr Hope) and Mr Robert Jamieson, whose opinion was that he should receive the Dundee vote, leaving the decision to the House of Commons. This advice was stated to be in opposition to legal opinions obtained from London. Mr Hunter did not bring the minute books to the meeting, and refused to do so.—Provost Smith, on Mr Hunter's positively declining to produce the books, moved, and it was unanimously agreed to, that the meeting should adjourn to Thursday.

On Thursday morning the town was quiet till within a very short time of the hour of meeting, eleven o'clock, when a crowd began to besiege the County Hall, and the Lord Advocate and his friends were rather roughly treated in making their way across the street, but no great violence was used than hustling. On entering the committee room, where Capt. Ogilvy, and his counsel, Messrs. Robertson and Forsyth, and Mr Daniel Fisher, already were,

The Lord Advocate said—I should like to know when the Sheriff-substitute is. Your troops are not well disciplined; there is a band of men at the doors who brandished sticks over our heads as we entered; a thing I have never before seen in any public assemblage.

Mr Rod. Mackenzie next entered hurriedly, and enquired—"Is the Delegate for Dundee here?" and being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined "then all is safe."

Mr Patrick Robertson.—Has any person hurt your Lordship?

Lord Advocate—No, I am not hurt, but I have been subject to a good deal of rubbing; and I feel a sort of horror at mixing up my authority as an officer of the Crown, with any private pretensions as a candidate; yet I cannot pass over such proceedings, coming under my own eyes. There surely has been a great neglect on the part of the local authorities. I did not see a single person in the character of a constable, to preserve order.

Mr Forsyth.—The people were excited, and noisy exhibitions of feeling constitute the whole disturbance.

Lord Advocate.—I do not mind roaring; they may use their lungs as they please; but brandishing sticks is more serious. I have just called on my friend, Mr Hope, who is unfortunately so ill as to be bled this morning. I hope it will be the only blood spilt on the occasion, (laughter.)

Mr R. Mackenzie said, I saw a man strike Mr Hunter with a stick.—That is too bad.

Mr Carnaby.—It is not a title so bad as the manner in which we were treated in Cupar.

Mr Hunter having reached the Court-room, the business of the election was proceeded in; the Delegates were—

For Forfar, William Smith, Esq. M.D., Provost Perth, P. G. Stewart, Esq., Lord Provost Dundee, Alex. Balfour, Esq., Provost

St Andrews, William Haig, Esq. of Seggie, Provost Cupar, Hon. Capt. Ogilvy.

Their commissions having been read, a number of protests were lodged against them—the most material were one against the vote of Dundee, on the part of Capt. Ogilvy, and another against the vote of Cupar, on the part of the Lord Advocate. The necessary preliminaries having been gone through, the Delegates for Perth, Dundee, and St Andrews, voted for the Lord Advocate, and those for Forfar and Cupar, for Capt. Ogilvy. The Lord Advocate was thereafter declared duly elected; and as Forfar was the returning burgh, and had the casting vote, if Dundee was out of the way, Capt. Ogilvy also claimed the election. The Lord Advocate then addressed those present, as did Mr Robertson on the part of Capt. Ogilvy.

At 9 o'clock yesterday, Forfar was as quiet as if no election had taken place.—*Courant.*

(From the Scotsman.)

There are two entrances to the Town Hall of Forfar; one opposite to Ross's, which was Capt. Ogilvy's hotel, and the other opposite to Morrison's in which the Lord Advocate had his quarters. The magistrates had taken the precaution to have a few constables stationed between Ross's and the Town Hall, but left the mob masters of the other entrance. When the Lord Advocate and his friends appeared, they were most furiously assaulted by the mob. A cry was raised, "There's Jeffrey—murder him, murder him" and he was accordingly assaulted in the most atrocious and ruffianly manner,—struck with a cudgel on the head, which his hat fortunately saved from material injury, and received several severe blows and kicks, and had the distance been greater to his hotel, he would certainly have been murdered. The Provost of Perth was knocked down, kicked, and struck in the most brutal manner. His clothes were torn to shreds, and he was so materially injured, that he required medical assistance. The Lord Advocate and other friends received nearly similar treatment. We shall make no farther comment on these disgraceful proceedings, or the conduct of the authorities of Forfar, as they may possibly be investigated (as they assuredly should be) elsewhere. Had we not the most unquestioned assurance of the correctness of these statements, we could scarcely believe that there existed in any part of Scotland, a place so savage and uncultivated as to treat the most amiable and accomplished gentleman in this country even not with violence at once so brutal and vindictive. And all this—for what? Why, for opposing a candidate who, however gallant and amiable in private life, is totally deficient in the very first requisites that a member of the legislature should possess! So serious a duty, it can become, that the authorities sent express to Perth for troops.

We are glad, on enquiry, to learn that the Lord Advocate to-day does not very materially feel the effects of the ill usage he received.

CROWN JEWELS.

(Letter in the Times.)

A considerable expectation was entertained by many that the example of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle would have been followed. I must confess I was not so sanguine; and the fact is, that not another resignation has been notified to the Treasury. Yet I am well pleased to inform you, and through you the country, that a sense of propriety, or fear of exposure, has led a certain lady to restore to the Crown that property which had been most shamefully purloined from it. The most valuable pearls belonging to the Crown were found absent. It was known to the person of a late favourite had been bedecked with them, and it was natural by supposed that they were yet in her possession. An intimation was made to that quarter that no prosecution would be instituted, if it was found that they were the property of the crown, and, as such, sacred. These beautiful pearls, to the value of £40,000, were sent back, and are now, where they ought to be, in the possession of her Majesty. Their retention was excused by the assurance they had been given to a Royal Duke, to whom it was alleged so sent back a precious jewel, which had ornamented the late lamented Princess Charlotte, the Daughter of George IV. As this had become the property of the late King in his life, and, therefore, by having the legal right of the disposal of it, it has, we understand, been magnificently restored to the favourite, with the message, that his Majesty could not think of interfering with any gifts made by his royal brother over which he had full power. The public have been amused with a caricature of a certain and sudden packing up at Windsor Castle on the Royal demise. There has evidently been caricature; but the matter should not be left only to the punishment of such ridicule, it requires a more severe visitation. The retarded jewel, which was the unfortunate Princess Charlotte's, had often been seen on the person of the present Duchess of Kent, and be said of the father who could so bestow what had been the ornament of his only child? What can be said of the King who could so far forget his own dignity as a monarch, as a man, as a parent? But what can be said of the delicacy of the lady who accepted it, and displayed it before her husband, her children, her growing up daughters? What can be said of the husband who permitted, who sanctioned such conduct? What can be said of the sons, of the sons in-law, who witnessed and tolerated it? and yet they are all nobles! Blush nobility—blush nobility!!

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