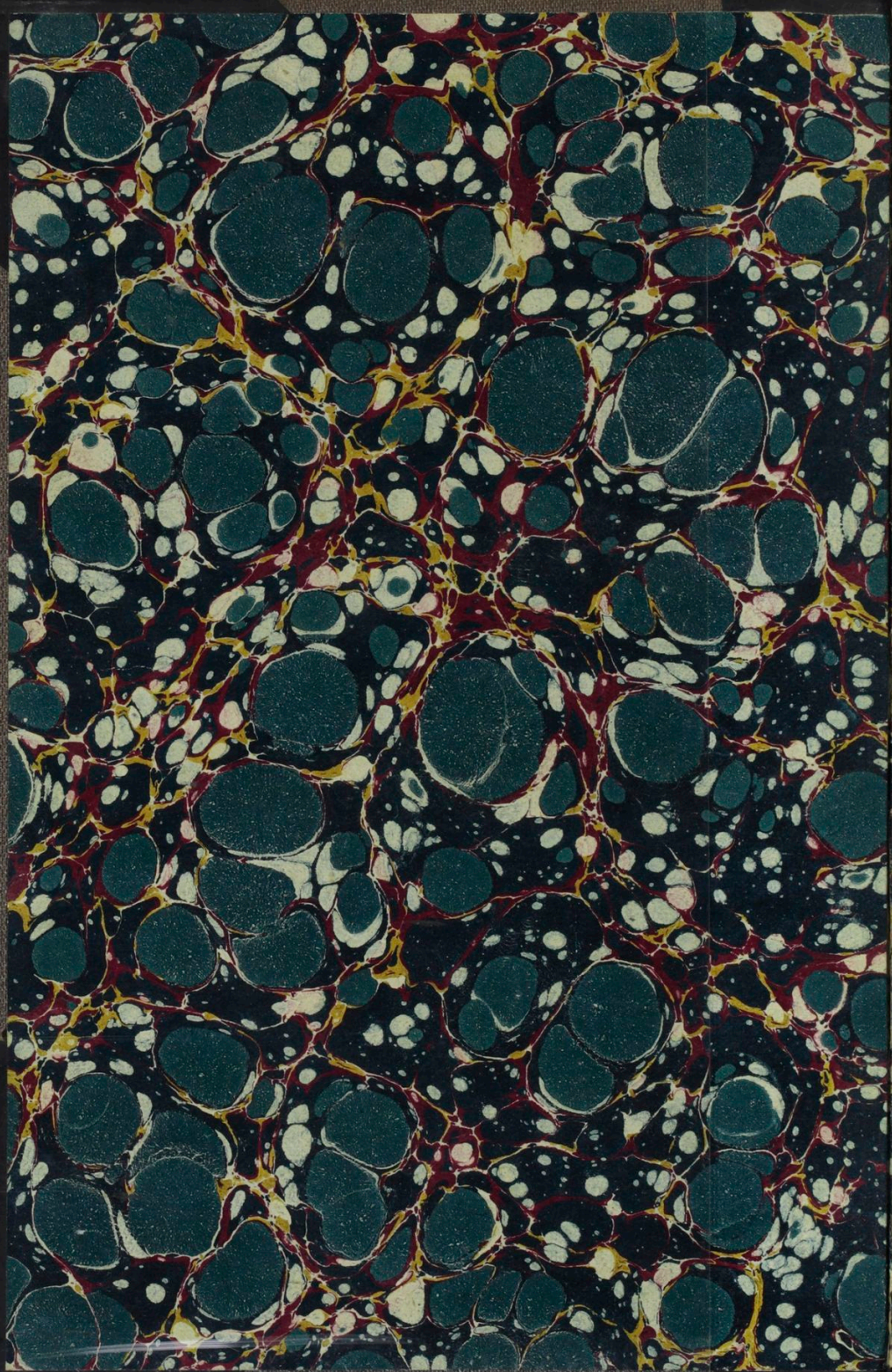
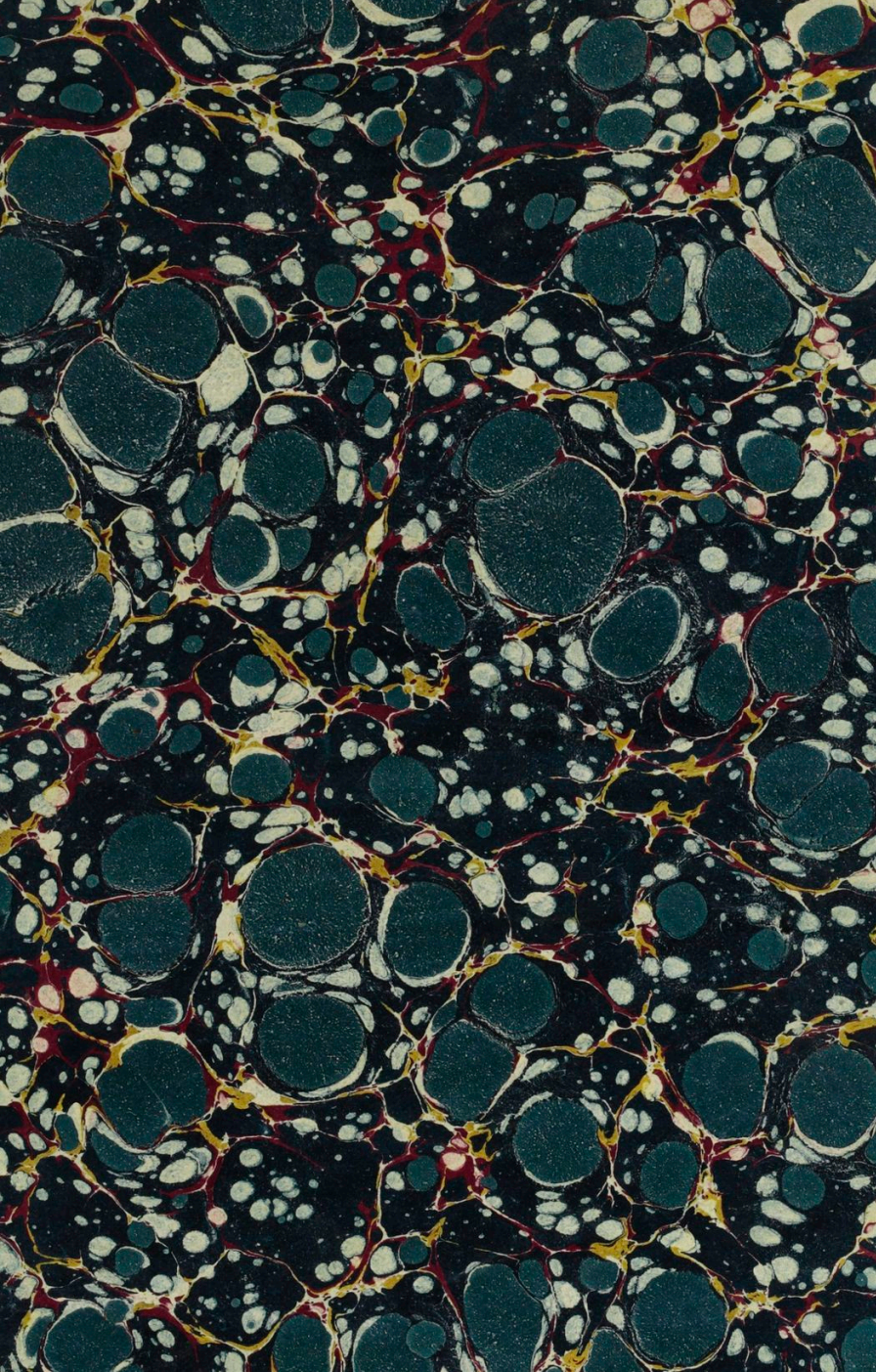


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W. Mitchell

LECTIONES TARBANÆ;

OR,

TALL TALK AT TARBAN.

BY

EDWARD WARDLEY,

LATE ACTING SUPERINTENDENT, FORMERLY ASSISTANT MEDICAL
OFFICER OF THE TARBAN LUNATIC ASYLUM,

AND THE PRESENT

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM,
PARRAMATTA.

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PREFACE.

It has been found impossible by the circumscribed treatment of a literal rendering to communicate a fair idea of ancient or foreign authors. Most of the narratives of the Bible especially are so deficient in detail and filling up, that notwithstanding the frequent flashing and picturesqueness of the language, they are little more than skeleton themes, and require much aid from the imagination to give them that degree of muscular and nervous vitality which can elevate them above the character of meagre chronicles of fact. Modern poetical authors, therefore, have usually aimed at versions more or less paraphrastic, rather than such as are distinguished by servile adherence to verbal accuracy and neglect of the higher merits of regard for the spirit and force of the original. They have thus rendered more interesting and intelligible many subjects by the introduction of suitable imagery, the fuller development of character and apposite moral disquisition, giving connection thereby to that which was before detached and seemingly incoherent, and flinging the charm of color and proportion over the rude and shadowless figures they were endeavoring to adorn.

Poets of a very high order, as Dryden and Pope, have at once indulged their own taste and discovered a high appreciation of the real merits of former bards by paraphrasing works which were in danger of becoming obsolete from their old-fashioned phraseology, which continued to suffer under the perpetual innovations and increasing refinements on the primitive forms of language. Dryden paraphrased on Virgil and Chaucer; Pope on Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, and Horace; and Prior bequeathed us a stately, elaborate, though somewhat cold and cumbrous, specimen of his skill in his Scriptural poem of Solomon. Dr. Johnson, though scarcely to be ranked as a poet by natural temperament, has exhibited two splendid examples of his adaptability of intellect in his "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes." In fact, the paraphrastic form of composition has been regarded with pretty general favor by authors and readers alike, the chief exception being among the unimaginative scholars, whose pedantry, founded on prejudice and unenlightened by taste, rendered them insensible to

any merit or charm but those of grammar and definition, and who regarded a hypercriticism built on the dictionary as the highest exercise of the mind and the loftiest triumph of learning.

I am not aware whether there has ever been a popular published version in English of the book of Judith ; but it seems to me to be a very favorable subject for the experiment. The story has all the elements of grandeur in an immeasurably superior degree to that of the abduction of Helen ; for, setting aside the treatment by Homer, the classical associations, and the innate nobility of the Grecian race of Heroes, the petty Kings engaged in the siege of Troy were little more than marauding chieftains compared with the gorgeous King of Assyria and his magnificent General Holofernes. And its two chiefest heroines, Andromache and Cassandra, cannot be compared for a moment with the impassioned Jewish devotee in the importance of action and concentrated energy and abnegation of self.

Homer was no exception to Grecian bards in general in the inferior consideration assigned to women, who, under their conception, have chiefly been distinguished by revolting and unnatural crime, the commonist routine display of passive obedience in love, or the indefatigable exercise of household industry. Andromache, although seen but by glimpses, is undoubtedly the most truly feminine and beautiful delineation of woman occurring in any Greek or Roman poetry. But her patriotic sorrows seem to have been merely felt through the medium of her domestic affections, and if she could have separated the fate of Hector and Astyanax from that of Troy, there is no reason to suppose she would have been inconsolable for her country's overthrow. Cassandra, though filling a much more conspicuous situation in the transactions of the day, has but little of the character of an active agent of events. Her *rôle* was chiefly confined to the prophetic business, and the doom of disbelief which was attached to the gift prevented her from exercising any decisive influence on the fortunes of her country.

Judith and Joan of Arc were women of a different stamp, and though both broke through the barriers placed between woman's constitutional timidity, domestic retirement and reliance on the physical vigor, courage, and superior knowledge of man, to interfere in scenes in which woman is naturally unfit to mingle. They did so, not in consequence of any masculine carelessness, immodesty, or unloveliness of character, but because love of country in their unselfish hearts usurped an absolute dominion over them, in obedience to which control no personal danger or sacrifice was too great to be endured and none of the usual emotions of the feminine temperament were powerful enough to withstand. In all other respects they were veritable women, with all the virtues and most of the weaknesses of their sex, and would have been well contented

in ordinary times to fulfil the duties of their respective stations in obscurity, and the enthusiasm which inspired them with such sublimity of resolve under sufficiently exciting circumstances, continuing only latent in their minds, would in our days probably only have made them Sisters of Charity or more than usually effective examples of benevolent District Visitors.

It would not be easy to account then for Judith's hitherto absence of attraction to a paraphrastic poet, when we see so many narratives of much inferior interest have been greedily seized upon as themes for the exercise of versification with honor to the author and profit to the reader. How far her deadly scheme of allurements and murder can be reconciled to the morality inculcated by Christianity, is not our present province to decide. The tragedy described belongs to a portion of Scripture history not believed to be inspired, and therefore it involves no question prejudicial to the teaching of the Bible.

My task was undertaken on account of a select number of the inmates of Tarban Creek Asylum in the latter end of the year 1866. It was my first experiment on the capacity of the lunatic mind to join in intellectual occupation and be diverted for a time from the morbid contemplation of their delusions and sufferings. I left the Asylum soon after and had no opportunity of repeating it until I returned in 1868 as Acting Superintendent of the establishment, when I read the first three or four papers, at intervals of a month, of the present collection of essays. I had no reason to be dissatisfied with the result, for, though it may appear ridiculous to some to regard lunatics as rational beings, in spite of the obliquity of their minds, it can only be deemed so by those who are ignorant of the great fact that insanity not only does not in many cases destroy the intellectual faculties but sometimes, on the contrary, actually exalts them in particular directions. At the periods to which I allude there were two or three classical scholars in the Asylum, and some score or two of diligent readers of the best books the library contained, who not only understood what they read, but liked to make it the subject of conversation and argument. I believe that no other means of amusement of the many that were tried, were ever so flattering to the self-esteem of that superior class of patients as this one which I was the humble instrument of originating in the Asylum.

I would never have intruded myself thus upon the public but that I feel it to be an act of justice to Dr. Campbell and myself to show that whatever may have been our other faults, we endeavored to do the most for our patients that our circumstances would allow, and did not content ourselves with the mere pecuniary advantages we received for our services. A reference to the Letter Books would show how far we were faithful to, or neglected our duties.

If the inmates of the Tarban establishment do actually enjoy now more comfort and advantages than we were able to secure them, no one has a greater right to rejoice in the fact than the man who lived so many years among them and has been twelve or thirteen times in charge of the institution, for periods varying from one month to nine and a half.

E. W.

JUDITH ; A PARAPHRASE.

In quiet epochs, when the ambient air
On its vibrating waves no sound may bear
But those of peace around the earthly scene,
The female heart is like the time—serene ;
Pulsating tranquilly from day to day, 5
As routine feelings light emotions sway ;
Nor bounds tumultuous of wild alarm,
Or fatal vengeance then distract its calm.
These are the happy days when her soft grace
Fills in the social scheme its proper place ; 10
Dictates the law of fashion, and imbues
The sphere it influences with roseate hues ;
Charms, from the garden culled, where odours sweet
And all diversified adornments meet ;
The fairest work of Heaven to array 15
In all that breathes divinity on clay.
Then love, and pleasure, and domestic joy,
The daily cravings of her heart employ,
And like a stream, unruffled by the wind,
Flows on, in gentle course, the woman's mind. 20
But in that heart's unfathomable deeps,
How wild an energy and fearful sleeps
When touched the chord which permeates the core,
And wakes the passion which can sleep no more.
Then Joans of Arc, with blazoned flags unfurled, 25
And pious Judiths burst upon the world,
Paling the light which Daring's glory sheds
Upon the colder manly heroes' heads,
Which probability's conclusions lead,
And ever count the chances of the deed. 30
With weaker frame, with more impassioned will,
With keener sympathy and nervous thrill,
The heart predominant above the mind,
And closer round its narrower world entwined,
A woman's nature is as much above 35
Her rougher master's in the sphere of love,

As 'tis below it in its strength to school,
 And bind the feelings down to reason's rule.
 Howe'er intensely may the passion flare
 In man for glory, self is always there 40
 To dim the ever intermitting blaze
 With smoky vapour or surrounding haze.
 To him the wreath of immortality
 By worldly honors must prefigured be ;
 The knightly badge, the coronet, or pow'r 45
 Must soil with tinsel shine the amaranth flower,
 Defiling ever, with the dust of earth,
 Each aspiration of celestial birth.
 Great, though the object which his soul revolves,
 And irresistible his fixed resolves ; 50
 The star which guides him on his glory's track
 Hath still upon its disc some spots of black,
 Like base detraction fastened on a name,
 Obscuring honors with the taint of shame ;
 But woman's purpose reigns with her alone, 55
 And no diverging minor aims can own ;
 Her unobstructed vision sees the goal,
 Which she pursues with undivided soul,
 Indifferent to all but that one thing,
 And blind to what the Afterward may bring. 60
 Where woman is should be the home of peace,
 Of soft restraints and sweet compliances ;
 Her voice should chase away all rough ideas,
 Her love dry up, or mingle joy with tears ;
 On whom her sympathetic glances rest 65
 Should feel her influence thrilling in his breast ;
 And where affection from her heart is given,
 That breast receive it as a gift from Heaven.
 Man loves this Being, nay, almost adores,
 Who rules his soul without the help of laws ; 70
 And in that ratio elevates her throne,
 As her perfections differ from his own.
 She was not meant for conflict, or for brawl,
 The rush of squadrons, and the trumpet's call ;
 That fragile beauty was not meant to be 75
 Stained with the treason of conspiracy ;
 The slender fingers of that ivory hand
 To close around the hilt of battle brand
 To spring the mine, or buffet with the flood,
 And dye the dagger with a foeman's blood. 80
 What would she with such tools of fear and wrath,
 Whose earthly altar is her husband's hearth ?

Whose shrine should be upon his faithful breast,
 And fondness consecrate his children's nest ;
 Her care, her prayers, their ever prompt defence, 85
 Their love reciprocal her recompense.
 Such is the woman as she ought to be,
 Her proudest boast her chaste maternity ;
 Her quiet virtues for her loveliness,
 And greatest joy domestic happiness. 90
 What hand but God's the mystic lead can heave,
 Which in its searching course the depths can cleave,
 And with unerring accuracy sound
 Those secret cells and cavities profound
 Where rest, till summoned forth to play their part, 95
 The wilder passions of the female heart,
 Which wield resistless influence on the times
 Marked by disorder, anarchy, and crimes.
 How awful is the energy there which lies
 Far from the love which issues from her eyes, 100
 So alien to the fragile form and grace
 Which lights, with tender witchery, her face :
 The purpose stern, the cruel deathless hate,
 Which nothing but Revenge's lust can sate ;
 Enthusiasm, grand self-sacrifice, 105
 Exalted virtue, and atrocious vice ;
 The maddened fondness flinging back despair,
 The heartless guile and desp'rate will to dare ;
 A martyr fortitude and Envy's gall,
 All dormant there, and waiting for their call. 110
 Behold that masterpiece of Nature's hand
 Stamped with the glory of Jehovah's brand,
 Who sent her forth, his emblem on the earth
 Of beauty, tenderness, delight, and worth ;
 And who that sees her in her virgin pride, 115
 A happy matron, or a blushing bride,
 Could dream that such fair casket held within
 So much of tragic earnestness or sin ?
 So much sublime, so much debased and low,
 Enshrined beneath her stainless breast of snow. 120
 At length the long drawn revelry was o'er,
 And hushed, O Nineveh ! thy drunken roar.
 But, still the Despot, of his triumph vain,
 And pride inflated at Arphaxad slain,
 Reviewed in arrogance his Empire's spread, 125
 And schemes of conquest in his fancy fed.
 Through all his house a sudden talk arose
 Of coming vengeance levelled at his foes ;

His foes, who all the tribes of earth comprised, 130
 Who paid not homage or his rule despised :
 Whose free-born spirits cringed not at his nod,
 And utterly abhorred his title to be God.
 His fawning satraps crouching round his throne,
 Declared the world and all it held his own ;
 And by his Godhead vowed it just to slay 135
 All mortal flesh refusing to obey.
 To Holofernes was the charge assigned—
 Go forth, he said, the spoiler of mankind,
 That every nation to the Western Sea,
 Subdued, made captive, or consumed may be ; 140
 For I, the earth's imperial Lord, ordain
 That all are vassals to my awful reign.
 Go then before me, choose thee men of trust,
 Enough to trample nations in the dust ;
 Footmen and horsemen doth our grace accord, 145
 See that thy deeds be worthy of thy Lord.
 Go forth, invincible, against the west,
 Which dares dispute thy monarch's high behest ;
 Go, and our will immutable declare
 That Earth and Water may our slaves prepare ; 150
 For I am coming, as an angry God,
 To blast rebellion by my fateful nod,
 To crush all those who murmur at our will,
 And, where resisted, burn, destroy, and kill.
 The world with armies will I cover o'er, 155
 And carry havoc to the farthest shore ;
 Their blood shall drench the valleys, and shall stain
 The rivers clogged with hecatombs of slain,
 And from the earth's remotest corners torn
 Shall groaning captives to our feet be borne. 160
 Thou, therefore, Leader of this mighty host,
 Go forth before, and ravage ev'ry coast ;
 Those that shall yield, reserve them till the hour
 When I shall judge them with almighty power ;
 But those whose madness may resistance dare, 165
 Let not thine eyes compassionate or spare ;
 Let slaughter lay them, e'en by nations low,
 And spoil and wither wheresoe'er you go :
 For, as I live, and by my sceptre's sway,
 My hand shall smite them, even as I say. 170
 And thou, take heed, I charge thee, to fulfil
 The rigid purpose of thy ruler's will ;
 Accomplish all, or by this sacred crown,
 Thyself shalt taste the terrors of our frown.

- Thus spoke the madman, and his slaves adored, 175
 As slaves do ever, their despotic Lord.
 Yet all the jewels, ev'ry priceless gem,
 Which decked the circlet of his diadem ;
 Nor all the heaps his treasury displayed,
 With all the regions which his rule obeyed, 180
 Could buy a friend among that grov'ling herd,
 Who licked the dust and trembled at his word.
 How false, how hollow, is the despot's state,—
 How lonely and how loveless is his fate ;
 Placed on his pinnacle of unchecked power, 185
 Though crouching courtiers at his humours cow'r,
 Where, 'mong the millions of the slaves he rules,
 Seeks he, or finds he, aught but flattering tools ;
 Panders to vanity, and pimps to vice,
 Which makes the subjects' rights a sacrifice ; 190
 Who, even when his heart is just, pervert
 His honest purpose to the people's hurt :
 On that bad eminence he stands so high,
 Beyond the human range of sympathy,
 That his inflated breast must feel above 195
 His wife's communion, or his children's love ;
 Deeming it condescension, there, to deign
 Participation in their joy or pain.
 Highest of slaves, they tremble at his frown,
 And feel themselves but trappings of his crown, 200
 Whose spirits still the heaviest chains enfold,
 Although each welded link is made of gold.
 They may be dear, for are they not his own—
 The closest parasites around his throne ?
 The nearest, neediest candidates for grace, 205
 Dispensing honours, pensions, wealth and place ?
 But on the gaudy splendours which adorn
 The princely serf, within the purple born,
 More drearily the sceptre's shadow falls,
 And with a heavier load the fetter galls ; 210
 More grating is the curb's dull clanking sound
 By which the freedom of the soul is bound.
 Were millions made for one ? what blasphemy
 To common sense exists in such a plea !
 Though overawed and silenced by the might, 215
 Wielded by tyrants, for the spurious right
 They term divine ;—the people's will alone
 Confers a legal title to a throne.
 First of his Satraps, Holofernes bore
 A name unrivalled for success in war ; 220

Brave, but audacious, confident and proud,
 With genius far above the courtier crowd,
 His heart was in the camp, his passion arms,
 The trumpet's clang, and battle's rough alarms. 225
 Yet was his soul imbued with gen'rous fire,
 And breast accessible to soft desire ;
 The tender glance, or woman's tearful eye,
 The charm of loveliness, or Beauty's sigh,
 Found in his heart a quick ally to plead,
 To waken love, or minister to need ; 230
 And could the free, the claim of mortal own,
 In any case, to fill a despot's throne ?—
 Far was he worthier to impose its law,
 Than that vain tyrant who the sceptre bore,
 And made the world which shuddered at his ire, 235
 The folly of the man the more admire.
 But, though ambitious, his unfearing mind
 To grapple danger rather was inclined,—
 To crave excitement in the tented field,
 And all that active energy could yield, 240
 Than feel delight in visions of a state,
 Where full-gorged luxury in sloth might sate.
 Thus was he loyal, and he trod the court
 Where death replied to independent thought,
 A despot's horror, with a stately air, 245
 Which seemed another kindred to declare,
 As if in Scythian wilds his soul was trained,
 Where man o'er fellow man by merit reigned ;
 His wealth his flocks, his nome the tilted wain,
 Or simple tent upon the houseless plain. 250
 The tyrant knew his worth, but loved him not—
 For love of worth is not a tyrant's lot—
 Yet trusted him whene'er he felt the need
 Of his proved skill and dauntless heart to lead.
 Among these nobler traits his mind, which graced 255
 One fatal quality the rest debased ;
 Acute enough his country's creed to see,
 With all its priestcraft and idolatry,
 A contradiction e'en to common sense,
 And void of ev'ry shade of evidence. 260
 His reckless temper taught him not to deem
 That man required a Deity Supreme ;
 And though his opportunities had brought
 An immaterial God before his thought,
 Yet, undevotional in mental cast, 265
 Indiff'rence turned to disbelief at last.

Thus, when the puffed-up King assumed to be
 The Incarnation of a Deity,
 Although in secret he the thought contemned,
 And e'en the drunken arrogance condemned, 270
 Not as impiety, he felt disgust
 At such pretensions from a thing of dust ;
 But thought if men in fiction must believe,
 It matters not what god they might receive ;
 And for himself his never failing sword 275
 Sufficed for faith, avenger and for lord.
 The host of Assur marshalled in array,
 Towards the west commenced its destined way ;
 Myriads of beasts of burden in the rear,
 And sheep and oxen numberless appear ; 280
 The chariots thundered o'er each beaten road,
 And camels reeled beneath their galling load ;
 And multitudes from countries far and wide,
 Like locusts swarmed to swell the battle tide.
 Countless they seemed, as are the grains of sand 285
 On boundless desert, or the ocean strand ;
 E'en lions quailed before the clangour dread,
 And firm Earth trembled at the heavy tread.
 On swept the deluge as a mighty flood,
 To carry havoc over Phud and Lud ; 290
 Beyond the stream of broad Euphrates rushed,
 And tribes and nations in its fury crushed :
 Far to the south the fiery current spread,
 And strewed the distant Japhet's plains with dead ;
 The Madian race its rage encompassed round, 295
 Their temples rased and blasted all the ground ;
 Then to the plains of rich Damascus turned,
 And fields, and flocks, and growing harvest burned ;
 Sacked cities, provinces despoiled and black
 From recent flame denote its fatal track ; 300
 And slaughtered youth thick strewed on ev'ry plain,
 And ravished maidens weeping o'er the slain ;
 And therefore grief and wild despairing awe
 Fell on the mighty cities of the shore ;
 A fainting agony of soul which gave 305
 No hope in combat to the silenced brave.
 Peace, peace, they cried, to spoil, to slavery,
 And e'en to worship gladly we agree,
 If thou, dread Prince, thy deathful hand will stay,
 And grant thy slaves in safety to obey, 310
 Behold our homes, our wealth, our fields of wheat,
 Humbly we place as ransom at thy feet ;

All are thy servants, prostrate we await
 Thy sentence pregnant with a people's fate ;
 Oh come, and howsoe'er inclines thy will, 315
 Permit that we rejoicing may fulfil.
 Slaves, said the Satrap, with an aspect stern,
 Your prayers are granted, to your homes return ;
 Within your cities we shall deign to rest,
 And there our gracious pleasure be expressed ; 320
 Prepare what honors riches can afford,
 To greet the great Vicegerent of your Lord.
 Dense were the living streams that poured along
 With timbrels, flutes, with dancing and with song ;
 Forth from each city long processions rolled, 325
 Gaudy with garlands, trappings, and with gold ;
 Long trains of lovely virgins head each line,
 And gilded cars triumphal next them shine ;
 Then came the chosen youths of aspect fair,
 And slaves who jewelled crowns and banners bear ; 330
 Then blooming matrons with their charms mature,
 And venal nymphs accomplished to allure ;
 Eunuchs on camels in their rich attire,
 And choral bands with psalter and with lyre ;
 Proud prancing horses next attendants lead, 335
 Grandly caparisoned and pure of breed ;
 And last of all, to close the long array,
 The high grandees thronged thick upon the way ;
 The Conq'ror came, but gazed with haughty air
 On all these tokens of delight and care ; 340
 Clad in his war costume, his scornful eye
 Scanned coldly all the costly pageantry ;
 The hollow trappings which a farce appear,
 So ill concealing hate and abject fear.
 His fearless spirit deigned not to affect, 345
 For willing slaves, a semblance of respect ;
 And ev'ry gesture, ev'ry look betrayed
 At what he rated all their vain parade.
 Yet true as honor to his plighted word,
 He smote and ravaged not the cringing herd ; 350
 Though rigid to enforce the King's desire,
 He gave their gods and temples to the fire ;
 Cut down their groves, their frontier lines erased,
 And ev'ry vestige of their faith defaced,
 And all the tribes and tongues received the law, 355
 As God Assyria's Tyrant to adore.
 To Erdraelon next, the whirlwind passed,
 While Judah trembled at the coming blast ;

Yet, not while paused the victor's lifted hand,
 To waft the curse of carnage on the land, 360
 Did Israel's children flinch their holy cause,
 Or quail the struggle, for their faith and laws.
 Sore trouble, truly, every heart oppressed,
 But not their manly energy depressed,
 Crowning the hills and guarding ev'ry strait 365
 Calmly, the hov'ring tempest they await,
 And not one coward heart suggested yield,
 Unless with life upon the blood stained field,
 But ere descends the blow about to fall,
 With humbled soul on Jacob's God they call ; 370
 With anguish vehement, and fervent prayer,
 Commit their safety to his watchful care.
 Prone in the dust their wives and children lay,
 And girt with sackcloth vile, lament and pray ;
 Before the Temple, blend the prostrate crowd, 375
 And mingle tears and supplicate aloud ;
 There master, stranger, and the hireling low,
 On humbled heads, defiling ashes throw ;
 High Priest, and Levite, at the altars bow,
 And weary Heav'n with incense and with vow. 380

Age after age, as still the rain cloud brings,
 Descending blessings to renew the springs,
 Drawing on that grand reservoir, the sea,
 For ne'er refused humidity ;
 Which it may waft where'er the sultry air, 385
 Hath scorched the pastures to a desert bare ;
 The fountains and the river heads sucked dry,
 Till herds and famished flocks are fain to die—
 Oh God, so long enduring wickedness,
 And placable to penitent distress, 390
 So, on thy boundless love, and pity draw
 The cries of anguish, which thy aid implore,
 To rain upon the prostrate heart of woe,
 The peace, which only from thy stores can flow.
 Though in our dreams of vanity and pride, 395
 We scorn the still small voice, and turn aside
 From paths of Godliness to evil's ways,
 The glorious sunshine still illumines our days ;
 And still the silver moon, with lovesome light,
 Circles around us 'neath the stars of night. 400

Oh, had'st thou quenched them, as so oft deserved,
 The rebels, from thy holy laws who swerved ;
 Or hurled upon our orb thy bolts of fire,
 Who should gainsay the justice of thy ire,

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When evil, by thy mercy passed away, 405
 The old idolat'ry resumed its sway—
 The very chosen people of Earth's race,
 Mocking thy sanctity and saving grace.
 Though thou declar'st Thyself, to jealous be,
 And would not suffer any Gods but Thee. 410

The hour of faith returns, with pain and woe,
 And we remember then, the good we owe ;
 When from our sins, we feel us desolate,
 And black despair is brooding at our gate. 415
 Then cry we, to the mountain tops, to hear,
 And to the earth's foundations, in our fear,
 To plead with God, that he should deem us pure,
 And make our burdens easy to endure.
 We would not heed him, when, with pitying cry,
 He called upon our hearts to testify, 420
 Wherefore, He wearied them ; or what had done,
 To make his people his affection shun.
 But then our treasure, in our sins was set,
 Too deeply for the payment of our debt ;
 Till we had wasted all our summer fruits 425
 Down to the gleanings of the withered shoots.
 All that was earthy had forsaken then,
 And trust had vanished in our fellow men—
 Sons had dishonored the sad father's name,
 And daughters filled the mother's breast with shame, 430
 We sowed—but then, no harvest did we reap,
 We laid us down, but knew no healthy sleep—
 The sky was black with thunder, and the roar
 Of tempest fury swept along the shore.
 Then cried we prostrate, who is God like Thee ? 435
 To pardon our immense iniquity ;
 To fold once more thy sheep who go astray,
 And bid transgression's troubles pass away.

Ah, what portends the crimson flush of ire,
 Which clothes the Satrap's cheek with glowing fire ? 440
 While scorn contracts the brow, and mute surprise,
 Flashes in glances of his rolling eyes.
 And, dare the tribes of that weak scanty land,
 Presume before this mighty host to stand ?
 The mountain passes boldly occupy, 445
 And fondly dream its prowess to defy ?
 Princes of Moab, and the Ammonite,
 Can ye, on this dark riddle, throw a light ?
 Who is this people, whence doth it derive,
 A hope against Assyria's march to strive ? 450

What are its cities? what its armies force,
 To risk the hazard of this desp'rate cause?
 What king or chieftain, proved of valiant deed,
 Possess they in the battle shock to lead?
 And why, o'er all, have they delayed to meet, 455
 And beg for grace and safety at our feet?
 Deign mighty Prince, that thy attention dwell,
 On what thy servant Achiar can tell,
 Said Ammon's chieftain—let my Lord now hear
 The truth concerning those residing near. 460
 From old Chaldea's stock, the Hebrew race,
 Their origin, in times far distant trace,
 But spurned their father's Gods, and customs left,
 And first on Padan Aram's levels dwelt—
 Brought to a purer faith, by God revealed, 465
 No more to monster images they kneeled ;
 No more, from demon Priestcraft's teachings bore,
 Their idols off'rings or believed their lore.
 A few days rested, by their God's decree,
 Still further from Chaldea's land they flee ; 470
 And passed to Canaan, where they dwelt in peace
 And saw their riches as themselves increase ;
 Till famine pinched the Land, and bid them roam,
 To seek, in Egypt, yet another home ;
 Become a multitude : distrust arose, 475
 And dusk Mizraim treated them as foes ;
 To abject serfdom their condition doomed,
 And all their strength in servile toil consumed ;
 Then cried they to their God, who heard their prayer,
 And filled with plagues incurable the air ; 480
 Till Egypt, maddened at her grievous plight,
 Cast out the dang'rous people from her sight.
 The sea dried up before them as they flew,
 Till all Judea passed in safety through ;
 On either hand the parting waves divide, 485
 And wat'ry walls resist the rolling tide.
 Untouched and dry the levelled road they tread,
 By God constructed, o'er the ocean's bed ;
 And not one billow, with rebellious beat,
 Broke o'er their path, to wet their passing feet. 490
 Their God before, to Sina's mount they press,
 And spoil the children of the wilderness ;
 And dwelt and struggled with the Amorite,
 Till Esebon, subdued, was put to flight.
 Beyond the Jordan, onward, as they go, 495
 Still flies before them every worsted foe ;

Nor ceased they combat, nor reposed in rest,
 Before the hilly country was possessed.
 Then dwelt they safely, prospered, and were free,
 Before degraded by iniquity ; 500
 But, when they vexed the Rock of their defence,
 By long enduring and by deep offence,
 In battle vanquished, and in spirit cowed,
 Again to slav'ry's iron chain they bowed.
 Their holy Temple lay in ruins low, 505
 And all their cities yielded to the foe ;
 Yet, when to Him, who, thriving, they had spurned,
 Their hearts by sorrow purified, returned,
 Once more, from scattered places where they dwelt,
 And all the captive's bitter portion felt, 510
 Their God relenting at their fallen state,
 Restored their native land now desolate.
 Now, therefore, Lord and Governor, if aught
 Of sin, deprive them of their one support ;
 Let us consider them, thus doomed to feel 515
 Their God's displeasure in our vengeful steel ;
 But, if not wickedness the nation stains,
 And God e'en yet his people's cause maintains,
 Let us pass by, nor on their hills encroach,
 Lest we ourselves become the world's reproach. 520
 Scarce had he finished when the murmur rose—
 Death to the pleader for Assyria's foes ;
 E'en Moab and the sea-side dwellers cry,
 His words are treason, let the traitor die ;
 Command the signal, even at this hour, 525
 For we despise the trembling Israel's pow'r—
 A people known of weak repute in arms,
 And all unpractised in its rough alarms.
 Slowly the mighty Satrap gazed around,
 While boast and tumult through the camp resound ; 530
 And when, with hand uplifted, he had swayed
 The vaunting Council, and its fury stayed—
 And who art thou ? O Achiar, he said,
 Free of thy tongue and reckless of thy head,
 That thou hast dared to prophecy to-day 535
 Disgrace on yon invincible array,
 And threaten God reproach on us would bring,
 Forgetting who is God, and who is King.
 He, who to me the glorious task assigned,
 " Go and enforce my Godhead on mankind ;" 540
 He who will follow with resistless force,
 By smoking cities which shall mark my course,

And e'en to earth's remotest bound or shore,
 Shall doom his slaves to perish or adore.
 Woe to this pigmy tribe with thought insane, 545
 Who would impede his universal reign ;
 Torn from their holds and chased by ev'ry path,
 Their God shall fail to save them from its wrath.
 Their strength our horses under feet shall tread,
 Their fields shall yield a harvest of their dead ; 550
 A crimson dye shall stain each river's flood,
 And all the hills be drunken with their blood ;
 For utter ruin shall his vengeance wreak,
 Who said, " No word of mine must vainly speak."
 Thou from this day shall see no more my face, 555
 Till ruin falls on this devoted race,
 And then thy blood our ruthless swords shall stain,
 And thou decay with the corrupting slain.
 Doomed though thou art, I grant thee yet thy life,
 Till thou behold'st us victors in the strife ; 560
 And if within thee one yet lurking thought
 Persuade thy hopes that this shall come to naught,
 Let not thy courage fail thee, but await,
 Incredulous thy surely coming fate.
 Hence with the slave and bound with servile hands, 565 *b*
 Resign him to his much-loved Israel's hands.
 The morning sun had poured his ~~high~~ streams of gold,
 On ev'ry peak and ev'ry ~~high~~ hilltop hold,
 When by its chief's command, Assyria's host
 Beneath Bethulia's ramparts took its post ; 570
 Filling the valley with a mighty roar,
 Like some vast ocean deluging the shore.
 Wave after wave impelled the roaring tide,
 And headlong dashed against the barrier's side,
 Till all Judea, plunged in wild affright, 575
 Surveyed its awful evidence of might.
 Behold our enemies, they shuddering said,
 While ashen cheeks their inward fears betrayed,
 Are they not countless as the forest leaves,
 Or grains of wheat upon the harvest sheaves ? 580
 Might not their strength all growing things devour,
 And lick the earth up with consuming power ?
 And neither bulky mountain, vale, nor plain,
 The burden of their pressure can sustain.
 Then armed they ev'ry desp'rate man to meet, 585
 The living torrent surging at their feet ;
 Rolling its billows tow'rd's each guarded rock,
 As if to rent its basis by the shock.

But daylight fades and sable shadows fall,
 And cover nature with their funeral pall ; 590
 From ev'ry tow'r the ruddy watch-fires light,
 Deepens the dense surrounding gloom of night.
 Stern warriors weep and vigil matrons mourn,
 And wish yet dread the coming of the dawn.
 It came, and flaming in the eastern sky, 595
 Illumed with ray oblique the mountains high,
 And as the sun a little upward rose,
 Ten thousand glitt'ring horse his beams disclose ;
 Scanning each pass, inspecting each ravine,
 Their dread commander's stately form was seen. 600
 O'er all the fountains num'rous guards he placed,
 And strong beleaguering lines and trenches traced ;
 Posts of advantage occupied with skill,
 And circumscribed each isolated hill ;—
 Nor trusted e'en one single point to chance, 605
 Which seemed his plan of conquest to advance.
 Then Esau's chiefs and Moab's captain came,
 With all the sea-coast governors of fame,
 With zealous haste a measure to advise,
 Which rendered sure possession of the prize. 610
 Let our great leader heed the words we say,
 And yet the battle for a while delay,
 For yonder people do not ask the fight,
 But trust to precipice and rocky height,
 And hill-top fortress, which too well they know, 615
 Defy the vain approaches of a foe.
 Now, therefore, Prince, within thy camp remain,
 And rule thy valour to thy final gain ;
 For at the foot of yonder mountain lies
 The crystal fountain which the town supplies,— 620
 And this cut off, nor valour, pride, nor skill,
 Can long protract submission to thy will.
 Woe in the city, shrieks of mad despair
 Ring through the streets and vibrate through the air ;
 The reservoirs exhausted, parched, and dry, 625
 With burning fever all for water cry.
 Young men and maidens made by anguish wild,
 The suckling mother and the big with child ;
 Grey-bearded men, and children reel around,
 And fainting, sink to perish on the ground ; 630
 The strong-limbed fail, the brave and firm can hide
 No more the cravings of their vanished pride,—
 With hectic cheeks, black lips, and panting breath,
 Their husky voices supplicate for death.

