

all alive to those new scenes which fancy had over and over again painted to my imagination; I will without any waste of words or time, in describing the geographical situation of Falmouth, or the local position of "the Hotel" there, or growling over the peculiar demerits of each individual dish which my host made me pay for, or in expressing the fine feelings and sentimental regrets with which I watched the last speck of Albion's coast sink beneath the watery horizon: without all this *important* information, I will quietly step on shore at Corunna, considerably sparing my readers the fatigues of a voyage, which I completed on the gloomy evening of the 19th; here again leaving my enlightened perusers entirely in the dark, as to in how short a time a favourable gale may waft them from Falmouth to the Spanish shores. To be sure, I might as well have proposed to them the famous Germanic question, "Utrùm chimera bombians in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones?" in our own mother tongue,