Literary and Scientific Notes.

A CHARGE.—"A young lady of an amiable disposition," and so forth, and with a small income, advertises in the *Yorkshire Herald*. Advertisers say she is desirous of meeting with a gentleman of "manly appearance," with £300 a year. Here is a chance for some sickly one who has returned from the Diggins with a small pile.

PERSECUTION OF RISTORI.—A letter of the 19th, from Florence, informs us that Ristori had every arrangement made for leaving that capital to proceed to Naples. Poor Robin and Aberdeen Almanac, along with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bullswell Bridge.—*See Lockhart's "Life of Burns."*

THEATRICAL ARRANGEMENTS AT ROME.—By a letter of the 12th inst. from Rome we learn that the theatrical entertainments are desirous, if possible, to prevent any political demonstrations on the part of the people. The theatres in the province are to be opened for the carnival on the 26th and the 8th of March, 1859; but there is to be no noisy applause on the part of the public, and no expression of a sense or the public without the special authorization of the police authorities. Rifle further announced that umbrellas, sticks, "and cigars" are not to be taken into the theatre.

LOUIS BLANC AND ROBESPIERRE.—M. Louis Blanc, writing in a contemporary, says:—I request you, in the name of justice, to make known in your readers that I most emphatically protest against the imputation of having written "an eulogy of the character of Robespierre or Robespierre and his base accomplices." No assertion could be more inaccurate, and it will certainly be a matter of astonishment to anyone who has read my book. It is one thing to justify the crimes of a man, and another to prove that the crimes generally attributed to a man are not committed by him. The crimes you denounce are brought in my book with every expression of disgust and reprobation; but finding out, after so many years, the laborious and minute inquiry into the subject, that these crimes had been justly laid to his charge is to Robespierre, I tell thee, an historian and an honest man, to proclaim it at all hands—and I was aware of them. To a certain of the French Revolution has not sufficiently examined it, have the fellow's mark on such men as Fouche, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Barras, and Fouquier Tinville from being the accomplices of Robespierre, were his name deadly enemies, and they are always for the purpose of keeping him. Just because I have written a book, and mixed to maintain the principles of the French Revolution, he was proposing to check their cry against him. It is one thing to justify the crimes of a man, and another to prove that the crimes generally attributed to a man are not committed by him. The crimes you denounce are brought in my book with every expression of disgust and reprobation; but finding out, after so many years, the laborious and minute inquiry into the subject, that these crimes had been justly laid to his charge is to Robespierre, I tell thee, an historian and an honest man, to proclaim it at all hands—and I was aware of them. To a certain of the French Revolution has not sufficiently examined it, have the fellow's mark on such men as Fouche, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Barras, and Fouquier Tinville from being the accomplices of Robespierre, were his name deadly enemies, and they are always for the purpose of keeping him. Just because I have written a book, and mixed to maintain the principles of the French Revolution, he was proposing to check their cry against him. It is one thing to justify the crimes of a man, and another to prove that the crimes generally attributed to a man are not committed by him. The crimes you denounce are brought in my book with every expression of disgust and reprobation; but finding out, after so many years, the laborious and minute inquiry into the subject, that these crimes had been justly laid to his charge is to Robespierre, I tell thee, an historian and an honest man, to proclaim it at all hands—and I was aware of them. To a certain of the French Revolution has not sufficiently examined it, have the fellow's mark on such men as Fouche, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Barras, and Fouquier Tinville from being the accomplices of Robespierre, were his name deadly enemies, and they are always for the purpose of keeping him.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald*, writing on Friday, says that the event of the week was the debut of Mlle. Ristori on the Grand Opera. Miss Augusta Thomson, of Glasgow, the first British singer who ever trod the boards of the Parisian Opera, appeared on Wednesday evening in the character of Matilda, in the Opera of Guillaume Tell, and with considerable success. A rival of this young lady (as I had occasion to remark some time ago, when she took the first prize at the Conservatoire) is a woman of extraordinary talent, great beauty, and, although the role of Matilda was not by any means a leading one, she has made a decided hit. Her voice, she fairly captivated the audience by her graceful and fine rendering of the air "Sombre foret," and the succeeding duo with Arnold. Mauy Thomson is a tall, stately stranger, and in the following acts she fully maintained her newly acquired fame. The chamber of Tell was gloomy, but assumed on the stage a certain indignity of bearing, which, coupled with her spirited and expressive features and excellent dramatic action, engaged at once the sympathies of the audience. I must remark, to the shame of parties in authority, and others, at the Grand Opera," that, notwithstanding her well known ability and the great merit of it, this young foreigner has only arrived at her debut after enumerating a mass of difficulties, difficulties, difficulties, but for her own energy and the interposition of friends, would have kept her back altogether. Instead of that generous treatment which any foreign debutante had a right to expect, all kinds of obstacles and vexations were thrown in her way. A Parisian audience, too, is cold and unimpressionable. Pretending to be the first critics in the world, the *habitues* of the Opera receive a young beginner with cold looks, and only bestow the limited kind of applause when forced, as it were, to acknowledge the merits of the artiste. It cannot be doubted that Miss Thomson will prove a very great acquisition to the French Opera, which, in truth, is drastically in want of true talent. After performing the part of Matilda in Guillaume Tell, she will appear in the "Huguenots." Let us heartily wish every success to our talented countrywoman in her arduous career.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT ROBERT HERRICK.
By ROBT. W. BUCHANAN.

A COMPOSITOR, little place is Dean-Prior—pretty, too, nestling itself like among its delightful Devonshire hills. Rivulets running to rivers, pleasant dales, and minute Alps (Cybele-like it mountains, too, in their way, are good for it) huddle about it; the cradle like so many better angels; lovely, good-natured, practical angels, as we can substantially testify—angels that supply the poor and weary Dean-Prior with water to drink, food to eat, and pleasant spots to play the game of life in. Dean-Prior is a little place. Nothing, a Tintinnabulum, arrow, merry, cricket-like little place is Dean-Prior—somewhat romantic and Arcadian at the sensation, in spite of its cottages and its unpoetic-looking steeple. Pretty milkmaids milk happy kine there in the lanes, and sick people get well there, and marrying, there happy shepherds lounge among their flocks, like so many memorials of the olden time; bees hum, birds sing, brooklets laugh, and children make themselves into life every summer's day, quite as contented as if private beings had never been opened, or defendin' or cursing allowed, *pour encourager la jeunesse* in Dean-Prior. All things are in tune at Dean-Prior; babes are born, grandsires die up to a good, good age, and people fall in love and go with love on their lips—and still in Dean-Prior the sweet little, sing little, busy little Devonshire brook, it was two hundred years ago, as it is now, Goles, plain "Nou," as he liked to be called, talked of Robert Herrick (and this was all before my time) and Robert Herrick turned his sad lays sung within a little green hermitage nestling to a green little church.

Robert Herrick! Yes, I'm a little proud of him as well as the rests and does, as by and by we shall come to prove. It was while rambling among these pastoral hills and hospitable valleys, once upon a time, that the poet of Dean-Prior was presented to our eyes as something more than a poet—as a man, a Christian, a lover, and a good man. What an Eden for a romantic thymester we mentally exclaimed, trudging into the place one sunniest of sunny days, and he and we, smoking our pipes, and drinking our one honest pint of Devonshire "home-brewed" in the brilliantly-barographic of the original of the original first! "Here we have content and honest fare the year round, a May-day one in a year (for the merriest and most innocent of old Englishmen has lived and died in Dean-Prior), and all a long year the society of Madame Nature—none of the cognatics invented—with the nice natural Mamas Herrick might now Horace of to day Dean-Prior,