Then o'er their weakened minds a change of thought, 635
 From one accusing, frantic matron caught,
 Impels them wild with passion to inveigh
 Against their Rulers, who to yield delay ;
 And by excitement nerved they rush along,
 To force submission and avenge the wrong. 640
 Oh thou, they cried, so pitiless and cold,
 In us the tokens of thy work behold !
 Ozias, if on earth can justice be,
 God be the Judge betwixt ourselves and thee.
 How deeply hast thou injured us to bring 645
 The hatred on us of Assyria's King.
 No helper have we, God himself forsakes—
 Nay more, the side of our oppressor takes ;
 Now therefore yield, let Holofernes smite,
 And spoil as pleaseth his resistless might : 650
 For all is better, which his rage can doom,
 Than thus, in burning torture to consume.
 Deem'st thou that we can gaze with tearless eye,
 And see our wives and helpless children die ?
 We will not,—on the Earth and on the Lord, 655
 Both by our fathers and ourselves adored,
 We call, to witness on thy cruel head,
 That He may do not as his tongue hath said.
 Then did they weep, and kneeling, one and all,
 With cries of anguish on Jehovah call ; 660
 And e'en Ozias, their unyielding chief,
 Joined in their tears, and mingled grief with grief.
 Yet, brethren, cried he, yet, oh yet, delay
 Till five more rising suns restore the day ;
 And then, if nought of succour may be heard, 665
 It e'en shall be according to your word.

PART II.

In sable garb and sackcloth unadorned,
 The wealthy daughter of Merarie mourned.
 Three years and four revolving moons had flown,
 And found her still disconsolate and lone ; 670
 Still for her dear departed Lord she wept,
 And still the widow's fast and vigil kept.
 Lovely she was, and goodly to behold,
 And rich in lands, in cattle, and in gold ;
 A numerous household thronged her spacious halls, 675
 And decent order reigned within her walls.
 Yet still she pitched her tent upon the roof,
 And still from love and pleasure kept aloof,

Veiling her beauties in seclusion's shade,
 And still in mourning's sable garb arrayed. 680
 Courteous in manners, just, devout, and meek,
 Friend of the wretched, solace of the weak,
 Protectress of the poor, whom want and pain
 Ne'er lifted up their voices to in vain ;
 Afflicted for imperilled Zion's cause, 685
 Her nation's sorrows, and endangered laws,
 Her heart was pleading with impassioned prayer
 That God would deign to succour and to spare—
 When, on a sudden, from below arose
 The lamentation of the people's woes. 690
 In tears she witnessed that dread scene of rage,
 And heard Ozias their despair assuage ;
 When to their cries at last conceding way,
 He pledged his promise to the fatal day.
 And is there then, O Israel, hope bereft, 695
 But that short fleeting time of freedom left ?
 Is this, devoted city, then thy fate,
 Thus briefly thy oppressor to await ?
 And must thy sons now fall before the sword ?
 Or life endure apostates to the Lord ? 700
 Thy wives and virgins glut the victor's lust,
 While husbands, fathers, grovel in the dust ?
 Oh no—there kindles in my widowed breast
 A fire I welcome as a holy guest ;—
 A light, whose inspiration moves my heart, 705
 To feelings higher than can words impart ;
 Speed, maiden, to the Three who rule, and say,
 Judith would see them ere the close of day.
 They came—and listen to me now, she said,
 Ye law-appointed as Bethulia's head ; 710
 Not rightly spoken was the plighted word
 Before the people which I lately heard ;
 For thus, among the children of the land,
 Instead of God, have ye presumed to stand ;
 And tempted Him, by calling on his power 715
 To be exerted by a certain hour.
 Now may ye try to understand the Lord,
 But yet no counsel will his light afford :
 For, if the heart of man ye cannot find,
 And penetrate the motives of his mind, 720
 How can ye hope to fathom, or to rise
 To His conceptions, who upholds the skies ?
 Seek not His counsels or His ways to span :
 For He is God, and God is not as man,

Nor as the Son of Man, that He should be 725
 A creature weak and wavering as ye.
 Salvation, therefore, let his people wait,
 If granted early, or withholden late ;
 For He will help us, and will hear our voice,
 As dictates only His almighty choice. 730
 None have arisen in our age or day
 Among our nation who have worshipped clay ;
 Nor tribe nor city in Judea's land,
 That bowed to images engraved by hand.
 And, therefore, God will yield us not to spoil, 735
 Or drive us captive from our native soil—
 Like to our fathers, who transgressed the law,
 And such dread proofs of His displeasure bore :
 For we have known no other God but one,
 Nor things forbidden by His statutes done ; 740
 And should we fail our duty and resign
 Our firm dependence on the Will Divine,
 By Him shall be our guiltiness arraigned,
 For Israel's waste, and holy shrines profane,
 Our brethren's slaughter and captivity, 745
 Our names shall load with lasting infamy ;
 And we in bondage and oppressed with woes,
 Shall be the scorned abhorrence of our foes.
 Come then and let our sinking brethren view,
 By our example, all that faith can do ; 750
 And let us thank the Lord, that He hath tried
 Our hearts perchance too lifted up with pride :
 And though the sorrow which is now our share,
 Is very keen and terrible to bear ;
 Remember Jacob, Isaac, and Sire, 755
 So proved by grief, and visited by fire ;
 And own those stripes inflicted by his rod,
 Are tokens of the mercy of our God.
 The people thirsted—yea, I know it well,
 The pangs they bear, it needs no tongue to tell ; 760
 And ye, e'en yielding, but for pity's sake,
 A promise plighted ye may not forsake.
 Yet hear me—warriors shrink, or stand aghast,
 And tamely tarry for the coming blast ;
 But I, a woman, faint of heart and weak, 765
 Will dare a thing of which the world shall speak ,
 And generations to the latest date,
 With awe and admiration shall relate.
 Ask not my thoughts—but when the darkness falls,
 Permit me egress from the city walls ; 770

I and my maid, and ere those days shall fly,
 My feeble arm the Lord shall justify.
 The boon was granted which her views required,
 The Chieftains blessed her purpose and retired. 775
 In vision wrapt, the fair enthusiast lay,
 Or passed in pray'r the remnant of the day ;
 Prone in the dust, with ash defiled, she fell,
 As if entranced by some angelic spell,
 A seer of seraph face, and saintly mould,
 About some revelation to unfold. 780
 And when the hour of evening incense came,
 Thus she invoked the high Jehovah's name :
 " God of my Father, Simeon, to whom,
 A sword thou furnished for the stranger's doom ;
 Whom lust of youthful loveliness betrayed, 785
 To loose the spotless girdle of a maid,
 And bring pollution on a stainless race,
 Before unknown to shadow of disgrace—
 Who gave the rulers of the guilty land,
 To fall the victims of his vengeful hand— 790
 Enslaved their daughters, and their wives made prey,
 That treach'rous act of outrage to repay,
 Hear me, a widow, needing thy support,
 In execution of my dang'rous thought.
 In things like this, before to champion right, 795
 Oft hast thou deigned to manifest thy might ;
 And in the soul's extremity of fear,
 Hast said, be bold, lo ! we, ourselves, are near.
 For all thy ways already are prepared,
 And all thy judgments to thyself declared. 800
 Behold, how Assur multiplies its power,
 And now anticipates our fatal hour—
 See, how she glories in her countless show,
 Of footmen trusting in the spear and bow ;
 Unconscious, Lord of battles, of thy name, 805
 And power to rule the combat to her shame.
 Throw down their strength, oh Lord of Israel's trust,
 And strew their vaunting horsemen in the dust ;
 Let not thy holy sanctuary know,
 The foul polluting footsteps of a foe— 810
 The tabernacle, where thy name of awe,
 Surrounds the sacred tables of the law.
 Lo ! on the wing of battles, triumph borne,
 Their swords shall ring upon thy altar's horn,
 Unless thou comest in thy might to stay, 815
 And spread confusion on their dread array.

Oh tame their pride, and let thy wrath descend,
 Thy Majesty of Godhead to defend ;
 Give unto me, a widow joy bereaved
 The pow'r, my female bosom hath conceived, 820
 Smite by my lips deceitfulness, and smile,
 And grant my eyes allurements to beguile ;
 That Prince and servant for thy sake trepanned,
 Alike may sink beneath a woman's hand.
 A host ! what is it ? to thy arm of might, 825
 When weak and strong are equal in thy sight.
 God of the low, abandoned, and oppressed,
 And true upholder of the mournful breast,
 Friend of the helpless, and my father's Lord,
 I pray thee, pray thee, to unsheathe the sword. 830
 Thou, of the Heavens and Earth, Almighty King,
 And each inanimate and living thing—
 Creator of the waters, hear my pray'r,
 And be thou with me, in the act I dare.
 Oh, let thy hallowed house and Zion see, 835
 That Israel needs none other God but Thee.
 Her prayer was ended, and her face displayed,
 A firm reliance on Jehovah's aid.
 Up from her prostrate attitude she rose,
 And doffed the sackcloth and her widow's clothes ; 840
 Then, water o'er her snowy skin she shed,
 And twined the silken tresses of her head ;
 Nor did her toilette arts adorning spare
 The precious unguents and the perfumes rare.
 Next, in the bridal robe her form she clad— 845
 Her husband's fancy when they both were glad,
 Ere her young heart was clouded by the blow
 Which laid him loved and thus lamented low ;
 Her feet were sandalled, bracelets girt her arms,
 And chains, and rings, and ear-rings, decked her charms ; 850
 And none might then her loveliness survey,
 And long resist the magic of its sway.
 A cruse of oil, dried figs, and roasted corn,
 Fine bread, and wine, were by her maiden borne ;
 And, thus accoutred, ere the night waxed late, 855
 They sought the Ancients at the city gate.
 These, struck with wonder as she joined them, saw
 Her radiant face and costly robes she wore ;
 They knew her fair, but never until now
 Conceived that noble sanctity of brow,— 860
 That faultless symmetry of lineament,
 And soft expressiveness now evident.

May blessings, daughter, rest upon thy head,
 And God conduct thy enterprize, they said ;—
 To Israel's honor may thy hazard tend, 865
 And Zion's glory profit by the end.
 Permit, she answered, that I now depart
 To test this inspiration of my heart ;
 And pray ye God my courage to sustain
 Through ev'ry risk of peril and of pain. 870
 Thus she departed—ev'ry anxious eye
 Fixed fondly on her as she glided by,
 Watching her progress till the mountain's height
 Above the valley shrouded her from sight.
 Soon on Assyria's outpost guards she came, 875
 Who asked her country, kindred, and her name,
 Sought whence she was, and over all to know,
 Where, in the night's lone darkness, she would go.
 A woman of the Hebrews, she replied,
 Who dares no longer in her home abide 880
 In yonder city, destined soon to feel
 The fatal temper of your conqu'ring steel ;
 And now to Holofernes I repair,
 The words of truth and knowledge to declare,
 Which he delighted from my lips shall learn, 885
 And highly grace his handmaid in return.
 To him the secret passes will I teach,
 And put the means of triumph in his reach ;
 And, e'en without a single soldier slain,
 His arms command of all the hills shall gain. 890
 They listened to her story with surprize,
 And saw at once the value of their prize.
 Be certain, thou hast saved thy life, they said,
 Because from yon doomed city thou hast fled,
 And sought our lord, in confidence to tell 895
 A thing, o'er others, that shall please him well.
 Come therefore to his tent, and fearlessly unfold
 The things thou sayest needful to be told ;
 He will entreat thee kindly, and afford
 Thy welcome tidings their deserved reward. 900
 And now, throughout the camp, the breath of fame
 Had noised the coming of the Hebrew dame ;
 A mighty concourse, with tumultuous sound,
 Rushed from their tents and congregated round ;
 And all admired her loveliness of face, 905
 And praised from her the beauty of her race.
 Who would despise this people, when we see
 Their women brave and beautiful as she ?

Surely, they cried, it were not well to leave
 One living man among them to deceive ; 910
 Who, love excited by such wondrous charms,
 Might foil successfully, the world at arms ?
 A gilded canopy above his head—
 The Satrap rested on his purple bed ;
 Barbaric gorgeousness the couch arrayed, 915
 And gold embossed upon the hangings weighed ;
 The emeralds green, and pearls resplendent white,
 Blended with yellow of the crysolite,
 While diamonds glittered, and the sapphire's blue
 Opposed the ruby's rich vermilion hue ; 920
 And silver lamps in clusters round the tent
 A light too dazzling to the chamber lent.
 Yet anxious, restless, and oppressed with care,
 He slumbered not amid the gaudy glare ;
 But lay, revolving all his glory's schemes, 925
 Or, dozing, startled at ill-omened dreams.
 And whence, he said, thou cold unwelcome guest
 Of dark foreboding in my troubled breast ?
 Whence dost thou come, with thy mute thrill of fear,
 To tell of evil and misfortune near ? 930
 'Tis strange my once undaunted heart should feel,
 Of late, within it superstition steal ;
 That ever since this poor contracted land
 Presumed in arms against our will to stand,
 Something, I know not what, unfelt before, 935
 Hath touched my spirit with mysterious awe.
 Can such forebodings, to my sense conveyed,
 The hour prefigure of my prowess stayed,—
 The end foreshadow of a course near run,
 And form the index of my setting sun ? 940
 I cannot deem it, yet if Achior told
 The story truly of this mountain hold,
 And that a God, with power resistless, fraught,
 To whom all monster idols are as nought,
 Hath ruled their destinies, and formed their laws, 945
 And bucklered still his fav'rite people's cause.
 However incredulity may plead,
 And mock the nation and its mystic creed ;
 Oh Holofernes, then, is prowess vain,
 And thy once brilliant star is on the wane :— 950
 But hence, black omens !—evil I defy,
 Act thou thy pleasure, ruthless destiny !
 If I approach my doom, of fame secure,
 A soldier's death at least I can ensure.

Vain confidence !—oh, could thy pride but guess 955
 Thy judgments tragic scene of drunkenness,
 How would thy firm and haughty heart await
 The loathed approach of that dishonored fate ;—
 How would the instincts of thy soul have shook
 At that fair woman's too alluring look. 960
 She came ;—before his tent, with lowly grace,
 She prostrate hid her captivating face,
 And scarce her mission reached his greedy ear,
 Than exultation banished all his fear ;
 And such impatience in his bosom glowed, 965
 To prove the boon that fortune had bestowed,
 That hardly could he brook the short delay
 Which pomp demands for dignified display.
 Woman, in condescending tones he said,
 Arise and fear not, and be comforted ; 970
 For Holofernes never yet deceived
 The faith that in his nobleness believed,
 Nor injured those who vassalage would own,
 And serve the glory of Assyria's throne ;
 And had thy people not contemned my name, 975
 And set but lightly on my power and fame,
 I had not, in my anger, raised a hand
 To hurl a spear against their mountain land ;
 But on themselves this evil have they brought,
 And turned to rigour our indulgent thought. 980
 Changed into chastisement our mild design,
 By benefits conferred to make them mine.
 And tell me now, by what strong motive led,
 Forth from thy home and kindred hast thou fled ?
 Nay, fear not harm shall happen thee, but speak, 985
 What 'tis thy object to reveal or seek ?
 Receive, she said, thy servant's words and deign
 To list to what thy handmaid shall explain,
 For falsehood's breath nor treason's studied wile,
 Lurk in my breast thy valour to beguile ; 990
 And if thou followest as my words shall tell,
 The Lord shall prosper thy intentions well,—
 Yea, to its full perfection will he bring
 The final consummation of the thing.
 This do I promise by the sceptre dread 995
 And diadem which decks thy monarch's head,
 Who through thy merit shall extend his sway,
 O'er all the creatures who behold the day,
 For we have heard thy wisdom and thy skill,
 And deeds, which all the world with wonder fill, 1000

And know how far thy glory is before
 All who surround him for repute in war.
 Touching the matter of our history,
 Declared by Achior's narrative to thee,
 That have we also in Bethulia heard, 1005
 And all can vouch his truthfulness of word ;
 Therefore, my Lord, give credit to his tale,
 For never o'er us may the sword prevail,
 Unless our sins have given God offence,
 And robbed Judea of its sole defence ; 1010
 And now, e'en now, his anger have they won,
 By much iniquity conceived and done ;
 And death is therefore rife within their walls,
 And gaunt starvation ev'ry heart appals ;
 Their water fails and each hoarse tongue implores 1015
 The food forbidden by their sacred laws.
 And doing this, as done it soon will be,
 Jehovah's wrath shall yield them up to thee.
 'Tis knowing this, by his high guidance led,
 That from their fated city I have fled ; 1020
 For I thy servant am, devout and pray,
 And glorify his mercy night and day,—
 Seeking support but in his wisdom still,
 And ever ready to perform his will.
 Here will I dwell, protected by his might, 1025
 And seek the valley in the lonesome night,
 And pray that God will signal me the time,
 When thou shalt triumph in Judea's crime.
 And I will lead thy forces through the land,
 Till right before Jerusalem they stand, 1030
 And in the midst thereof erect thy throne,
 According to the knowledge God hath shewn ;
 Like sheep that have no shepherd they shall be,
 And not a dog shall dare to bark at thee.
 Fairest of women, and as wise as fair, 1035
 The world has nothing which I deem so rare ;
 Surely if thou canst do this wondrous thing,
 Thy home shall be the Palace of the King,
 And not on earth a woman shall be found,
 Like thee so lauded, honoured, and renowned. 1040
 God hath done well, he said, to send thee here,
 To teach us wisdom and our course to steer ;
 And henceforth my belief shall be as thine,
 To bow in adoration at his shrine.
 And now come in, such honour and reward, 1045
 As favour, wealth, and dignity afford ;

Ask freely, thy assistance to requite,
 And all we freely yield thee as thy right ;
 Highest at Court or banquet, on thy state,
 Princes and nobles shall be proud to wait, 1050
 And ere we find thee appanage more meet,
 Drink of our cup and of our viands eat,—
 For where our plate is set thy place is there,
 And dainties of our own shall be thy fare ;
 Or if it be offence against thy creed 1055
 With us and on our luxuries to feed,
 I will not have thee thwarted, lovely guest,
 Make thy election as it suits the best.
 Yet how I know not when thy stock shall fail,
 For fresh supplies our pow'r can avail, 1060
 Since not one Hebrew doth our camp possess,
 To tend thy orders and thy food to dress.
 Fear not, my Prince, she said, as lives thy soul,
 Little we have, but shall not need the whole ;
 For ere our hunger shall exhaust the store, 1065
 The Lord ordains me to conclude the war.
 Oh, woman ! even when thy aims are pure,
 How subtle is thy genius to allure !
 E'en virgin innocence in that first hour,
 That nature warns it of a new-born pow'r, 1070
 Seems at the magic of the voice to start
 At once proficient in the sex's heart.
 Never, unless thy vanity should yield,
 The strong entrenchment of the battle field,
 Is man with all his strength of mind and arm, 1075
 The equal of thy cunningness of charm.
 So deep and lastingly within thy breast,
 The serpent's earliest lesson was impressed ;—
 In hate, in smiles, endearments, or in sighs,
 An under current ever of disguise. 1080
 True, thou art tender, generous, and kind,
 And where thou lovest credulous and blind ;
 Thy heart is sensitive, as suits thy form,
 Thy fancy vivid and thy feelings warm ;
 And yet, whatever may thy virtues be, 1085
 One still is wanting, full sincerity.
 And thus it happened, though her foregone life,
 In every phase of widow, maid, and wife,
 Declared, by strongest test of evidence,
 This gifted creature's truth and innocence ; 1090
 Yet when by views enthusiastic moved,
 Her slumb'ring energy of soul she proved,

Not e'en the practised harlot could beguile,
 With more consummate skilfulness of wile,
 Not in the basilisks fell glance could lurk, 1095
 The spell which surer deadliness could work.
 Nor Belial's eloquence more darkly blind,
 Her victim, to the mischief in her mind.
 Yet dream not man, who call'st thyself her Lord,
 It is thy right her censure to award ; 1100
 She is thy sister, mother, and thy wife,
 The nurse, the essence, sunshine of thy life ;
 The fairest of God's works, the last and best,
 Who feeds thy children from her fruitful breast.
 And wert thou better, more sincere and just, 1105
 And less a traitor to her misplaced trust ;
 Her artifice, which but offends thy pride,
 When thou thyself art on the losing side ;
 The weapon of the weak would cease to be,
 And from her better self, that blemish flee. 1110

The tent she entered, and unfearing sought
 Till midnight sleep's sweet interval from thought :
 And rising comforted, ere break of day,
 Forth to the valley she repaired to pray.
 And thus, she dwelt among her country's foes, 1115
 Till big with fate the fourth grey dawn arose,
 That day, the last, that he was doomed to see,
 He had appointed for festivity ;
 Among his household, free for once, at least,
 From public pomp, to merry make and feast. 1120
 And Judith, by her inward prompter warned,
 With more than common care, her charms adorned ;
 Calmly awaiting the approaching hour,
 When God, by her, should manifest his power.

The feast was spread, the day was waning fast, 1125
 But still protracted was the rich repast—
 Loud grew the mirth and less and less repressed,
 The quickly rousing passions of the breast :
 And still, as faint, discretion's voice became,
 Waxed weaker yet the consciousness of shame ; 1130
 Till thus, with wine, and free discourse on fire,
 The Satrap uttered all his hearts desire.
 Bagoas go, our beauteous guest invite,
 To share, he said, and add to our delight ;
 To Holofernes, were it deep disgrace, 1135
 To disregard her matchless form and face ;
 To dwell with love, on her unrivalled charms,
 And not be warmly welcomed to her arms.

For sure, our manhood would she cheaply hold
 If still unwooing we continued cold. 1140
 Go bid her come, and join our revelry,
 And like a daughter of Assyria be :
 (In beauty though the fairest far above),
 To ease my bosom with consenting love.
 She gave assent ; and who my Lord am I, 1145
 She sweetly asked, thy wishes to deny ;
 I will partake thy pleasure, and thy wine,
 And all thou cravest, even love, be thine.
 Deep draughts of passion from each witching look,
 The Prince enamored of her converse took ; 1150
 And as with am'rous vow he woo'd and sighed,
 More and more freely was the wine cup plied ;
 Till reason overpowered by excess,
 Gave way at last to helpless drunkenness.
 And now the guests by long debauch oppressed, 1155
 Departed full of weariness to rest :
 The eunuch, to their beds, the servants sent,
 And left the two together in the tent ;
 And plunged in torpor's drowsiness of mind,
 Prone on his couch, the warrior lay reclined. 1160
 With wise precaution, she her maid had warned,
 To bide her egress, ere the morning dawned ;
 And made the wary Eunuch, too, aware,
 Of her intention to go forth to pray'r.
 And when the solemn midnight's hush profound, 1165
 Spoke all without in slumber's fetters bound ;
 With cautious footsteps, she approached the bed,
 And seized the falchion hanging by his head.
 Then in her heart, she cried, Oh pow'r Divine,
 Aid with thy strength this enterprize of mine. 1170
 For now the time is to assert thy name,
 And bring thy enemies and our's to shame.
 Then help, oh Lord, and nerve my woman's hand,
 To slay this scourge and mocker of our land ;
 This proud blasphemer of thy holy law, 1175
 Who stains thy sanctuaries with lust and gore.
 Then fraught with death, the heavy weapon fell,
 Then gurgling sounds alone its prowess tell.
 Once more she smote, and severed from its hold,
 The ghastly head upon the floor rolled. 1180
 The head secured, no longer she delayed,
 And flew towards the city with her maid,
 And soon the valley compassed by their speed,
 She shewed within the token of her deed.

Praise, praise, the Lord, oh Israel, she cried, 1185
 Our bloody scourge is fallen in his pride.
 This night, my hand hath smote him in his bed,
 Behold my witness in his gory head.
 The Lord permitted that I captive took,
 His lustful fancy with alluring look. 1190
 Yea, by my countenance his strength beguiled,
 And yet my honor hath he not defiled.
 Filled with astonishment, the people bowed,
 And one thanksgiving burst from all the crowd ;
 Oh daughter, good and blessed, above thy kind, 1195
 In ev'ry attribute of heart and mind,
 The world, upon thy memory shall dwell,
 And all posterity thy glory tell.
 Thus spoke Ozias, ever be the Lord,
 The high Jehovah, gratefully adored ; 1200
 He who inspired this feeble woman's blow,
 To lay our enemy's strong champion low,
 Restoring confidence to every heart,
 By proofs of love which never can depart.
 These things to thee, shall he convert to praise, 1205
 Oh Judith pouring blessings on thy days ;
 Thou who hast life, and ev'ry hazard dared,
 That thy admiring country should be spared,
 And all the people joined with one accord,
 And cried so be it, may it please the Lord. 1210
 A flush of triumph overspread her cheek,
 Without infringing its expression meek.
 For 'twas not vanity, but modest pride,
 That from her heart impelled the crimson tide ;
 And soon from momentary confusion calmed, 1215
 Her voice the crowd again to silence charmed.
 Receive my brethren, now this severed head,
 And hang it out upon the walls she said—
 And when the grey of morning shall appear ;
 Arm, arm, with bow, with scymitar, and spear. 1220
 Then from the city boldly go and feign
 Ye seek the foe upon the battle plain.
 But yet, content ye, only to alarm,
 And cause the enemy, in haste to arm ;
 And risk no more, until assembled all, 1225
 Their leading men on Holofernes call ;
 And seek within his tent their chief renowned,
 But find a headless trunk upon the ground.
 Then shall they fly, by sudden terror awed,
 And ye, pursuing, give them to the sword. 1230

Now bring me Achior the Ammonite,
 To view his head who held our nation light ;
 And sent him here among us to await,
 The speedy coming of his threatened fate. 1235
 He came and gazing on the gory head,
 In momentary trance his spirit fled ;
 But soon restored, at Judith's feet he knelt,
 And vented the emotions which he felt.
 Blessed thou art, with fervent voice he cried,
 The wide world's wonder and thy Judah's pride ; 1240
 Whose tabernacle still shall boast thy name,
 While ev'ry tongue sings pœans to thy fame.
 And now among the Eastern clouds at last
 The rosy fingered morn was hast'ning fast ;
 And dappled streaks of gold and crimson hue, 1245
 The first bright tokens of the sun renew.
 Hanging the head upon the city wall,
 Forth from the gates they sallied one and all ;
 And as their fair avenger had supposed,
 A false conclusion on the foe imposed, 1250
 Each chief and tribune hurried to his post,
 And wild commotion spread among the host ;
 And soon their councils their surprise betrayed,
 That Holofernes had so long delayed ;
 While all agreed that something must be wrong, 1255
 To keep him from the battle's front so long.
 At length some high and chosen leaders went,
 To solve the strange enigma at his tent.
 Bagoas go, they said, and wake our Lord,
 For yonder slaves at last unsheathe the sword ; 1260
 And we await his well known battle shout,
 To slay or put the famished herd to rout.
 He entered smilingly, but when he saw,
 The headless body prostrate in its gore,
 He rent his garments and with groans and sighs, 1265
 Gave way to weeping and lamenting cries.
 To Judith's own pavilion then he sped,
 But found herself and maiden both were fled.
 It was those treach'rous slaves then, he exclaimed,
 Who thus the house of our great King hath shamed ; 1270
 For here behold our mighty leader low,
 Beheaded by a Hebrew woman's blow.
 Wild cries of treason echoed and renewed,
 Blanched ev'ry visage, and each heart subdued ;
 And such the panic through the camp, which spread 1275
 That all the host by common impulse fled ;

And left the hills, in keen affright, to gain
 A temporary refuge on the plain.
 Then down the heights, the Hebrew warriors crowd,
 Like torrents bursting from a thunder cloud ; 1280
 And winged by vengeance on their rear they trod,
 And poured the red libations on the sod.
 Like wild fire flew the news along the shore,
 Which sent its ready succour to the war ;
 And Israel's every valley yields its band, 1285
 Of patriot heroes to avenge the land ;
 Nor, chased and slaughtered, safety could they find,
 Till rich Damascus they had left behind.
 Then ceased the strife, passed by the evil hour,
 And vanished like a mist Assyria's pow'r. 1290
 The camp's rich spoils and lavish treasures rare,
 Became Bethulia's nobly purchased share ;
 And Israel's children reeled beneath the load,
 Of pillage which the long pursuit bestowed.
 And now the dawn of triumph, thanks, and praise, 1295
 Succeeded to the late o'ershadowed days ;
 High Priest and ancients from Jerusalem came,
 To add their suffrages to Judith's fame ;
 With one accord they blessed her for the deed,
 Which brought sad Zion safety in her need. 1300
 And thou, who thus hath acted, by thy hand,
 Art far, they said, the brightest of our land.
 May God, his richest bounties on thee pour,
 And goodness hallow thee for evermore.
 The women even, for their sex's sake, 1305
 Fond of her triumph, all its joy partake,
 And dance around her while they boast and bless,
 Their blushing champion's modest loveliness.
 Herself and maid with olive garlands crowned,
 And scattered flow'rs before them on the ground. 1310
 And long she lived and many wooers pressed,
 To fill love's vacancy within her breast ;
 But still affection hovered o'er his tomb,
 And meekly mourned her husband's early doom.
 The vow she plighted once ne'er broke its chain, 1315
 To leave her free, to heed, to love again ;
 Her marriage was for ever and her heart,
 Could never with its one affianced part ;
 Still cherishing remembrance of the dead,
 Too dearly for another marriage bed. 1320

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

THE subject of our present consideration, a portion of which appeared in the *Empire* some years ago, will range with rapid survey over the wide intervals which separate the classical eras of Greece and Rome; from that of our more practical but less imaginative age. It must be plain that a theme like this, indeed, cannot be exhaustively treated within the narrow limits which we propose to confine ourselves to; but even a passing view of a diorama replete with such innumerable grand scenes for contemplation cannot fail to be interesting, or to prepare the mind for the profounder treatment and more exact details of the philosophical historian. We propose, therefore, to select only a few salient points for observation, which, though insufficient for extensive information, may excite desire for more comprehensive inquiry into this most interesting of all human records, which chronicles the progress made by thought, sometimes by feeble fluctuating movements, and sometimes by huge and portentous rushes, towards the full and final development of man's intellectual capability. We cannot set too high a value on our gains, not only on account of their own intrinsic value, but for the costly price at which they were purchased; for the course has been more generally through turbid, than through peaceful waters; and ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, have too often divided the stream which the sacrifice of martyrs alone could reunite.

There is no doubt that the intellectual wealth of mankind has increased even since the shining glories of Corinth and Athens; although in some departments of civilisation, no progress has been made. Literature and a majority of the fine arts were then undoubtedly in high perfection; but it is very easy to see after all that London, Paris, New York, Vienna, and Berlin, have in them a mass of utilitarian knowledge, which they, with all their excellence in architecture, statuary, and eloquence, could never by any possibility possess. But though orators, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, have abounded in our modern capital cities, where shall we find in them those masterpieces of exquisite workmanship and design which display, even in their ruins, the beautiful conceptions of the original genius of Greece. Our public structures and monuments, putting the melancholy sombre gothic out of the question, are all more or less faulty copies of its graceful conceptions; and it is scarcely too much to say, in reference to this, that

whatever advantages we may boast of in other directions, in the ideal of beauty of form and delicacy of delineation, time has flown on along that protracted course from them to us, and wafted no improvement from its wings. Invention has by no means become exhausted ; but imagination cannot free itself from the trammels of imitation, and the ideal of the beautiful and grand, like the moon behind a cloud, reveals not the brightness of the orb, but only makes manifest the shade. And thus it is that though in detail of execution and mechanical manipulation we may equal and probably exceed our antique models, we cannot rival them as a whole, nor can modern Europe, perhaps, boast of one single national edifice which could stand on terms of perfect equality by their side.

An experienced writer has observed, that it is the "business of all teaching to guide and not cramp the movements of the intellect, by chaining it down too strictly to routine instruction. It is the province of knowledge to inculcate those fundamental principles upon which the structure of learning and science is said to be built, and the finishing of the structure ;" that is the full development of the genius of the learner, "ought to be left in a great measure, to individual exertion. To the attainment of truth, freedom of inquiry is absolutely essential, and a man might as well attempt to penetrate the mazes of an entangled wood in fetters, as to investigate intellectual subjects, with a mind trammelled by the imperative decisions of human institutions." To this routine course of study of which he complains, we may probably ascribe the fact that among us genius is extremely rare, while talent and cultivation are exceedingly abundant. The same author has elsewhere remarked, that the education of youth was strictly attended to in Greece and Rome, both minds and bodies being improved at the same time ; the minds by every necessary branch of knowledge and learning, and the bodies by the exercises of the campus martius or private contests, and trials of skill, agility, and strength. It was the chief aim of both these people, to be able to shine in the senate and the field, at the farm, and the public games, as well as to excel in their own peculiar occupations. Oratory was an object kept constantly in view, and whatever was their destination, they endeavoured to acquire the art of elocution or at least a habit of correct expression and emphatic and fluent reasoning on every subject which circumstances called on them to discuss. This was an enlightened system of education, no doubt, because after the elements of knowledge were perfectly attained, and the groundwork of wisdom was on solid foundations, it left the student at full liberty to follow out his own inclinations according to the bent of his particular genius, and allowed his mind to expand equally in every direction, unrestricted by the impedi-

ments of conventional prescription. Undoubtedly, therefore, they performed all they professed or attempted, with a high degree of excellence; but beyond the sphere of the fine arts and a marvellous but limited literature, how circumscribed, compared to ours, was the space then allowed them for intellectual exertion, nearly the whole world of science, as we understand the term, being hidden by fog from their view.

For the sake of general comparison, then, between those epochs and our own, we will now take a cursory glance at their respective altitudes of civilization, as exemplified by their excellence in literature, the fine arts, social and political economy, mechanical invention, taste in design, and operative skill, the knowledge of chemistry, astronomy, geometry, geology, and phisic, the art of war, and the moral and physical condition of the people. It is obvious that a full enquiry into all these subjects would be the work of years, and occupy a very bulky volume at least; and this we have no pretensions to undertake. Our object is merely to drop a seed into the ground, and leave its vegetation to the vernal and its ripening to the summer influences of individual energy, which, having received an impulse towards the elucidation of truth, may be safely left to itself for the working out of the problem proposed.

If we select literature for an illustration of the relative pretensions of ancient and modern days, we shall have to omit from our consideration two magnificent figures, which stand out from the main group of notorieties in the picture in dimensions and majesty beyond all comparison. They must be omitted in a general review, because they are so far above the ordinary run of even the highest degree of human mental power, that they are, to us, not representatives or types of their age, but isolated beings, unapproachable in excellence by all who have hitherto lived. No amount of national vanity, indeed, could sufficiently prejudice an ancient Greek or modern Englishman to the absurdity of the idea, that Homer and Shakspeare were merely the highest developments of contemporary intellectual power: since a distance as immeasurable spreads out between them and the very highest of the classified orders of letters, as that which separates the fixed stars from the orbit of the earth, which is too vast to admit of an angle for its measurement. We shall have to rest almost exclusively on Greece and Rome for means of judgment between the respective pretensions of classical and modern productions; for though the Hebrews appear to have been a highly musical and poetical people, far advanced in the arts of ornament and luxury, yet as the Holy Scriptures, from which we derive our most intimate knowledge of their manners and modes of thought, were the work of inspiration, we have no data on which to found an opinion on the relative

mental cultivation of even their educated classes. Egypt, again, with an earlier era of civilization than Greece, as shown by her colossal but unspiritual architectural ruins, and a religion, whose juggling contrivances were proofs of considerable familiarity with the sciences and arts, is yet a dead letter to us in respect of its literary attainments. Some of the oriental empires, as Arabia and Persia, have indeed bequeathed us valuable specimens of their poetry and romance; yet, nevertheless, on the whole, the races which we understand by the term of classical nationalities are prominently the only ones which are suitable to our purpose. The one had an early but limited development, which centuries of undisturbed empire never enabled them to pass beyond; while the other was unbounded in its progress as long as public virtue existed among its citizens.

How stands the question, then, between them and us? Excluding, as before mentioned, Homer, a small community of Greeks (for many of the states never entered into the arena of letters) rest their claim to superiority on their unrivalled Trinity of tragic dramatists—on Aristophanes, as their representative of satiric comedy, on the lyrical Pindar, on their great historians, Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, on the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, and on their incomparable political orator Demosthenes. Many other illustrious names have been handed down with glory to posterity, but their works not being now extant we can only consider them according to the value of contemporary repute. Other authors also have left us memorials of their ability in various branches of learning; but they were of secondary rank in comparison with the first, who, still unsurpassed, are even among ourselves at the very head of their order.

In Rome, on the contrary, we have an Empire which had o'ershadowed the world by her power, before it distinguished itself in letters and the arts; which even at the period of their highest prosperity, were founded on the models of Greece. It was not with her, as it was with her instructor, that the great struggle for political and military supremacy marched hand in hand with the advancements of the arts; for she was the undisputed mistress of nations before she produced her Virgil, her Horace and Cicero. Had there been no Homer, we should have had no epic Virgilius; and without his Demosthenic pattern, the accomplished and all but perfect Cicero, had never been handed down to posterity. Let us then reflect, can modern Europe (putting Shakspeare as formerly Homer out of court,) show in all her various nationalities three tragic poets worthy to be compared to Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles? Are Foote and Moliere the rivals of Aristophanes? or can Gibbons, Hume, Prescott, Macaulay, and Thiers,

be placed in competition with Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tacitus, and Livy? Were the illustrious Chatham, the revolutionary Mirabeau, and Kossuth, the enthusiastic (the only modern political orators who seemed to have swayed at will the emotions of highly cultivated hearers), worthy of standing on pedestals of equal height as those of the Athenian Philippist, or the Denouncer of Cataline and Clodius? or were they of inferior stature altogether, and only to us appear gigantic in proportions because of our own reduced standard of contemporary comparison. We are taking as I said before, but a rapid survey of our subject, but the student of ancient history, and those familiar with the languages of its two most illustrious nations, can easily supply themselves with innumerable proofs of their extraordinary intellectual pretensions. How far they spread themselves through the rural populations of the states, we have but little means of forming a judgment upon. The histories of the Grecian commonwealths in particular, were but the histories of their capital cities; and we see them but in the grander and more majestic of their robes, in their public and not in their private capacities. Nevertheless, it is hard to conceive that so extraordinary a degree of mental energy as distinguished the Athenians could possibly be confined within the limits of a city. The territories were so small that there could have been no difficulty in diffusion: and the metropolis was so contiguous to the remotest of the country districts, that communication must have been incessant, and ignorance impossible. The poetry of Greece, however admirable, is peculiar—being in general characteristics much more masculine than our own, and devoid in a great measure of those tender and sentimental ideas which are inspired by our feelings of devotion to the sex. Women are regarded chiefly in the heroic aspect as monsters of crime or as paragons of self-denial and fortitude; the passive instruments of the gratification of their lords, but never their companions and equals in importance. No doubt the power of her physical charms and grace of allurements in exceptional cases, made her for a time his tyrant and dictatress; but this endured only as long as his sexual excitability, and she subsided after that to her menial position as the head of her handmaidens but the slave of her master. Men, far more than women, were the objects of poetic admiration; and the idea of the superior moral purity of the latter seems never to have occurred for a moment to their thoughts. Compared with even the manifestation of this sentiment among the Romans, there was with all their refinement of taste and conception of the beautiful a striking inferiority in their intercourse with the sex. One exquisitely beautiful instance of connubial tenderness and respect may be found in the *Iliad*, and the

Polixena of Euripides is a highly feminine conception; but the bulk of their heroines are but furies under excitement and drudges when at peace within their dull work a day homes.

The Romans appear to have been both a more domesticated and country life loving people than the Greeks; and her great men—poets, philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen—never seemed so truly happy as when they could retire to, and repose for a time in, the enjoyment of their villas. They loved to amuse themselves with the operations of their farms, and their bees, fruit trees, and fish-ponds were the objects of their delight. How dear to Virgil was the small inheritance where he imbibed all his rural experience, and which he was so nearly bereft of by the edict of Augustus. And, in fact, there were but few of her distinguished citizens of whom we do not catch occasional delightful glimpses among their meadows and vineyards, and enjoying the shade of their groves. We see them in their garden alleys, 'mid fountains and statues, pleaching the espalier to its trellis; and the stately figures of patricians of consular dignity rise up before us, as, with meditative serenity of countenance, they traverse their avenues of poplar, and muse on the glory of Rome. We behold a Cincinnatus and a Cato hard at work with the plough, and a Cicero pruning his vines.

Except in military genius, which was never before or has since been equalled, the Romans were inferior to the Greeks, and even to the modern Italians, in that fine-toned nervous organization which begets a sensibility to symmetry and grace, and a capacity to conceive and execute the most perfect specimens of art. They were, as the English, eminently utilitarian in their tastes, and somebody has said of them, in relation to their public building achievements, that their art was only nature subjected to municipal purposes. They never, however, produced very exquisite specimens of sculpture and painting, and their uninventive architectural genius but accomplished an undisguised plagiarism on the various orders of Greece. With the love of the *Æneid* still burning in our bosoms, we almost feel we are committing a literary blasphemy to say so, but Virgil in his epic is a long way off of Homer, and the dramatists of Rome as distant from the master ones of Greece. They had no philosopher like Aristotle or Plato; but their historians, Tacitus and Livy, take a position with the first either ancient or modern. In Horace they possessed a light lyrical bard such as was never heard of among the Greeks, and the stern old Roman satirist stands alone in his glory of never sparing a vice and confounding its appearance with a virtue. Virgil's early fame among his countrymen was founded on his eclogues and georgics; and the ever elegant Horace, epicurean as were his principles, revelled in country scenes, both in their simple disarray, and heightened by

every auxiliary from art. With all its stern martial qualities and pitiless passion for aggression, there was a vein of romantic generosity and tenderness in the Roman heart, which can only be accounted for by the influence of the Roman women. It was that powerful magician who invented a home of which she was to be the presiding deity; and wherever she is recognised in that sacred capacity the man reaps the profit of a humanized soul. We see but little of this influential being comparatively among the Greeks, our attention being specially fixed on a few and far between Aspasia-like examples, or heroines of tragedy, whose outbursts of passion were too terrible to behold with a continuance of affection and esteem.

