

WINDSOR CASTLE.

A more magnificent and delightful royal residence can hardly be imagined than that of Windsor Castle. The eminence on which the castle stands is detached from every other, and advanced into the plain which it commands; it falls in a bold slope on one side, while it is easy of access on the other; and as the palace occupies almost all the brow, the whole hill seems but a base to the building. It rises in the midst of an enchanting country, and it is there the most distinguished spot; but though the situation is singular, it is not extravagant; it is great, but not wild. It is in itself noble, and all around it is beautiful.

The view from the terrace is not the most picturesque, but it is the gayest that can be perceived. The Thames diffuses a cheerfulness through all the counties where it flows, and this is in itself peculiarly cheerful. It is luxuriantly fertile; it is highly cultivated, it is full of villas and villages, and they are scattered all over it, not crowded together; no hurry of business appears, and no dreary waste of silt; country churches and gentlemen's seats are every where intermixed with the fields and the trees. Every spot seems improved, but improved for the purpose of pleasure; all are rural; none are solitary; and the amenity of the plain is at the same time contrasted with the rich goods in the Great Park, their height their shade and their verdure.

The prospect is the most interesting, as all the environ, of Windsor are classic ground. The forest prompted the first essays of Pope's muse; and Denham owes all his fame to his poem on Cooper's Hill. That beautiful eminence overlooks Runnemede, a place illustrious in English history. Behind it is Chertsey, the retreat of Cowley; before it Horton, the residence of Milton; and directly in front of the castle is stroke churchyard, which Grey chose for the scene of his Elegy, and the place of his burial.

The castle itself and its appendages abound with monuments of antiquity and of genius. The remains of chivalry every where occur in this seat of the Order of the Garter; and the rude achievements of Edward III., his family and his peers, are proper decorations for the hall of his knights. The pride of Wolsey still appears in his chapel which he intended for his obsequies, and which might be the mausoleum of a race of kings with propriety. The terrace was built by Elizabeth—was the resort of her warriors and statesmen, and it is a work worthy of her reign. Here Shakspear laid the scene of his comedy, when the queen dictated the subject; and Datchen Mead still retains its name; and the sawpit where the fairies lurked, may be traced; and the oak of Herne the hunter is standing. The poets of latter days have always haunted the spot, and have celebrated the delights of Windsor as refinements on the pleasures of Charles II.'s dissipated court, and the majesty of the seat as reflecting lustre on the trophies of Queen Anne's triumphant reign.

The vast dimensions, also, and the style

of the building, which, however deficient in some points of elegance and proportion, always retains an air of magnificence; the appropriation of distinct apartments to the several great officers of state, and the extent of the domains appendant on the castle; the groves in the Great Park, of eighteen miles in circumference, and the hills of the forest retiring to a distant horizon, are additional circumstances to distinguish this from all other royal residences.

Census.—'I know of no such thing as genius,' said Hogarth to G. Cooper: 'genius is nothing but labor and diligence.' Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, 'that if ever he had been able to do any thing, he had effected it by patient thinking only.'

ESSAYS.

"The soft amusement of the vacant mind."

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

Plague take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by change? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at, and a sight to be talked about—and the king!—why no man in his senses ever thought of the king but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port, and drank "Church and King."—It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days, if I venture to toast church and king, I am hurried to do it in a hurried, irreligious sort of way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it's all in my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the majesty of the people. The majesty of the people! I should like to see it.—There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times—but how are they treated now? Snubbed at in the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect—I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer Book, and the Court Calendar; the first two containing our religion, and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want with it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads that would never have got there without.

All the evil in the world came by inno-

vation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men in the air with balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer upon dry ground.—Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets; now, forsooth, the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky, and discovering new planets, almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we could do with.

Steam engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about parliamentary reform if it had not been for steam engines. I hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did we not beat the French without steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach-horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half-starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are to be turned out to make room for steam engines; and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another; and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but run after it and catch it. Let them try do so now.

Buildings, too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not some Paradise-row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect-place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London.—And what sort of houses do they build? Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timber, and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon-horses, and the regular legitimate coach-horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers, if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of a rail road; and if the building mania goes on much longer, there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail-roads superseding canals, half of which