If we except the Arabs, the Tartars, and the Chinese, there seems to be very little of this country life sentiment, so favorable to character, in the swarming nations of the East; and among these it is only the last who have advanced beyond nomadic ideas, loving not the land for its agricultural productions, but seeking fresh pastures for their flocks and their herds. The Chinese are, perhaps, the most universal cultivators in the world, every inch of possibly available ground in their huge territory being worked and incessantly kept under crop. This, however, is but the result of their industrial and acquisitive character, which is ever on the look-out for gain, which makes the most of everything it owns, and allows nothing to lie idle or to waste in decay. The mandarin may indeed nourish some propensity to ornament his grounds with grotesque pagodas and unnecessary miniature bridges, that he may enjoy his *otium* conformably with his sense of his dignity; but the national cultivation is simply a thing of unadorned utility, which seeks no extraneous advantage out of the pale of its marketable value. Their husbandry, therefore, is more remunerative than ambitious, for each plot is small enough to be worked as a garden, and is irrigated and trenched with indefatigable labour, because experience has taught them that they cannot live by its fruits unless they wage a constant warfare with sloth and neglect.

Among the modern civilized members of the human family the Germanic and Scandinavian races are the most distinguished for their attachment to the country; and singular to say, the very foremost among these in respect to this quality is the very Anglo-Saxon who is the representative of commerce. His affection is inborn, and he never gets over the feeling; for however diverted and absorbed for a time by his mercantile transactions, he retires to the country on the first favorable opportunity, and returns to the town and its occupations with reluctance and regret. Notwithstanding that the abolition of the right of primogeniture has encumbered the surface of fertile France with a superabundance of mere cotter proprietors for the development of her prodigious

resources, the rural attraction does not seem, *per se*, to be so great with the educated Frenchman as we might suppose in the inhabitant of so fine a country and climate it would be. And we may notice more or less of the same defect in every country where the Celtic blood is predominant. The Italians—a more compound race than even the English or Americans themselves—have a very considerable share of it, while the pure Celt of Wales has but little, the Highland Scot still less, and the Irish scarce any at all, as, even when he has emigrated to America, he prefers the low suburbs of an overthronged town to winning his bread by the axe and the plough. Perhaps the more social tendencies of the race may be at the bottom of this gregarious preference of pauperism over isolated independence; but he who contrasts the irregular gardenless rows of mud cabins of the peasantry of Ireland with a common English hamlet or village must be conscious of the fact, although at a loss to account for its existence.

We have said before that in military genius the Romans are unapproachable, great as was the prowess of the Greeks. But we think, nevertheless, that comparing them both with the moderns, the art of mere generalship is better understood among the latter than it was by Alexander or Scipio. And although, probably, there was not so wide an interval of ability between Wellington, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Frederic the Great, and their contemporary tacticians, as there was between Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Marius, and other commanders of their day, we cannot think the latter would have been successful against the former in the continuous operations of a campaign. The Grecian phalanx and the Roman legion were no doubt formidable in the extreme when it came to close fight in the field, but they must have been cumbrous bodies to manœuvre; and the thin red line of Sir Colin Campbell and his Highlanders would have riddled or destroyed them before they could have come to the charge.

In chemistry, astronomy, navigation, and almost all of the physical sciences, there cannot be a question of the superiority of the moderns to the ancients: for though it is certain that we have lost a few secrets of ancient art, we have at least twenty to one in exchange. In mellow and enduring coloring and dyes a certain inferiority is acknowledged; but in variety of fabric, in machinery and cost, we have as far the advantage as it is possible to conceive: for we have the command of a legion of new discoveries which even their imagination had never foreshadowed in dreams. Let us be satisfied with the claim we make for superiority when we enumerate the printing press, the mariner's compass, the steam engine, and electric telegraph, without entering into a detail of the hundred other appliances which have ceased to create astonishment even in the minds of our children.

The Alexandrian Euclid was a marvellous mathematician and geometer, and Thales, Pythagoras, and Ptolemæus follow closely on his heels ; but Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Newton, Halley, and Napier, were more wonderful discoverers in science than they, and made intelligible a system which they, with the exception of Pythagoras, had never perceived or imagined. It is true that we cannot any more than Archimedes move the earth from its orbit,—we cannot square the circle, or produce perpetuity of movement without renewal of machinery ; but we can burrow through mountains like Mount Cenis and Penmaen Maur, and construct works in extent to which the pyramids are but toys. And though it is a mystery how the ancient Egyptians, with no recorded appliances that could equal our own, were able to raise those huge blocks which still rest on the columns of their temples—everybody now-a-days knows how Stephenson exalted his tubular bridges, and how a telegram is made to rush through the Atlantic abyss with far more rapidity than sound vibrates through the air. Geology is a science of which the ancients were ignorant, although it opens one of the grandest and most interesting volumes of nature. It is an essentially modern science, because, according to Mr. J. Beate Jukes, it is not so much one science as the application of all the physical sciences to the examination and understanding of the structure of the earth, the investigation of the processes concerned in the production of that structure, and the history of their action from their commencement until now. He goes on to say, that the “fact of geology resting upon all the natural sciences accounts for the lateness of its origin. It was not till some very considerable advances had been made in the sciences which relate directly to the earth that geology could begin to exist. It was not till the chemist was able to explain to us the true nature of the mineral substances of which rocks are composed ;—not till the geographer and meteorologist had explored the surface of the earth, and taught us the extent and form of land and water, and the powers of the winds, currents, rains, glaciers, earthquakes, and volcanoes ;—not till the naturalist had classified, and named, and accurately described the greater part of existing animals and plants, and explained to us their physiological and anatomical structure, and the laws of their distribution in space and locality—that the geologist could, with any chance of arriving at sure and definite results, commence his researches into the structure and composition of rocks and the causes that produce them, or utilize his discoveries of the remains of animals and plants that are enclosed within their substance in so inscrutable a manner. He could not till then discriminate between igneous and aqueous rocks, or between living and extinct animals ; and was, therefore, unable to lay down any one of the foundations upon which his own science was to rest.” This some-

what long extract, which I trust will not be considered tedious, is quoted from the "Physical Geology" of the author I have named ; and I can well recommend it to the perusal of those who, without time and opportunity for diving deeply into the science, wish to acquire a general knowledge of its scope and the noble purposes to which it is applied. To such as these Mr. Juke's book is considered an admirable guide, particularly when examining a district ; and those who are anxious to study this grand and useful department of knowledge systematically are referred to the introductory textbook of Mr. David Page.

Our astronomical progress has been a most notable triumph. It has given us an insight into the wonderful construction of the universe, and makes us acquainted with the motions, composition, and relative positions of the heavenly bodies, to an extent which denotes the highest advancement of human intelligence. For the indulgence of this pursuit what cultivated faculties and what patient perseverance are required ; and for accuracy and range of observation what instruments of wonderful power and ingenuity have been invented ! Of all the sciences this is the most ancient ; for even "the minds of the first inhabitants of the earth" were necessarily directed to its phenomena ; and, as an eloquent writer expresses it, "the sun in the full blaze of his meridian glory, now scorching the eastern plains with the intensity of his heat,—now veiled with mists and clouds that hide for a season his light and his warmth from those who in ignorance were worshipping his presence ;—the changes in the pale moon, gliding over what appeared to be a vault of azure crystal studded with countless stars, from the silver streak of the horned crescent to the broad shield of her orb at the full"—what amazement and wonder would all this excite, and what intense desire would be created to lift the veil of mystery which hid their true nature from view. The Chaldean shepherd on his sultry plains soon made himself acquainted, from constant observation of the regular recurrence of the order of the heavens, with the situation of the constellations and the motions of the planets. They learned to predict the weather by the appearance of the moon, the direction of the winds, and the condition of the atmosphere ; but beyond this comprehension of the visible phenomena of the firmament, the effulgence of sun, moon, and stars was all darkness and mystery to them. Yet, in the process of time, some progress was being made, and eclipses were then calculated with very tolerable precision. How they performed this, and several other operations of the same kind, is a matter of astonishment, considering that their total ignorance of the true system of the universe must have deprived them of the data which render them easy to us. The Chaldeans, as far as we know, were the earliest astronomers ; although the Chinese, Hindoos, and

Egyptians dispute the point of precedency. However this may be, they all cultivated it with considerable assiduity, and the Greeks, profiting by their observations, became, all things considered, pretty efficient astronomers. And yet what an immense illuminated space is extended between their science and our own. Let us review, if only with a bird's-eye glance, the difference between the two termini of the line. The Chaldean priests observed and recorded the rising and setting of the celestial bodies and the eclipses of the sun and moon from a very remote period of the world. They understood, according to Diodorus, the Metonic cycle, although, if this was really the discovery of Meton the Athenian, Diodorus must have spoken in error. They used the clepsydra or water clock to indicate the passage of time, and the gnomon and hemispherical dial for determining the solstices and the positions of the sun. And it is said that Alexander the Great found a list of eclipses at Babylon from the year 2234 B.C. to the time of his conquest, a period of 1900 years. The division of the ecliptic into the twelve signs of the zodiac is ascribed to the Chaldeans. The Chinese astronomical records go back to the year 2857 B.C.; but only a bare list of the eclipses of the sun and the appearance of comets is given, which is notoriously incorrect, no calculations on those subjects being verified before the time of Ptolemy the Egyptian. The Hindoos rest their claim to the honor of precedency upon their "Tables of Tirvalore," which date from the year 3102 B.C.; and though many believe they were compiled from Greek and Arabian authorities, there are others who maintain they were the genuine observations of the Hindoos, although they assign a much later date for the commencement of the record. The Greeks derived their knowledge from the Egyptians, but the Egyptians themselves left no record of their observations. The pyramids, being placed due north and south, are supposed to have been used for astronomical purposes; and some believe that the division of the ecliptic into the signs of the zodiac belongs to the Egyptians, and not to the Chaldeans. Thales is supposed to have been the first who correctly predicted a total eclipse of the sun; and Pythagoras conceived, what afterwards took so many centuries to verify, that the earth was not the centre of the universe, but revolved around the sun with all the other planets of the system. Before the Alexandrian school the knowledge of the science was vague and incorrect, but from that time a regular course of observation was kept up. "The paths of the planets in their orbit were determined, the relative position of the fixed stars was laid down, and the constellations in the various regions of the heavens were duly mapped out and catalogued in their order." There were two schools at Alexandria, the first of which existed for 175 years; and Hipparchus of Bithynia, who belonged to it, is considered the

greatest of all the astronomers who lived before the Christian era. The second school commenced with Ptolemy, and ended early in the fifth century with the invasion of the Goths. To this belonged Aristarchus of Samos and Eratosthenes, who turned their attention to the magnitude of the earth and the angular obliquity of the ecliptic to the equator. The Arabs then became the representatives of astronomical progress, and did an immensity towards the improvement of the science. They found out the motion of the sun's apogee, made corrections in the calculations of the precession of the equinoxes, and showed great advancement in trigonometry—making use of sines, versed sines, tangents, cotangents, and secants. From the time of Uley Bey, however—a grandson of Timour the Tartar, who was an accomplished astronomer, and constructed the most correct catalogue of the stars which had appeared up to his own time—the study of astronomy went down in the East; and it was only in the early part of the 13th century that European nations commenced its revival. Frederic the Second, Emperor of Germany, ordered a translation of the *Almagest* of Ptolemy; and Alphonso the Tenth, of Castile, caused a set of tables to be compiled, which are known as the *Alphonsine Tables*. From this time until the year 1500 nothing worthy of remark occurred in the history of astronomy; but Copernicus, at the age of twenty-seven years, being then attracted to a study of the science, entered on his laborious researches, which resulted in immortality to his name. He published a table of the motions of the planets and a work on the revolution of the heavenly bodies, and produced a system in opposition to that of Ptolemy, which, with all its errors of detail, is the true theory of the motion of the universe. The promulgation of his opinions, however, met with but little acceptance at the time, because he was unable to answer objections which have been since fully explained away. Then Tycho Brahe arose, and broached a theory different from that of Copernicus, substituting one of his own, in which the earth was the centre, with the sun circling round it, and all the other planets circling round the sun. This theory was more favorably received at first than that of Copernicus, as there was no argument against it that could not be answered, and it explained all the phenomena of nature, as well as that it was intended to supersede. He made the first table of refractions, and instituted important researches into the nature, course, and distance from the earth of the comets. Then came Kepler and Galileo. The first entered into investigations of the orbit of Mars, and was led to conclusions demonstrated in his first and second laws—that the courses in which the planets move round the sun are ellipses, and the areas of the orbits proportional to the times of revolution. His third law—that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are proportional to the cubes of their distances

from the sun—was enunciated nine years after his discovery of the first and second. During the life of Kepler two inventions, invaluable in the prosecution of the study, were accomplished, namely, the telescope, which was first constructed in Holland by Lepperhey, and logarithms, which were invented by the celebrated Napier of Merchistoun. Galileo improved the telescope, and magnified its power to the extent of a thousand times. With this improved instrument he discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the ring of Saturn, and the phases of Venus. He adopted the system of Copernicus, which the *Holy Inquisition* compelled him, though but nominally, to recant. Then came the illustrious Newton, the greatest of them all, with his discovery of gravitation, which he demonstrated after many years in his *Principia*. He invented fluxions, determined the form of the earth, and showed the influence of the moon upon the tides. He constructed the first *reflecting* telescope, and died in advanced age in 1727, the most eminent of astronomers, mathematicians, and philosophers. Contemporary with Newton were Halley and Flamsteed. Flamsteed was as eminent in practical astronomy as Newton was skilled in its physical knowledge; and together they commenced a series of observations on the motions of the moon. He determined the laws of its annual equation, and made a series of observations confirmatory of the laws which Newton had arrived at. His successor was Halley, who added considerably to our knowledge of the nature and revolutions of comets. Then Bradley discovered the aberration of light, and gave incontrovertible proofs of the soundness of the Copernican system by determining the fact of the earth's annual revolution round the sun. It would be tedious here to give a detailed account of the discoveries which followed in swift succession from the death of Newton to the close of the eighteenth century, in regard to asteroids, comets, moon, planets, fixed stars, and the solar systems, with the inductions that have been derived from the knowledge thereof. But enough has been said to show the wonderful progress of thought in this direction; and we shall therefore conclude this part of our subject by the mention of the nebulae and clusters of stars revealed to Herschel by his forty-foot telescope, and the seeming perfection of that instrument by the monster construction of Lord Rosse.

As for chemistry, it had undoubtedly a very early origin, as the mixing of two substances of different properties to form a third was the first step in the science, and must have been taken almost at the creation of man. It was one of gradual but unintermitting progress; for every fresh experiment, however simple, augmented the stock of information, and led to still further results. Tubal Cain, however, the first worker of metals, is considered the father of chemistry; and Hermes Trismegistus, the inventor of the chimeras of alchemy. Egypt, which had made so honorable a

figure in astronomy, was also the foremost chemical nation of the East ; their manufacture of glass, pottery, colours, and method of embalming their dead, bearing indubitable testimony to the extent of their knowledge. The practical part of chemistry preceded the theoretical, because men must begin to think before they can theorize on facts. When this intellectual point had been arrived at, thinking men comprehended that the ores could be transmuted by fire to their metallic form of perfection, which led them for centuries into the error of supposing that lead might be changed by similar means into gold. And, as an offshoot of this, the belief that the combination of certain salts and metallic liquors were assuagants of pain, ripened into an idea that they could prolong life indefinitely and bestow immortality in the flesh. This, and the pursuit of a universal solvent, however barren of fruit in themselves, had at least one good effect on the general interests of the science, as an immense stock of unconnected unintelligible knowledge was accumulated, which, when separated from its secret symbols and the absurdity of its nomenclature, was of infinite service in the more practical laboratories. A superior class of men to the alchemists arose towards the termination of the seventeenth century. Men entered the field whose brains were cast in a more perfect mould than their predecessors, who, dismissing the idea of the transmutation of metals, and soaring above the level of chemical chimeras, turned their attention to the discovery of the principles of bodies, by separating and reuniting their components. Paracelsus, though himself imbued with the belief of astrology and demonology, was nevertheless the connecting link between alchemy and chemistry. His hallucinations affected but little his science ; and to him the credit belongs of lifting it out of its mire. He first chemically explained the action of mercury, iron, and lead in the human constitution, and distinguished alum from copperas, by showing that the former contained an earth and the latter a metal. He perceived that air was not the only elastic fluid in nature, and knew that animals could not exist and that the most inflammable substances could not burn, if excluded from the action of the air. After Paracelsus and Van Helmont came Boyle, the founder of the Royal Society, and admitted to be one of the most acute experimentalists who ever lived. He improved the air pump, the invention of Guericke, and paved the way to further important discoveries. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Beecher and Stahl, the founders of the phlogistic theory, found that by heating charcoal with metallic oxides they were reduced to a metallic state, and that, when charcoal was burnt, it was entirely volatilized and left not a particle behind. Upon these principles they founded their theory that charcoal or phlogiston was a principle which united with calx to form a metal ; and they applied it

to the whole range of chemical phenomena. The discoveries of Priestly, however, tended to overthrow it, by proving that the calx or oxide of mercury lost, instead of gaining, by being subjected to heat, and that that which it lost was oxygen gas. Soon after Cavendish discovered hydrogen, and Rutherford nitrogen; and experiment was heaped upon experiment, until the Stahlian theory was entirely disproved. Then came Lavoisier, the father of modern chemical science, who arranged known chemical facts into a system unparalleled for precision, extent, and for logical accuracy. And from this moment chemistry may be said to have moved on with gigantic force of stride. To enumerate all the discoveries that have taken place since the commencement of the present century would be altogether impossible; and it is therefore sufficient to show how wonderful has been its progress in the present generation. Davy's application of the voltaic current to the decomposition of the alkalis resulted in the discovery of many more metals; and the atomic theory of Dalton threw much light on the composition of salts and acids. Berzelius invented the present symbolic notation, and the determination of the elementary equivalents soon followed in the wake. Davy overthrew the notion of Lavoisier, that acids could not exist without oxygen, by proving that hydrochloric acid consisted only of chlorine and hydrogen. In 1812 Courtois discovered iodine, and soon after Balard added bromine to the stock. Sixty elements were attained while organic chemistry was in progress, and new analyses were made and new theories founded on the vegetable alkaloids. Liebig and Berzelius threw great light on this attractive branch of chemistry. Faraday, Laurent, Hoffmann, and others devoted their attention to the theory of organic radicals; and it has now assumed a mathematical precision unknown to any other branch of physical science. The last grand discoveries were the spectral analysis; and the researches of Graham upon the diffusion of salts in solution, or the separation of crystallizable from uncrystallizable substances, by an intervening diaphragm, are among the most brilliant of the chemical triumphs of the age. The researches of Schönbein, Schroetter, Brodie, and others, on the allotropic states of bodies, seem to point to the compound character of the present elementary bodies. In fact, chemistry at the present day is making such miraculous progress that it can only be followed properly in the current of scientific journals.

The art of medicine and surgery we may well conclude to be almost coeval with the creation of the human race; as, even among the most rude and barbarous people it has been found that some remedies were practised for internal diseases and some appliances for injuries and wounds. In the early days of civilization all the science then possessed was almost exclusively the property

of the priests. In Greece its early history was involved in obscurity, but considerable progress must have been made previous to the advent of Hippocrates, who collected together all the existing maxims of experience, and connected them with others of his own. His great merit, however, in our modern eyes, rests on the extreme accuracy and minuteness of his descriptions of disease, and, making allowances for his anatomical and physiological disadvantages, the judgment displayed by his observations. When the art, however, was sufficiently advanced, and its importance universally felt, a school was established in Alexandria, so famous for its teaching of the sciences; and the study was assiduously cultivated. A knowledge of the human body was acquired by dissection, and that derived from the anatomical analogy of the lower order of animals, was superseded at once by the change. After a time, however, a schism took place in the schools—the Dogmatics, or followers of Hippocrates, maintaining the necessity of an acquaintance with the occult as well as existing cause of disease; and the Empirics, that such acquaintance was superfluous and impossible, and that experience was the only true guide to the knowledge required. The first physician of note who practised at Rome was Asclepiades, the Bithynian, who had Cicero for a patient; and two of his pupils founded the sect of the Methodists, who held an intermediate doctrine between the Dogmatists and Empirics. Celsus, who flourished about the end of the first century, gave a digest of all that was then known in his work, *De Medicina*, which equals in value the writings of Hippocrates. He shows the great progress that medicine had made through the labors of the anatomists of Alexandria, and treats of many of the great operations of surgery, the use of the ligature, wounds of the intestines, and injuries of the brain. From the year 600 to the twelfth century the Arabs seem to be the only people who made any advances in the science, and they translated and studied the works of Hippocrates and Galen. Of this school was Rases, a distinguished surgeon of Bagdad; but its most eminent disciple was Avicenna, who was called the Galen of Arabia. The practice then got into the hands of ignorant monks and became corrupted by the introduction of the superstition and misconception of nature. The two principal authors of the period were Albertus Magnus and Friar Bacon. After the fall of Constantinople a great number of its learned men established themselves in Italy, and from the impulse they communicated to medical science and literature, the study of Hippocrates was revived and reliance on Galen diminished in consequence. In the sixteenth century medical science in England derived great assistance from Linaere, who gave lectures at Oxford and founded the College of Physicians. Then came the sect of chemical



physicians, with Paracelsus at their head, who maintained that the living textures of the human body were subject to the same laws as govern inorganic matter. In the ensuing century Harvey made his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and several eminent physicians and anatomists, among whom was Fallopius, flourished at the same time. The establishment of clinical medicine soon followed, and a systematic course of teaching was adopted by Boerhave, who lectured on the theory of medicine at Leyden. In England, William and John Hunter laid the foundation of a National School of Anatomy and Surgery, and Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, did equal service in systemizing the study of practical medicine and pathological deduction.

From that time dates the high European knowledge and improvement of the science. It is useless to enumerate the names of the since-renowned physicians and surgeons of England and France, and it is therefore sufficient to observe that they have wonderfully forwarded this exalted study by their splendid attainments, which have brought operative surgery, anatomy, physiology, pathology, nosology, the *materia medica*, and midwifery to a pinnacle of practical effectiveness, which they had never reached before since the creation of the world.

I speak with diffidence as to the moral and political condition of the people, for although I can see how prone both among the Greeks and Republican Romans, freedom was to be prostituted to the purposes of faction and anarchy, yet I remember how much of modern Europe is still under the sway of a soul-crushing despotism, and what awful and demoralising excesses have been occasionally committed by the people in their endeavors to throw off the yoke. This humiliating recollection admonishes me to be cautious in pronouncing a judgment on the question. The bane of those glorious republics was more the fickleness and seditious impulses of the populace than the criminal ambition of their statesmen and warriors, who certainly, on the whole, were as patriotic as they were great. Their code of morals was undoubtedly constructed on principles less stringent than ours, and particular vices, which shame a modern pen to allude to, were practised among them, almost without an attempt at disguise. Yet modern immorality, driven as it is into the dark corners of infamy, has occasionally uplifted its veil, and the exposure has left us but little to boast of on the score of our superior purity. We must make allowances for the different circumstances of mankind at different periods of its social history, and if we find that on the whole virtue has more prevailed and open vice been more discountenanced in modern than in ancient times, let us modestly ascribe it to its true cause and not to our individual merit. We have no reason to suppose that in regard to truth, commercial

integrity, generosity, and fidelity to trust we in any degree excel the Greek and Roman people, but on the contrary, there is more fraud and chicanery to be found at the present than ever was dreamed of in these more heroic ages. The organisation of society is probably more perfectly in harmony with the science of the laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of materials of trade, and, therefore, much is now done by voluntary labor which with them was the work of their slaves. Industrial occupations were regarded by the ancients as degrading and unworthy of freemen, and during the middle ages the same ignorance and mistaken principles prevailed; and though I believe that what is called political economy originated with Aristotle, but little attention was paid to it for very many centuries after his time. About the fifteenth century, however, the attention of philosophers was directed to the subject, and the utility of the mechanical arts, regulation of employment and manufactures, the trades most useful to man, and the relations of a mercantile medium with material were then earnestly considered and explained. In England Hobbs seems to have been the first who had any correct idea of the source of all wealth, though Locke understood the subject much better than he. The largest and most elaborate work which had hitherto appeared on the subject, was published by Sir J. Stewart, in 1767. In 1776 appeared the first edition of Adam Smith's "Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," and his views of political economy and legislation are considered of more worth and importance than all that had preceded its publication. Mr. Malthus's "Essay on the Principles of Population" was the next contribution to the science, whose object was to demonstrate that proportionate increase in the means of subsistence was the only sure criterion of a permanent increase of the population. The principles of taxation were treated by David Ricardo, and his arguments are considered as most able and profound. Mr. James Mill published his "Elements of Political Economy" in 1821, and McCulloch his "Principles" in 1825. The great living authority of the present day is John Stuart Mill, who has investigated all the subjects bearing on the production of wealth, the materials of commerce, and the distribution of capital so fully, that he appears to have left but little for future inquirers in that important field of science to discover.

It will be seen by this sketch of the condition of political science at the present day, that the ancients are in this immeasurably behind us. This superior knowledge, however, of principles does not instruct us in the difference which actually existed between the masses of their people and our own. We cannot practically infer from our possession of these volumes of deep thought and laborious composition the comparative poverty or

comfort in which the population existed, the distribution of the national wealth, or the influence of individual example on morals, religion, and social and domestic arrangements. Their ignorance of the printing press debars us from the conclusion that there was much literary diffusion among the great body of the people, although the great models of architecture, painting, and statuary constantly before their eyes, and the recitations of their bards, must have imbued it with considerable refinement of taste. It is presumed, therefore, that though deficient, comparatively, with the British and French operative and working classes in what is now designated as useful knowledge, they were more than equal to them in that species of cultivation which a familiarity with high examples of art is certain in time to bestow. Their tone of general thought it is natural to conclude must have been of a higher character than that of the same class at present, for the greatness that was around them was of a more heroic cast, mere talent being only a secondary feature of its quality. As to their household economy, favored as they were by climate, many comforts and conveniences which are indispensable to us were altogether unnecessary to them. As a rule they were more temperate in their habits than the Germans, British, and Americans, and more inclined to public and out-of-door amusements than domestic excess and indulgence. It is difficult to form an idea on which side the balance of advantage would turn between the English working classes and the Athenian, for as most of the more laborious and heavy work was performed by helots or slaves, it is only the skilled labor of each that could fairly be placed in competition, and we have no sufficient data to show the relative value of money to employment and the necessaries of life. Democratic influence was more potent in politics as a rule, although it was occasionally overridden, than in any modern state, with the exception of the United States of America and possibly Switzerland and Norway. But it is very much to be doubted after all, that public opinion in the abstract, and separated from popular error and casual excitement, has not, in England, a far more irresistible force than ever it exerted in Rome, Corinth, or Athens. We know not whether the extreme poverty which exists like a foul phagedœnic ulcer in our large cities most frequently from the causes which generate all crime—sloth, recklessness, and dissipation—prevailed in anything like an equal extent among them, but with every drawback that can be imagined, we cannot help thinking that the moral, industrious, and reasonable English mechanic is a higher development of intellectual manhood than any that they could boast of in Athens. The learning of the scholastic classes is but a secondary question, for in every state of society except the feudal, the upper ten thousand have seen the necessity of resting their claims to superior power

and position on the higher degree of intellectual cultivation they possessed. Our difficulty is, that we do not see, in the case of the Egyptians and Greeks, the preliminary stages of their progress in thought, as they burst upon us in the full splendour of maturity of art, as if it were the inspiration of a moment. Our common sense informs us, that this could not be, as there must be a dawn on the darkness and the grey light of morn before the full flood of day pours down upon the world. Yet even in our own cases, we are resuscitating this delusion by referring the greater share of its triumphal progress and the consequent advanced condition of the practical arts and sciences to the last sixty or seventy years of its history. And most assuredly it has been a period when the peculiar bent of mental energy, turned as it has been towards the accomplishment of the solidly useful, in contradistinction to idealism, imagination, and ornament, has produced an amazing number of inventions, novel applications, and complex mechanical combinations, which, added to the inherent forces of nature pressed into active operation, have completely revolutionised our social economy. The increased facilities of intercourse, the extension and perfection of machinery, which lessen the mere brute labor of man, or contribute to divert it to nobler or more profitable purposes, bestow on us at the present moment more positive and demonstrable advantages than the whole previous history of the world has been able to reveal. And there cannot be a doubt, that there has been a concentration of mental activity, and a consequent accumulation of wonderful contrivances for useful purposes, which will for ever distinguish this period as peculiarly the age of invention, adaptation, and progress. Yet let us not be too vain of our epoch, for there were intellectual giants beyond our measurement in the times of our great grandfathers, and even in the old days two thousand years before them. We have derived immense advantages from the ever flowing stream of knowledge whose current, increasing from its source, has wafted the contributions of every age to our doors, and will still continue to expand in volume and influence, until it terminates its allotted course in the ocean of eternity. Still it is much to be doubted whether with all the triumphs which rapid locomotion, electric communication, steam hammers, and prodigious engineering performances have shed so abundantly around us, our era has produced many such transcendantly great and original thinkers, as those who struggled to break up the night of ignorance and prejudice, who foresaw the hour of emancipation and heralded the coming morning which they were the means of making to dawn on the darkness.

Modesty of pretension is not our modern characteristic; and in our redundancy of self congratulation and egotism, we have too

easily assumed that all before us was comparatively dim, and that by a sudden and miraculous transition from torpor to activity an indomitable energy was communicated to progress, which was unprecedented in the history of the world. We had shaken off the heavy incubus of ages, and awakened into a new life of intelligence and power. To some extent it was so, but the illumination of our immediate atmosphere has dazzled our vision; and we are for the most part disinclined to break through the enchantment, and look through the past for the intellectual stars which irradiated the firmament and glorified the days of the dead. We admit, with an air almost of condescension, the pre-eminence of the classic days of Greece in the personification of beauty of form and the genius for letters she displayed—we profess an idle sort of wonder and admiration before the rude but magnificent remains of Egyptian and Assyrian art—we acknowledge the eloquence of Demosthenes and Tully, and the pure abstract wisdom and reasoning capacity of Aristotle and Plato; but unless in the instance of a here and there enthusiastic scholar, for the most part as benighted and intolerant in his blind worship of antiquity as the majority of moderns are indifferent to its merits, we find but a very imperfect conception of the progress which the world had already made, in all that could adorn life and elevate the mind, before such splendid exponents of its feelings and intellectual acquirements could have been produced upon the stage. Yet notwithstanding this self-evident inference, it seems to be a pretty general idea that before Homer and Hesiod there was a total eclipse of thought, and an absolute chaos in the dominion of civilisation.

Could Solon or Phocion now stand in pristine majesty of patriotic purpose before an English radical politician, how supreme would be the contempt of the latter, for the antique nobility of deportment, the intelligence, and dignity of their character. And with what compassionate contempt would he regard their ideas of Legislation and Government. In similar circumstances, both we and they would to some extent commit probably the self-same error, because we should be inclined to look at each other only from our own stand point. The studied and theatrically delivered orations of the statesmen of Greece and Rome, would in spite of their intrinsic beauty and excellence, excite little but ridicule in the national assemblies of modern representative states, which loathe, in proportion to their advanced civilisation, all premeditated display and clap trap effect; while our subtle argumentative debates, with their passionless sarcasm, cold decorous bitterness of invective, aversion to verbal redundancy, and purely intellectual earnestness of idea, would have struck with the coldness of ice on the sensitive, impassioned, and critical

audiences which crowded the forums of Athens and Rome. They required more emotional stimulus than ourselves ; and perhaps, Chatham, Mirabeau, Kossuth, and O'Connell, were the only modern orators who could have spoken to the taste of the times.

To impartial minds, it must appear the mere folly of bigotry and prejudice, to maintain the exclusive preference of one remarkable age over another, which perhaps, was as fully remarkable in a different way. For though Homer is, and will probably ever be considered the greatest of epic bards, he was as before stated, an exceptional example ; and Shakspeare, in a different department of poetry, was undoubtedly his equal at least. The gloomy Florentine, and Milton, the stately and sublime, have been pronounced by first-rate authorities, only not the greatest of all poets, because they were unfortunately not the first. For had they preceded Homer, they would probably have been his models, and if contemporary they would certainly have rivalled him in renown. In sculpture and architecture, we have already admitted that the Greeks have left us the most exquisite specimens of faultless contour, and of elegance and proportion, to be found in any age or country ; for though, during two thousand years and more, they have been idolised, studied, and imitated, they have never been improved on as perfect standards of beauty, and never been equalled by any other original conception. The statue which for centuries has enchanted the world, still challenges its admiration as the most perfect of forms ; and the now dilapidated temples of that most illustrious of lands, are still unapproachable in their realisation of the ideal, by any thing that has since been produced. Yet a dark and unenlightened intervening age, uninstructed in the rules of art, and remote from the study of Corinthian pillar and portico, struck out a new idea, which though as opposite as light from dark to Grecian characteristics, achieved a gloomy majesty of appearance they never were intended to represent. It was the noble and invincible Goth, who issued from his northern forest, to assert his superiority of manhood to the degenerate people of the south, and brought with him the architectural forms of strength and solidity which harmonised with his rude customs, superstitions, and manners. This order had none of the simple graceful freedom of outline, the chastity, and spirituality of the classical school ; but it had a stern barbaric magnificence and gorgeousness entirely out of the reach of its idea. The outlines were stiff, angular, and quaint, its ornamentation individually grotesque and ungraceful, but its details were labored and symmetrical, and the general effect indescribably solemn, ecclesiastical, and imposing. It excited awe, devotion, melancholy, and reverence ; and the interiors, sparingly lighted through heavy mullioned windows, with their richly carved cornices and elaborate

groined roofs, in their twilight gloom and unearthly tranquillity of aspect, realised as no other style could do, the idealism of a temple set apart for worship and communion with God. If Greece then had her Phidias and Praxiteles, her Apelles and Protogenes, later ages have not only had their grand gothic architects, but their Raffaelles, Michael Angelos, Corregios, and Canovas. And though the latter have not excelled, perhaps hardly equalled their antique prototypes, there cannot be a doubt that the concentration of genius observed in the one is more than over-balanced by the general diffusion of the talent which exists among the moderns.

The flippant verdict pronounced by the celebrated Sévigné, that the ancients were the greatest, but the moderns the prettiest, might apply very well to the frivolous and corrupted court of Louis le Grand ; the sphere in which, for the most part, her observations were made ; but it was anything but correct with regard to Europe in general, and grossly unjust to the great and gallant nation itself which possessed a Conde, a Turenne, a Luxemburgh, Corneille, Racine, and Moliere. When we consider also, that this was the age of Von Trompe, De Ruyter, Blake, Cromwell, Milton, Peter the Great, William of Orange, Eugene, and Marlborough, it is difficult to comprehend by what standard a greatness could be measured, which would exclude this illustrious company from its fellowship. This renowned age was but shortly preceded by the still more intellectually remarkable one of Bacon and Shakspeare, Elizabeth, Luther, Calvin, Raleigh, and Spencer ; and it was followed with scarce an interval, by that of Dryden and Pope, the great Frederic, Voltaire, Sir Isaac Newton, and Locke. Taking the era of Shakspeare then as our point of departure, whether we travel back to the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, or proceed forward in our journey to our own generation, we shall find that there has never been a very considerable period, without its especial representatives of greatness, equal comparatively with the average of their day in genius and originality to the majority of those who preceded or came after them. Was Alexander a greater warrior king than Charlemagne ? We doubt if he were so great, considering the difference of the races he warred with and overcame, and, judged by their actual exploits, divested of the halo of exaggeration which surrounded the actions of antiquity. Were Julius Cæsar and Hannibal superior as Generals to Napoleon Buonaparte and Wellington ? Were the Black Prince and Gustavus Adolphus inferior to Scipio in skill, conduct, and valour ? And who were the heroes of antiquity, who would have been dishonoured by a comparison with Sydney, Wallace, Garibaldi and Argentin. If Greece had her Aspasia, and Israel her Judith, France has had her Joan of Arc, and Spain her Maid of

Saragossa. Semiramis was but the prototype of Catherine the Great, and Zenobia is worthily represented by English Elizabeth and the Empress Queen of Hungary.

It will, we think, be generally observed that the more profound the scholarship of a classical critic, so much the more cautious he is in committing himself to an unmodified verdict in favor of its absolute superiority over all succeeding literatures; while the comparative smatterer, or average pedagogue, never hesitates to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, in favor of the Greek. This point, after all, however, will bear a very considerable amount of discussion; for it has usually been too much clogged with arbitrary pedantic prejudice for impartiality to regard it as finally disposed of. Let us remember that modern Italy boasts the illustrious names of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Petrarch, and a whole host of minor but brilliant lights, which forbid her to pale her pretensions before her Roman and Grecian precursors. Germany has had her Schiller and Goethe, and it would be altogether too tedious to enumerate all the great authors which France and England could contribute to the list of the great.

Thus far we have been chiefly considering the mere literary and personal aspect of the question, but the most important consideration remains to be finally decided. It matters comparatively little to the existing or future races of mankind whether the ancients excelled us in letters or the art of war, since we have generally had a supply of efficient commanders to take charge of our interests in battle, and a stock of their best productions in our libraries and museums, to excite us to emulation of their beauties. The grand question as to the reality of a progressive improvement of thought, and its increasing beneficent influence over the earthly destiny of man, we have only been able superficially to dwell on, as it throws open a field of inquiry too extensive to be here satisfactorily examined, and requires a greater weight of intellectual metal than we feel ourselves competent to carry. But we are firm believers notwithstanding in the creed of progression, in spite of some recent events which appear on the surface to indicate the contrary. The view, however, appears unfavorable only to those who scan but the outward appearance of things, and are unable to penetrate to the arcanum where lie the mental springs which have suggested and directed the movements. We are believers, not only in the increased and increasing dominion of thought, but also in the increased intrinsic value of the power itself; for our wisdom is a better wisdom than that of the heathen sages, and has loftier and more benevolent objects. Since the illustrious Bacon we have reasoned, not as they did, on hypothetical premises, but have sought for elementary principles by analytical experiment and patient investigatory tests; and, consequently, we are enabled to

exercise thought more correctly and profoundly than Socrates himself. If we look around the world we cannot be blind to our acquisitions, and one scientific conquest after another forbids us to suppose that we have yet nearly reached the culminating point of improvement. We believe that there is before us a still more glorious earthly destiny for man ; and we confide in it the more enthusiastically because it seems to us an instinct of nature, that when the reign of thought has begun, it should go on advancing until the human climax is attained.

Our modern mission is most holy, for its search is after truth ; and it disregards all loves, hates, antipathies, and prejudices in its pursuit. We start with no suppositious premises in the dark, nor exert our utmost ingenuity of intellect in endeavoring to make a baseless hypothesis appear an axiom of fact ; but from a known sequence of circumstances we found our conclusions, and are led by logical induction to self-evident results. It would appear therefore that if we have not superior genius to the ancients, we have an incalculably larger amount of knowledge, and that we play a more important part, on the whole, in the great purpose of human existence and the destiny of the universe.

Light of the soul, thou all-pervading ray,
 Illuming darkness in a blaze of day !
 Where, past the eth'ry regions of the sky,
 Enthroned, the lustres of thy sleepless eye ?
 Where, through the voiceless realms removed so far,
 And circling atmospheres from star to star ;
 No cloud the crystal mirror to deface,
 Nor floating shadow through the lucid space ;
 Immersed in fulgence, from whose ev'ry beam
 Truth's subtle particles incessant stream,
 Attracting all things, but reflecting none
 Which shine not glorious as the noontide sun—
 O pure abstraction, hast thou fixed thy home ?—
 Art thou enshrined in some translucent sphere,
 Poised in the centre of the starry zones ?
 Or like the lightning flashes dost thou roam,
 The dread of tyrants, but ennobling thrones ?
 And wheresoe'er thy vivid fires appear,
 The vague uncertain and the dark to clear.

Rest where thou may'st, in concentrated might,
 Pure essence from the one sole source of light,
 E'en on this mist wrapt globe, with bounded gaze,
 How vast thy tokens which Mankind surveys.
 For ev'ry cycle of revolving time
 Hath left some relic of thy force sublime ;

Some giant fabric, pyramid, or tower,
Colossal indications of thy power,
Set up like landmarks for a future race,
Thy march majestic through the world to trace.
And many an intellect, by thee inspired,
With painful throes, but energies untired,
The glorious proofs of an enlightened mind
Hath shed to dignify and bless its kind.
And still, as onward floats time's stream,
More and more bright thy torch shall gleam.
The world, in quiet harmony, behold
Knowledge unchallenged, rule o'er all supreme,
And where barbarian blindness now,
With brutal passions stamps the brow,
The rank impostor and the bigot cold
Shall bite the dust before thy champions bold ;
Thy reign is yet scarce past the twilight dawn,
Tinged by the ruddy hues of op'ning morn ;
But bright the promise which the blushing sky,
Thus early scanned, discloses to the eye.
Already have the young but lambent flames
Beamed on the glory of undying names ;
And who can measure, as the day grows strong,
And glitters full upon each cloud-cleared hill,
The mighty force shall waft the world along
The track of knowledge, to obey thy will ?
O there is yet in store for mortal seed
More than the heretic of Thought's pure creed,
With sickly gaze and stony heart can read.
And on this fragment of unbounded space,
For Adam's children but a resting place ;
The hour is coming, when, beneath thy wing,
Unfettered mind shall like an eagle soar,
When rampant Ignorance shall lose its sting,
And Truth, all conqu'ring, spread from shore to shore.

JEALOUSY—OTHELLO.

AN ESSAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverb as to the pleasure of seeing one's self in print, and the gratification of a poet when he is allowed to read his verses to a friend, I trust I shall be credited with a better motive for endeavouring to entertain my present hearers than that of ostentatious display. You and I both feel not unfrequently the oppression of a monotonous existence, and an occasional variation of routine like this not only tends to put us all on a more agreeable footing with each other, but diverts us from our cares by turning the current of our ideas from ourselves to subjects of general importance. Some of you, I am well aware, are habitual and diligent readers, and all that is good which you read, I am convinced, will, sooner or later, here or hereafter, bear fruit which will be to your advantage; and though in these brief intellectual entertainments we can offer you at most but epitomes of that which you can gather from books, we may still hope to recall to your minds some of the subjects of your by-gone reflections and instigate a renewal of mental activity which shall prevent some of your previous acquisitions from entirely escaping from your grasp. Without such occasional stimuli to the faculties, I am persuaded that no brain can be preserved in full functional vigor, and it was under this impression that I inaugurated a movement which, as my own time here now is approaching its termination, I must bequeath to others to carry out as they may. The Superintendent of institutions like this must necessarily have so much of other work upon his hand that he might well be excused if he declined this additional labor. But there is compensation for such a sacrifice, and he will never regret any intellectual effort he may make for your benefit. It is not my desire, however, to monopolise the Professor's chair, and I have exerted my influence, therefore, on two gentlemen, who if they are my patients I hope are also my friends, to share my responsibility and lighten my toil, and as I am fully aware of the extent of their capabilities, I am certain they will be able to arrest your attention.

The subject of our present reading is Jealousy, as exemplified in the character of Othello, in one of the grandest of the many grand tragedies of the most profound practical genius which has ever appeared in the world. This unapproachable position has been conceded to Shakspeare, not merely by the possibly over-partial verdict of his countrymen, but as based on views which travel far

beyond the range of nationality, by the concurrent consent of all who have studied and understood him among the rival and not too affectionate nations of Europe and America. The two chief races, Scandinavian and Slavonic, which divide the great original German territory between them, and infuse their ideas extensively in the conterminous countries, regard him with an enthusiastic reverence, more deep and appreciative than our own. And polished France, justly vain, as she is, of her own great men, and not too liberal by natural disposition in the acknowledgement of equality elsewhere, bows down in the persons of her most illustrious authors, and acknowledges his pre-eminent merit.

In our estimate of the mental affluence of such extraordinary men as Shakspeare, Homer, Dante, and Milton, it is not the individual who has given utterance to conceptions by no voluntary exertion of his own that we should glorify, but the Providence which inspired them with their noble ideas, and made it a necessity of nature that they should express them in song. Personally, they are to us but names, and even the friends of their intimacy, with all the advantages of familiar observation and communion, were unable to realise the spirit of that inner being which separated them so widely from the world. Thus considered, the homage we pay to their shades is the deification of an idea and not of the human dust, which was honored to be the mouthpiece of the Inspirer of wisdom. Indeed, it is far from improbable that the real merit of these wonderful geniuses, in painful expenditure of intellect, in long suffering, self-sacrifice, and the energy of sustained effort, was far less than that of many inferior workers, who have taxed a reluctant brain to the utmost of its power to earn them their daily bread. All who have accomplished that too-frequently barren task of writing a book, can testify that to respectable, but mediocre abilities, it is no light exertion of energy; but it can only be understood by the consideration of the comparative endowments of authors, the resources of their memory, and their power of abstraction and mastery over the artifices of language. The demand on a weak brain must strain its energy more severely when elaborating its feebler conceptions into expression, than on that of the genius, who thinks without labor when he is writing for immortality of fame.

Immediate success has been by no means the unvarying fortune of many of the noblest literary productions. The critical world, for a long time after Milton had published his "Paradise Lost," seemed to hold it in but little esteem, and its commercial value was rated at five pounds only by the purchaser of the copyright. He does not appear ever to have been in distressed circumstances, and that sublimest and most imaginative of all modern epics was assuredly not written for money. But there have been bards, and great ones too, to whom that miserable pittance for the intellectual

effort of years would have been fraught with ruin and despair. Even to him how profound must have been the disappointment in beholding this offspring of his spiritual being regarded with such unmerited contumely. But men of his mental calibre and deep-toned enthusiasm are irrepressible in the exercise of their faculties, and though he never afterwards equalled (as how could he equal that which was incomparable?) the strain of that loftiest of songs, he produced that which, though a falling off for him, would have conferred on another a fame but inferior to his own. Many a long year did Wordsworth contend with discouragement, who, whatever faults might be alleged against him as a whole, sung frequently in strains sweeter than those of any other songster of the grove; yet no man suffered more of critical discouragement than he, and it was not until he was considerably advanced in years that his poetical merits were undisputed.

It is the characteristic of the poetic mind to penetrate by the force of its instinctive subtlety the clouds of obscurity, and fathom the mysteries concealed by the indistinction of imperfect expression. A few meagre generalities, therefore, a leading idea and decisive incident are all that it requires to conceive the intermediate details and put the finishing stroke to the picture which were but otherwise vague. Without the artistic coloring of Homer, Achilles would have been a brute for whom it would have been impossible to feel any interest, and we should have lost one of the most perfect portraits, of indomitable pride and passion, conflicting with a natural generosity of heart and unappeasable ferocity, with a disposition peculiarly accessible to friendship and love, that the whole range of poetry can show us. Had not Virgil been a poet of consummate art and judgment, nothing could have prevented his *Æneas* from being considered an epical Pecksniff, and Turnus an irrepressible bully, whose vocation was to swagger and brawl. Divested of its poetical coloring and accessories from art, the rage of Achilles was but a common-place incident for the foundation of an *Iliad*, and history passes over innumerable similar ones without a pause in its course. Then, in the succession of ages, a great poet appears who seizes it for his theme, and by the vitality he invests it with it becomes famous for ever.

Poets have generally been supposed to be peculiarly the creatures of literary inspiration, and accustomed to await the irresistible impulse before they can pay their devotions to the muse; yet there have been many eminent writers, both poetical and prose, who either have been, or affected to be, independent of mood, and only under the command of their own governing will. Dr. Johnson is said to have composed most of his papers for his "*Rambler*" with an almost impromptu rapidity, which rarely took the trouble to revise them for the Press. The gloomy, but powerful

genius of Byron threw off the "Bride of Abydos" in a week, and Scott must have worked with inconceivable facility when his printer was waiting for copy. Such instances, however, must be rare, and where they do occur, the explanation of the secret would most probably be that the act of writing was but the mechanical transcription of that which had been mentally wrought and brought to perfection before it was committed to paper. Many well-known and delightful poets were notoriously slow and laborious in composition. Moore was remarkably so by his own admission, and so were Campbell and Grey; while the exquisite Goldsmith is related to have considered ten lines on one occasion so extraordinary a feat, that he felt, in justice to himself, he was entitled to a jollification for the rest of the day. Pope, although an infant prodigy, who "lisp'd in numbers," was no where heard to boast of extraordinary celerity, for when engaged in his translation of Homer he speaks of the task having become so much easier by practice, that he was then able to accomplish his fifty lines a day. He was a believer in his hours of inspiration, at least when original composition was concerned; and so were Dryden and Thompson, Cowper, Collins, Cowley, Coleridge, and Burns.

Whatever may be thought of the terrible deed by which, under demoniac misrepresentation, Othello avenged an imaginary outrage on his affections, there cannot be a doubt that in the conception of Shakspeare he belonged to that high-toned class of characters where enthusiasm and excess of feeling, though kept in habitual check during the common occurrences of life, were always liable to become exalted above a healthy level by such as appealed to the deeper passions of his nature, and as in Charlotte Corday, Judith, and others, under the excitement of an overwhelming idea, reason and conventionality were swept away, as by the force of a mountain torrent. Sensibility, luxuriating in its own wild energies, got the better of that control which reflection imposes on passion, and trampled down that caution by the aid of which more modified temperaments are saved from the commission of crime. A purpose, therefore, or conviction, which is strong enough to sting so sensitive a heart to the core, obliterates all the regard for consequences and hurries its victim on to any excess which can avenge a fancied dishonor or satiate a vengeance aroused by belief in a wrong.

According to present opinion nothing can ever justify an essentially unlawful or immoral action, and judged by a law like this, Othello was a murderer or a madman. Yet even the Christian dispensation, by which this higher standard of ethics was effected, was upwards of seventeen centuries in working out the revolution of opinion. The common teachings of the schools, within a recent period, pronounced Brutus the brightest and most illustrious

example of public excellence, and instilled into the minds of youth an ardent admiration of an act, the more abominably base, because perpetrated under the pretence of destroying a mis-called tyrant, to whom he was confessedly under a debt of obligation, with the chimerical object of restoring republican freedom to a state which had become too wicked and corrupt to enjoy it, and had already lost the desire to be free. The fruits of this evil teaching, this confused blending of evil and virtue, still partially survive, and the assassination of President Lincoln is an example in point. That ghastly murder is an illustration of the difficulty there is in eradicating from weak minds, with ill regulated passions and reckless dispositions, the injurious effects of holding up bad models for imitation. Under this sophistical aspect, an assassination aggravated by ingratitude became a sublime offering to liberty; because it was not yet seen that the welfare of man can never be founded on crime, which cannot produce a good system of government, because it overturns the only principle on which a safe and sound construction of society can be established. What fatal mischief views so false as those, which deck astounding evil with the attributes of virtue have produced, the history of the past with all its terrible lessons will reveal to the inquirer. How many shallow, selfish, gasconading patriots have they educated for the scaffold. How many vulgar ruffians have they tempted to don the garb of sensationalism, and instigated to sedition and murder. The Spirit of the Lord has no doubt in innumerable instances effected its most important purposes by wicked and contemptible instruments; but more frequently have the machinations of the Devil done duty in his name, and enticed folly and presumption to the commission of crime, to the temporary confusion of the true and the false, and the perdition of those who uphold the deception.

That Othello was noble to the core, but doomed to be the victim of a subtle, selfish, and unscrupulous villain, is apparent in the very first scene of his appearance in the drama. The incarnate demon who was his evil genius, thus sounds the first note of his cold blooded purpose, by the suggestion that some one had depreciated him in his hearing—

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience

To do no contrived murder. I lack iniquity

Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times

I had thought to have yerked him here under the ribs.

To which Othello replies with seeming indifference:—

“’Tis better as it is.” Iago, however, further urges:

“Nay but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking words

Against your honor,

That, with the little godliness I have,
 I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this,—
 That the magnifico is much beloved,
 And hath in his effect a voice potential
 As double as the duke's. He will divorce you,
 Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
 The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
 Will give him cable for."

And now, we get a momentary glimpse of the true nobility of Othello, who sums up in a few pregnant words his confidence in his own worth and his claim on the state for the services he has done; not without a shade of regret that he had bartered away his former liberty of life, with all his martial excitements, for the tame enjoyments of domesticity, shared even with that gentle Desdemona, whose affections he had won and prized.

"Let him do his spite," he replies to this ill foreboding of his tempter.

"My services, which I have done the seignory,
 Shall outtongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know
 (Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,
 I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonnetted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reached: For know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth."

It has been said that Shakspeare, in his portrait of Richard the Third, has made the hypocritical element a little too transparently obvious to deceive anybody endowed with common powers of observation; and the scene between him and Lady Anne has been cited as a prominent corroboration of the charge. It has not, however, I think, been sufficiently considered in connection with this opinion, that Richard, though a bloody and politic villain, was also a great, a renowned, and splendid prince, deriving from the lustre of his exalted rank, his acknowledged talents, and personal prowess in arms, a power of fascination over weak vain minds sufficient to dazzle and flatter, whoever was the object of his wiles. He was not reduced to the necessity which would have fettered rogues of humbler station and less brilliancy of reputation, to mask too closely his features, and attack by the slow progress of sap, because he knew that by the very condescension of his particular notice he could intoxicate judgment too deeply for the detection of his hollowness. 'Twas true that he had "stabbed young Edward" and

slain King Henry, but such acts of violence, under the rancorous and deadly hatreds engendered by civil war and rival family pretension, were not then so unfrequent as to create any unusual amount of general wonder and horror. The remorseless ferocity of his nature was not then known, beyond those two savage but ordinary incidents of the time; and the gaudy trappings of his position and reputation hid from contemporary observation the most terrible features of his character. But however this may be, in his twin-villain conception of Iago no such inconsistent delineation can be seen. He indeed is a masterpiece of art, and none other so thorough a specimen of accomplished scoundrelry can be found in fiction or in history. Sir Walter Scott, in his fearful and abominable Varney, has, as far as abstract villainy is concerned, left little to add to the picture; but even as Lucifer in his fallen splendor exceeded all the other angels of darkness, so Iago, compared to Varney, is of a stature so immensely superior, that the one seems a mountain and the other a hillock in comparison. Behold how thoroughly he comprehends the noble generous nature he was beguiling, and if he verges at any time, by way of experiment, on dangerous ground, observe how ably he withdraws from it and recovers his former advantage. He has to deceive three individuals of very different character, in addition to Othello himself—the soldierly Cassio, the wretched Roderigo, and the shrewd, vigilant, and suspicious Emilia. With what infinite skill he handles Roderigo and Cassio, while flattering their passion for Desdemona, while the demon of hatred and malice is filling with poison his heart:—“He takes her by the palm; aye, well said;—whisper—with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do;—I will give thee in thine own courtship. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft. Very good—well kissed! an excellent courtesy!—’tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? Would they were clyster pipes for your sake.”

He is no believer in the virtue of women;—how could such a concentrated essence of scoundrelism believe in anything that was good in humanity? And he instructs the shallow and infatuated Roderigo as follows:—“Lay thy finger thus,—and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me, with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? Let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favor; and sympathy in years, manners, and beauties—all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences,

her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor: very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now sir, this granted—as it is a most pregnant and enforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than putting on the form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affections? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage doth never present itself. A devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.”

The whole scene exhibits a wonderful display of art, and his communion with himself at the end of it, proves the consummate wisdom of Shakspeare, and his thorough knowledge of human nature in endowing this *ne plus ultra* of rascality with sufficient reason in his own opinion to justify his inordinate hatred of Othello, and to involve in his ruin the others who were but the tools of his vengeance. Without these combined motives of revenge, self-interest, and jealousy, he would have been an incarnation only of abstract evil, human in form, but separated from all human analogy.

“That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it,
 That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit:
 The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
 Is of a constant, loving nature;
 And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
 A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
 Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
 I stand accountant for as great a sin;
 But partly led to diet my revenge,
 For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof
 Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
 And nothing can or shall content my soul
 Till I am even with him, wife for wife:
 Or failing so, that I put the Moor
 At least into a jealousy so strong
 That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
 If this poor brach of Venice whom I thrash
 For his quick hunting, stand the putting on
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip—
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 (For I fear Cassio with my night cap, too;)

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass,
 And practising on his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused ;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till used."

Then follows the brawl between Cassio and Montano, after he had inveigled the former into intoxication ; and he so contrived it that Othello was aroused by the disturbance, and apparently constrains the reluctant Iago, to offer that ambiguous explanation which, while it seemed desirous of excusing Cassio, most adroitly contrived to aggravate his offence in the eyes of his indignant commander.

" I know Iago

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine."

The subsequent scene between the disgraced, sorrowing, and now sobered Cassio and the arch imp who was the cause of his degradation is the very essence of serpent like subtlety ; and leads the victim on to the very point where he intended to hinge all the further complications of the plot. The suggested appeal to Desdemona for her interest with Othello to get him reinstated having been successful with Cassio, gives Iago the opportunity of indulging in the following chuckle of triumphant badinage with himself.

" And what's he, then, that says I play the villain ?
 When this advice is free I give, and honest,
 Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course
 To win the Moor again."

And playing thus lightly with his theme for a little while longer, at last outbursts, with irresistible candour, the full intensity of his wickedness.

" Divinity of hell !

When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heav'nly shows,
 As I do now : for while this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust :
 And, by how so much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all."

Cassio seeks an interview with Desdemona according to the advice of Iago. And she, with her woman's heart, believing in his worth of character, and lenient in her judgment of a first offence, interests herself at once in his favor, and determines to plead for his pardon with the Moor. Iago, at this critical moment manages to bring the latter on the scene, and as Cassio is taking his leave utters a seemingly involuntary exclamation of surprise—"Ha! I like not that." Othello, in some astonishment, asks him what he says; and Iago, as if recalled to a sense of caution replies, "Nothing my lord: or if—I know not what." His manner evidently had some effect on Othello, for he immediately inquires if that were not Cassio who parted with his wife; and the first taint of suspicion, hereafter to ripen to a frenzy of conviction, penetrated his soul in the wake of the following reply: "Cassio, my Lord! no, sure, I cannot think it, that he would steal away so guilty-like, seeing you coming."

From this moment it was comparatively all plain sailing on the ocean of deception and despair; and Iago, thenceforth, steers his death-freighted bark with the wind and the weather in his favor, until the jealousy of Othello has culminated in that monomaniac delusion which cannot be appeased without blood.

None of the unruly sentiments of the mind, or turbulent emotions of the heart, are more frequent in their visitations, or more fraught with anguish and misery, than the one which is the subject of our consideration. It is the bane of home tranquility, and often when the sacred compact which unites a man for ever to his wife has originally promised the greatest amount of reciprocal blessing permitted to human fortunes, the yellow fang of jealousy obtrudes, and imprints a festering wound on the enjoyment of happiness. Domestic comforts are whirled in showers from the shelter of the roof-tree; and the hearth, which should have been the focus of concord and tenderness, is hemmed in and monopolised by the hideous phantoms of suspicion, hatred, and revenge.

Who is there that would not pity even his enemy's dog, if it were possible that he could writhe under a similar torture? Yet it is the feeling beyond all others which meets with the least compassion and sympathy; and while the galled jade winces under an amount of wretchedness beyond the power of language to describe, the happier or colder constituted individual, whose "withers are yet unwrung," scoffs at his sufferings, and ridicules his weakness of mind. It is usually spoken of as an intensely selfish passion; although the very fact of its being felt on account of another is an unanswerable argument against the presumption. That in a majority of instances it is causeless is also, I think, an assertion which a minute revelation of its history and growth would by no means establish; but it is nevertheless true, no doubt,

that the last degree of criminality, in the greater number of instances, has never been perpetrated, and even frequently never intended or considered. It is a power, however, over the mind of another which a heartless vanity is particularly fond of possessing, because it pays a homage to its importance more intensely palpable than that which is proffered by a confiding but self-appreciating affection. Moreover, the one can be more easily simulated for an object by an adroit dissembler and hypocrite than the other, which is too unmistakably and painfully genuine to be subject to misconstruction and doubt. The origin of jealousy, or the moment of its first infusion in the breast, is often not remembered; nor is its shape in the earliest stage so well defined as to be capable of a clear explanation of the grounds on which it is founded, or a detail of the numberless circumstances, trivial when separated, but important when connected together, which combine for the conviction of the victim. There is something which creates uneasiness and disturbs equanimity, but it is an unwelcome and resisted intruder, and with more or less effort of the will it is dismissed for a time from the memory. Still it has left a latent and suggestive venom behind it which a glance, a smile, a slight freedom of manner, coincidence, or casual inadvertence can, at any moment, re-excite to activity; and at every fresh application of the noxious stimulus the morbid sensibility to its influence is increased, and the capability of resistance in an equal ratio overpowered or abstracted from the system.

Not many persons of even the most coarse and brutal organization are willing to admit that they are cruel by nature, and take a pleasure in witnessing the sufferings of others; yet, putting aside the common examples in children and youth of wanton provocation, a propensity to inflict pain or destroy life, and the numerous authenticated accounts of atrocious criminals who have committed the most revolting deeds from a demoniac enjoyment in the shedding of blood, there are few of us so good that we have not felt at times something akin to satisfaction in the misfortunes or disappointments of our neighbors, although we should be ashamed to betray it, or almost to avow it unreservedly to ourselves. This is but another phase of the same unfeeling temperament which regards everything beyond the pale of its own sensations, which causes uneasiness, and inflicts shame, sorrow, or resentment, as subjects of ridicule, contempt, indifference, or mirth. The man or woman who is the object of jealousy is almost always passionately and tenderly beloved, whether it has been caused against the will, by the discovery of immoral intrigue, or purposely awakened by base and cruel artifice, for self-advantage or vanity, or for the wanton sport of playing off its tortures, as a child pulls to pieces a toy. Yet who has not seen this beloved object tampering with the affection, and trifling with the peace of husband, wife, or lover,

for the frivolous gratification of self-idolatry, or the furtherance of some sordid interest, inclination, or caprice.

The most perfect and exquisite delineation of this passion is in the Othello of Shakspeare, where its progress is traced by the master hand from the first-suggested doubt in Iago's echo of her words, through all the terrible struggles of returning confidence with what seemed to him increasing evidence of guilt, to the fatal climax in the murder of the victim, most innocent, most tender, and most worthy of an absorbing affection.

“ By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she's not ;
I'll have some proof: Her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied.”

Thus was a noble and generous nature warped to the worst of crimes, in which he threw away a pearl beyond all price, under the guidance of credulity and revenge. It is true that consummately skilful villainy was brought into action in conducting him to the dreadful catastrophe, but the easy admission given in the first instance to that perilous, peace-destroying suspicion is the lesson most important to others to learn, and affords us one of the most striking specimens of Shakspeare's aphoristic wisdom when he tells us that—

“ Trifles light as air,

Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proof of Holy Writ.”

With what refined delicacy, but unerring accuracy, is the first blow directed against his peace.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Othello. He did, from first to last : Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for the satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O yes ; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed !

Othello. Indeed ! ay indeed : Discern'st thou aught in that ?
Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord ?

Othello. Ay, honest ?

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord ?

Othello. Think, my lord ! By heavens he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something.

Yes indeed ! He had a meaning, deadly as the fang of
the cobra, and the poisoned virus is already mingling with your
blood.

“ Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Thou ow'dst yesterday.”

The Tempter thus continues to uncoil his dangerous folds :—

Iago. “ My lord, you know I love you.

Othello. I think thou dost :

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more ;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom ; but, in a man that's just,
They are close delations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello. I think so, too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;
Or, those that be not, ' would they might seem none.

Othello. Certain,—men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there's more in this :
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As dost thou ruminate, and give thy worst of thought
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me ;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ! Why say they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace where into foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days and in session, sit
With meditations lawful ?

Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and makest his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago.

I do beseech you,
 Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,—
 As, I confess, it is my nature's plague,
 To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
 Shapes faults that are not—I entreat you, then,
 From one that so imperfectly conceits,
 You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
 Out of his scattering and unsure observance :—
 It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
 Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
 To let you know my thoughts.

Othello. What dost thou mean ?*Iago.*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
 Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing ;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
 But he that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.

Othello. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.*Iago.*

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
 Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Othello. Ha !*Iago.*

O, beware my lord, of jealousy ;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on ; that cuckold lives in bliss,
 Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
 But O what damned minutes tells he o'er,
 Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet strongly loves !"

We will not follow out this wonderful scene any further, except in brief demonstration of Shakspeare's pure morality of soul, and his unbounded fealty to female virtue ; which he recognises as having a sanctity in its very aspect, which can triumph while in presence over the darkest suspicions of its accuser. She has but to be seen by her poor distracted husband in the very height of his conviction of her impurity ; and Desdemona with the light of the angel within her dissipates at once every shadow which at that very moment was obscuring his vision with delusion.

" If she be false, O then heaven mocks itself !
 I'll not believe it."

Unfortunately however, the curse thus momentarily stifled, soon breaks the spell she had cast over its influence ; and the apparition returns with even additional horror in its aspect, urging him onward to the consummation of his madness.

Othello. "Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

Iago. Why, how now General ! no more of that.

Othello. Avaunt ! be gone ! thou hast set me on the rack ;
I swear 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord !

Othello. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips :
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it and he's not robb'd at all.

We have already quoted the intermediate dialogue between this and the following.

Iago. Is it possible,—my lord ?

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love is false,
Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Othello. Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on ; or, wo upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse :
On horrors head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that."

This noble Moor had the general characteristic of jealous natures that suspicion once seriously awakened was almost beyond the reach of permanent disproof. Sweet glimpses of restored faith did occasionally, as we have seen, mingle with the hues of pity, and the recollections of her loveliness as virgin and as bride ; and for the moment almost won him back to loyalty and the persuasion of her innocence. But the dark curtain of credulity again fell before his vision, and the haggard forms which flitted in its shade and mocked him with his woe, became exaggerated in feature, and rage, disgust, and despair, again invoke him to the sacrifice of all that could bind and attach him to earth. How fearfully is the concentration of his soul on this dread purpose expressed, when he replies to his familiar demon's admonition to patience, and hint of a probable vacillation of mind.

“ Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive force
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont ;
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up. Now by yond' marble heaven,
 In the due reverence of a sacred pledge,
 I here engage my words.”

He was now finally and fatally convinced, as we may see by the terrible burst of passion that preceded the lines just quoted.

“ O that the slave had forty thousand lives !
 One is too poor, too weak for my revenge ;
 Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago :
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
 'Tis gone.
 Arise, black vengeance from the hollow cell !
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
 To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
 For 'tis of aspics' tongues.”

Was passion ever expressed with such solemn sublimity, such mournful resolution before ? There is no mysticism here, all is plain, simple, and direct. There is no striving for picturesque similes, inconsistent with the rush of overwhelming feeling. The grand image of the Pontic Sea, with its ever-ebbles flow, is natural to the situation, and the reverential burst of energy in the appeal to heaven has a power concentrated in a few words, which it would be in vain to look for in any other poet but Shakspeare. In these two passages, as in the one I am about to quote, there is nothing of what it is now the fashion to dignify with the name of suggestive poetry, which in numerous instances appears to denote little but the stringing together of pretty phrases and vague ideas, in order that the reader may discover the implied poetry for himself and penetrate the mist of obscurity which the actual bard is unable to see through in person. In Othello's utter ruin and desolation of heart all the paraphernalia of war, which, as a successful and chivalrous soldier, had been his chief excitement and boast, before the spell of his ill-fated love had exerted its sovereign influence over his heart, rose up before him to remind him of their loss ; and in that last funeral procession of splendour contrasted the triumphs of former days, with the sorrow and despair of the present. The poet himself has thoroughly performed his task and left nothing of labor on the part of the reader, but to sympathise and to grieve for such unfathomable woe.

“ O, now, for ever,
 Farewell the tranquil mind: farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
 That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone.”

Then follows the interlude of the lost handkerchief with which he interrupts her solicitation for Cassio.

Des. “ I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Othello. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Othello. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Othello. Not ?

Des. No indeed, my lord.

Othello. That is a fault :

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;

She was a charmer and could almost read

The thoughts of people ; she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father

Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirit should hunt

After new fancies : she, dying, gave it me,

And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so ; and take heed on't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye ;

To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition

As nothing else could match.”

Desdemona, quite as much surprised as alarmed, as well she might be, totally ignorant, as she was of the important part that handkerchief had been made to play already in her destiny, asks innocently, “ Is it possible ? ” and Othello, becoming more solemn in his assurances, replies :—

“ Tis true : there's magic in the web of it ;

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sewed the work :

The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk ;

And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserved of maiden's hearts.

- Des.* Indeed! is't true?
Othello. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it.
Othello. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Othello. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Othello. Say you?
Des. It is not lost: but what an' if it were?
Othello. How?
Des. I say it is not lost.
Othello. Fetch 't; let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
 This is a trick to put me from my suit:
 I pray, let Cassio be received again.
Othello. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
 You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Othello. The handkerchief!—
Des. A man that, all his time,
 Hath founded his good fortunes on your love—
 Shared dangers with you—
Othello. The handkerchief!
Des. In sooth, you are to blame—
Othello. Away!

Well might Emilia ask, "Is not this man jealous?" and remark that "'Tis not a year or two shews us a man." By-and-by the impassioned nature of Othello is so worked on by the maddening machinations and misleadings of Iago, that he falls down insensible in a swoon—an indication of anguish which seems to give him inexpressible pleasure; and he thus gives vent to the feeling:—

"Work on

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught,
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
 All guiltless meet reproach."

We will linger, however, no longer on the play, since enough has been shown to point to the inevitable catastrophe. A few general remarks, however, in regard to the passion itself, will form the conclusion of all we have at present to say. In this, as in all the other great mind-misguiding passions, the first impression is the most to be dreaded and contended against; for if that is not resolutely repulsed, all the subsequent persuasions and suspicions insinuate themselves so naturally, and the intellect becomes so

necessarily weakened under their attacks, that the power of resistance is lost, and we rush without a pause into the commission of acts which, in our normal integrity of judgment and unharmed feelings, would have been hateful and revolting to contemplate. Some frivolous circumstance, which we are too proud perhaps to make the subject of inquiry, and which has not been thought of sufficient importance by the other party concerned to need explanation, insinuates a doubt, which we are altogether ashamed to acknowledge; but the lapse of time, with over much brooding on the seeming mystery, aggravates its character,—the doubt ripens into suspicion, and suspicion, finding no lack of food for its nourishment, leads to a morbid conviction, and conviction, thirsting for revenge in proportion to the sensitiveness of injury and the revulsion of feeling it has endured, rushes into actions, only extenuated by madness, and perpetrates a suicide or murder for redress.

If revenge, however, is sweet under any provocation, real or imaginary, it is but to demon natures that it perpetuates the richness of its flavor; for in the ordinary economy of the human heart it is an infrangible law, that all sense of the more turbulent emotions and enjoyments is transient in duration, exactly in the ratio of the intensity of the immediate feeling. We are all too anxious to be the redressors of our own wrongs: for it is the old Adam within us, and part of our heritage in original sin. But as after tempest comes a calm, so after rage follows reflection, and in reflection God rarely fails to remind us by sorrow and remorse that vengeance is His, and that creatures who exist but by the breath of his nostrils should not presume to usurp his tremendous prerogative. If, however, we are not permitted to avenge ourselves on those through whom we have suffered an infinity of pain, we are expressly enjoined to resist the seductions and temptations of Satan, in whatever shape they may meet and assault us. It is always to be borne in mind, that if the first attack is the most insidious, it is also the moment when our efficiency is the greatest to resist; and that the longer the struggle is postponed or evaded, so much the more difficult and dangerous the contest to ourselves, and so much the less probable are our chances of escape from the consequences.

We know very well that it would be as easy to attempt to hurl back the tides of the ocean on the bosom of its far deep, as to suppress or cast out a morbid conviction when it has gathered strength by time, by any direct power of argument and reason; though it may give way to the silent sap of reflection, aided by the cautious suggestions of considerate wisdom. But the progress of a diseased mind towards health must have a beginning; and it is essential that it should commence before its termination in crime. The first germ of the procedure—the pivot on which all subsequent

re-invigoration has revolved, has often derived its impetus from a stray thought, an expression or accidental occurrence, trivial in the estimation of others, and not unfrequently utterly forgotten before cure, by those who have the greatest reason for blessing the benefits it produced.

It is not my intention, in now concluding my remarks on the subject I have brought before your notice, to infringe one moment on the province of your respective Clergy, whose ministrations in these Establishments are, I believe, as highly appreciated by you, as they have undoubtedly been productive of moral and religious benefits. But there are some of you, unfortunately, who take so gloomy and despairing a view of your spiritual circumstances, that you place no confidence in their assurances that your sins, however deeply they may have overwhelmed you with despondence and remorse, are not beyond the reach of forgiveness by the mercy of God. I stand in such a position of intimate acquaintance with you, that I can speak to you with freedom without giving offence ; and I have addressed these words more particularly to those who have allowed this morbid hopelessness to get the better of their calmer judgment and reason. Yet there are few (I may say none) among us who, in sad and secret communion with some natural frailty or infirmity of temper, which has tempted us to the commission of wrong, have not made frequent golden resolutions of amendment, whose virtuous influences, sincerely as they were felt at the time, have evaporated, even as the mists of morning before the light of day, at the very first moment that the enemy of mankind has subjected us to the touchstone of persuasion. Nevertheless, we are not to be discouraged on this account, for the heart, however often erring, which is still sufficiently uncorrupted to feel that it has gone astray, finds out at last its insufficiency to work out its own reformation ; and when it has made that discovery it is led naturally to seek assistance and comfort from Him who is the Redeemer of the world. "Ho ! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters ; and he that hath no money, come buy and eat ; yea come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."

HENRY THE FOURTH—PART I,

AND THE SITE OF THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY.

THE two greatest poets of the Elizabethan age—one of them the greatest the world has ever seen, and the other only rivalled by Homer and Milton—were Shakspeare and Spenser; and I have been much struck by some remarks made by the Rev. G. S. Craig, in his work on Spenser and his poetry, as to a certain resemblance between the genius of the two, far greater than would appear from a mere passing consideration of their works. They occur in his review of Spenser's earliest work, the "Shepherd's Calendar," which he says, "as it was the earliest, so it remains still the greatest English pastoral poem in existence." "It can scarcely, indeed," he continues, "be said to foreshow the picturesque invention which afterwards blazed out in the "Faery Queen," any more than Shakspeare, in his "Venus and Adonis" and "Tarquin and Lucrece," can be said to have given distinct tokens of his dramatic genius. But in both cases the true poetic life was present, in a form no more to be mistaken than is the vegetable life showing itself in the yet unexpanded bud." It is remarkable at any rate (in reference to the above-mentioned resemblance), he goes on to say, "that however unlike in spirit as well as in form we may think Spenser's Faery Queen and Shakspeare's dramatic works, the highest and most distinguishing qualities of their other poetry are the same—the fullness and easy flow of the poetic vein making the composition all life. The bright green herbage seems ready to burst forth everywhere, as from a soil of inexhaustible fertility and moisture. Whatever else may be wanting,—whatever may be less carefully or less successfully executed, the spirit of poetry is at least always there, strong and abundant. It is song at any rate, if it is nothing else, and charms us as such, like many an old ballad or other popular ditty that is deficient in many other literary and artistic requisites, but yet makes its way to all hearts simply by its having been born of a musical conception. In the poetry of Spenser, as well as of Shakspeare, everything is conceived poetically, and that is evidently the writer's natural mode of conception and expression. There is no prose, and, therefore, no effort to rise above or escape from prose; while others, as Lord Surrey, with all

his taste and feeling, and Lord Buckhurst, with his powerful and even grand imagination, were only poets for the occasion, and by dint of tasking their intellectual faculties and ingenuity of literary cleverness." They were, in comparison, only poets by cultivation and accomplishment, and not by the irresistible necessity of temperament or congenital susceptibility of constitution.

The first part of Henry the Fourth is, perhaps, the most popular of all Shakspeare's historical plays; and an eminent Minister of State of the last century is said to have declared, that he owed the most part of his historical knowledge relating to those unsettled and spirit-stirring times to the Shaksperian versions of their characters and events. This was doubtless an agreeable way of acquiring information, and the desultory reader, depending on the admitted accuracy of the principal occurrences and general *vraisemblance* to the popular belief, was able to fix in his memory, better than by any other method, the portraits of its heroes, and the particulars of each memorable incident. The reign of the usurping Henry the Fourth, though marked by the impress of his vigor, ability, and valour, and followed by the grand achievements of his once unpromising son, incomparably superior as he was to the monarch he dethroned, was the commencement of an era extending over five generations, of ravage, bloodshed, and rebellion in England. Her fields may be said to have been manured with blood, and her scaffolds were unceasingly wet with that of her proudest and best. If, during his own and the life-time of his son, thanks to their keen swords, dauntless hearts, and skill in the conduct of battle, the rebel did not prosper in his enterprises: so fully occupied was the former with the incessant struggle he had to maintain against those who strove by force of arms to overturn his government and subvert his dynasty, that no king, speaking from personal experience, had a better right than he to declare, how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Yet he had been successful in all the objects of his ambition, and never met an opponent whom he did not conquer and destroy, an emergency he was unequal to, or a combination which took him by surprise. His ill-gotten crown was indeed a costly one, for it was purchased by the sacrifice of every other earthly enjoyment; but he clung to it with invincible resolution, although it seared, like the scorch of the branding iron, the brow it so heavily pressed on. He wore it with majestic dignity, but his right to it was correctly described by his heroic son, in his last interview with his dying sire, in the following purposely illogical lines:

" My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :
Then plain, and right, must my possession be ;

Which I, with more than with a common pain :
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain."

The first view which we get of the bold and sagacious Bolingbroke transformed into the care-harassed King, shows us, in the most striking manner, how insufficient are all the acquisitions of ambition, the recompense of successful self-seeking, to arrive at which so many crimes are committed, to bring us the happiness we sought. A thorn has been planted in his heart by the loose and dissipated conduct of the Heir to his Throne, the future Hero of Agincourt and Conqueror of France ; and he inquires, with irritable sadness, if none can tell him of his unthrifty son ?

" 'Tis full three months since I did see him last.

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found ;

Inquire in London, 'mongst the Taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent

With unrestrained loose companions.

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes

And beat our watch and rob our passengers.

And he young, wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support

So dissolute a crew."

And thus we see that, absolute lord as he then was of the lives and fortunes of millions, domestic unhappiness was eating like a canker to his core. No doubt his sorrow and disgust at the unprincipled conduct of his son, was doubly embittered by the consciousness which so acute and sound an observer of character and capacity must have irresistibly felt, that a truly noble spirit was here being stifled in its growth, and in danger of becoming useless, or positively noxious to society, by contamination from his worthless associates. To be the father of a fool, a vulgar-souled ruffian, or brainless debauchee, must be a curse and a burden of ever-rankling shame ; but how immeasurably severer, must be the pang of endurance when unusual gifts of nature are seen to be perverted, the claims of high station disregarded, a generous disposition corrupted, and talent, self-respect, and decorum all set at defiance, and disgraced by profligacy, irreverence, and riot. The fate of this vigilant, energetic, and warlike monarch, may be thus briefly summed up—a youth of factious contention, a manhood of triumphant ambition, and an age of anxiety, sorrow and dissatisfaction. Yet, was his spirit unsubdued to the last. The decay of his bodily powers by ill-health brought with it no relaxation of mental exertion, no craving for self-indulgence and evasion of duty ; but having, to all appearance, for the time triumphed over discord and extinguished all competition for the throne, he calmly contemplates the transfer of his martial qualities and established power,

from the scenes of "civil butchery," in which he had been engaged to other broils,

"To be commenced in strands afar remote."

"No more," he says, "the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile pacers."

"Therefore friends," he continues—

"As far as to the sepulchre of Christ;
Whose soldier now under whose blessed cross
We are impress'd, and engaged to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy."

This purpose, however, of engaging in a holy war against "the pagans," meets with a sudden hindrance by the intelligence communicated by the Earl of Westmoreland, that Lord Mortimer, leading the men of Herefordshire to fight the Cambrian chieftan Glendower, had been defeated by the Welsh, and a thousand of his followers butchered and inhumanly abused. Therefore, the King remarks:—

"It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land."

The Earl of Westmoreland assents, and also informs him of "more uneven and unwelcome news" from the north. Hotspur and Douglas had fought at Holmedon, and the result of the battle was as yet unknown. While the subject, however, was still under discussion, Sir Walter Blunt arrives, and brings the gratifying information that Douglas was discomfited, with the loss of ten thousand of his soldiers, and Mordake, Earl of Fife, his eldest son, with several others of the high nobility of Scotland, were then the prisoners of Hotspur. Here, in the height of the natural exultation made manifest in his question to the earl, if this were not "an honorable spoil, a gallant prize?" the evidence of his ever living sorrow escapes from the bosom of the parent; and he cannot help contrasting the gallant Percy, thus early in his youth so successful and renowned, with his own son, so seemingly lost to all honorable ambition, and so utterly regardless of the duties of his station. Westmoreland observes, that "it is a conquest for a prince to boast of," and the implied comparison, as it appeared to the king, struck like a barbed arrow to his saddened and repining heart.

"Yea, there, thou makest me sad and makest me sin,
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved

That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
 In cradle clothes, our children as they lay,
 And call'd mine, Percy—his, Plantagenet."

Our object, as before remarked, being principally directed to the grand event of the battle of Shrewsbury, and not to a critical review of the play; it behoves us to pass over all the intermediate scenes, comic or otherwise, which would delay us too long on the road. Nevertheless, keeping this object strictly in view, we shall have frequently to diverge, and trouble you with some lengthened quotations, the beauty and fitness of which, will prevent you from feeling them tedious. The first note which has a warlike ring in its echo, is the king's question to Westmoreland, after the high tribute he had paid to the character of Hotspur.

"What think you, coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
 To his own use he keeps; and sends me word
 I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife."

Westmoreland, in reply, ascribes the insubordinate conduct of Percy to the malignant influence of his uncle Worcester,

"Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity;"

and the King rejoins—

"But I have sent for him to answer this:
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our counsel we
 Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:
 But come yourself with speed to us again,
 For more is to be said and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered."

Hotspur now appears before the King to justify himself against the charge of disobedience and disrespect to the Crown, and the Monarch himself commences the dialogue, in a tone of indignation and warning:—

"My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience; but be sure
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,
 Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud."

The "malevolent" Worcester now takes upon himself the task of interposition, in a tone of protest and reproach:—

“ Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.”

But the angry King turns fiercely upon him, and orders him peremptorily away :—

“ Worcester, get thee gone ; for I see danger
And disobedience in thy eye. O, Sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant’s brow.
You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.”

And then addressing Northumberland with a courteous and softened air, says, “ You were about to speak.” “ Yea, my good lord,” replies the powerful Earl :

“ Those prisoners in your highness’ name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your Majesty ;
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.”

Hotspur, unable now to restrain himself any longer, breaks in with that famous apologetic address, which is a model of bold, straightforward, and soldier-like eloquence, and equals, in a different style, that of Brutus to the Romans, in vindication of the murder of Cæsar, or that of Mark Antony in instigation of its avengement :

“ My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress’d,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap’d,
Show’d like a stubble land at harvest home :
He was perfumed like a milliner ;
And ’twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took ’t away again ;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ;—and still he smiled and talked,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms

He questioned me ; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I, then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what—
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the mark—
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise :
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald disjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.”
 Sir Walter Blunt here puts in a good word for him and pleads

that

“ The circumstance considered, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.”

But the lion nature of the King had been too profoundly
 moved to be thus readily stroked down with such mild arguments,
 when the main question of the surrender of the prisoners was still
 kept out of the plea, and he answers impetuously :—

“ Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso, and exception—
 That we, at our own chargé, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?

Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
 No! on the barren mountains let him starve;
 For I shall never hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer."

"Revolted Mortimer!" repeats Hotspur, his passion now getting the better of the small share of discretion ever laid to his charge:

"He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war. To prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds—
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink
 Upon agreement of swift Severn's flood,
 Who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these two valiant combatants.
 Never did bare and rotten policy
 Color her working with such deadly wounds,
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly;
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt."

"Thou dost belie him, Percy," quoth the King, with contemptuous vehemence,

"He never did encounter with Glendower;
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it."

From this discordant interview sprung the terrible battle of Shrewsbury, a battle in itself of fatal consequence to the power of the old English baronage, not only from the havoc it made on the field among the most ancient and powerful of the order, and the forfeiture and attainder which followed, but from its connection

with the War of the Roses, which literally deluged England with blood. And it must be considered, therefore, one of the most important, as it was one of the most bloody, engagements that ever was fought in the country.

The now thoroughly enraged Hotspur and his offended father, after their last scene with the king, became at once the ready tools of the Earl of Worcester's dangerous designs; and the plot is unfolded to them which was intended to dethrone King Henry, and divide the realm of England into three separate governments, ruled respectively by Percy, Owen Glendower, and Mortimer. King Henry the Fourth, however, was not exactly the man to be so comfortably disposed of, and ever prompt, as skilful and fearless, his preparations were in advance of his enemies; and he was ready to take the field in such formidable array as to strike terror into the hearts of some of the conspirators, who wavered in consequence, and finally evaded their engagements. Before his departure from London he makes one more appeal to the remaining honor and sense of duty in the prince, and the powerful and affecting scene of their conference, though long, it is necessary to repeat to you entire. After dismissing the attendants the royal father thus addresses his prodigal but redeemable son:—

“ I know not whether God will have it so,
 For some displeasing service I have done,
 That in his secret doom, out of my blood,
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
 Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
 Could such inordinate and low desires,
 Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,
 As thou art matched withal, and grafted to,
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
 And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would I could
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
 Myself of many I am charged withal:
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,
 As, in reproof of many tales devised,
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
 By smiling pick-thanks, and base newsmongers,
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular
 Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou has rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the Court and princes of my blood :
 The hope and expectation of thy time
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion that did help me to the crown
 Had still kept loyal to possession ;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at ;
 That men would tell their children, "*This is he !*"
 Others would say—" *Where ? Which is Bolingbroke ?*"
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
 And dressed myself in such humility,
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping King, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burn'd : carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of every headless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion of the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :
 That by being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,

He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
 But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full,
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,

With vile participation : not an eye
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
 But is aweary of thy common sight,
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness."

The Prince, much moved, pleads reverentially and repentantly—

"I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself ;"

and the King continues his appeal :—

"For all the world,
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenpurgh ;
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the State
 Than thou, the shadow of succession :
 For, of no right, no color like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm ;
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws ;
 And being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
 What never dying honor hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas ; whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority
 And military title capital,
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ?
 Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
 Discomfited great Douglas ;—ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,

And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against us, and are up.
 But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
 Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough—through vassal fear
 Base inclination and the start of spleen—
 To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns
 To show how much degenerate thou art."

The Prince.

"You shall not find it so
 And God forgive them that have so much sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
 And that shall be the day whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight
 And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet;
 For every honour setting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes; and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here;
 The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
 The long grown wounds of my intemperance:
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this—
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust therein."

He has already, in anticipation, overcome all his enemies in this well-omened conquest over the follies and vices of his son, and the next glorious glimpse we get of the awakened prince occurs in the reply of Vernon to Hotspur's inquiry, "where is the nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales?" and we are made aware by it, that Achilles is about to meet the Hector of the war, and that the fate of the latter is decided.

"All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plumed like estridges that with the wind,
 Bated like eagles having lately bathed ;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
 I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

About three miles from the good old town of Shrewsbury, renowned in my young days for its excellent malt liquor, its annual show, and its quarry avenues, and almost equally remarkable for its old fashioned hospitality, Toryism, and brawn, leaving it by the Castle Foregate suburb, and following the old Chester road to a branch which strikes out nearly at a right angle for Market Drayton, there stands or did so stand some five or six and twenty years ago, about a bow-shot or two distant from the highway, in a slight hollow on the left, surrounded by rich pasture arable and woodland, a small dilapidated church. At that time it was partly unroofed, but with a sufficient portion kept in that sort of rude parsimonious repair, seen so often in small remote villages or obscure hamlets, whose population is thinly diffused among distant farm houses and the lone cottages exclusively tenanted by their laborers. What remains of the original structure, even with the unserviceable ruin still hanging on to the now actual church, is but of small extent, and was I believe nothing more than the chancel in the days of its glory. But there is a tower, which though of no great altitude, is massive enough to be a feature in a far more imposing edifice than that which is at present but a melancholy memorial of one of the hardest fought battles of the fighting Plantagenet kings. It was one of those rancorous and bloody engagements, in which the warlike, proud, and turbulent chivalry of England, committed the suicidal folly of shedding its best and bravest blood in senseless feuds within itself, or in the interest of contending claimants to the Crown, which as soon as

the strife was over almost invariably adopted the old regal policy of curtailing the power of the nobility, and extending the monarchical prerogatives over the still decaying influence of the order. The success of this policy as far as the destruction of the great feudal barons was concerned was complete; but the Crown only triumphed over the pillars of its own institution to experience before long in its turn the fetters of the limited government to which it was restrained by the extension of popular rights, which resulted in the constitutional freedom of England.

This is St. Mary's, or the Church of Battlefield, which I believe, for I am writing entirely from memory somewhat shadowy after the lapse of so many years, though a distinct parish in itself, exercising all the functions and possessing all the jurisdiction legally attaching to parochial official organization, forms a part of the united living of the Incumbent of Uffington, a small village immediately on the left bank of the Severn, and at a very small distance from the foot of Haughmond Hill, a long picturesque and partially wooded eminence, extending about a couple of miles in its rear. Near to the south-western extremity of this hill stands the small but beautiful ruin of old Haughmond Abbey, which was once one of the richest monastic endowments in that fertile part of England—so rich in its relics of those by-gone institutions. It stands on the property and close to the park of the Corbets, of Sundorne Castle, one of the most ancient, and formerly most extensively estated families amongst the greater squirearchy of Shropshire. With the exception of this hill, which is in fact only the abrupt termination of a high and widely-spread table land to the east and north-east, the country, even to the central far-famed Wrekin, which is visible to the south, the Stipperstone and other imposing mountain groups towards the borders of Wales, and the Grinsell, on the north, near Acton Reynald, the residence of another branch of the Corbets, is an immense highly-cultivated and prolific plain, chequered by frequent undulating tracts, and romantic slopes of woodland and of pasture, until the unusually unobstructed view is terminated at twenty or thirty miles distance, by the Montgomeryshire and Radnorshire ranges. About two miles south-west of Battlefield Church stands, at the division of the Holyhead and Welshpool roads, the immense hollow trunk of the Shelton Oak, shrouded by whose then luxuriant foliage lay perdue the celebrated Welsh chieftain, Owen Glendower, watching the battle which raged on the other side of the Severn between King Henry and Hotspur. This battle he had pledged himself to be present at with all his following, but being too discreet to run the risk of committing himself beyond redemption to a losing party, directly he saw how matters were going on he decamped, and retired with all speed into Wales, without any loss but that which accrued to his

honour—a loss which, unless his character has been much misunderstood, he was not likely to take too much to heart.

Notwithstanding its contiguity to the Turnpike Road, and the close approximation of a row of cottages, the site of Battlefield Church is unusually sequestered, and shut out from the turmoil of the world. There is no cart or bridle track through it to Albrington, a village nearly opposite, but on the road from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere, although there is a footpath which twists and turns about from stile to stile, until it ends at the farm house, more than half a mile distant from the extremity of the farm, on which the Church is situated. Scarcely any body ever uses it except the farm laborers, who pass early in the morning to their work, and return in the evening to their homes. Unless at these times the poet or sentimentalist might have mused on their respective vocations for whole days together without the intrusion of one working day matter of fact on their dreams; and the artist might have worn down to the stump a whole bundle of pencils without one man, woman, or child betraying any visible interest in his pursuits. Between this and the Baschurch road the King was encamped with his army, and saw on the morning “how bloodily the sun began to peer above the bosky hill” in his front. This is supposed to have been the centre and thickest-thronged point of the battle, around which the principal leaders were chiefly concentrated, and where the final charge was made which decided the day in his favor. It was near this that Hotspur fell; and it was from here that the terrible Douglas fled in the general rout, desperately wounded, to Haughmond Hill, where, having fallen down a precipice and disabled himself from further flight, he was captured by the soldiers of Henry, by whom, as he was not his subject, but belonged to an independent State, he was honorably treated, and not long after restored, without ransom, to his liberty.

It has suited Shakspeare to make young Harry of Monmouth Prince of Wales, and afterwards the victor of Agincourt, the principal lion of the day, as he was undoubtedly one of the greatest heroes recorded in English history. According to Holinshead, however, King Henry the Fourth slew thirty-two of his enemies in that battle with his own hand, a feat which could have been rarely paralleled in hand to hand conflict even in the most heroic of the fighting ages, and which most certainly constitutes him the most conspicuous Paladin of his day. I cannot here refrain from quoting from the first part of the great dramatist's “Henry the Fourth,” the meeting of Douglas and himself on the field. It is one of those strokes, inimitable in its manly simplicity of feeling, in which Shakspeare soars so toweringly above all competitors; and which, in our humble judgment, far surpasses the ensuing recogni-

tion between Hotspur and the Prince in heroism without rant, and majesty without the taint of theatrical fustian :—

Douglas. “What art thou

That counterfeitest the person of a King?

King Henry. The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two boys,
Seek Percy and thyself, about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Douglas. I fear thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith thou bear'st thee like a king.

The dignified sorrow which the King here expresses for the loss of his devoted servants by the ruthless sword of his enemy—his reference to his gallant sons, and the calm valour of his defiance and attack, present a picture to the mind of the most touching magnanimity of character, which the imagination could desire or conceive. For our own part we are rarely able to dwell on it without emotion; and if anything were wanting to heighten the effect and give more colour to the interest of the scene, it is Shakspeare only who could realise it, by the masterly climax in which he makes Douglas, already several times imposed on by the outward show of royalty, inwardly conscious, that this time at least there could be no mistake in the identity of the monarch he had sought with such fatal destruction to his “wardrobe,” through the field.

While Douglas and the King are encountering, the Prince of Wales rushes in to the rescue.

“Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again. The spirit
Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm.
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.”

They fight, and Douglas flies, and the Prince turns with affectionate anxiety to the King,

“Cheerly my lord. How fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.”

King. Stay, and breathe awhile :—

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
For this fair rescue thou hast brought me.

Prince. O Heaven; they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end

As all the pois'ning potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

They now separate ; one flies to the assistance of Clifton and the other to that of Sir Nicholas Gawsey, and the meeting of Hotspur and the Prince soon follows. Hotspur first speaks :

“ If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.”

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name ?

Hotspur. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more ;
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hotspur. Nor shall it, Harry : for the hour is come
To end the one of us. And would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight and Hotspur falls fatally wounded.*]

O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth :
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than these proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thought worse than thy sword my flesh :
But thought 's the slave of life, and lifetime's fool :
And time, that takes survey of all the world
Must have a stop. O I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for ———

Prince. For worms, brave Percy ; fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal ;—
But let my favors hide thy mangled face !
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

[*Dies.*]

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heav'n !
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

The trumpet now sounds in another part of the field, and the King, joined by the Prince of Wales and Lord John of Lancaster, is seen with a brilliant staff of nobles, victorious and serene. The malvolent Worcester and Vernon are brought in prisoners, whom the King addresses thus :—

“Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
 Ill spirited Worcester ! did we not send grace,
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you ?
 And thou wouldst turn our offers contrary ?
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust ?
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day.
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,
 Had been alive this hour,
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Worcester : What I have done, my safety urged me to,
 And I embrace this fortune patiently,
 Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King : Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too,
 Other offenders we will pause upon.”

Thus terminated this great, and for a time decisive battle of Shrewsbury, which secured the possession, if not the legal right to the throne, during the remainder of the king's life, the life of his illustrious son and successor, and a great portion of that of his amiable, saintly, but incapable grandson. But though Nemesis may slumber, she never resigns her rights ; and the white and red roses, beautiful and odorous flowers though they be, became, in consequence of the violation of her laws, symbols thereafter of two factions which carried on one of the most protracted and exterminating civil wars recorded in history. And England, though she had short intermissions of quiet, knew no permanent rest until the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, stood over the prostrate body of the last of the Plantagenet kings, and mounted a throne which thirteen of that warlike and kingly race, in all except three instances, had filled with vigor, ability, and renown.

There is a rude effigy of this brave and able sovereign over the east window of the building which overlooks the scene of the stubbornly contested battle. And in the flickering moonlight of a cloud-riven sky, it is not difficult to understand that there have been superstitious peasants who, within a few years, believed they had seen this worn and weather-stained image extend its arm, as if in act of command, and marshalling his forces for the encounter, turn its head with deliberate motion from one side to the other,

in seeming ghostly consultation with his slain companions ; or in stern and uncompromising judgment on the captives, whose bones have been so long mouldering under the sod. He was an usurper, it is true, but he supplanted a weak and vicious ruler, incapable of governing ; and who, having performed one act of kingly dignity during Wat Tyler's insurrection, seemed to have exhausted his whole stock of moral energy in the effort. Notwithstanding Shakspeare's affecting description of the handsome and humbled despot, in the procession of Bolingbroke's triumphal entry into London, and the high and touching sentiments which, in his calamity, he puts into his mouth, he was one of the most fickle, unreliable characters and heartless voluptuaries who ever, for the sins of a people, were misplaced upon a powerful throne.

We spent an evening a short time ago with an old Shropshire friend, accidentally met with in this far distant land, who, like ourselves, in bygone days, had been addicted to solitary pedestrian excursions. He reminded us of the once-prevailing superstition of the neighbourhood, alluded to above, in regard to the movements of the sculptured king upon his niche ; and afterwards sent us a copy of the verses which we here subjoin, which he said were written on the spot, on one gusty autumn evening, when the phenomenon ought by right to have taken place. As, however, nothing in the slightest degree supernatural occurred, he solaced himself for his disappointment by assuming the initiative, and, addressing the image, which seemed to regard him with such absolute contempt or indifference.

ADDRESS TO THE EFFIGY ON BATTLEFIELD CHURCH.

King ! four hundred years and more
 Have fled like dreamy shadows o'er
 Since thou upon thy lofty stand,
 Above this slaughter furrowed land,
 Hast braved the eastern gale.
 And well thy battered face and form
 The brunt of many a ruthless storm,
 The wasting breath of many a blast,
 That o'er thy shattered tow'r hath passed,
 Doth evidence the tale.
 Grim sentry o'er St. Mary's shrine,
 What a wardship hath been thine,
 Gazing thus with tranquil mien
 On thy well-fought triumphs' scene.

Perhaps in that now quiet dell
 It was that gallant Hotspur fell ;

And here upon the level sward
 The fearful Douglas waved his sword,
 And glittered there thine own :
 And yonder on that velvet mound,
 Upon the trenched and ridgy ground,
 While loud his shout of battle rose
 Among the thickest of thy foes,
 Young Harry's falchion shone ;
 While he the portly knight of fame,
 For ever linked with Shakespere's name,
 In that green hollow held his breath,
 In wily mimicry of death.

Hads't thou but the ghostly pow'r,
 Beneath thy niche at midnight's hour,
 To council with thy fellow dead,
 Risen from their battle bed,

With hauberk, helm, and shield—
 Thou could'st not with a grimmer air,
 Spurn a humble rebel's pray'r ;
 Thou could'st not with a calmer frown,
 Sustain thy ill-got thorny crown,

And scrutinise the field.
 Reign here in peace, for all will own,
 Though thine was an usurper's throne—
 If sense and valour claim their meed,
 Then thou wert rightful king indeed.

A well known anthropologist of the transcendental school of the physiology of races, who is undoubtedly a man of learning, notwithstanding that he is the most frantic dogmatiser that ever committed his opinions to paper, has stigmatised the English people, even as a whole nation, with an almost absence of affection for the land of their birth. Whether this is in accordance with the general experience of English men and women of their own prevailing feelings and modes of thought, or whether it agrees with historical evidence, it seems to me a work of mere supererogation to enquire ; foreigners usually taunt the haughty and arrogant islanders, as they are fond to describe us, with quite the opposite characteristic. They say that we are so stupidly infatuated with everything English, and so besottedly attached to its customs and manners, that we endeavor to form another England despite of all natural impediments in whatsoever region of the globe we localise our household gods ; and that this defect of cosmopolitan toleration deservedly isolates us from the sympathy and society of our neighbours ; inasmuch as we, beyond all other

racers, are so wrapt up in our own superiority that we cannot be made to believe in the virtues and advantages of others. England, they assert, is all the world to the English, and all beyond its favored limits a blot or superfluity on the universe. Now both of these charges cannot possibly be true, and either foreign prejudice and foreign antipathy most grossly misrepresent us, or we are most foully wronged by the slander of this unmitigated and defamatory theorist. In this colony there are many thousands to whom English news, English family communications, and English recollections, are as the life pulse of their hearts; and this slight sketch of thoroughly English scenery, even without the addition of the great event connected with its site, may in the far distant country they have now adopted as a home, recall many a time, fading impression of what was dear to them in youth, without in the slightest degree repressing their sympathies and affection for the land which has probably been the birthplace of their children.

THE ENGLISH SEASONS.

LIVING as we do in a climate which may, without much hyperbole, be described as one of perpetual summer, or at all events as one in which the transitions from one season to another, in regard to their sensible changes are so gentle and slight as to be almost imperceptible to observation, we have the utmost reason to be thankful for the blessings we enjoy, in compensation for those dear attachments and associations left behind us in the far distant land of our birth. Nature with us, for the most part, always appears in her full dress array; and we never see the leafless woods and the deep slumber of active energy beneath the snowy and frost-bound fields, which, in the colder regions of the temperate northern zone, effect such a total change in their aspect. With us the woods are always green, though the ground may be parched and sunburned. Our gardens need never lie fallow, nor our orchards be destitute of fruit, since some part or other is almost always in perfection, and keeps up a supply in its season through a majority of months in the year. Our streams may dry up by the evaporation of our semi-tropical heats, but they are never frozen or obstructed by the keen condensing breath of our winters; and though the days may be shorter, and the mornings and evenings considerably lowered in temperature, there is little in the common run of our delightful midday winter to remind us by any arrest of vegetation and the trance of vitality, that nature is reposing from the toils of the past, and accumulating fresh vigor for the exertions to follow.

Yet, acknowledging and feeling grateful for the advantages we possess, a majority of the present adult population of the colony were born and grew up amid the rigors of a comparatively ungenial climate, and the wider variation of season they were accustomed to in youth is not without its charm among the recollections of the past. With us the spring had a sanctity and a joy which may in some degree be inferred from the rapturous devotion ever paid to it by our poets, but which can never be thoroughly understood or appreciated but by those who were born to it and been accustomed to welcome its return with delight. For long, long months our melancholy woods had been divested of foliage—the groves had ceased to resound with the melody of song—our fields were flowerless and our hill sides bleak. We had wearied of the snow-drift

and the congealing waters ; of the naked hedge rows and the cold wet earth. Crocus and snowdrop had lost all their charms, and we longed for the pale primrose, the oxlip and daisy. We pined for the opening buds of the hawthorn and its odorous blossoms—the laughing music of the revelling zephyrs, and the exhilarating sensation of revivifying warmth.

Is there not, we may venture to ask, a certain loss to the poetical element in the perennial summer region which we now inhabit—inasmuch as it is less chequered by the alloy of gloom and depression, both of which, to a certain extent, are essential to the full enjoyment of a subsequent happiness. In this one particular we cannot help thinking that there is ; because there is a dewy freshness and a sweet fragrance, breezy and cool so to speak, about the descriptions of our best English writers, which would scarcely be truthful in reference to Australia. However, Nature is always bountiful on the whole, and if she shuts the door against her votaries in any one particular direction, she generally makes amends by lavishing her favors in ample remuneration in another. If we are without some of the characteristics of European scenery, we have many of our own in lieu, beyond the range of their favored landscape attractions. We have but little of the cultured rurality of older inhabited lands. We have no old mouldering monasteries, time-honored cathedrals, or moss and ivy-clad dilapidated castles, rendered venerable and interesting, not so much by their actual age as on account of the historical incidents of which they are standing memorials. We do not see the cowslip and daisy in our meadows, and our interminable forest shades know but little of the sweeter songsters of the grove ; but we have a fauna extensive and unique—a brilliant sunshine—a clear blue sky—gorgeous flowering shrubs and plants, vast wooded ranges—deep solemn glens and mountain gorges, which, together with the inexpressible air of intensified solitude, which particularly distinguishes our Australian scenery, is amply sufficient for poetical inspiration. We have, moreover, at least evidence of a hopeful promise among us that the native bard is not blind to his advantages, or inclined to desert from or go to sleep on his post. To form a national literature is a most noble object, and although there are but few who can aid in the praiseworthy effort, we all of us fervently hope for its eventual realization. It can only be accomplished by right of birth, for the feelings necessary to produce it must have been implanted in childhood, and fostered and invigorated by every year of intellectual growth, until they have become an absorbing passion and almost a religion in the heart. If there is one among us who strongly feels this mission, and we think there is, let him not give way to discouragement, because before his time he has not yet attained to the summit of his lofty ambition, but make good use of his gifts, looking neither to

the right nor the left; and while giving unrestrained sway to the fire of his genius be his own severest censor and most critical inquirer into the faults of his verse.

The poet, however, who would achieve a permanent national success must only be local in regard to the peculiar imagery which distinguishes his country from that which is foreign. For the faculty of poetry in its highest degree is catholic in the very nature of its action, and cannot be topographically secluded and chained down in its thoughts. It never can submit to the debasement of a limited circle of ideas, nor to the reiterated description of a few prominent features of a country. It will not do for the promising poet to rest satisfied with the paltry distinction of being the idol of a clique, but he who writes in English, and aspires to the highest position of his art, should have that within him which must make him equally intelligible and appreciated by all who speak his language; and must constitute him, in fact, a representative of nationality, as much in the United States of America as in the British Islands, and all the British dependencies that are scattered over the world. He who accomplishes this must not only be pre-eminently endowed by nature, but must also be persevering, laborious, and single-minded. He must hold himself aloof from the seductions of flattery—the greed of wealth and worldly distinction; for the truly great poet lives not for himself but for posthumous fame, and consecrates his gifts to the moral improvement, the refinement, and the happiness of mankind.

As to the many of us who are British born and reared, who have sought a new home and adopted a country long after our tastes had been formed and our associations indelibly impressed, we need not be the objects of a native jealousy on the score of any amount of talent we may occasionally exhibit, and which all goes to the sum total of literary advancement in the colony, for we are entirely out of the pale of this grand national task, and cannot compete for its honors and rewards. We adhere to the songs of our youth and remain loyal to the models we were formed on; but we only acknowledge thereby that natural affection for our native country, which to be without is contemptible, and which ought not to be considered uncomplimentary or antagonistical to this. There are but few of us who would desire this attachment to die out, because to us, thank God, a thoroughly denationalised Briton is a man who, having erased from his heart one of the most universal and elevating of feelings, is an object unworthy of trust. He who has ceased to regard the land of his birth with interest and affection will be equally willing to sacrifice for a consideration any other sacred tie which may happen to interpose between himself and his profit. Englishmen are none the worse citizens of New South Wales because they have not the hypocrisy to pretend to forget the scenes

they were trained among and loved from the first dawn of their understanding, and as they are at present, and will remain for many a year yet to come, a large, influential, and cultivated section of our society, they at least have a legitimate right to the privilege of exchanging now and then some reminiscences of the feelings and enjoyments of old. We think we are warranted in also observing that however humble may be the character of the ability displayed, they are thus showing a genuine homage to the country of their adoption, and an earnest solicitude for its progress and reputation.

We, therefore, do not scruple to avow our own unalterable attachment to many things English, and cannot desire to forget a country which still contains the objects of our early impressions, the graves of our kindred, and the still loving friends who, absent but unforgotten, we shall probably look on no more. As we are old enough to remember many joyous, old-fashioned, May-day festivities in celebration of spring, the English aspect of that delightful season still clings to our thoughts, and we trust that we shall not hastily be pronounced narrow-minded or prejudiced in expressing our opinion, that there is a charm in the "merry, merry month of May" at home, which does not exist in this land of ever-green foliage and never-sleeping energy of growth.

O thou, whose renovating breath
 Recalls from torpor chill as death,
 The frost-bound lawn and plain ;
 At whose mild summons breezy gales
 Wing gently through the blighted vales,
 With all their humming train ;
 Once more I hail thy sweet return,
 And triumph o'er the winter stern.

Zephyr 'tis, who skims along,
 Flora and her handmaid throng,
 Pursuing close with laugh and song.
 While though each her lay of pleasure
 Sets to her own chosen measure,
 The chords from each melodious shell
 Harmonize in concert well.
 Of thy ethereal charms, O Spring !
 And love's soft joys, they amorous sing,
 Not one discord grates the ear—
 The babbling rills, the stones that lave,
 Which glisten 'neath the tiny wave ;
 The rocks, the grove, the echoing cave,
 Sigh in chorus low and clear,
 As on the lovely troop career.

The verdure springs beneath their feet,
 The flowers exhale their odours sweet ;
 Impatient lilacs burst in bloom,
 Anemones their tints assume,
 The primrose banks their vesture wear,
 Pale tokens of the balmy air,
 And sunny gleam and dewy show'r
 Develope all thy vernal pow'r.

'Tis thine, benignant Spring, to yield
 Its vital sap through wood and field ;
 Revivify the dormant seed,
 And cherish nature in her need,—
 Excite each feathered minstrel's breast
 To woo a partner to his nest,
 And tuning the ecstatic throat
 To warble love's soft liquid note,

Raise sympathetic glow.

Thine all existence to pervade,
 And animate anew each grade
 Of living things below.
 The plant's frail filaments prolong
 To juicy fibres, close and strong,
 Around each hollow cell :
 The naked copse again adorn,
 Strew blossom on the prickly thorn,
 The thicket and the dell ;
 And pensive willows fresh in leaf,
 Bow down to tell the stream their grief.

O fresh and young ! the God of day,
 In honor of thy gentle sway,
 Grows lib'ral of the solar ray :
 And lingers in the western sky,
 'Till Hesperus appears on high ;
 Then hurries o'er the path of night
 To greet the star of morning's light.
 The blushing maid thy influence feels,
 And lists the tale that love reveals,
 As loit'ring now in thick'ning bowers,
 Or ranging meads in quest of flowers,
 (Like Proserpine to wreath the band)
 The favored youth appears at hand ;
 And hymeneal ideas fill
 The breast ; his wooing whispers thrill
 Like thoughts, in such young hearts that glow,
 On ev'ry scene their charms which throw ;

Then speakest of a future time,
When joy shall ripen to a prime ;
Unconscious, many a blasting storm
May yet the pleasing view deform,
The blossoms wither, blight the shoot,
And disappoint the hope of fruit.

The general resemblance between the seasons of the year and the four grand divisions in the life of man, is so well marked and obvious that from the very earliest existence of letters, and probably before, the repetition of the sentiment by metaphorically constituted minds, has rendered it the tritest of similes. Like many other good things, of which time can never destroy the whole intrinsic value, it has been too much hackneyed for unadorned use in the higher class currency of literature, and is therefore now stored away out of sight, and only brought out occasionally when rehabilitated, and made presentable by some master of language and art. We may, however, remark that, notwithstanding its anciently established acceptance as a manifest comparative idea, there is distinction enough still between some of the secondary features of the figure to make its application imperfect as a logical fact. For though, under all ordinary circumstances, the summer is the full realization of the promises of spring, manhood, on the other hand, almost invariably disappoints the yearnings and anticipations of youth, and the reverse of the usual order in both cases is so confessedly rare as to prove the rule by the exception, in accordance with the maxim of grammar.

Few, indeed, among us, with all the numerous advantages which we readily acknowledge to have received from the bounties of Providence, while we are in the full possession of energy to will, strength to perform, and passion to desire, but what have sorrowed over the thought of how little we had accomplished or secured of our early sanguine expectations ; when the whole vast expanse of the unclouded sky of hope was spread before our sight, with no visible haze in the horizon to darken or bound it from view. Yet our actual gain had been immense, though we had not noted its progressive course, because the objects of our ambition grew faster than their fruition, and the very enjoyments we had looked forward to with impatience had torn off the mask of unalloyed happiness which had disguised the features of the phantom in the distance. Life, bent on the mere pursuit of wordly acquisition, must be a disappointment ; and even the gayest and least reflective among us have their moments of retrospection and despondency, in which this wholesome universal truth forces itself upon their consideration for the enlargement of their wisdom, and the rectification of their desires. This is the grand distinction between

the prime of rational beings who are merely temporary dwellers in this sublunary sphere, in which they were born to perform their pilgrimage to eternity, and that other department of nature, which passively obeys its laws, and yields to the unseen but irresistible influences which regulate its acting. On the whole both perform according to their modes their allotted amount of labor, although the one being endowed with an independent will and control over its movements, may counteract to a considerable extent the benign guidance of the Creator, by rejection and rebellion ; while the other with merely casual and local divarications, acts with the unerring accuracy of machinery in accordance with the animating soul.

Suppose us to have arrived at our full physical development—the period when resolution, courage, muscular vigor, volition and animal energy are at the culmination of their strength. We are then, actually in possession, with but little restraint beyond our own moral feelings, and the necessity of keeping on the safe side of the law, of most of those coveted realities, the shadows of which were only revealed to us in the distance. Yet, do we not generally ignore their existence, and look back with regret to the days of our boyhood ? Do we not find, that in two more particular properties we then identified with manhood and regarded as the most glorious of its privileges the right of dictation to our dependants, and the most absolute liberty of action to ourselves ; modified as they are by conflicting influences, the attributes are more nominal than real, and that such a thing as perfect individual freedom, can never exist for those, who, whatever may be the force and superiority of their characters, must nevertheless acknowledge the social tie which always interposes its fashions and conventionalities, to prevent them from running riot with their will. Have we not discovered that some of us are ruled by love, and some by power, others by artifice, interest or fear ? and at all events, that there is always some counteracting force in active operation, to baffle or curtail our personal enjoyments, and divert the full action of our desires ? The weak fond mother will spoil her favourite child, in spite of the utmost endeavours of strength and wisdom to save him ; and maugre all our conscious manhood, tears, and endearments, or passion and reproach will make us that weak woman's slave, whenever it suits her to employ them. Such is the glorious summer of our year, the most vigorous and beautiful, most perfect and enjoyable of life's term ; and how much of it is downright illusion, let those who have passed it declare. Yet, though anticipation has deceived us on the whole, it is only known, in a painful degree, by those who have mistaken the purpose of life, or perverted its feelings and powers—all others submitting to its inevitable sorrows and vexations, as proportioned ingredients in their cup. They know they

are but units in an inconceivable sum total of existence, and that they are to perform but single parts in the system, which however individually irregular and eccentric, is harmonious and complete as a whole, and they accept the good and the evil, if not without the natural emotions they excite, at least with resignation and obedience.

Although, in the British Islands there are, to speak candidly, too many summers which are truly characterised as bad, being too wet or too cold for the crop and the fruit, there never were any, within our memory, without occasional outbursts of splendour and beauty, sufficient to justify the admiration of the poets; and rosy June most especially asserts her queenly prerogative, quite often enough to be preserved in the remembrance of her admirers. For then, in the early meadows, the heavy swarth begins to fall before the scythe of the mower—wild flowers grow thick on the banks—the woods are in their full foliage with a brightness, a freshness, and a softness of verdure, as yet undimmed by the torrid breath of Sirius—the rivers are yet bank full—the birds in the ecstasy of song, and the gardens display a galaxy of floral attractions, with petals as yet uninjured and crushed by the thunder storms of July. Then, in the cool fresh morn, the “Lark at Heaven’s gate sings,” chaunting his rapturous orisons to the beams of the sun; and in the leisure evening stroll, the seemingly ubiquitous landrail is the ventriloquist who enlivens our path through the fields, caressed by the breeze, and refreshed by their draughts of the dew.

If words of welcome gratify the ear,
 Resplendent season of the circling year,
 Accept my song, and may thy warmth inspire
 A strain not worthless from the muse’s lyre.
 Yet, live the sounds, though vanished is the skill,
 Which taught the Grecian Bards to roam at will,
 The golden strings among :—
 Which led immortal Flaccus to combine
 The chords in harmony like theirs divine,
 With noble themes he sung.
 Still, though a ruder minstrel dares to raise
 A tim’rous voice, O Summer, in thy praise ;
 Hope may persuade, that as it is to thee
 The spirit breathes its eulogy :
 The beauteous object will ensure the lay
 To yield some faint reflection of its ray.

Come, strewing roses, still thy fav’rite flow’r,
 And sport around my honeysuckle bower ;
 Come, with thine auburn locks in golden braid,

And bid clematis blossom round the shade :
Or if the dog-star's fiery glow,
Too faint a langour o'er the scene should throw,
To twilight caves and grotts, thy vot'ry bear,
To shelter coolly from the sultry glare !
Lulled by thy breath, how pleasant is repose,
Mild Zephyrs fanning through the arching trees !
Or, where the current of a streamlet flows,
The eyes in dreamy indolence to close,
And meditate in mute voluptuous ease.
Phantom figures, bright of hue
Float before the mental view—
Airy scenes and colors gay,
Reveal themselves and melt away—
Slumb'ring not, nor wholly waking,
Both conditions yet partaking ;
While the soul its shell forsakes,
A charm-encircled world it makes ;
Or draws from vision's realms a brighter gleam,
To gild each image of the musing dream.

Let me enchanted, on old ocean gaze,
When with the wave, the brilliant sunbeam plays ;
From some tall rock projecting far, behold
The azure waters flash with borrowed gold.
If a cloud should dim the sky,
What vivid shadows o'er them fly !
Purple, green, cerulean blue ;—
Blend, expand, or fade from view ;
Tints the floating vapours render,
Rivalling the rainbow's splendour ;
Brighter than the morn
When Aurora's ruddy stream,
Thus heralding the solar beam,
With lustre streaks the dawn.
Oft in the distance let me watch the sail
Of some tall vessel bending to the gale,
Bound for a foreign and a far off land,
Grow faint and fainter, as it quits the strand ;
That I may sit, fantastic stories weaving,
Of tearful eyes the gallant crew are leaving—
The sanguine hope which animate,
Or keen regrets which agitate,
The pilgrims of the sea.
And long adventurous, perhaps to be,

A sharer of the perils which they brave,
Who track the boundless wilderness of wave.

Thy charms are varied as may change the mood,
In dingles wild and forest rude,
On fawns and hamadryads we may dwell,
Or dream of fairies in the moonlit dell,
And see in some worn oak a druid's fane,
Still looking grimly on the white robed train ;
Their rites performing round the sacred tree,
With all their fearful mystery.
Such is the homage, summer, which we pay
Though roaming lonely all the sunny day,
To never weary of thy blissful sway—
To see society at ev'ry turn,
And friends in each fair object to discern ;
And feel within us, as thou shinest bright,
The soul imbibes some portion of thy light.

And now the season of growth has passed by, the last summer shoot has arrived at a stand for the remainder of the year ; for the sap, on whose superabounding supplies its vegetation depended, has reached its highest tide of vitality, and with less and less power impels its wave every day as the sun falls away from the equator. The fruit has attained its full size and its utmost exuberance of juice, and only now requires the chemical action of the autumn heats to expand it in its cells and bring it to perfection of flavor. But though the shorn meadows have lost the freshness of their midsummer verdure, the woods preserve their leafy honors as yet intact, and the golden hue of the ripe corn-fields awaiting the sickle of the reaper, imparts a sense of voluptuous and redundant beauty to the landscape, which like the last grand throes of human intellect before approaching senility, puts out all its strength to gild its gorgeous eve preparatory to its final decline.

Of all the periods in the year, except Spring, Autumn is the one, in which from its commencement to its termination, the most radical alteration is effected. It glides from the point of superlative beauty and abundance into the bare bleak wilderness of discomfort and desolation. For as nothing can be more splendid than August and September, so nothing is more melancholy than the dank and thickly fallen leaves, the humid skies, the moan of the blast, the chilly morns and darksome eves, and the damp, dense fogs of November. The latter part of this change is like the downhill of life, every step of which seems equal to two or three of its ascent, and we arrive at actual old age after we have passed

the turning point of our journey with a seeming rapidity which sets all our previous experience of the progress of time at defiance. In looking back from the breathing place in which we first begin to suspect that we are old, it is so difficult in idea to form stand points on the line and measure our gradual advances, that we cannot help thinking a portion of our days must have been cut out, and that we have been defrauded of a moiety of our rights by a species of jugglery, or performed many life's stages in our sleep. In fact, after a certain age, every year appears to us to be most sensibly shorter than its precursor, and no matter whether we have been idlers misspending our time, so that we disregarded the milestones as we passed; or, on the contrary, have been so wholly occupied and absorbed in our affairs as to permit us no leisure for observation of our progress, it all results in the same abrupt awakening of our consciousness that the pride of our strength has departed; that we are far on the road of our journey to the grave, and making way for new life to replace us.

In the meanwhile we are not without our consolations, and there can be little doubt that, as Providence has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, so it has apportioned the burden of our mortal pilgrimage according to our strength and capacity to endure. If the inclination for the more violent excitements, the more impetuous actions, and more passionate emotions is moderated or subdued, it is for our greater eventual benefit that it has been permitted to grow dull, and we have received a fair equivalent for the loss in the calmer enjoyments and more spiritual contemplations consequent on the triumph of the intellect over carnal desires than ever we had understanding of before. If we do not become wiser and better, indeed, during this serener portion of our existence, the opportunity at least is afforded us, and those who are not capable of profiting by the boon are probably just as little capable of sorrowful retrospection and of estimating the value of the advantages they have lost by mental comparison with the blessings they possess. They can still enjoy, according to the appetite remaining to them, and that with such is the chief object and prime happiness of existence, for they must always have been merely sensual, and their pleasures, therefore, always chained down and confined to an animal standard. Under such circumstances loss of desire is no deprivation of happiness, for as they are still supplied according to the extent of their actual wants, they can eat, drink, and sleep, indifferent to all besides.

Astronomically, the commencement of the Autumn is on the 22nd of September, when the sun enters Libra, but the popular division of the seasons in England includes in it the whole of September, October, and November, after which it is considered all Winter to the Spring. In the midland and southern counties it is

chiefly in the first month then, of autumn, or before that the most important and characteristic of its transactions takes place. With the cold late harvests of the north we are not now interfering. We are speaking of them as we have known them, from the Trent to the Thames, from the Severn to the German Ocean, on the banks of the silvery Dove, the Avon, the Wye, and the Soar; from the sweet-smelling hop fields of Kent to the cliffs which break the Atlantic billows on the precipitous mount of St. Michael. In many parts of this broad and fertile region, by far the larger half of England, the Autumn, indeed, considered as the harvest time, in reality commences in August, for reapers are then already at work, and the gleaners throng thickly on the cleared furrows, engaged in the most pleasing and time-honored of all rural concomitants, the gathering of the thinly-strewed ears left behind by the laborers, which yields comfort to many a cottage. The orchard-tree branches are bending beneath the weight of their juicy burdens, and the loud whirr of the startled partridges disturbed from their covers, though yet preserved for the fatal day which devotes them as sacrifices to sport, gives a future promise of spoil to the heroes of the gun. Autumn, as far as the country is concerned, is the most sociable of seasons, for the bulk of the population is then abroad in the fields, all occupied more or less in garnering in the produce of the year. Those among the young who are not so engaged may be found forming joyous nutting parties in the woods or gathering blackberries and sloes from the bramble and blackthorn. And that great farm festival, the harvest home supper, is a scene of hearty enjoyment and unsophistical jollity which, judged by the amount of happiness it produces, leaves the formal routes, the banquets, and the assemblies of the great afar-off in the cold of the shade.

When this principal event of the year is concluded, it is true that a certain feeling of quiet melancholy is engendered, for the bare stubbles are not yet broken up by the plough; the fields are deserted and lone, except when the huntsman and his hounds make the welkin ring with their cries. And it seems for a time that there is nothing now left to live or to labor for for the rest of the year. But soon the impatient husbandman awakes from his briefly indulged lethargy and busies himself in preparing the land for the task of the ensuing year's duty. Clouds of rooks collect on the scene, and hover about with unintermitting caw, intent on securing their share of the seed; and in the month of October, usually one of the finest of the English year, the rich tinge of the still hanging foliage imparts a pensive beauty to the view—the admiration of artist and poet.

Thou with starry girdle bound,
Whose sun-burned aspect paints the ground

With Ceres' amber fruit ;
 In whose full horn, with rosy glow,
 The fragrant streams of apples flow
 From every pendant shoot ;
 Roving through the nut tree shades,
 The orchard groves and viny glades ;
 By the yellow shocks of grain
 Strewed like gold upon the plain,
 Where'er thy path in mirth and glee,
 Let me, Autumn, follow thee,
 In every clime with thee to roam
 From harvest home to harvest home—
 Round the globe thy suns to chase,
 And moons, whose orbs reflect thy face,
 The glory of the year.
 To view the swart-browed reapers toil
 And gleaner maiden's lib'ral spoil,
 The furrows burdens clear.
 As zephyrs fan the glowing air,
 To hear, in fruit-decked alleys gay,
 The merry peasants laugh and lay,
 A blithesome task declare ;
 And swinging in the festooned trees
 To and fro with every breeze,
 Stained with streaks of purple dye,
 List the rustic wit's reply—
 To jeering damsel's raillery ;
 That would be indeed a life
 With more than joys of Bacchus rife.
 Let me on the wine-press tread
 By thee with living berries fed ;
 Let me pile Pomona's heap,
 And ward with old Silenus keep
 Around the vintage store.
 I, thy minister would be,
 Flying from the shrivelled tree
 To groves of fruit which smiled before,
 Ere thy first brown tinge was o'er,
 To lands beyond old ocean broad
 Haste to garner in thy hoard,
 And live the year revolving through,
 Embrowned ripe Autumn in thy solar hue.

It is an old saying in England that a green Christmas makes a full churchyard ; so true it is that nature has arranged a certain fitness as to time and circumstance which cannot be departed

from without some visibly injurious consequences. A premature Spring is doomed inevitably to be nipped by frost; or the bleak easterly March wind breathes upon the infant herbage, and, like the destroying angel on his path, shrivels it up in a night. A cold wet Summer, succeeded by a fervid Autumn, is pregnant with miasma and death: and in every way in which nature is outraged in her rights, we see there the forerunner of some evil which visits on man the injury received by the earth and the air. There is something very mysterious in the unequal operations of the sun in the different regions of the globe; and it would be no easy task for science to account for the reason why climates apparently similar should produce such widely dissimilar effects. The solar beams are as powerful in the South of Europe as they are in the neighbourhood of Sydney, yet in the one the indigenous foliage is invariably evergreen, while in the other the deciduous trees obey their local law, sink into their periodical trance, and oppose their bare, sapless branches to the storms of the Winter. There must be some cause for this difference, much more complex than that which exists in the palpable qualities of heat, although that is the agent to which is loosely attributed so many special distinctions in animal and vegetable production; and as far as our experience extends there is almost as much difficulty in crediting it to natural selection. Exotics, it is certain, preserve their general characteristics at least for many generations when transferred from their original home; and the European apple tree no more becomes an evergreen in Australia, than the latter ceases to continue its habit when filling our shrubberies or decking our conservatories at home. What is more singular and anomalous still is, that cold in its action on some species of trees, produces—as in the holly, the fir, and the yew—the very same effect on foliage as a tropical heat does in others.

An English Winter is undoubtedly a tedious, severe and often cheerless season, when the heavy and enduring rains and consequently miry ways, which require so much longer a period of sunshine to dry them up than an untravelled Australian, who is accustomed to see a muddy road in the morning and a dust-storm in the evening, would suppose, give a sombre aspect to the country, which throws a mask over its otherwise attractive appearance and reacts by depression on the languishing spirit of man. No scenery, however, at other times beautiful is proof against a cloudy, drizzly day, when the fierce gusts whirl across the mountain sides, or drive the sleety showers through the rugged passes to the plains, when the wet sluggish mist envelopes the heights and hangs like a stagnant ocean on their breasts. Cold and comfortless almost beyond expression to sight and feeling are the once enamelled meads—the village towers seem overwhelmed with

gloom, and the dank churchyards make in appearance the last resting place of man more dreary and distasteful than the death he has undergone. The farm-yard is a slough, the garden a waste—the vale is a wilderness, and the river a flood. It is then that a well-to-do Englishman, repelled for the most part from his customary out-of-door amusements, is fully sensible of the comforts of his home; and as the wind whistles past the snugly curtained window draws nearer to the clean-swept hearth and worships his household gods, by the sense that is within him of his domestic enjoyments. The hedger, the ditcher, or the thresher, returning from his daily toil, aroused from the fatigue which oppressed him, brightens up at the first glimmer of light which plays through the lattice, and with renovated spirit shakes off the heavy clods which encumbered his feet and welcomes in anticipation the shelter of his home—for the fire is there to warm and his wife is there to greet him, and when his strength has been recruited by the plain frugal fare she has prepared for his nourishment, his chubby children cling around his knees, and in their artless endearments the trouble of his lately fainting spirit is whispered into rest, and he repines no longer at the lot which has doomed him to toil.

This is no mere rhodomontade of sentimentality, or the poetical rhapsody of an imaginative enthusiast, for we have seen and mingled with it often, both as child and as man; and never have we felt ourselves more elevated in mind, or more conscious of an overruling, beneficent deity, than when we have been witnesses of scenes like these, and wonderingly admired how amidst all the superficially glaring inequalities of condition which constitute an artificial state of society, He has instituted a democracy in the core of the human heart, which by the ties of home, love, sympathy, and family connection, makes all mortality equal, and repairs, all its worldly wrongs by the spell which it breathes on the soul. There are sermons in these things more powerfully appealing than those of verbal communication which are as idle as the lifeless block when uttered merely from the head and divested of all magic from the heart; for there is a freemasonry in feeling, which intellectual cleverness cannot alone bestow, and a few simple words, a look, or a tone when freighted with that, will penetrate to and stir up its depths in another, when the most brilliant brain eloquence will fail to create an impression.

Externally, however, winter has a far more exhilarating aspect at times than the one we have dwelt on above; for, setting aside the foxhunter's idea of a fine winter, which only refers to the advantages it offers for sport, there are periods in what is termed a seasonable one when the characteristics of its severity array it in beauty and light. It is a stern, statuesque beauty no doubt, without the blood tints of the living flesh, or the mobility of expression

indicative of excitement within, but it is still a beauty sublime in its pitiless repose, and the very absence of that sensuous energy resulting in germination and growth. A measureless expanse of unsunned snow without a speck upon its virgin white to sully its immaculate purity is unrivalled in splendour, and there is no object in nature more chastely imposing and sublime. The icicles by which the keen frosty air has arrested the fall of the dewdrops have sometimes a symmetry of form and a transparent clearness which the lustre of the diamond can never surpass. The deep blue steely sky of a sharp frosty night, thickly studded with stars, which shine all the more vividly on account of the rarefaction of the air, spreads a carpet of magnificence over the arches of Heaven which he who can gaze on without emotion cannot be capable of comprehending what constitutes grandeur, and must be incapable of adoration, and of beholding the hand of God as exemplified in the glory of his works—he dwells out of the pale of love, ecstasy, reverence, and awe. Each season, therefore, we perceive, has its own proper emblems of beauty and truth which cannot be compared with or rival the others. The desolating hurricane, which hurls the ship ashore and lashes the ocean into billowy frenzy, which rushes howling through the sapless forest, uprooting its stateliest giants from their holds within the earth, is as loud as it is fearful in its irresistible might, but it does not awaken the winter from its sleep any more than the thunder of July extinguishes the summer heat and blasts all the woods in the pride of their leaf. There is a likeness between them in a certain sense, indeed, as in the black horror of their fronts and the fury of their roar, but their terrors are individual and independent of each other, and can never be amalgamated, commingled, or confused. In their fitness for their respective purposes, the seasons are all equally beautiful, though the loveliness of the one has no similitude to the charms of the others. The majesty of Jove was not suitable to the radiant youthfulness of Apollo, nor the stern dignity of Minerva to the alluring fascinations and soft-yielding grace of Cytherea.

As Spring is the resurrection, so Winter is the desolation of vegetative vitality; the soul of the year has departed, and the arrested circulation has ceased to convey to now inert matter its food. Yet on that forlorn-looking leafless trunk a fresh animating spirit will replace the exhausted one, and all its former health and vigor will for its season re-appear. It is bound for ever to its own spot of earth, but when the huge oak has become hollow from the pith to the bark, and no longer has the power of renewing its strength, it may live again in the growth of its acorn, age after age, until the dissolution of nature herself. Man propagates his race in the flesh, but his body soon moulders into the dust it was

made from, and when his soul has once forsaken its transitory home no other spirit re-animates his earthly form, for that which alone was assigned it by God has gone off to eternity and can never return.

Hoar Winter from the Arctic zone,
Where seated on an iceberg throne,
Thy frozen breath pervades the air
Beneath the never setting Bear ;
Where o'er the adamant wave
The polar desert tempests rave,
And sleety gales for ever blow
On Greenland's wilderness of snow—

Thou who hat'st the leafy green,
(When sailing down the northern wind,
Thou leav'st thy gelid realms behind)
Which decks our summer scene ;
Though wreathed around thy wrinkled brow
With mistletoe and holly bough,
And hardy shrubs the blast withstand
Thou hurlest from thy frosty hand ;
How nature curdles 'neath thy breath
Congealing in the chill of death.

Monarch of the mantle white,
Whom icicles for jewels dight ;
The dark brown tinge of Autumn fades,
And carpets o'er the mossy glades

When thy hoarse trumpet blows ;
E'en the ivy on the wall,
Shiv'ring in the gusty squall,

Its naked fibre shows ?
Plain and valley, hill and lawn,
The jagged oak and ragged thorn,
Thy sceptre's power betray ;
The sapless hues of death display,
As stripped in skeleton array,
And echoing the hollow blast,
They wail the hours of beauty past ;
The icy rivers stay their stream,
And harden 'neath the moon's cold beam ;
The rocky peak of mountain height
Glitters in the starry light ;
Or deep its pathless summit shrouds
In floating seas of fleecy clouds.
Though dark or clear, 'tis Winter all
Who spreads around his funeral pall.

Yet, keen Destroyer, not the grave
 Of Nature 'tis thy rigors crave ;
 'Tis but a moment's trance of rest
 Thou spreadest o'er our mother's breast—
 The deep but transient repose
 Of bygone labours' needful close,
 Which soon shall wake again to life
 With spring-time buds and blossoms rife,
 Recalling all from beauty's death,
 Thus nipped and withered by thy breath.
 But there's a winter round the heart
 Which ne'er its frosty grasp will part,—
 Which never more will feel the gush
 Of living joys inspiring rush

The spring of life renew :
 Yet, girdled by the fatal chill,
 It knows the pangs of feeling still,
 Though bidding warmth adieu.
 The winter of its span is there—
 Without the sleep it owns the spell
 Which rings of ling'ring life the knell,
 And leaves all black and bare.

It sees the sun, but cannot know
 The comfort of its joyous glow ;
 And while it shines, but feels the gloom
 And torpor of the dusky tomb

Drear shadows round it throw.
 The blight of age has curdled there
 Before its time the bright and fair ;
 And, where they once had built their throne,
 All now is desolate and lone.
 O Death ! from such a heart, so wintry cold,
 Why doth thy frozen hand its dart withhold ?

THE PICTURESQUE, THE ROMANTIC, AND THE IMAGINATIVE.

A SHORT time after the institution of cheap excursion trips, and when they had become the rage to a degree which actually revolutionised the old-fashioned stay-at-home habits of the middle class of England, a handsome, swift, and commodious steamer was chartered to convey its freight of pleasure-seekers from Liverpool along the picturesque northern coast of Wales to Caernarvon. The prospectus issued by the speculator was eminently a seductive one, and had drawn, at the hour of departure, a most numerous, respectable, and intelligent company together, bent on sociability, good humor, and enjoyment. The excursion was to occupy three days. We were to land for an hour at Rhyll—recently become, in virtue of its beautiful sandy beach, a favorite watering-place to the inhabitants of the border counties, as well as to Liverpool, Birkenhead, Chester, and Shrewsbury—and put into Aberconway for dinner and a stroll. Thus those who had the inclination might have the opportunity of examining Conway Castle, architecturally the most exquisite ruin in the Principality, although inferior in grandeur of extent and some other particulars to the truly royal stronghold at Caernarvon, our terminating port in the plan. This programme was to be varied on the return to Liverpool by a call at the city of Bangor, Beaumaris, and the magnificent Ormes Bay, which we should only see in the distance as we went. The arrangements of the intermediate day contemplated the division of the tourists into two companies, for one of which vehicles had been engaged for conveyance to the pass of Llanberris. It was to lunch at the Dolbardon Hotel, which was to provide a relay of carriages to skirt round the northern base of Snowdon and Moel Oelif to Bettys Garmon and the Cwellyn Lakes, where, having taken up the more adventurous party, who had made the ascent of the mountain and came down on the opposite side, they were to proceed to Beddgelert to dinner, and visit the celebrated pass of Abergllaslyn. This pass is on the most attractive of the roads to Portmadoc, and the pont is a favorite position for artists and tourists, as the principal fall is close to the bridge, which commands the most picturesque view of the pass and the wonderful prospect towards Festenieg and Pengyrn. Portmadoc is situated on the estuary which opens into Cardigan Bay, a mighty expanse of water separated from that of Caernarvon by the south-western portion of that county, called the

promontory of Llyn, and stretching from north to south along the whole extent of Merionethshire, Cardiganshire, and Pembroke to St. David's Head, which separates it from St. Bride's Bay, which lies between it and Milford Haven.

The pass of Abergllaslyn is itself a scene of exceeding interest and grandeur. With little more than the breadth of the road and the foaming river between, the rocks of the mountain range rise up overhanging and nearly perpendicular for a thousand feet above your head, and are in most parts, inaccessible to every living thing but the wild goats, which may be seen in mid-air browsing on the dangerous ledges, and the innumerable birds of prey which inhabit their clefts. The river rushes with headlong fury down a succession of broken falls and steeply inclining races, and its roar is so deafening that you are bewildered by the din of the tumult. To amuse the other party, consisting of the older and less energetic and the juveniles, it was proposed to make a short cruise about Caernarvon Bay, between Porthdnellyn near the western extremity of the Reifell mountains, and Aberffrew on the western aspect of Anglesea. On the site of this latter place, the princes of North Wales once had a magnificent palace, and it was the favored residence of the great Llewellyn, the Robert Bruce of his country; on which account one of the national Eisteddvods was held there some few years before.

Few excursions in any part of the globe, I should imagine, could have been selected which contained in an equal extent so many beautiful prospects and objects of interest. From the time that you pass the broad embouchure of the Dee, the coast is one unbroken succession of the most romantic description of scenery. First, through magnificent openings in the lower heights near the sea, you catch a view of the Clydian hills towering above each other in wild confusion, far beyond St. Asaph, and fading away like clouds of mist in the intermediate distance in the south. After you pass Rhyl, another grand and picturesque group of mountains unfolds itself in the rear of Abergele; and straight before, thrusting out its vast proportions like an invading thunder-cloud, and hurling its native billows far back into the Irish sea, the lofty promontory, stretching from Llandrille to the Great Ormes Head with the lovely bay between, seems to have started up from the deep for the especial purpose of staying your further progress to the west. To weather this formidable headland, so grand but so pitiless in its mien, is sometimes an undertaking of the utmost danger, and some terrible shipwrecks have occurred in the attempt. In wild weather the swell of the sea is terrific, and in a north-east wind, ships from the Mersey and the Dee can hardly evade the rocks which project their huge jagged masses, clothed in the armour of death, to dash them to pieces in the shock. We were more

favored, for nothing could be more propitious for our purpose than the beautiful June day we had got when we passed. After we had rounded the head, the Menai Strait, between Aberconway and Puffin Island, at the eastern extremity of the opposite Anglesea coast, opened in unbroken expanse before us. The Menai, if measured from the Great Ormes Head, would be fully thirty miles in length; but it is usual to regard it as commencing at Aber, which reduces the distance to little more than twenty. In this extent is spread a multitude of bold and splendid prospects; and I have heard many who were fully competent to speak on the subject declare that they had seen nothing within the limits of an equal distance on the Rhine, which could compare for panoramic effect with the scenes on its shores. As you pass down the middle of the here widely expanded channel, you have Penmaen Mawr, rearing its gloomy and almost perpendicular front for more than fifteen hundred feet above the sea to the left: and opposite, on the right, in a situation unrivalled for prospect, stands Beaumaris, flanked by its chequered groves and rocks, which impart so Mediterranean and classical an effect to that pet part of Anglesea around it. The chief attractions, however, are on the Caernarvonshire side; for there is nothing on the Anglesea shore after you leave the environs of Beaumaris, which calls for particular attention, unless it may be Plas Nwydd, a stately mansion belonging to the Marquis of Anglesea. There is quite enough, however, on the other side to occupy your mind. The lovely so-called Vale of Caernarvon, which is in fact the extended slope of the base of the mountain range which reaches its extreme point of depression at the straits, sweeps with a breadth varying from a few hundred yards to nine or ten miles from Bangor to the bay; and the Snowdonian mountains which hem it in on the south are but one part of the whole vast range which reaches about forty miles from Penmaen Mawr on the east, to near Porthdnellyn on the west. Its highest peaks are Caer Llewellyn, Caer David, and the majestic monarch of the Cambrian mountains himself; from whose summit, Ireland, Scotland, England, and the Isle of Man, are all visible in fine clear weather; while Anglesea looks like a verdant carpet spread close beneath your feet. Snowdonia was once considered a royal forest, but the actual woods must have been partially distributed in so exclusively a mountainous region as it is, extending, with its numerous offshoots, over the larger portions of Caernarvon, Merioneth, Denbigh, Montgomery, and Radnor. The larger masses, in fact, chequered with many beautiful valleys, almost entirely encumber the surface of Caernarvon and Merioneth shires, and the forest must have been confined to their valleys and glens.

Caernarvon is a county town, and formerly was the largest in North Wales, although it seemed so ridiculously miniature within

its walls to Englishmen from London, Liverpool, and Manchester, that they could not avoid making a jest of its municipal dignity. It is, however, very beautifully situated, and in the highest degree interesting, both from the considerable remains of its ancient wall and the noble ruin which joins it, and constitutes its glory. It stands on an angle formed by the Menai, and the Seiont, a small river which has its origin in the lakes of Llanberris, forms the harbour of Caernarvon at its mouth, and opens into the straits at the foot of the Eagle Tower of the Castle. The climate is so mild that myrtles remain out all the year in the open air, and the hydrangea is a common shrubby plant.

As I had done Snowdon several times before when a resident in its neighbourhood, and, in fact, was pretty conversant with all the scenery around, I preferred to stay on board and enjoy the quiet cruise proposed in the bay, from whence you command a mountain panorama of indescribable magnificence and extent. This bay is about four miles from the town, and the Menai opens into it through a narrow mouth called Abermenai, formed by two tongues of sandy shore, which approach probably within a hundred and fifty yards of each other. These were assuredly in former times united, and constituted a feeble barrier to the ocean, which some tempest-driven tide broke through and separated Anglesea from the main land. Here, on the Caernarvon shore, is a sort of folly, or fancy fort belonging to Lord Newborough, and appropriated to the indulgence of his nautical tastes. It has a wet and dry dock, and all the conveniencies requisite for the stowage and repair of his beautiful steam yacht, a smart schooner employed on his lordship's affairs between Liverpool and home, and a variety of other small craft, in which he is a great connoisseur. Though of pretty considerable extent, it is merely his private seaport and bathing establishment; for his residence is situated in a princely park, five or six miles from the straits. He derives his title from a miserable little town in Anglesea, of which, and an extensive estate around it, I believe he is the exclusive proprietor.

Though beautiful and magnificent to look at, Caernarvon bay is far from bearing a reputable character, being what they call a condemned one at Lloyd's, and an utter abomination to all the insurance offices in London, Liverpool, and Bristol. It has an amazingly grand semicircular sweep of shore, but is too open-mouthed and exposed for security in a heavy sea; and God help the unfortunate crew of the vessel which is driven into it by a south-west gale, for it will infallibly drive her on to the fatal Maldraith or Newborough sands, or dash her against the wilderness of rocks which bristle at the foot of the Llandwyn light-house. In my time it was a splendid fishing ground, but the market was then too contracted for the full encouragement of the fishery, never provid-

ing for the profitable sale of one-tenth of its capacity to supply. I have often bought a handsome turbot for a shilling, and half-a-dozen good-sized soles for the same ; and as for mackerel and herrings, in the season, gar fish, gurnet, cod, mullet and brill, you might almost name your own price for the pick of the boats when they came in. Excellent oysters were abundant, and so were shrimps, prawns, crabs, crawfish, and lobsters. During three or four summer months the prices would rise in the market, in consequence of visitors and tourists, but on the whole, what with its mountain mutton, the ever-available dish of trout, its eggs, its butter, its salmon, and its poultry, good living could always be indulged in at a very reasonable expense. Since the railroads, however, have clasped Caernarvon in their iron embrace, in this particular it has undergone the usual change which facilities for the carriage of produce to populous districts and wealthy manufacturing towns, as well as London itself, invariably effect in the cost of articles at home, as they draw on all available producing localities so largely for supplies that the wants of a neighborhood become a minor consideration. On the whole, of course, the town derives great benefit from the increase of its trade, but the non-producing resident pays higher prices than before. The mountains, however, still remain at their old figure, and we had a most satisfactory view of them from the broad bosom of the then placid bay. To the south were the blue Reifells, three mountains in a range, of exquisite beauty of contour. Snowdon was before us, surrounded by his immediate satellites, the triple Hebog and Moel Siabod, while a host of others exposing their interminable throng, looked like an army of frowning gods about to do battle for their divinity. By and by the sun got more round to the west and the mists, which had capped some of the loftiest peaks, vanished like magic in the full flood of his afternoon rays. The rocks glittered with a dazzling light—the heath covered sides seemed ablaze with his beams—and every cleft and yawning chasm which broke through the symmetry of outline looked like dark clouds in the orient embossed with the gold of the day. Thus we spent the day drinking, even to intoxication, inspiring draughts of the beauties of nature revealing her brightest of charms, and as we returned through the Aber to Caernarvon the Eagle Tower of that ruined regal fortress rose proudly up before us in the eye of the then setting orb, like one of the warrior angels who guarded the approaches to Eden.

Thou stately pile, sublime and hoar,
 That frown'st above the Seiont shore,
 Though now like some old king discrowned,
 Thy grim renown still girds thee round ;
 And still thy shattered turrets stand

The glory of this mountain land,
 Far o'er yon straits' majestic sweep,
 A silent watch thy shadows keep ;
 The fisher skimming o'er its foam,
 When distance shrouds his humble home,
 The eagle towers gigantic height
 Salutes with pride as beacon's light,
 And needs no Pharos like a star,
 Shooting its changeful beams afar,
 Her track along the billows tide
 'Mong sands and iron reefs to guide ;
 But in the huge old landmark hails
 The pilot who directs his sails.

What though thy days of pomp are gone—
 The harp is mute and bugle horn,
 Which once made Cambrian valleys ring
 With revels of a Norman king—
 Though moan the winds through empty halls,
 And jackdaws chatter round thy walls,
 No more the dread portcullis grates,
 Nor warders sentinel the gates ;
 Although thy courts no falconers throng,
 Nor vaulted roofs resound the song,—
 Nor lords nor high-born ladies fair
 Gay measures tread and banquets share ;
 Though feudal rule, a better age
 Hath hurled for ever from the stage,—
 Old fortress thou art grander now,
 With ruin scathing deep thy brow,
 Than when 'neath regal canopies
 Llewellyn's lineage bent its knees
 To kings, whose race was all unknown,
 When legends traced the Cymri's throne,
 Through lists of sceptred heroes proud,
 Till lost in Time's deep haze of cloud.

As from the beach recedes the sea,
 The tide of time rolls back from thee ;
 The tongues of eras long gone by
 To hailing Fancy's voice reply.
 Dim shadowy forms before me sail,
 Half telling some mysterious tale ;
 The haught' oppressor's misused power,
 The secret records of each tower ;
 While every niche its ghost reveals,

To tell some crime the tomb conceals.
 From yonder arch so grey with years,
 The great Plantagenet appears,—
 Stern, wise, majestic, he seems,
 A model of ambitions dreams ;
 His baby son and gentle queen,
 Like angels smiling on the scene.
 Now issues forth a long array,
 Of figures famous for their day—
 The brave, the victim, and the fair,
 The bloody and the just are there ;
 But few distinguished o'er the rest,
 As being of their kind the best ;
 Till, with a frown, as grim as night,
 The dread protector looms in sight.
 He speaks, and at the fatal sound,
 The roar of cannon shakes the ground ;
 The giant towers reel and rock
 Beneath the fiery missiles shock ;
 The shivered portals burst in twain,
 And conquest tramples o'er the slain ;
 And leaves thee, as thou yet dost stand,
 The noblest ruin of the land.

Long may the sap of age and storm
 Respect thy venerable form ;
 Nor on one pinnacle, embrazured wall,
 May rending flash of lightning fall.
 A faithful chronicler remain,
 Of what hath been the Briton's gain ;
 Since mighty Edward's ruthless sway,
 Swept Cambria's bardic lore away ;
 When the sage Despot's stern decree,
 Was challenged by no Freeman's plea ;
 And barons more remorseless still,
 Less wise in thought, more fierce in will,
 O'er abject serfs waved power's rod,
 And on the rights of justice trod.

Why cannot we have some of these cheap excursions, marine or terrene, as the case may be, to vary the dull routine of our holidays. There are plenty of places which could be done in three or four days, which would amply repay the time and expense bestowed on a visit. There are the Five Islands and Broken Bay, and I am told that the Hawkesbury River is rich in romantic and beautiful scenery, if some spirited speculator would take the

hint, be liberal as regards accommodation, and generous in respect to the commissariat. I have no doubt there are numerous other localities within the reach of our citizens which would attract a large and happy gathering of excursionists, and afford him a rich return for the trouble and hazard he incurred. What is there in this world of toil and care so beneficial to mind and body as an occasional escape from the trammels of business into the abandonment of innocent and healthy recreation, by those who but rarely have the opportunity of properly enjoying a holiday.

A holiday, in fact, has too many obvious advantages to make it necessary to urge any plea in its favor; but besides those that are so palpable, that it is impossible to overlook them, there is another of great importance which lies a little below the surface. In the hum drum of every day life but few things occur sufficiently removed from ordinary occurrences to excite an emotion, but an occasional sensation is required to rub off the corrosion of rust which feeds upon the springs of mental and bodily energy, and inclines us to vegetate rather than to feel that we live. In a holiday excursion some change of idea is unavoidable, and you may meet with something so unusual and striking as to cause an impression which will never be forgotten, but form the basis of reflections which if even of sadness will purify your nature and render you a wiser and better if not a happier man than before you received it. I remember, for instance, in the year 18—, I was completing my fourth session as a medical student, in Dublin, where, although an Englishman by birth and connexion, a residence of some years in boyhood had given me a more extensive circle of friends than I then had in London, which I left before that happy period of youth when friendship is felt as a necessity of nature, and the individuals who form its guileless attachment, are far more inseparable in thought and in deed than ever they are at a more advanced age, when real intimacy does not often exist unless recommended and sanctioned by some strong mutual tie which binds them together for interest or convenience. I had left London, as I have already said, before this susceptible age; and had lived in Dublin at the very period when the boy is ripening into the youth, and the intimacies between equals in years and congenials in temper are free from all those secondary considerations, which subsequently dim the purity of sentiment, and clog the ardour of affection by policy and selfishness. It was, therefore, natural, that unwillingly leaving Ireland when I had resided there six years, that resolving to study medicine while the memory of my Irish friendship was remaining unimpaired, I decided to pass my student days in that city which was endeared to me by so many happy recollections, and made more familiar to my habits by its comparative recent experience.

It was my fourth season, and I was then working very hard, putting on more steam, in fact, than was good for my health, because I had previously been but an easy going student, who had a decided preference for a trip to the Dargle, Powerscourt, or the glen of the Downs, to the heavy corrupted atmosphere round the dissecting table, or a punctual attendance at lectures. The reflection, however, that I had determined to go up for examination in the following August convinced me of the necessity of making a late but extraordinary effort, and bringing up the leeway lost by my prior want of application. Indeed, to speak truth, the very attractions which had been with me—the paramount motive for my return to Dublin—had proved the most powerful stumbling-blocks to my exercise of industry and devotion to my studies. I was among the warmest friends I had ever then known, and felt perfectly at home in their fascinating circle. It was not, therefore, in a very unpardonable sense my fault that I had not profited as I ought to have done by my first three years' attendance at the schools; and still less was it the fault of the professors and teachers, since I firmly believe to this day that no city of Europe could then boast of a brighter galaxy of medical talent than that which occupied the lecture chairs and exerted its undeniable skill in the numerous hospitals of Dublin. I had gone to an excellent school for learning—of that there could be no doubt; but I deviated from my pupillary orbit, and went off into eccentric courses, because it was beyond my power, or against my inclination, to resist antagonising influences too absolute to tolerate a divided homage, or permit a concentration of energy in the direction of duty and hard work. In fact, to make a long story short, I had been loving my first love; and if that is not a sufficient excuse for a great deal more than mere idleness and folly, I willingly accept the issue in the condemnation of the worldly wise and the contemptuous pity of the cold.

I cannot say that I am by any means an out-and-out disciple of the exclusive first love school, having in my journey through life met with many occasions which tended to enlarge my ideas in regard to the orthodoxy of that romantic but illiberal creed. Nevertheless, although mine came to grief in the end, I do not admit on that account that the charms and the virtues which excited it were a delusion of the brain; or that the scenes and the days which are associated with the dream are yet buried in oblivion, or have lost all their interest in my heart. My recollections of Dublin are still among the brightest I can boast, and after the lapse of such a number of years as have sufficed to run away with my physical prime, and have left on my frame some visible traces of their impressions, the Irish friends of my youth are the ever-greens of my memory, and will never be forgotten while I am on

this side of the grave. God knows that I then felt a deep interest in the welfare of Ireland, as many a thousand of Englishmen have equally done before and since; and I was strong in the hope that she was passing fast through the gloom of her evil days, to emerge in the sunshine of prosperity and happiness. I would not wound Irish feeling, and I forgive a great deal of the envenomed and insane slander which her misguiders have poured out upon Englishmen and Englishwomen in the rabidity of their wrath; but I cannot help saying that my disappointment has been as great in the contemplation of her recent history, as my regret is deep and sincere for the injury it has done and is doing to herself. When will she learn to separate the venal agitators who have been her degradation and her curse, from the Grattans and the Floods, the Currans and the Plunketts, of whose true patriotism and reputation she has so much reason to be proud? From some cause which I have forgotten our Christmas holidays had been curtailed of a week, which was to be made up to us at the beginning of March. And then, one of the anatomical demonstrators, who was also my private tutor (*Hibernice* "grinder"), fully concurring with me, that all work and no play made Jack a dull boy, proposed, as had been our custom on similar occasions in previous seasons, that we should make a pedestrian excursion into the county of Wicklow—an idea, which, as we were both confessedly good walkers, and he knew every foot of the country as well as an ordinary guide-book, was joyously acceded to by myself. The weather, however set in wet and stormy, and prevented the execution of our project until the week was too far advanced to permit us to accomplish it. However, towards the end of it, the rain having ceased, though the weather was still but rough and uninviting, my friend suggested that we should at least make a dash for Howth the next morning after breakfast, and see how the salt water looked as it hurled itself against the rocks of that precipitous headland. Either the force of the hurricane still raging had been masked in the city, or a sudden accession to its fury had taken place after our start, for as we reached the straight parapeted bit of road thrown across that shallow angle of the bay leading to Ballybaugh Bridge, the waves rushed with wild violence against the wall on our right, and broke in foam and spray across the road as we passed. This continued until we had rounded the bay front of Lord Charlemont's park wall, where it turns pretty sharply to the left, and skirts the once mail coach Howth road for a considerable distance on the town side of Lord Newcomen's domain. Here the road makes a sweep to the right, and after passing Lord Frankfort's, and several other beautiful grounds and mansions, assumes a pretty straight course parallel to the North Bull, and that part of the Bay of Dublin which washes the southern base of the hill. From here all the way to Howth there was

little but beach—dreary at low water, and barrenness to be seen; and the land to the left was then a bare and desolate tract with not so much as an attempt at cabin potatoe cultivation to vary its monotonous aspect. It was a combination of sandy heath and swamp for several square miles, until its inhospitable nakedness was lost in the thickly wooded villas about Malahide. Baldoyle, a miserable, half-civilised fishing village, is further on, between Malahide and Howth, and the road then shooting forward in a straight line forms the narrow isthmus which penetrates the hill which forms the northern boundary of the bay.

Here we were again exposed to the full fury of the south-west gale, but as there was no rain we joggled on pretty comfortably under the difficulty, determined to make out our day. We arrived at Howth in due time, and having refreshed ourselves with a draught of Guinness's stout, and ordered dinner at the once comfortable hotel, we took advantage of a singularly sudden lull of the wind to ramble for an hour or two on the hill. After we had pretty well explored its length and its breadth, we found a sheltered nook among the rocks, where we sat down, lit our pipes, and admired the billowy scene below. When we had thus calmly enjoyed ourselves about an hour, the clouds became black and threatened a heavy downfall of rain, so we made the best of our way back to the hotel where, as we were engaged with our boiled chicken and bacon, washed down with copious libations of Guinness and some extremely fair sherry, such a rain rushed down from the heavens as I scarcely ever beheld before. The increasing wind howled furiously like a legion of angry demons around the house, and as we were far too comfortable to desire any change under such circumstances, we preferred ordering beds where we were to exposure for more than two hours to such a storm as that which a return to the city would involve. Early next morning we were roused by guns of distress, and hastily rising went out to ascertain what was the matter. We found the whole hill alive with its excited population, rushing in the direction of the lighthouse, near which, it was said, a large ship was driving on rapidly to her fate, and in a few minutes would inevitably go to pieces on the rocks. She was from Bristol it appeared, and having found, no doubt, that there was too much south in the westerly gale to permit her to enter the narrow mouth of the channel into the pier-protected portion of the bay leading past the pigeon-house to the quays, to escape being drawn on to the North Bull she had endeavored to get sea room enough to enable her to weather the eastern projection of the frowning promontory before her. In this she had failed, and, when we first got sight of her, had just struck upon a reef some two hundred yards from the base of the precipitous cliffs towards which she was driving. She recoiled, and then swung

partly round by the force of the wind that had lifted her off, and it seemed for a moment as if Providence was about to interpose in her favor. The next moment, however, her mainmast fell, and being speedily followed by the loss of the others, she rolled to and fro like a helpless pilotless log upon the waters. Suddenly, after a mountainous billow had swept her deck of every living soul, she seemed to steady herself for an instant and then went down at once, bows foremost, to the bottom of the ocean. This was a sight of horror which will never wholly fade from my eyes. It rises up frequently before me with all the stern features of its reality, and the awful grandeur of the wild sea in which it occurred, as it dashed against those terrible cliffs, he who has once looked upon will never forget upon earth.

Waste of dark and heaving ocean,
 Boiling up from rocky caves,
 Writhing with the dread commotion,
 Tossing to and fro thy waves ;
 Awful is the boundless vision
 Of thy tempest frenzied power,
 All thy waters in collision,
 Mad for victims to devour.

Fated was the barque late sailing
 O'er thy yawning troughs and swells,
 Hearts, and even bold ones, quailing
 At the shrill tornado's yells.
 Upward 'gainst the billow striving,
 Lo ! her creaking timbers strain—
 In the deep abyss then diving,
 Downward she is plunged again.

Hark ? a crash—the main mast shiv'ring,
 Topples over in the squall ;
 With the shock each plank is quiv'ring
 'Twixt the seams, the torrents fall.
 Broken spars, and rigging rended,
 Flap about and strew the deck,
 All in wild confusion blended,
 Speaks the fast-approaching wreck.

Now a surge above her curling
 Finishes the scene of woe—
 Shrieking seamen over hurling
 In the seething flood below.
 One short moment poised and steady
 Her dismantled hull is seen,

Then above the bark the eddy
 Only shows where she has been.

And in storm-rocked cradle sleeping,
 Now her crew have gone to rest ;
 Who shall paint grief's bitter weeping,
 Pangs of wife and orphans' breast.
 Late in pride of strength unfearing,
 Parting word and kiss were given,
 But the next caress endearing
 Waits to be exchanged in Heaven.

Waste of dark and heaving ocean,
 Boiling up from rocky caves,
 Who could look without emotion
 On the conflict of thy waves ?
 I could gaze in dreamy sadness
 Ever on thy waters, sea—
 Beautiful in calm or madness,
 As thy fickle mood may be.

Something, as to soul appealing,
 Seems to speak in every wave ;
 Something like a holy feeling,
 Sweet, though dreary as the grave.
 While listening to thy speech unknown,
 Human objects plead no more ;
 To read thee, one must stand alone
 Musing on thy sounding shore.

If, like Dr. Syntax then, we should be in search of the picturesque, there is perhaps no considerable region of the globe, with the exception of the sandy, treeless wastes of parts of Africa and Asia, where we need be unsuccessful in our pursuit. For, setting aside those stock attractions to the common herd of tourists, the Alps, the Rhine, and the Italian lakes, the more humble towny admirer of nature who, knapsack on his back, and a few sovereigns in his pocket, starts for a pedestrian excursion of a few fine autumn days, can always find more or less of it, at least in the British Islands, within half a day's journey from his office or shop. His ambition is probably not so high flown and ostentatious as that of the bolder or more affluent adventurer of foreign travel ; but he seeks what will equally satisfy himself, because the picturesque is by no means confined to one description of scenery ; but has numberless features, and an infinite variety of expression, besides the grosser and more savage ones of lofty mountains, roaring cataracts, and gloomy rock-girt lakes, which, with all their unadorned mag-

nificence, are too violent and confounding in their effects on the faculties for a time to admit of much contemplative enjoyment. The emotions they excite have more of the character of vague admiration, awe, mystery, and astonishment than the serene delight which breathes around the milder and softer forms of beauty assumed by rich hedge-encircled undulating meadows, veined by their winding rivers and tributary brooks, studded with woodland and instinct with all the evidences of animal life, conducing to the realization of the rural idea.

The picturesque, then, in one or other of its numerous aspects, is not very sparsely distributed over the habitable portions of the globe, and as its existence does not point to any single region as its natural seat, we need not confine our admiration of it to any one exclusive locality. People of limited opportunities for indulgence in travelling who have casually visited some celebrated scenery, will of course associate the idea with that particular recollection, and if they are also of merely imitative tastes, they will echo the common verdict until it becomes the sole representative of their understanding on the subject. They have seen the Alps, or the Appenines, or the Cumberland Lakes, and they are mentally chained down to that particular image for the remainder of their monotonous and unimaginative lives. Those whose experience has been more varied, and their organs of taste more habitually exercised, who have escaped from the trammels of arbitrary precedent and can venture to admire according to their own unbiassed judgment and feelings, will exhibit a more cosmopolitan appreciation of the beauties of nature, and will offer worship at their shrines in whatsoever sequestered and unrecorded district they are fortunate enough to find them. The enthusiasm of such is not monopolised by Italy, Switzerland, Norway, or Greece; because from unfrequented roads beyond the vulgarising intrusion of mere guide book explorers they can gaze from grassy uplands on hundreds of lovely prospects in solitary meditation on their charms, and feel that each has a peculiar claim of its own to be treasured in the sketch book of memory and referred to for example.

We have known those who have crossed the Andes and stood beneath the Himalaya who spoke with respect of Ben Nevis and Snowdon, and were enraptured with Loch Lomond and the Lakes of Killarney, though they had steamed on Onega, and boated on Como; while others seem but to have capacity for the understanding of one isolated object of excellence, and judge everything they afterwards behold by the one stereotyped on their minds. No single perfect standard of beauty ever existed on earth, for however comparatively superior and exquisite the features, no inconsiderable part of their charm is usually thrown over them by the hale

of external auxiliaries. They are very much dependent on the state of the atmosphere, and the light and shades which vary their appearance. And they are heightened and subdued in a very material manner by the particular frame of mind the spectator is in at the moment of receiving the impression. And that is the reason why without any substantial difference in the capacity for appreciation, scenes which appear of peerless loveliness in the eyes of some, are looked on indifferently, or are even disadvantageously contrasted or criticised by others. In some cases, lapse of time, which for the most part dims the impressions of reality, acts entirely in an opposite manner with those which have been received through the imagination or affections, which become hallowed and engraved on the memory with all its softening and mellowing effects. We remember but the virtues of the dead friends whom we have loved on earth, and all the little faults and angularities of temper which irritated us in life are buried in their graves, and not remembered even in their epitaphs. Who has not been almost painfully disappointed after many years absence from the scenes of his infancy and youth, in finding how wonderfully diminished is the original of that picture, which we have continued to magnify in proportion and beauty, even as it became the more endeared to us by the increasing remoteness of its view. Year after year we have been adding fresh tints to its coloring, softening off some blemish and sublimising some dearly rated charm, and when we return, with minds full of the augmented dimensions it has assumed in our remembrance, we can realise but faintly the identity of the spot which the existence of fact has so reduced in importance.

If the picturesque, however, can be limited to no separate nationality, it is far otherwise with that peculiar sentiment which we characterise as romance; for that is emphatically, if not altogether exclusively, the property of the Iberian Peninsula. It inhabits its own native home, Spain, the country of Cava, Don Roderic, Viriathus and Pelago—the region where the consummate exiled Roman General Sertorius, with but his provincial adherents, foiled the veteran Metellus, and that spoiled child of fortune, Pompey the Great;—the land of that delicious episode in history, the empire of the Moors, and the kingdom of Grenada—the site of the Alhambra—the soil which echoed the tread of Hannibal and his legions, of Julius Cæsar and Charlemagne—the country which was the most formidable of all Rome's foes—the birthplace of Cortez and Pizarro—the home of the Cid, of dark-eyed maids and gallant cavaliers, of corruptable old Duennas, jealous old Dons, and amorous intrigue,—shades of Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, the beloved: what glorious matters of fact have ever done half so much to attach us to the name of a country

as your incomparable fictitious adventures? And who can forget, during the remainder of his days, his terrible first-reading of the Three Spaniards, and the superstitious cowardice it overwhelmed him with after nightfall? And, in short, who is there that denies or ignores the excitement with which he has gloated over every possible story concerning muleteers, dramatic smugglers, banditti, inquisitors, bull fights, and autos da fe?

The histories of France, Scotland, England, and Italy are wonderfully romantic as to real events; but, with the exception of the stagey Italian brigand, the moss trooper of old border Scotland, and a few forest outlaws of the old English Robin Hood stamp, there has been too much downright exterminating tragedy to allow them to be placed in competition with Spain in the quality of romance. Of chivalry there was abundance, but the sentiment of romance was never identified with the soil, nor interwoven with the customs and character of the people. It never seemed an indigenous production, but grew like an exotic, flowering occasionally with a gorgeous outburst of splendour, and then fading out of sight among the darker and sterner shades of an uncongenial climate. Spain, the sunny, the slothful, the amorous, was the home of its birth; and only among that voluptuous, impassioned, and somewhat melancholy people it could permanently flourish undisturbed.

Illustrious, proud, but long-degenerate Spain,
 Though I, a Saxon, stranger, never stood
 Where Ebro or the Guadalquiver's flood
 Majestic course through many a fertile plain,
 And fruitful valley ere they reach the main—
 Roamed through the groves of sweet Cordova's vales,
 Where orange odours scent the luscious gales,
 And boast the bounties of the Ommiad's reign—
 Trod the Alhambra's gorgeous moresque halls,
 Regretting Grenada's bright days were o'er—
 Viewed Saragossa's maid-defended walls,
 And strayed along the wild Cantabrian shore—
 Land of romantic deeds and ancient fame,
 Yet dear the thoughts connected with thy name.

Iberia, let majestic Rome thy fame,
 E'en in her grandest era of success,
 Still worthy of thyself and her confess :
 Numantia's patriot all consuming flame,
 Still flashes brightly on the Roman's shame—
 At length o'erpowered, its free defenders died,
 And scorned to live as vassals to the pride
 Which craved a world to grace one mighty name.

In Spain great Pompey's early earned renown
 Was clouded o'er and tarnished by defeat,
 And chiefs who long had won the laurel crown,
 The Lusitanian Hunter feared to meet ;
 But treason then thy glory overcast,
 And murder bowed thee to Rome's yoke at last.

Land of the Goth ! Asturia's caverned height,
 Freedom's last refuge saw Pelago wield
 His sword of flame in one avenging field ;
 And Liebana's ambuscade requite
 The honor lost in Xere's fatal fight.
 From Calpe's rock, though myriad legions spread,
 And track their marches with the Gothic dead,
 From east to west, like locusts in their flight ;
 Yet in those northern fastnesses the Moor
 Beholds the will of God against him shewn,
 And dares the wild and fearful glens no more
 To wage hot battle 'gainst the Christian's throne—
 The waves had dashed upon the furthest rock,
 Then fled for ever from the fatal shock.

Yon warriors round the hermit's tomb behold
 Among the Pyrenæan mountains wild and high,
 Accept the pledge to free Navarre or die.
 A King elect—now, Ximenes be bold,
 Nor let thy warriors' kindled fires grow cold.
 Ainsa's temples shall the Moors still stain,
 With rites unholy, or with feet profane,
 While Christian hands a sword and shield can hold ?—
 Soon shall the bannered cross above its walls
 Proclaim how Ximenes his task has done,
 When no more heard the shrill Muezzin's calls,
 The fight of freedom and the faith is won.
 O noble chief, may thy renown inspire
 The Spanish heart once more with Gothic fire.

'Tis not, O Spain, thy thousand years array
 Of martial glory, which alone imparts
 For thee a partial interest to our hearts ;
 To add another world unto thy sway,
 Though great Columbus ploughed his wat'ry way,
 Chasing the sun in its diurnal flight
 Beyond the verge remote of antique night,
 To regions glowing in his western ray :

'Tis not that Cortez or Pizzaro's fame
 Might jealous make the demigods of old,
 That sheds the brightest halo round thy name,
 When all the story of our love is told ;
 But that identified with youth's fair dreams,
 Romances deepest hue around thee beams.

Thy soil, 'tis true, hath nourished loathsome weeds—
 Not in thy sunny landscapes but among
 The clouds thy institutions round thee flung.
 In blood-stained annals shuddering nature reads
 Spain's savage Inquisition's ruthless deeds ;
 Those proofs accursed of the remorseless breast,
 Which often lies beneath the priestly vest,
 And on what food the bigot Moloch feeds.
 Yet blushing truth of hideous scenes must tell,
 Where superstition's demon genius trod ;
 While fear's shrill scream and tortures frenzied yell
 Rung through the dungeons in the name of God—
 And scourge and rack, and lighted torch in hand,
 Fell priestcraft strode a devil through the land.

But not alone to thee, O Spain, belongs
 The cruelty which stains religion's cause,
 By priestly bigotry's inhuman laws,
 And perpetrated such inhuman wrongs,
 The fiery zealot with his scathing thongs
 Whatever faith he boasts, hath ever shewn
 The persecutor's tiger heart his own ;
 And deemed the martyr's shrieks religious songs.
 It was that ages' vice which justified the deed,
 And not the Church, which men of blood professed,
 No property essential of a creed
 Which non-conforming liberty oppressed—
 'Twas not the faith—it was the time which saw
 No choice but death, or bondage to the law.

To brighter prospects cheerful let us fly
 Than those in which oppression in its hour
 Of full-blown arrogance displayed its power ;
 Rather to Andalusia's mountains let us hie,
 And view the prancing jennet canter by—
 Proud of its lovely burden, whose light form
 And jetty orbs and anchorite might warm,
 Of grace enamoured at her feet to sigh—

Playful and agile as the bounding fawn,
 Which gaily frolics through the upland grove,
 Or skims like light across the level lawn—
 Her glance is conquest and her smile is love ;
 And if warm passion glows within her heart,
 Refining sentiment still points the dart.

Immortal Cid, in many an amorous strain,
 Castilian maidens shall with pride declare,
 A knight so brave was worth the peerless fair.
 Though long the conflict and severe the pain
 Which tore her breast, ere tenderness again
 Triumphant banished every thought unkind,
 Which late usurped its empire o'er the mind,
 And urged resentment for a parent slain ;
 Yet if beneath the circling moon are found
 In female bosoms hearts so icy cold
 As cannot yield, at least on Spanish ground,
 The heart of woman is of softer mould—
 There in each breeze love's melting ideas play,
 And meet with nought to chill them on the way.

Delightful fiction's fav'rite sunny land—
 E'en at the very thought that turns to Spain,
 Youth's fading visions brightly shine again.
 Once more doth fancy wave her magic wand,
 And lo ! among the citron groves I stand,
 Or deep among thy wild Sierra stray,
 A muleteer carolling on my way,
 Or daring chieftain of some outlaw band.
 The view now changes—hark ! the serenade
 Beneath yon jalousie ascending clear,
 Wafts the impassioned lay to some fond maid,
 Too blessed her lover's well-know voice to hear—
 Away—her smiles are beaming from above—
 The moon alone should witness be to love.

Then, Spain, for ever must those fond ideas
 Which picture love, romance, and chivalry,
 Lead pleased imagination back to thee.
 Once more the care-gloomed sky of manhood clears—
 Brightly again the long last ray appears—
 Like some old friend, in whose remembered face
 The self-same characters of love we trace
 Which beamed upon us in our early years.

Again, again, the flatter'd eye perceives,
 The beauteous tints that dazzled it before—
 Again the time-chill'd heart with joy receives
 In fancy that which fact shall give no more ;
 The hope, the fire, the guileless trust in truth
 Which vanished from us with decaying youth.

Through all the verbal variations, by which imagination has been defined, the general inference which we draw is, that it is a faculty of the mind which not only enables it to conceive things which lie beyond the range of physical vision, but also, without falsifying the essential constituent qualities of common objects, to endow them with a character and a force which the mere matter-of-fact observer would have been incapable himself of discovering. It magnifies the vast, intensifies the awful and the grand, and irradiates the beautiful and pure. It makes virtue angelic and vice infernal ; and in its highest degree seems to be gifted with an intelligence which soars above imparted knowledge to the darkness of mystery or the brightness of splendour in the ethereal dream-lands beyond. It has usually been considered as the highest and sublimest attribute of intellect, being, in fact, that quality which chiefly distinguishes genius from cleverness and understanding, and which, only finds expression in the most exquisite strains of music, and the loftiest conceptions of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. Yet, although to the almost illimitable extent of this mental power we owe our Homers, and Shaksperes, and our Miltons, who, with some others entitled to take rank in their company, stand on an eminence of posthumous glory, which the proudest kings who during life have overshadowed the earth with their renown can never attain, it is doubtful whether the more practical profundity which constitutes a Newton, an Archimedes, Euclid, or Copernicus, with all its wonderful insight into remote cases and inductive acuteness, though so much more gradual in its operations and cautious in its progress, with infinitely more utility, is not as sublime an excellence as the more showy and brilliant development. The irrepressible intelligence of the one, which is more like the instinct of a superior nature than the rational perfection of a man, it is true, is enabled to overleap the barriers by which progressive acquisition is retarded, and arrive at its object by flashes of electrical impulse ; but it is often deficient in that solid wisdom which grows with experience, and wins its way to deeply hidden truths by the pure process of reasoning effort, removing every impediment which crosses its path and leaves the light of conviction behind it as it goes. The one is irregular, eccentric, and astonishing, the other well-grounded, well-governed, and resistless.

Although metaphysicians have usually considered imagination and fancy as two separate faculties, it is not only difficult to point out their dividing line, but also to show that either of them can exist without the aid of the other. To less subtle reasoners, it would rather appear that they are only different degrees of the same mental constitution; and by no means unconnected and dissimilar qualities. Fancy, being, as may perhaps be conceded, less fervid, but equally ingenious, derives its imagery for the most part from more familiar, though sometimes non-existent objects, and treats them, it may be, with less passion and intensity of feeling. Its poetry, therefore, according to such a view, would be more pleasing than grand, more graceful than enthusiastic, and more calculated to amuse than to overwhelm us with violent emotion. In working out its conceptions it would depend more on art than inspiration; for though the figure present to the mind was, in the first instance, the product of the latter, the ideas themselves requiring to be treated artistically rather than vehemently, are divested of the apparent spontaneity which the bolder flights of imagination invariably display. Thus, Dante and Milton would be illustrious examples of the imaginative, while Spencer and Ariosto would be conspicuous followers of fancy.

Whether fancy, however, is to be looked on as a separate characteristic, or only a modification of imagination, it indubitably presents a wonderfully wide field for its exponents to dwell on and explore. It can people the woodland glades with elves, and all the wild weird forms of forest demonology. It gives nymphs to the fountains, sylphs to the air, river gods to the streams, and sirens to the sea. It can convert a poor old paralytic semi-idiot into a witch, and a lunatic into a wizard, and there is no passion, virtue, vice, sentiment, or abstract quality of the mind but what it can quicken into life, and endow with an intelligent soul. It looks out upon the mountains, and beholds a spirit in the mist; and upward at the sky, and venerates a god in every tranquil star. It can find a sprite in every dismal cave, and hear a voice from every moss-grown rock. As, therefore, every material and conceivable object is open to its exercise, its supplies are as inexhaustible as they are ready of access, and what it loses in intensity is compensated by variety and abundance of selection. Granting, therefore, that, thus considered, it is a less fervid degree of genius in operation than the full exercise of imagination requires, it is still a minor degree of the same faculty differently directed, and metaphysical subtlety has not yet defined which is the beginning of the one and the termination of the other. The fact is, that they merge into each other, as the upper current of a river flows into the lower, and it seems scarcely to be denied, that so far from being distinct, fancy is not even always secondary to imagination, since it is manifest,

that it often requires a considerable amount of the latter before the former can by any possibility be summoned into action. Thus then stands the argument, that the idea conveyed by the term imaginative being the faculty of conceiving something more than any actual fact, or even creating the notion of something of which it has seen no type or resemblance (which latter we presume to be its highest practical development, since it is the only one on which its alleged superiority to fancy can be founded) if, by subjecting it to the same analytical test, we find the very same characteristics inherent in fancy, it is obvious that the only difference is in their *modus operandi*—fancy engaging itself more in the contemplation of visible images, which, however, it invests with imaginary attributes. Variety must therefore be one of its distinguishing characteristics, while intensity and concentration of mental vision is the great feature of imagination, since immediately that it is perceived to be on the look out for additional images in the way of superfluity, it parts with its individuality and descends from the special into the general and compound. This is indeed its usual course, since it would be impossible for it to sustain itself long upon its own unaided wing, as its scope, though so lofty and unlimited in its direction, has comparatively but few objects to select from, and few images to rest on, unassisted by fancy.

Difficult, then, as we think we have shown it to be, to find the line of separation between the two, it is equally difficult, in many instances, to decide to which order belongs the conception which strikes us, unless we are to assign all our grand ideas to imagination, and all our merely pretty and ingenious ones to fancy, an arbitrary division which could hardly be logically sustained. When, in our abstract moods, we gaze on the fire, and trace the spectral resemblance of earthly things we have seen and unearthly ones of which we have only dreamed, are they the offspring of fancy, or the creatures of the imagination? If we see embattled cities in the sunset sky, glowing with crimson, with purple, and with gold, leviathans in the morning clouds, and contending armies in the luminous firmament of night, to which category belongs the illusion which imposes on our vision? Or, when the moonlight plays upon the waters, and we conceive a revelling Naiad in every corruscating ripple, is it to one or both we are indebted for the magic of the spell? Was it imagination or fancy which invented the Temple of Fame, which portrayed the power of Orpheus over animate and inanimate nature, and the hitherto inexorable infernal deities? To which of them did the mental eye belong which pierced through the sulphurous gleams of the caverns of the Cyclops and beheld the sooty giants before the light of their stupendous furnaces forging the thunderbolts of Jove? And to which is due the hideous phantoms of delirium, or the ecstatic dioramas

which pass before the vision of delusional insanity? Was it imagination or fancy which interpreted the "tarry thou till I come" into the figment of the wandering Jew? Are the Shaksperian creations, his Oberons, Titianas, and Ariels the playthings of fancy alone? Or when he positively revels in the supernatural of witches and their incantations, does he come up to the metaphysician's idea of the imaginative faculty, or is he merely fanciful, vulgar, and grotesque? We speak with diffidence almost amounting to awe, when we are reminded of illustrious and time-honored names, but while paying homage to the extraordinary thinking powers that have been exercised on this subject, we cannot help thinking ourselves, that metaphysics, making every allowance for the unavoidable abstruseness of its reasoning, which carries it beyond the comprehension of average minds, is about the most unsatisfactory branch of modern philosophy. We have an idea that it might be considerably simplified and divested of that hair-splitting subtlety which renders it so dreary and difficult a study to youth. It might be reformed without forfeiting any of its essential value, and to the very great advantage of the ordinarily educated community of our readers.

Nymph, as haps it, dark or fair,
 Who floateth buoyant through the air,
 Whose charm can deepest caves illumine,
 Or aggravate the captive's gloom;
 Whose voice is heard in deserts wild,
 Seducer strong of man and child—
 Thou painter on the inward mind
 Of visions fleeting as the wind,
 Prompt me fancy while I tell
 The tricks of thy capricious spell!
 Airy castles thou canst build,
 And pageants of the future gild
 With every brilliant hue;
 Not a breath of summer breeze,
 Water ripples fans the trees,
 Wafts clouds athwart the ethereal blue—
 No sound nor echo wakes the ear
 To notes of love, or grief or fear,
 But brings thy protean forms to view.
 Ever ready day and night
 To conjure up some image bright,
 Or scare the sad desponder's rest
 By some disturbing ghostly guest,
 Wider far than mortal bound,
 The realm of phantasy is found,

Wanton ! when in humour gay,
Blessful thoughts thy power betray ;
Lovers dream of angel smiles
Where others see coquettish wiles—
Before o'erweening pride is bowed
In adulation low the crowd,
While romance to cloudland flies,
To surfeit its enchanted eyes.
Stocks and stones new nature take,
And river gods and elves awake
By haunted stream and glade—
Moonlight orgies rouse the scene,
Of open lawn or alley green,
Within the forest shade.
But when thou com'st, unwelcome guest,
To fill with trembling fears the breast ;
Apparitions, pale and gaunt,
About the lonely churchyards haunt ;
Demons by thy magic bred,
Gather round the curtained bed ;
Forms terrific jibe and scowl,
And clutching imps blaspheme and howl,
Till gasping reason's strength gives way,
And men go mad to prove thy sway.

A WORD ON SOLITUDE.

APPLIED to the great mass of mankind, certainly nothing can be more sound, either in a philosophical or psychological point of view, than the trite Scripture maxim, that it is not good for man to dwell alone. For, independently of the injurious effects of the absence of society, and the consequent stagnation of the natural affections ensuing from the disuse of intellectual exercise which the dearth of social communication produces, the want of interest which it implies in the welfare of our fellow-creatures is a condition of mind utterly antagonistical to the evident intentions of the Creator, and the lessons of universal charity and love inculcated by the gospel of Christ. Cut off from the communion of our kind we cannot possibly fulfil the ordinary duties of life ; we can play no part in its generous sympathies, and we cannot derive benefit from any new current of ideas which the intellectual progress of the world is incessantly offering for our consideration, and which all who mingle in its active affairs aid in the dissemination or rejection of, and share in the evils or the blessings of their influence. To the great majority of those who voluntarily renounce all the advantages which sweeten existence by a mutual participation in the well-doing, the pleasures, and even the sorrows of their friends, it is no injustice to ascribe a morbid disposition in which self is the ruling divinity, and the centre and sole object of interest. Nothing short of this contracted, illiberal, and morose inclination could imbue them with the strength perseveringly to violate the otherwise irresistible instinct which forces, as a general rule, both rational and irrational beings to at least occasionally congregate together for mutual assistance and protection.

Although man may offend against the laws ordained by man, to a certain extent, with impunity, as regards the full preservation of his mental and social qualifications, Nature, more imperious in her demands, and more intolerant of evasion or slight, refuses to be outraged unavenged. To the mediocre, as well as the uneducated mind, there is no condition so fraught with peril to the soundness of the heart, and the integrity of the soul, as that which excludes them from the interchange of feeling and sentiment, and confines them to the narrow sphere of their own excited concerns. There is here none of that stimulus to the animal spirits which, by exhilaration, is required to add force to the circulation when

depressed; no external impression to waft forward the current, grown languid and sluggish, and clogged with impurities, which the ordinary action of the apathetic heart has not the vigour to impel through the system, for re-constitution and purification in the lungs. There is no assistance lent to the intellectual faculties which, in place of responding to the rapid successions of occurrences, flowing unceasingly through the core of society, and forcing even the most moderately endowed brain to reflect on cause and effect, to the extent, at least, in which the probabilities of the immediate future are to be derived from the lessons of the recently passed, are thrown back upon themselves, and restricted solely to the unprofitable meditations of a still contracting sphere of thought. An unimpaired natural vigour would revolt against such monotony of the understanding, and either burst, in desperation, the fetters which confined it, abstract itself solely in pure mental speculations, or plunge into the immeasurable bewilderments of imagination and delusion. Of course, the solitude here spoken of is an unoccupied seclusion, voluntary or compelled, and in reference to the ordinary run of mental and constitutional endowment. We all know, very well, that it has been found necessary, in penal establishments, where solitary confinement was introduced, and once attempted to be enforced with unrelaxing pertinacity, to modify the inhumanity of the system of unbroken silence and separation, by the substitution of regular intervals of communication and reciprocity of thought, before the tension of the brain has caused it to recoil on itself, and the nervous organisation has become irrecoverably disordered, by an excess of endurance fatal to its reactionary power. Will it ever become then the law that the miserable victims of a pseudo-philanthropy which shuns to sever the cord of life, as not within the jurisdiction of man, and would not terminate their connexion with a world they have polluted by their crimes, and compelled to become their inexorable enemy, shall be handed over to the cold-blooded tortures of a hopeless seclusion, and suffer under an agony greater, because interminable, in this world, than man has a right to inflict on his fellow; or is it coolly contemplated to extinguish the light of reason, and make the criminal a lunatic, dead to all sense of his misery, and oblivious of his crimes, and thus preserve him as a living opprobrium to the principles of justice, a disgraceful evidence of our inflexible cruelty, and of the futility of human vengeance, when it would exact a penalty beyond the strength of rational mortality to endure? Society has an undeniable right to punish the infraction of its laws, since those who break them, to the injury of others, reserve the right of an appeal to them, when themselves have been wronged—the strongest testimony that could be adduced of a mutual consent to their existence. But English humanity, at least, has long abolished the in-

fliction of physical torture, and why should it not shudder then even at the idea of that more horrible torture of perpetual imprisonment, under the most rigid restrictions, which some propose to substitute for capital punishment? Have they ever taken the trouble to meditate on that long drawn out despair—that agony of the living sense of death, which the everlasting extinction of all hope on earth would pronounce on man's destiny? and if they have, what sort of a thing is this professed humanitarianism, which coolly discusses and recommends such a cruelty?

But the solitude of which the poets sung, and which the sentimental Swiss philosopher so charmingly descanted upon, is a very different thing to this. It is the retirement which learning, piety, genius, and intellectual activity seek for the advantages it offers to contemplative exercise, and for the uninterrupted leisure it affords for the improvement of the mind, the accumulation of knowledge by reading and reflection, the arrangement and extension of the ideas, the purification of the sentiments, the refinement of the feelings, and the control which it exerts over the passions and the appetites. It is but a small part of those who have the soul to appreciate their delights, to whom fortune has been so kind as to enable them permanently to indulge the tastes for the vocal groves, the quiet grassy lanes, and the banks of the rippling streamlet; but, when the opportunity does arrive which enables them to escape from the busy haunts of men, there is to them a rapture in the "pathless woods" which makes them sicken at the thought of returning to the hurry, the bustle, and the dissipation of the city; although it never lessens their interest in the great concerns of humanity. These are not idle men; but they are busy in a different way to the merchant, the politician, the lawyer, or the manufacturer, who, merely in those capacities, live, intellectually speaking, from hand to mouth, seeking in general no further knowledge than conduces to the immediate purpose of their business, and contented with the worldly triumphs and rewards of their professional abilities. The gifted devotee of the tranquil home looks higher far than this, and though he has flown from the strife and turmoil of the world, for which his instincts have told him he was unfit, he may, in the long run, effect far more widely extended good (for which in this world, however, he will get but little reward) by imparting from the richness of his mental stores that which will hereafter perform its work in conducing to the general welfare, by refining the arts, and guiding the tastes of mankind.

There was the elegant but unostentatious retirement of Horace, with his epicurean love of everything appertaining to a country life.

"Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,

Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni fenore :
 Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
 Nec horret iratum mare."

There was the retirement of Virgil, "sub tegmine fagi," of Tasso, Spencer, of Shakspeare and of Pope, but they had too much sense to renounce entirely communion with the world. They fled from the dictatorial tyrannies and annoyances of miscellaneous sociality; but were by no means misanthropical or indifferent to humanity. That this modified preference of retirement over tumult, fashion, and caprice, was well judged on their parts, what we know of their characters and temperaments is sufficient to prove. They were too sensitive for daily rude contact with coarser intelligences; and their tastes were too fastidious for habitual intercourse with those whose sordid devotion to animalism and aggrandisement of self, must have grated harshly against the more spiritual nature which had dedicated them to poetry from their birth. The good that they have done is vast, though indefinite in visible amount, because beyond the reach of mathematical demonstration, and the mechanical appliances, which are the tests of weights, measure, and rule. More, far more, than all the active practical matter-of-fact apostles of progress, the dreaming poets have been the civilisers of the human race. They took up the cause of man, in the infancy of the world, when he was not yet sufficiently advanced to comprehend the lawgiver, the magistrate, historian or priest, of all of whom they were then the only representatives; and they have never ceased their ministrations to his better nature, through every phase of society; but marched, hand in hand with things as they were, though always intent on intellectual advance, and dwelling with enthusiasm on things as they ought to be. It may be true, no doubt, that they have often miscalculated the rate at which advancement was moving, and have always fixed their moral standard too high to be applicable to the surface view of inferior mental organisation; but they have seen far deeper into the mysteries of life than such, and know there is nothing which is not susceptible of its poetical aspect, and none so lowly a pursuit which may not be nobled by a high sense of duty, and by the consideration that it is accomplishing its allotted office of utility, in the grand, full scheme of the general economy of life. He who plants a tree whose complete maturity cannot take place until after his death may, if he be competent to pursue a consecutive train of thought, be led, by a different path, to his justifiable conclusion, that he has initiated a work which will hereafter be profitable to others, than he who cuts one down; but the final result is the same; and the latter is quite as usefully and poetically employed as the former, in the act of

turning his labor to account, though his mission was to fell and destroy what the other had planted and fostered. The world owes almost everything it possesses worth having, except bare life itself, to the great minds which, under God, were nourished and perfected in solitude. It is the home of inspiration, for independently of the faculties it presents for meditation, by its quietude and freedom from interruption, there is, as Wordsworth and many others of our best poets have felt and acknowledged, instruction to an imaginative mind, in stones, and blocks, in trees, and prattling brooks, which the greatest works of man are unequal, in comparison, to suggest.

O eldest born of the primeval cause,
 Which gave unkindred atoms ruling laws—
 Which bade, from gloom chaotic, cold and drear,
 The elements of nature to appear,
 And all commingle, by harmonious ties,
 To form the varied mass of earth and skies—
 O solitude, how much canst thou impart
 Of food for thought, of quiet to the heart.
 Though folly shuns thee, and the vain deride
 Thy still small voice, so hurtful to their pride,
 Those who can woo thee in thy calm retreats,
 And taste thy converse, can rehearse its sweets ;
 Can find repose in thy soft soothing arms,
 And fondly dwell upon thy modest charms.

Teacher of truths, which worldly lips ne'er tell,
 How silently expressive is thy spell !
 How vast thy magic circle of idea,
 How holy are the temples thou canst rear !
 Sages and saints have caught from thee their fire ;
 And bards, the inspiration of the lyre—
 They sought thee, musing on thy whispered lore,
 In hallowed groves, or by the ocean shore ;
 And drew from thy communing soul, the tone
 Which thrilled all hearts or sanctified their own.
 'Twas thy sweet spirit, on the classic scene,
 Which wrought a Delphi and a Hippocrene—
 Suggested ideal Heliconian maids,
 And consecrated mute Cithæron's shades.
 Who dwell with thee,
 Need no imaginary beings see—
 The muse, invisible within the breast,
 Excites emotions that would be expressed,
 And sets the fancy free.

Trained in thy haunts, instructed by thy tongue,
Prophets foretold, and raptured poets sung ;
And nothing good exists within the mind.
Unless by thee 'twas fostered and refined.
Nymph, then with thee, discoursing, would I roam,
And weary, call some moss grown cell my home,
Not lone, in that, my solitary fate ;
Nor, as an anchorite, my eyes to close
On sublunary feelings as on foes ;
But hushed by thee, to dream, to meditate,
Grow wiser, better, as I heard thee talk,
My monitress, of hermitage, and walk.

ON INVOCATIONS TO THE MUSE.

AMONG the numerous onetime-honored customs which have lately fallen into disrepute, none were in themselves more inoffensive, or more graceful and convenient, than the invocation to the muse, by which the poets, great and small, for twenty-seven centuries, were in the habit of prelude their strains. But, notwithstanding, the contempt now frequently expressed for this servile adherence to a form which modern poetry, it is alleged, should have rejected with scorn, as the stale hashing up of a long defunct mythology, it has been consecrated by too many ages, and made orthodox by the example of too many sacred names, to be thus briefly disposed of by the arbitrary verdict of a supercilious criticism. The tendency of the last few years, it is true, has been to cut the cord of connection which binds the present to the past in many other matters besides the one which is now engaging our attention; but if this speculative generation, by an almost sudden effort of expanded intellect, like wisdom inspired by a new revelation, has convinced itself that it has overleaped the gulf of time, and left all its accumulated errors behind, there are some who earnestly pray that our children's children may not reap the bitter fruits of some of the daring experiments we are making. Undoubtedly, the history of the world informs us that there has been a succession of these abrupt transitionary periods, in some of which, one superstition or hoary degeneration has been swept away, for the substitution of that which under a fair promise has eventually proved but another; while, in other cases, a lesser evil has been violently stamped out by a greater, which, even in the first moment of its power, scarcely condescended to disguise its noxious repulsiveness of feature. Who, for instance, can overlook that, perhaps, most tremendous of all its eras, in which the great French revolution, like a poisonous fungus, sprung up into hideous growth—when the reign of Reason repudiated a God, and the refuse of humanity, in frantic bacchanals of lust, of bloodshed, and of rapine, danced over the ashes of a Christian priesthood, in the name of Equality and Liberty and Truth? Let us who, from the attested horrors of that awful time, should have learned to distinguish between freedom and license, and reformation and destruction, more calmly, mercifully, and wisely, stand up for the rights of mankind.

Independently of the conventional claims to regard transmitted from so remote a date of antiquity, and setting all prejudice pro and con on one side, it is questionable whether a great

poem can commence in a more becoming and appropriate manner than by a solemn invocation to the muse ; nor is it plain to argument that the fact of the ancients believing in the actual existence of these sister deities, while the moderns are convinced of the contrary, makes any real difference to their common right of inheriting the property. The spirit invoked in both cases is manifestly the same, the only distinction being that the frame of mind propitious to the utterance of song in the one case was thought to proceed immediately from the gift of an intelligent being ; while in the other the nominal appeal to the muse supposes but an abstract quality, which, under certain circumstances, may influence the intellectual tone, and inspire the faculties with more than a usual amount of poetical fervour and energy. We know that there are times in which the mind more readily unlocks its treasure stores than at others, when imagination revels unrestrained, and the stream of thought gushes up from the fountain depths with scarcely a sensible effort of the understanding ; and this is precisely the mood which is desired by the preliminary address to the muse. He who deeply feels, or ardently yearns in any given direction, let it be love, or hate, or religion, or revenge, has, in spirit, invoked his muse or demon to aid him in the accomplishment of his purpose. Different mental associations are involuntarily attached to different objects according to their perceptible peculiarities ; and if the odorous essence of the rose may be regarded as its spirit without any violation of poetical propriety, why should not that spiritually sensitive and reproductive quality of the mind, which seeks expression in poetry, be petitioned as a muse and the genius of song ?

Judged solely by a poetical standard, it would not be difficult to show that many of these invocations are exceedingly beautiful in themselves, combining a grace of expression and a melody of versification, with a passionate earnestness, only attained in the highest efforts of the poet elsewhere. They have been accused of sameness, of being only example of triteness with verbal variations ; and inferior specimens enough may be found to give a color to the charge : but the same criticism might be levelled against any other form of prayer, which notwithstanding, kindles the highest enthusiasm of the hearer, by that deep heart feeling of devotion, which seems naturally to arrange its words into the perfection of eloquence. The overture to an opera, and the symphony to a song, are equally objectionable on the score of conventional formality ; but they attune the mind to the theme, and prepare it, by the sort of harmonical agreement excited, for the more exquisite enjoyment of the musical banquet which follows.

Whatever form intellectual ability assumes, be it to clothe a rude antiquity with grace, or reproduce its most beautiful conceptions in a modern array, there ought to be some far better reason

than want of novelty to justify our treating it with contempt, for, like the mutation of numbers, the expression of a few ideas can be varied in almost infinite succession, and every change develope some beautiful combination which has never been imagined by the reader before. Ideas themselves are limited ; but language is like a vast river, which flows ever on without any diminution of supply, and never feels the loss of the water it daily pours forth to the sea. The features of the human face are but few, but it would be as easy to count the grains of sand on the sea-shore as to sum up the multitudinous expressions which distinguish each one from the other. Even those things which pass for inventions, are, for the most part, but new arrangements of old ideas, producing by their peculiar mode of union a photograph, telegram, and tubular bridge. Is not this weariness of the old, and this insatiable craving after the new, a morbid feeling of our own, rather than a sign of worn-out beauty in the former ? Is it not a symptom of the same jaded heart, which, in some cases, has wearied of an old religion, and in others of a friend or a wife, and can assign no other cause for the change of sentiment than merely that weariness itself ? We are strangely inconsistent ; for we cling to old habits and old vices with a dogged pertinacity which admits of no concession or compromise, because we have made them a part of ourselves, and we value the possession according to the standard which self has established in our bosoms. On the contrary, we are soon disgusted with a repetition of anything old which appeals merely to the mental appetite, without pandering to vanity, indulgence, and pride.

It is very doubtful whether Horace, although a pagan, had any belief in the Muses as actual personifications of the spirit of poetry, although he was fond of representing himself as their peculiar favorite, and of recounting the various benefits he had received at their hands. There is no mistake, however, as to the beauty of the verses he has dedicated to their honor, not only in many scattered allusions throughout his works, but more particularly in two of the most beautiful odes of his immortal collection. Of the one addressed to Melpomene, Scaliger is reported to have declared that he would rather have been the author than the King of Arragon, and that to Calliope is even more impassioned, imaginative, and nervous than it.

BOOK III, ODE 4.

Calliope ! descend from heaven, I pray,
 And yield my longing one exalted lay ;
 Whether you choose with voice acute to sing,
 The harp of Phœbus or more sprightly string.
 Hark ! do I hear thee ? or, by magic bound,
 Is sense deceived by unsubstantial sound ?
 Ah, sure I hear thee, and through holy groves

I feel my trance-enraptured spirit roves
 Through scenes where none but gentlest zephyrs blow,
 And pleasant waters murmur as they flow.
 Once, when a boy, by sport and sleep oppressed,
 I lay me down on Vultur's height to rest ;
 Beyond the limits of Apulia's care,
 That fed and nourished me with native air ;
 And there, the ring doves (oft by poets sung)
 Green leaves, officious, for my cov'ring flung—
 A fact, which nest-like Acherontia saw,
 And gazed upon in reverential awe ;
 While Bantia's woods Ferentum's fertile vale,
 Beholding also, verify the tale.
 Here, safe in body, I was plunged in sleep,
 While bears stalk round, and dusky vipers creep ;
 A fearless infant, whom the gods enshrine,
 From ev'ry evil, by their pow'r divine—
 And through the doves, the verdant myrtle spread,
 And sacred laurel, to array my bed.

O Muses ! thine, and thine I am alone—
 No other service doth my nature own—
 Whether I rove the Sabine country high,
 Or court the charm of cool Præneste's sky.
 Whether to sloping Tibur I repair,
 Or breathe on Baiæ's shore the liquid air—
 Philippi's flight, nor that accursed tree,
 Nor Palinurus in Sicilia's sea,
 Could injure one, thy choirs loving well,
 And whom thy fountains fetter by their spell.
 While ye are with me, all secure from harm,
 The Thracian straits could give me no alarm,
 Nor, when a lonely pilgrim, passing o'er,
 The thirsty sands of hot Assyria's shore,
 Under thy guidance, to Britannia's strand
 That drives the hated stranger from the land ;
 Concanum, banquetting on horses' blood,
 The quivered Scythian, and thy winding flood,
 O Don, wherever may thy waters flow,
 Untouched and unassailable, I'd go.
 O Maids divine ! in your pierian cave
 A fit asylum for the wearied brave,
 Refresh great Cæsar, when by toil oppressed,
 The harassed cohorts in the cities rest ;
 And O ! kind goddesses, be pleased, I pray,
 That lenient counsels may direct his sway.

We know that Jove alone supremely reigns,
And o'er this heavy earth his rule maintains ;
Compels the sea his sceptre to revere,
Towns, and the shades of Pluto's regions drear ;
And gods and mortal tribes alike fulfil,
The wise resolve of his almighty will.
Even the giant Titans felt, at last,
The flashing lightning's all-destroying blast.
That dreadful youth, confiding in his might,
And brothers, striving in the horrid fight,
To crown with Pelion, Olympus' head,
Struck even Jove himself with awful dread.
But what Typhæus ? what could Mimas act ?
Though by Porpherion's huge stature backed—
What Rhæcus ? bold Enceladus ! who drew
Forth from their roots the mighty trees he threw,
When met, in that tremendous battle field,
By Pallas dreadful with her sounding shield.
The greedy Vulcan, by his father's side,
And matron goddess, the fell shock abide ;
And there, the Delian Pancrean god,
Among the fallen giants stoutly trod—
He, who his thick and unbound tresses laves
In crystal dews, from pure Castalia's waves ;
Who dwells in Lycia's thickets, and whose bow
Still decks his shoulders, ready for the foe.
Force, void of wisdom, by its weight descends,
And cannot gain completion of its ends ;
But when with valor, prudence aiding stands,
The gods grant conquest to resistless hands.
The gods, who hate that strength, directed ill,
Tow'rs evil projects should incite the will.
Let hundred handed Gyges witness bear,
And base Orion wholesome truth declare :
Whom chaste Diana levelled in the dust,
Her dart avenging unsuccessful lust.
The earth, above her monstrous children pressed,
With pained maternal feelings is distressed ;
She weeps her progeny, who rashly strove,
And sunk to hell beneath the bolts of Jove.
The mount, beneath whose everlasting weight,
Enceladus, in vain, accuses Fate,
Is not, as yet, diminished by its fire ;
Nor does the vulture own less keen desire
To feed on Tityus—three hundred chains
Still bind Pirithous to endless pains.

INSANITY.

It will scarcely be denied by the very few in this colony who have actually been in a position to become practically familiar with insanity, that during the last ten or twelve years a wonderful change has taken place in its prevalent demonstrative forms. Whatever may be the moral or social causes which have tended to produce this change, there can be no doubt of the fact itself, that the more violent features have become comparatively rare, and that melancholy, monomania, epilepsy, and that infirmity of the mind consequent on general paralysis, have increased in a ratio to which preceding periods can offer no parallel, and form now the majority of the insane population of our asylums. The cases of acute and violent mania are becoming less in proportion every year, while dementia has grown predominant in the same degree in which the former have receded from their position. Incurables, it now appears, are the grand feature of insane institutions; and as the greater part of these, though unfit to be at large, are perfectly harmless and inoffensive, the duties of the attendants are more and more merging into those of warders of a general hospital, with the disgusting labor superadded of dealing with an immense number of mentally imbecile, dirty patients, the mere animal vitality of whom can scarcely be imagined or believed. Of course, in large lunatic hospitals, there are still very many refractory and dangerous patients, but the grand characteristic of an enduring fury has nearly disappeared from the wards. The most dangerous lunatics now-a-days are not generally or usually furious, but very often those of calm and quiet demeanor, whom delusion has persuaded that you are their enemy and persecutor, or those subject to sudden but transient impulses of aggression, which they cannot account for or control. Even the diminished cases of acute mania are, for the most part, more asthenic than they used to be, running their courses less rapidly, and more frequently terminating in physical exhaustion, or passing into the successive stages of mental imbecility. Depression appears now to be the general rule in excitement, and the exceptional instances are those of animal vigor overpowering a disproportionate and feeble endowment of brain.

In lunatic establishments, we should now as rarely remark the types, in aspect, of such maniacs as Hogarth and many long subsequent painters have depicted, as we should see the leglocks,

manacles, and chains which were formerly their habitual modes of restraint. Their inmates, therefore, temporarily excited and violent, are not driven into permanent frenzy by the physical suffering they entailed; nor made rabid, rancourous, and revengeful, by wanton outrages on their feelings, by unnecessary interference and insulted self-pride, which, of all other things, is the one most fatal to the temper of the lunatic. A short seclusion, without any mechanical appliances, is now found effectual, and the aggressor, for the most part, comes out perfectly calm and subdued, and seemingly unconscious of his recent excitement and violence. Far otherwise was it, however, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, when although an improved system was already in partial operation, and its enlightened advocates were earnestly disseminating their doctrines of humanity around, the provincial receptacles for the insane were the opprobriums of civilisation, and, in many instances, would have been a libel on a menagerie or a dog-kennel. The treatment of the inmates was as scandalous from neglect as it was disgraceful for ignorance, brutality, and unsuccess. They were often but miserable appendices to the workhouse, and were entrusted to the medical charge of the parochial doctor, a man, probably previously as unacquainted with insanity as any other mere general practitioner, who sees it but casually in the course of his professional career, and who only treated them for any physical ailment which attacked them while under his care. If he were a more than commonly conscientious man, he visited them for a few moments on his parochial days of attendance; but the many much more frequently took the word of the master or his subordinates as to their condition, and only personally examined them when a cause sufficiently urgent was reported.

Well do we remember the sad impression made on us about the period of which we are writing, when returning from a party in the town of Shrewsbury, to our then abode near Kingsland, we crossed the Quarry Ferry, at the foot of the hill on which its House of Industry is so beautifully situated, and ascending the winding path to the right came upon a short lane, turning sharp to the left, which separated the main building or workhouse from a detached iron-barred, unglazed, stable-looking den, which was allotted to the accommodation of the insane. It was a beautiful moonlight night, between 12 and 1, and while the miserable perturbed spirit, of whom we are about to speak, was giving agonising expression to his sufferings, all without those dreary walls was wrapt in the slumber of peace. To reach the common, where the famous annual show is held, which we had to cross, our road skirted half round the building, which was only surrounded by a common seven-foot wall, enabling the spectator to command the upper windows about fifteen yards distant, without moving

from the centre of the lane ; when just as we reached its further angle, after a succession of demoniac yells, followed by shouts of defiance, there were a few moments of rhapsodical and incoherent ecstasy, and then a flood of wild maniac eloquence was poured forth from one of the barred upper apertures, which perfectly astonished and struck us with awe. On reaching home we noted down as well as we could the leading ideas he expressed ; but of the rapidity, the frightful energy, the tragic intensity, and the inexpressible pathos of his heart-thrilling tones, no after description could convey the shadow of a likeness. His history could not be ascertained beyond the meagre fact that he had been confined there about two years, that his health was failing, and though evidently a man of some education, was a stranger and vagrant when secured. That he had been an atrocious criminal, no one seemed to doubt, since, in his ravings, he was in the habit of apostrophising two or three persons as the victims of his savagery and hate. His shrieks and imprecations were sometimes so terrible that even the strong, dram-drinking ruffian and the masculine virago, his wife, who represented the sole resident staff, were often stricken with horror and were afraid to remain at their posts.

We are happy to add that before we left that neighborhood a large and commodious county asylum, upon the modern system, and surrounded by sufficiently-secured and safe pleasure and play grounds, was erected about three miles from that abominable hole, where the patients were properly superintended, and enjoyed all the proper advantages which their unhappy condition demanded.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT CONSIDERED.

"Audi alteram partem."

THE subject of this short Essay will, no doubt, ere long, be re-introduced to the notice of Parliament, and as the Abolitionists have already sounded their preliminary trumpet of challenge, it may be as well that some previous consideration should be given to it, so that sensational Rhetoric may not have it all its own way, but be met by an array of common-sense argument, such as the question under any aspect demands, and which none but previous preparation can bestow. There are so many who, albeit are unwilling positively to denounce any object which claims humanity for its basis, but are still doubtful and timid of the consequences of this particular proposition or innovation on old-world ideas, that it is most important they should not be taken by surprise, and find, too late for resistance, that a march has been stolen on their position and a conflict at hand before they are in a condition to withstand the attack.

Capital Punishment is not a very attractive theme for the entertainment of the young, the innocent, or the romantic, but in a social point of view is one of the most important subjects that can be urged on the attention of philosophical legislation or appeal to the sympathies of the public. In fact, of all the questions that from time to time float on the surface of the cauldron of agitation, and monopolise the interest of the hour, this is, perhaps, the one which awakens the most unmeasured demonstrations of opinion, which arouses the most intemperate style of discussion, and provokes the extremest exaggeration of statement in those who conflict in their sentiments. Even religious and political differences, in the highest stage of their fever, seem to excite no stronger temptation to transgress the limits of tolerant argument, nor is the reasoning faculty in them more often prostituted to the indulgence of abuse and recrimination than in this which, almost above all others, demands the full exercise of an unprejudiced mind. Hitherto those who deny the right of man, under any circumstances but those of immediate and instinctive self-preservation, to deprive a fellow-creature of life, have been too much in the habit of holding themselves up as philanthropists *par excellence*, while the more cautious thinkers and conservators of old opinion, relying on what they consider the experience of the past,

in dogmas sanctified to them by the legality of ages, having looked upon them as mere pseudo-humanitarians, who rush into argument on any clap-trap pretence and agitate the public mind merely from the impulse of vanity, the suggestions of ambition, or the cant of hypocritical profession. Both these extreme views, however, are undoubtedly unjust, for there is scarcely anything which is not an actually accomplished fact but continues a matter of mere opinion, incapable as yet of mathematical proof, which is so plainly manifest to differently constituted minds as to entitle a partisan to assume an infallibility of judgment respecting it. He who refuses to march with the more active and energetic, though probably less powerful and comprehensive minds of his day, has no right, on any subject worthy the attention of society, to turn round on his most troublesome and pertinacious opponent with a reflection on the purity of his motives, nor has the latter on his part a right to indulge contempt for the calibre of an intellect which, if less trivially perceptive, and therefore less easily excited, is possibly of larger capacity and more fitted for steady reflection than his own. If a thing is right by the laws of reason, let reason alone substantiate it, for passion is the worst of advocates and is ever the loudest in its demonstrations the weaker the cause it adopts. The question on which men like Beccaria, Bentham, and many other equally distinguished writers embraced entirely opposite views, may well admonish comparatively little men to speak with diffidence when disputing on its good or its evil.

It is the object of the present paper to treat this most important subject, therefore, according to the preceding ideas, confining it to its rational aspect without tedious and hackneyed figure quotations or unnecessary recapitulation and reliance on the authority of others. It is a question which will be decided, at all events for a time, by a majority of prevailing opinions, but it is one that ought not to be prostituted to party purposes, or used as the touchstone of a narrow and liberal mind. It has been a modern and growing vice in the discussion of matters which have yet nothing but theory to rest on, to make the authority of names the most prominent feature of an argument, under the evident impression or assumption that if some light of a former age, and glory of his nation, can be pressed into the service, it is presumption or impertinence to differ. With this view the truly formidable name of the illustrious Bacon, it is immaterial to our present purpose to inquire whether justifiably or not, has been more than once quoted on the side of abolition. This species of reasoning, however, is too coarse, and partakes too much of the *argumentum ad baculum*, or knock-down method, to be altogether acceptable to those who like to use their own thinking faculties and draw their own conclusions when there is nothing but hypothetical assertion to contend with. Those who resort to it do

so at considerable hazard that the balance of eminent authority may be against them, and leave them at the mercy of their opponents. This very instance is, indeed, in some degree unfortunate, inasmuch as not only a still greater name, a still profounder thinker, and more comprehensive genius can be cited on the other side in Shakspeare, his contemporary, but also because the expression of such a conviction on his own part is in direct violation of the leading principles of his philosophy, that experiment is the test of truth, and he had here no actual experience on which to found his deduction. Shakspeare avows the opposite opinion in the person of the good and merciful Duke in "Measure for Measure," evidently one of his model characters :—

For this new married man, approaching here,
 Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
 Your well-defended honor, you must pardon
 For Mariana's sake : but as he adjudged your brother,
 (Being criminal, in double violation
 Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependent for your brother's life),
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure,
 Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.
 We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
 Away with him.

He inculcates the same lesson of a just "revenge" on Hamlet, by the solemn voice of one beyond the tomb, represented by the ghost of his murdered father, which adjures him to destroy the assassin. And this he does with such premeditation, that he subjects Hamlet to a repetition of the supernatural visit, to "whet his almost blunted purpose." And again, when he slays the king, he makes the dying Laertes say, "He is justly served." "The gracious Duncan" also enunciates the same sentiment before his victorious Thane, Macbeth, became a traitor, when he says—

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves the name—
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like Valour's minion, carved out a passage
 Till he faced the slave ;
 And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to th' chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

It is needless to multiply passages, for numerous instances of his adhesion to the rationality of the punishment of death, can be gathered from his plays; and prove that he indulged no maudlin delicacy of feeling on a point which must have appeared to him, beyond all controversy, as a thing both equitable in itself, and consonant with the dictates of wisdom. Under these circumstances, as it would only be a process of pitting one name against another to an almost indefinite extent, it is better to waive it altogether, and treat this subject entirely as one upon which authority is not agreed, and still open to the force of argument.

Capital punishment may be considered as a subject for discussion, under several separate heads, as—first, the moral right of man to extinguish human life judicially, under any plea or pretence whatever; secondly, the effect of a death punishment as a deterrent of crime or otherwise; thirdly, the possibility of substituting any other adequate or efficacious penalty for a crime of the highest magnitude, its comparative cruelty, and the effect of hopeless imprisonment on the criminal mind; and fourthly, the security to society attainable by any other method, with the right of the state to impose a grievous weight of taxation and further danger to unoffending life, for the maintenance of those who are its incorrigible outcasts and foes.

First then, we find that in all ages, and in every state of society hitherto known, from the primitive tribal confederation of individuals possessing no written code of laws through all the stages of advancing civilisation, to those complex and highly cultivated governments where law became a science, in which every conceivable aggression on private and public right was considered; that the principle of retribution, that is, an equivalent forfeiture from the offending party, is the *caput fontis*, the very essential element of legislation—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, in the Scriptural sense, being the fundamental maxim of its proceedings. Retribution is, in fact, the keystone of the legal edifice; and its object, abstractedly considered, is not so much revenge as the forced but equitable surrender on the part of the transgressor of that of which he has unlawfully deprived another. It is held by Mr. H. Stephen, in his commentaries on the laws of England, that “the object of a civil action is the redress of the plaintiff, by conferring on him the right of compensation for the violation of a right, which he claims from the defendant. The object of a criminal prosecution, on the contrary, is to inflict punishment on the defendant for the breach of a legal duty or an act of aggression imputed to him.” And he observes, “that criminal law is not identical with penal law; for an act or omission may be liable to legal punishment, in consequence of an action instituted by a private person;” and the whole of the *casus belli* appears to be compre-

hended within the limits of this brief but masterly definition. There is, then, an admitted legal right as well as a demonstrable scriptural one, to punish in proportion to the gravity of the perpetrated offence; and as all law, in principle, is founded on the natural requirements of personal incapacity to protect life or property from the violence of the strong and the lawless, the only question to be answered appears to be, what, besides death, is an equivalent punishment for the commission of murder or any other act which premeditatedly involves the loss of life to others? The extent of this right of equivalent forfeiture being ascertained, the rule admits of no exception in its application. We may follow out the principle of a *quid pro quo* from its affinity with the most trivial to the most atrocious violations of law, and we shall find no single instance of deliberate legal wrong which, by the rules of common sense and justice, can be excluded from the operation of the tenet. Judicial retribution is not to be regarded as an act of passion or ferocity; for the matter is taken out of the hands of the actual sufferer, and divested of all personal feeling by becoming the business of the public. It has no resemblance to the act of the savage who takes the scalps of all belonging to a hostile tribe, and looks upon all beyond the pale of his own sympathies in the light of a private enemy. It is the unimpassioned assertion of an abstract principle, derived from obvious necessity, the rationality of compensation for loss when attainable, or an example *in terrorem* when restoration cannot be made. It is a favorite maxim with some of the very extreme humanitarians that it is palpably and fundamentally wrong for man to take away that which he cannot, under any change of circumstances, restore. This is a doctrine, however, so extreme, and so entirely opposed to all the recognised necessities of nature, that it would be simply a waste of time to discuss it, since God—the only Giver of Life—has so ordained it that an unceasing alternation of redundance and sacrifice is indispensable to the preservation and propagation of the great body of animal existence itself.

We come next to the consideration of the penalty of death as a deterrent of crime or the reverse. And we observe that the love of life, and its preservation at almost all hazards is the most general and powerful instinct of nature. This is a fact which no exceptional instance, founded on the impulses of uncontrolled passion, mental derangement, heroic excitement, or moral depravity, can disprove; for although many men, under none of these conditions, have had force of character to meet it when unavoidable with courage and dignity; perhaps no example can be authenticated of a reprieve, from its immediate approach, having been borne with similar equanimity. On the contrary, strong-nerved and inflexible men, who were gazing with firmness and

tranquility on the preparations for their execution, have, in numerous instances given way under the violent revulsion of feeling produced by an unexpected respite to emotions of ecstasy so overpowering as to cause fainting, or to snap the vital cord itself asunder by the electrical force of the shock. It is extraordinary, also, what desperation apparently resigned men will exert who are condemned to, or pretty certain to suffer death by law, to avail themselves of even a slender chance of escape from custody which may offer. They will fling themselves, under this headlong excitement, down precipices, jump from high windows, and cast themselves into the sea at impracticable distances from land, and grapple with such inequality of opposing force as nothing but a momentary insanity would dare. And if all this is true, are we to believe in the oracle which assures us that the love of life and the consequent fear of death is a myth, or acts as a positive incitement to crime which the idea of perpetual imprisonment would remove. We cannot credit it; for a fixed principle of Nature must assert itself with overwhelming weight against the theoretical conjectures of a sentiment which would exert its morbid influence on the side of the transgressor, but shed no tear on the bloodstained grave of the victim of his atrocity. If there is any truth in the doctrine of punishment at all (and surely nothing but infatuation can doubt it), immutable justice demands that it shall bear its due ratio to the crime which provokes it; and in such a view the Draconian code, which inflicted death for every offence alike, was no greater outrage on rational humanity than the one which would treat a murder committed in pursuit of any unlawful act as a secondary transgression to be expiated by a secondary penalty in the eyes of the offender.

It is singular that in some countries where the sanctity of human life was more habitually disregarded by the lawless passions and constitutional cruelty of their people, despotic governments should have manifested much less disposition to resort to capital execution where crime, however horrible, was unconnected with political objects, than the Governments of those in which constitutional liberty existed. Before recent revolutionary changes at least more murders were committed in Italy and Spain than in France, Britain, Germany, and the United States combined; and as the extreme capital penalty was far less frequently enforced in the former than in the latter countries, it is plain that inevitable death, as a consequence of unlawfully depriving a fellow creature of life, has been a deterrent such as no other mode of legal punishment has provided or effected elsewhere.

With regard to the allegation that, notwithstanding the extreme caution and impartiality exercised on a trial, by judge, counsel, and jury, there have been occasional instances in which innocent

men have not only been convicted, but actually executed, in error, we have the weighty and almost universal evidence of the judges that this has been an occurrence so rare that scarcely one authentic instance can be pointed out. The cases usually alluded to at Abolition meetings, are suppositious ones, written for magazines and periodicals, having had no real existence in court, and got up by clever imaginative writers, for sensational purposes, and to show off their own ingenuity and shrewdness in circumstantial fabrications. It is due to the public that on these occasions in future the name of the sufferer and the place of his trial and execution should be specified, to enable us to verify or demur to the fact. We have been told among other apocryphal things, although it is in direct opposition to its general spirit, that the Scriptural command, "Thou shalt not kill," is imperative, and admits of no modification in its application; but this only shows that a cause can have no possible enemy so injurious to its success, as its imprudent and intemperate partizans. The commandment is confined in its purport to the violent and illegal act, and only applies to the ruffians who are the pets of such ultra humanitarians. In this they contradict the laws delivered by God himself to Moses, and stigmatise not only him but Joshua, Elijah, Elisha, and others of the most holy prophets and lawgivers, as blood loving murderers, when actually obeying the laws they had received by oral communication from Him.

As to the possibility of substituting any other adequate penalty for a crime of the highest magnitude, it is plain that but one other mode is open to us—that of perpetual imprisonment, heightened—according to some people's ideas of mercy, by fetters, seclusion, deprivation of common comforts, and continuous compulsory hard labor. All hope in this world must be ruthlessly cut off from the criminal mind, his very consciousness of existence must be limited to the performance of one or two of the most gross and indispensable animal functions, and to his sense of pain, while the very faintest glimmer of even a momentary gratification is sternly debarred from his view. He must be kept alive indeed, but all that makes life endurable be blotted from his future for ever. All this is very terrible to contemplate, but is it either justifiable or practicable, and not as utterly abominable as impossible for cruelty itself to carry out, without depriving the unhappy wretch thus tortured of his sanity. Justice is properly said to be blind in the exercise of her functions; but she cannot shroud herself in such impenetrable darkness as not to see in its true light this horrible abuse of humanity. One of the best and most specious of the alleged objects of those who would shed no blood on the legal scaffold, is that the sinner may have time to reflect on the enormity of his wickedness, and having lost all hope of bettering himself in this world, repent through the irremediable evil he has brought on himself. Unfor-

tunately, however, for this argument, facts contradict it, for the prisoner under such forlorn and desperate circumstances, keenly as he may feel for his own sufferings, rarely repents of his misdeeds as affecting the interest of others. He is most generally found to be, as long as any reason at all is left him, very ingenious and unprincipled in framing excuses for himself, prone to bitter complainings of unfair usage, and he yearns rabidly for revenge against that state of society which has finally crushed him in defence of morality and order, hating the very aspect of respectability with the implacable rancour of one who has no hope but in the indulgence of ferocity. Whatever may be the refinement of his sentiments or the effeminacy of his feelings, the Abolitionist does not in this err on the side of mercy, for he has conceived a method of protracted judicial torture, which a sane man cannot long endure. The criminal mind is one with an extremely acute sense of any severity inflicted on self, but with very latitudinarian ideas as to the rights and feelings of others. For him the desire to possess is a sufficient warrant to take by force or fraud, and he dismisses as a thing unworthy of his consideration all concern for the loss or injury of the owner; he is in fact his own deity, and will not be restricted in the exercise of his will, unless by the interference of a superior power, under which his savage but abject spirit is cowed into momentary submission. It is very common for these life malefactors during the first year or two of their imprisonment, when habitual bravado and bounce are occasionally insufficient to bully off the irksome fact of their misery, to regret that they had not been hanged in conformity with the sentence pronounced. And yet it is well known to those who have intercourse with them, that these creatures of weak depraved mind and furious passions never in reality abandon the hope, that sooner or later something or other will turn up by which they may recover their liberty. They will get up memorial after memorial, and concoct statement after statement, to interest somebody in their behalf, while at the same time they laugh in their sleeves at the apparent credulity which listens to them, and boast with inordinate vanity of their exploits of cunning and boldness for the entertainment of their criminal associates. It is a remarkable fact that though they are perfectly indifferent to the good opinion of the legally irreproachable of character, unless when they are endeavoring to dupe them, they are sensitive to a degree of idiocy to the contempt of those who are as vile and degraded as themselves, and they can be taunted into taking even an unwilling part in any premeditated villainy, if the epithets of crawler, informer, or mean-spirited dog, are lavishly levelled at their irresolution. If philanthropy, however, has on this point its peculiar notions of justice and legal right, nature also has her laws to the serious disregard of which she cannot long submit, and under

the terrible ordeal the former would impose on it the mind of man gives way. The criminal becomes a suicidal melancholic, a malignant maniac, or an imbecile, dead to all memory of the past and utterly incapacitated from looking forward to the future; the short-sighted philanthropy has now done its worst upon him, although he still continues a breathing monument of its compassionate wisdom and refinement.

Aye steeped in crime, and unrepentant now,
 The brand of Cain deep seared upon thy brow—
 Thy foul heart's war with human rights still waged,
 And all thy thirst for murder unassuaged !
 Who is there yet who sees thee in thy cell,
 Sullen and chafing with thine inward hell,
 Now glaring fiercely, like a beast of prey
 By the relentless hunter brought to bay,
 Or stalking up and down the prison yard,
 With high grim walls and portals iron barred,
 Without one thought that ever morning's beam
 Or eve's declining ray or nightly dream
 Upon that endless misery can throw
 Aught to beguile it of a joy below—
 While bitter scorn and savage demon hate,
 Against the hope of heaven shut the gate ;
 But must protest against the dreadful doom,
 Denying thee the blessing of a tomb ?
 O, 'tis a woe, where reason hath not fled,
 Too terrible for man on man to shed ;
 For, when compared to such slow agony,
 A miscreant's death is Christian charity.

The average uncultivated mind cannot endure a compulsory solitude for long ; and indeed, Pliny observes that it cannot benefit any one incapable of making a proper use of it by meditation and employment, *nec unquam ex solitudine sua pro deuntem, nisi ut solitudinem faceret*. The misfortune is, that most of the fluent writers and shallow speakers on this subject, are absolutely incompetent, by opportunity and knowledge, to pronounce with authority upon it. They know nothing by actual eyesight evidence of the effect on the feelings and mind of continuous seclusion or a doom of irrevocable confinement. An occasional visit to the felon wards of a gaol, in which some smirking half-idiotic prig like Oxford, or vain melo-dramatic scoundrel like Bertrand, are the chief objects of interest and inquiry, with disjointed scraps of miscalled information gleaned from uneducated wardens, are sufficient as a means of exciting the imagination, but downright inadequate to enable

them to grapple with such a question, on enlightened and practical principles. It requires the permanent daily intercourse of competent official duty, to become thoroughly acquainted with the cunningly masked features of the criminal mind; and this familiarity alone, will show the absorbing selfishness of its ideas, its pride, its arrogance, and deception, together with its incapacity from these governing causes alone, to restrict animal appetite within the limits of social necessity. You cannot bind it by kindness, but you will intensify its wickedness by severity; for, though you may have complied with scores of its solicitations and gone to the very verge of your discretion to indulge them, the demand goes on increasing by concession until it overflows the bounds of reason and propriety, when the first refusal which duty is compelled to make wipes out all sense of former obligation, and makes you the object of resentment and defiance. Beyond ostentatious bravado and a short-lived assumption of callous indifference, this description of criminal has no resources within himself to guide him to better thoughts; and when his hopelessness at last overpowers him, it is then too late for another to console him. And what do we gain by the infliction of this life-long anguish? As an example, it is palpably futile, for none are witnesses of his sufferings but such as are equally unfortunate or equally depraved as himself; and as no evidence of his misery is seen beyond the walls of his prison to operate beneficially on wavering but still redeemable minds, how can it possibly act as a practical admonition to crime? It is a fact beyond all controversy that notwithstanding the horrors of Norfolk Island and other penal settlements some years ago were made as public and colored as highly as possible, both by the newspapers and the Judges on the Bench, it completely failed in its purpose of acting as a deterrent from its shores—the number of convicts sent out for several successive years showing no diminution in spite of the solemn warnings so often reiterated. It may be right, on other and yet undiscovered grounds, to prohibit the cord and the axe as implements of terror for the prevention of crime in its highest degree; but to do away with them under the plea of mercy and reformation, is an insult to common sense and an imposition on humanity.

And now we come, in conclusion, to the question of the security of society and the right of legislation to impose a most burdensome tax upon the community, and to incur the hazard of further sacrifice of unoffending life for the preservation and maintenance of its incorrigible pests, whose very existence is a standing menace to that of the honest and true. Taxation, whether direct or indirect, is a compulsory payment levied on property, or that which represents it, for the expenses of the machinery of government, and is only rationally justifiable in so far as it can be shown

that an advantage equivalent to the cost is derived to the public. We can see at one glance that the institutions incidental to civilisation under any form of government whatsoever can only be maintained by its means ; and there can be no question that the most legitimate and important purpose to which it can be applied is that which ensures or promotes the protection and welfare of society ; but in any one instance where the expenditure fails to do this from the misapplication of its direction, the money is obtained under false pretences, and it becomes a downright fraud on the national exchequer. Whether the punishment of death for a crime of the highest magnitude acts as a general deterrent from its commission or not, it cannot be denied that it prevents a repetition of the offence in each particular case, and, in so far, tends to the security of society—a security, moreover, of which we have lately had several very painful proofs that no other method can afford. It is found to be impossible, by any vigilance within the power of responsible officers to enforce, short of the absolutely perpetual seclusion of a cell, to prevent cunning and savage prisoners from gaining at least temporary possession of instruments sufficiently deadly for a murderous purpose, and cases in which they have been fatally used have occurred sufficiently often to make it a fair question whether toleration of such a state of things on any other plea but that of indubitable madness is not a breach of that compact on the part of legislation which involves the understanding that the payment of taxes entitles every member of the community indiscriminately to his share of the general protection. The present expense of the police, the gaols, penal establishments, reformatories and asylums, is enormous and oppressive, and ought not unnecessarily to be increased. Notwithstanding this, many who render themselves most prominent in demands for retrenchment are found also most inconsistently in the ranks of those who would indefinitely augment it. The votes for gaols in this colony for 1869 amounted to £68,026 ; for police to £147,013 ; and for police magistrates, clerks of petty sessions, &c., &c., to £39,357 ; making for these three branches of service alone a total of £254,396, or more than one half of the whole executive expenditure of the colony. Now it is certain that the prisons are already overpopulated, and to meet this proposed new demand on the part of the life inhabitants, new ones will require to be erected in quickly recurring succession at a stupendous and ever-growing expense ; and though on any question contemplating the reformation of the criminal and his restoration to useful and honest employments of life no outlay of money should be considered as an obstacle, in this instance the unproductive reformation which might be supposed to be possible not only scarcely ever takes place, but restoration to society it relentlessly repudiated by the creed which has for its leading principle an unmitigated life-long immurement.

There is much difference in the temperament of men, and, misled by the feelings, by prejudice, and self-opinion, it is as easy for unpersuaded gentleness to confound weakness and mercy as it is for the robust and unsympathetic to mistake rigor for justice. It would be illiberal and unfair to taunt any political party or self-constituted society for the propagation or advancement of questions of public interest with want of feeling on the one hand, or imposition on the other, because, on a subject like this, they cannot agree in opinion, and fortunately it is as unnecessary as it is unfair, seeing that the right will prosper in the end, in spite of every impediment, physical or intellectual, that it is possible to throw in its way. Occasionally driven back and overwhelmed though it be, it acquires fresh force by its retrogression, until it surges forward in full and irresistible flood into the broad ocean of everlasting Truth. It is not destined to the mere triumph of an hour, the fleeting flattering success of a faction or a clique; but firm and immovable in the common consent of the whole body politic, it stands out like the rock of ages in the eye of posterity, as a thing of beauty and a glory for ever.

Unhappily, a good cause is often sustained by incompetent advocates, but we must not measure its claims to attention by the feebleness of the volunteer champions, who, in default of stronger fighting men, feel themselves conscientiously forced to the front. It is, therefore, no ill-natured reflection on the gentlemen who represented the party, whose object is the abolition of capital punishment for every crime alike, to confess that we should look in vain to the newspaper reports of their proceedings at their recent meeting, to discover any argument or suggestion likely to make a rational convert to their opinions—one-sided assertion, and a studied exclusion of all the authority supposed to reside in eminent names, when opposed to the rather second-rate ones brought forward on their side, being the chief characteristic of their eloquence, in which we entirely miss that open candour, and that disposition to get beneath the surface of discussion, which a truly enlightened search after truth should display. All, as far as we know, are consistent supporters of the cause, but consistency, to be truly worthy of its name, should always be able to make some demonstration to show that it is founded on reason. The excellent chairman himself did not do much service to its future progress by his boast, that he had made up his mind when a boy, and when he attained the venerable age of nineteen, was so far confirmed in his principles, as not only to be esteemed a dangerous character who ought to be put down, but also to be able to see that the whole of our legislative system was founded in error. Having thoroughly mastered, in his teens, a subject upon which so many profound philosophers and statesmen had hesitated to pronounce; who can wonder, that in

his mature age he can afford to look down with lofty pity on the leaders of intellectual society in the mother country, in the "early part of the present century and the close of the last," and congratulate himself on the mental superiority of himself and his friends to such benighted creatures as Ellenborough, Pitt, Burke, Fox, Wyndham, Canning, Mackintosh, Romilly, Bentham, Wilberforce, and Smith. All this is idle, for we who doubt are only desirous of being convinced, and only wait for the reasoning ability which will justify us to become its converts. In the meanwhile, we cannot deem ourselves liable to censure in withholding our assent to the concession of this serious experiment. Until this time arrives

Let heinous guilt still pay the price it owes
 To social rights its necessary foes,
 When at the bar stern Retribution pleads
 For the full penalty of evil deeds.
 We may compassionate, but not ignore
 Our sense of crime, made forfeit to the law.
 Because such sacrifice, when understood,
 Appears essential to the public good.
 Let false philanthropy, ill-taught and pert,
 Warp law and reason to the public hurt,
 But genuine wisdom and humanity
 Give to the victims all their sympathy,
 And leave to him who perpetrates the wrongs
 Stern Æacus, Tisiphone's keen thongs.
 On many points opinions may diverge,
 And each for common good discussion urge ;
 But there is now a sickly heated thirst,
 To find all wrong considered right of erst ;
 A wild depravity from healthy thought,
 By popular but trashy teachers taught,
 Which from the shallowness of vanity
 Is advocating guilt's impunity,
 Without permitting self conceit to see
 How they and social safety disagree.
 Let pauper industry, with hollow cheek,
 Of spare parochial ministration speak,
 No sentimental audience he draws,
 No platform orator will plead his cause,
 For neither owns an interest beyond
 The gaolbird or the workhouse vagabond ;
 They must be pampered while sick Labor dies,
 With no sensationist to note its sighs.
 Vileness of heart is not insanity,
 Claiming from death a fiend's impunity.

For whosoever whets the murderer's knife
 To take, for brutal ends, a human life,
 Through envy, hatred, malice, or for pelf,
 By Retribution's rules hath doomed himself ;
 True Justice cannot be appeased with less
 Than what her unpoised balance can redress ;
 And Law, by reason and humanity,
 May set mankind from such a foul pest free.
 And though some say that we have not the right
 The base cold-blooded stabber to requite
 For the accursed commission of a deed
 'Gainst which our common nature's instinct plead,
 It is not sense, but sickly sentiment,
 Which can deny a claim so evident.
 Death is deterrent—this no mind can doubt,
 Which has not shut all natural feeling out,
 And those who talk of the poor suicide
 As setting this plain inference aside,
 Speak of two things as opposite
 As heat to coldness, or as black to white ;
 For to the one, existence is a pain,
 And all its hopes and future prospects vain ;
 While to enjoy it, in his own coarse way,
 The other, for the means, will spoil and slay.

It is right to look earnestly to the future of our country, which will make demands on its resources however prosperous it may become, at least in the same ratio as it increases in wealth, and we should not hand down to our posterity a legacy of debt, contracted merely to indulge the dangerous whims of amiable eccentricity. The absolutely necessary expenditure, having always a tendency to outstrip the revenue, will for many years to come, at all events as long as the Government is compelled by Parliamentary representatives to perform at its own cost all the local works of every separate district, show a balance on the wrong side of the ledger, and the certainty of this ought to operate as a most powerful argument with reasonable economists, against so lavish a misappropriation of the public funds, as this theoretical scheme would involve. There are many other inevitable things to be considered, and which must be looked fairly and boldly in the face ere long. Our hospitals and benevolent asylums are no longer sufficient for our present wants, but in fact are so overcrowded as to render their immunity from epidemical and infectious disease a subject of continued wonder to those who know the danger and frequently fatal consequences of close packing the sick together with its certain concomitant, an atmosphere unfit for respiration.

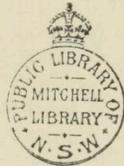
The difficulty of retracing a false step when once taken is strongly exemplified by the agitation which an attempt to reform the poor laws many years ago created, when they had become so oppressive to property, that it was in danger of being swamped under the weight. The outcry then raised by intemperate zealots in the cause of pauperism, exerted so successfully its baneful influence on the foresight of wisdom, as to cause those impediments to their complete revision which have again swollen them to an unconscionable amount, and add immensely to the burdens of the richest and most powerful of nations; but which in addition to an enormous local taxation, and the distribution of an unequalled amount of private charity, is compelled to raise a yearly income of more than seventy millions for imperial purposes. Let us not then lavish our national substance on those who refuse to live with us according to the laws which forbid them to gratify their evil passions by the sacrifice of their fellow-creatures, but so husband them that they shall suffice for good government, the upholdance of justice, and the protection of the people. The idea of that species of retrenchment, which consists merely in reducing the salaries and the official staff of the government, the one below common fairness, and the other below efficiency, is absurd as a means to this important end, because it will always prove inadequate to bring the expenditure within the receipts; but if all expenses were lopped down incurred for specious impositions, unwise or private and corrupt purposes, the finances of the colony would then have a fair chance and be speedily sufficient for all our wants. Should these principles be kept steadily in view by the constituencies of the country, there is no fear that they will favor the useless, unsafe, and immoral expense which would accompany the extinction of him whom Comte, the great apostle of positive philosophy, describes as "the terrible functionary instituted by *Humanity* for the extirpation of murderers."

The revival of chain-gangs and stockades, with the establishment of hulks and convict manned galleys, would no doubt be a source of pleasant contemplation to gentlemen, whose feelings are too fine to harmonise with this bread-seeking world; but he is a more worthy citizen after all who devotes more homely energies to the more material progress of his country, the extension of its commerce, the encouragement of its manufactures, the inculcation of industry and integrity, and the conservation of religion and truth. Believing as we conscientiously do that it is but an insignificant minority of the intelligence of the country, and a fraction of the people at large who sympathise with this superfine *Humanity*, or admit of its claims to attention; it is but fair to bring it to the test of public opinion, by being advanced as a leading principle of those who desire its suffrages before it is forced on our acceptance

without an appeal to our judgment. The *vox populi* and *vox dei* are not always analagous terms, but the absolute will of the people being too dangerous and potent to resist, must be received with submission and obeyed with all loyalty and respect. Extremes are dangerous; the *media via* principle always works best in the end, and gives the most satisfactory solution of every social problem, without those terrible processes of purification by blood which Revolution must struggle through for a change. This maxim of moderation or letting well alone has been acknowledged as the safest and the best by the cream of all intellectual communities from the classical ages to the present day, and not one of the many thus handed down have stood better the test of time and experience. Even the poets, generally held to be the most impractical of all the literary orders, from their habit of seeking information more through the eyes of imagination than the physical organs of vision, and their proneness to be carried away by the fervor of inspiration beyond the prosaic bounds of space, measurement, and time, have still paid homage enough to the rules of common sense, for the frequent reiteration of that safe and most wholesome of admonitions. It is indeed but an inferior order of minds after all which permits their owners to ride a well bred hobby to death, or allows it to run away with themselves, just as a rash but unpractised jockey, on a horse beyond his ability to manage, becomes first the passive victim of the animal which should have been his servant, and comes finally to ridicule or grief by the indulgence of his vanity and folly.

However much then we may be disposed to respect the disinterested motives which actuate the missionaries and agents of impracticable ultra philanthropy, we cannot see that the results of their efforts to disseminate their ideas beyond the narrow limits of their own coteries have been productive of any benefit to society; they have reaped no overflowing harvest from the seed they have sown, and so far, are certainly not justified in indulging that immoderate amount of self-complacency they are so prone to exhibit in their mediocre re-unions. They abide in an atmosphere of their own, too strongly impregnated with conceit, bigotry, and prejudice, to be suitable to common respiration, and they share therefore the common fate of all crotchetty notion mongers, who endeavor to swell themselves into disproportionate dimensions from mistaking their actual importance. The total abstinence movement has not been a success, and has never kindled the enthusiasm of the million except in the solitary instance in which Father Matthew infused temporarily into it an almost supernatural amount of religious feeling which gave him the same influence over the Irish mind in the direction of temperance which O'Connell had exerted over it, for so many years, by the agitation of political objects. The Peace

(at any price) Society has been a miserable failure, just and but barely escaping the openly expressed ridicule of the world, which has not neglected to note down the sequel of the interview granted to one or two of its representatives by Nicholas of Russia, whose astute intellect and iron will condescended, for one moment, to that hypocritical finesse which absolutely intoxicated the ambassadors by the odor of its meaningless compliments. Since that memorable event, so loudly trumpeted as the harbinger of harmony and love, how many devastating wars have contributed their hecatombs to death? The Crimea, with its Inkermans and Almas; the Indian rebellion; the Italian campaigns, with their Solferinos and Magentas; the Danish invasion, that long-continued carnival of slaughter; the American civil war; and the Prussian and Austrian Sadowa—what stronger testimony can we desire of the absurdity of such high-flown delusions? And the execution of O'Farrell and Ritson—what better evidence can be afforded that the abolition of capital punishment is a dream, every phantasy of which is swept away by the morning beams of common sense when a crime of sufficient atrocity has been committed for humanity itself to revolt at.

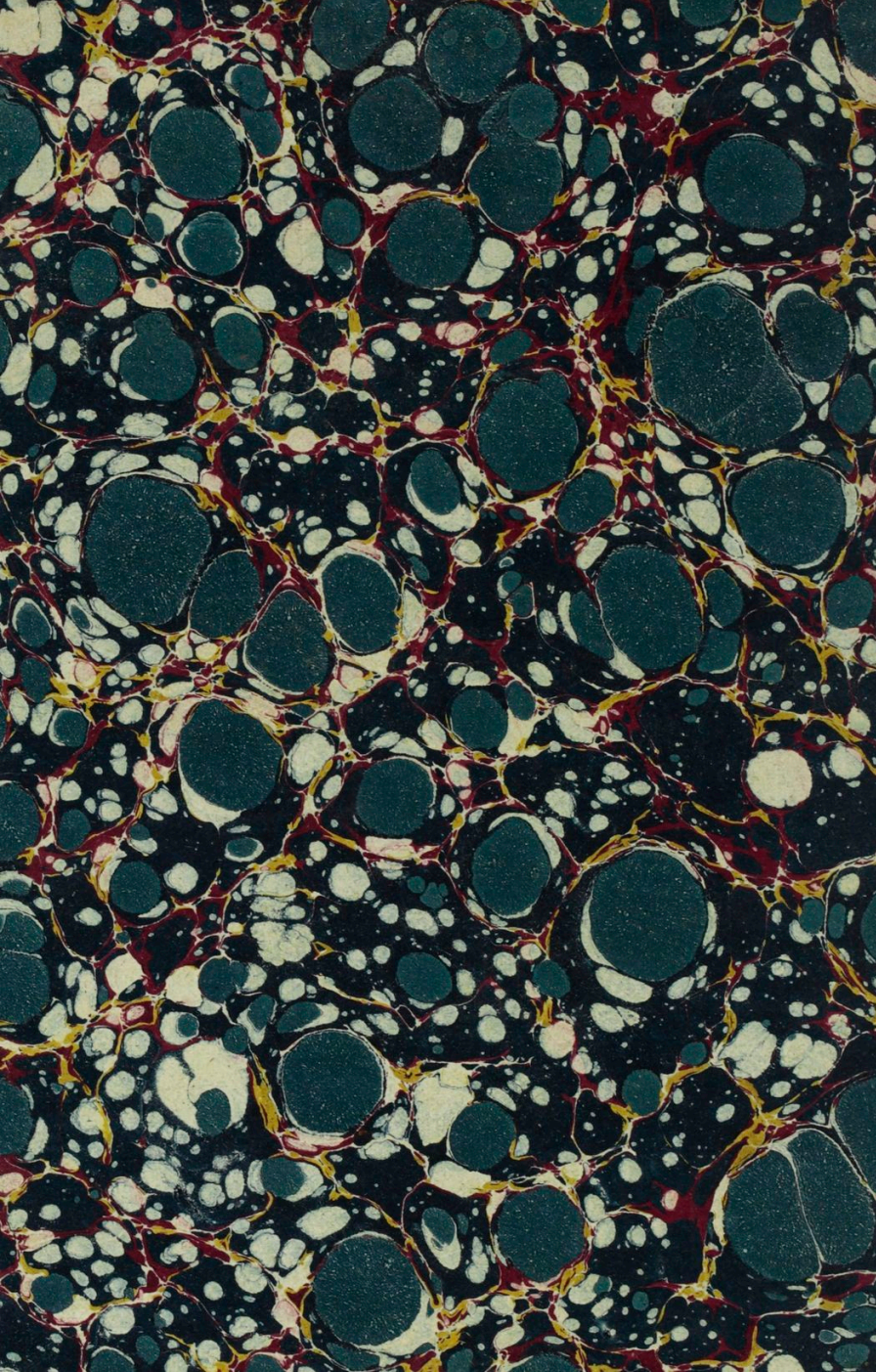




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