

Concluded from our last

bursts of music had welcom'd Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter and what an eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake—nor the terror of the battle-field move from its calm purpose—nor even the hatred and insults of his victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so?

We have nothing further to add about Napoleon.—We simply feel, that while in military genius, in diplomatic foresight, in far-reaching comprehensiveness of State interests, in sublimity of self-counsel in grandeur of sustained purpose, he was superior to all the leaders, monarchs and statesmen in Europe, he was not their inferior in magnanimity, justice or faith.—They were all, at times, deficient though in these last great qualities; but why assail one, and say nothing of the rest? France was Napoleon's country, and he fought for France; if he fought also for himself, he was not therefore the worst of men.—*J. T. Hadley.*

THE CHARACTER OF BURNS.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Perhaps no falsehood has been more frequently repeated, than that men of genius are less fortunate and less virtuous than other men; but the obvious truth that they who attempt little are less liable to failure than they who attempt much, will account for the proverbial good luck of fools. In our estimate of the sorrows and failings of literary men, we forget that sorrow is the common lot; we forget, too, that the misfortunes and the errors of men of genius are recorded; and that, although their virtues may be utterly forgotten, their minutest faults will be able to find zealous historians. And this is as it should be. Let the dead instruct us. But slanderers blame, in individuals, what belongs to the species. "We women," says Clytemnestra in *Eschylus*, when meditating the murder of her husband, and in reply to an attendant who was praising the gentleness of the sex, "We women are what we are." So let it with us all. Then let every fault of men of genius be known; but let not hypocrisy come with a sponge, and wipe away their virtues.

Of the misfortunes of Cowper we have all heard, and certainly he was unfortunate, for he was liable to fits of insanity. But it might be said of him, that he was tended through life by weeping angels. Warm-hearted friends watched and guarded him with intense and unwearied solicitude; the kindest hearted of the softer sex, the best of the best, seems to have been born only to anticipate his wants. A glance at the world will show us that his fate, though sad, was not saddest; for how many madmen are there, and how many men are still more unfortunate than madmen, who having no living creature to aid, to sooth, or pity them! Think of Milton—"blind among enemies!"

But the saddest incident in the life of Cowper remains to be told. In his latter days he was pensioned by the crown—a misfortune which I can forgive to him, but not to destiny. It is consoling to think, that he was not long conscious of his degradation after the cruel kindness was inflicted on him. But why did not his friends, if weary of sustaining their kinsman stricken by the arrows of the Almighty, suffer him to perish in a beggars' mad-house? Would he had died in a ditch rather than this shadow had darkened over his grave! Burns was more fortunate in his death than Cowper: he lived self-supported to the end. Glorious hearted Burns! Noble but unfortunate Cowper.

Burns was one of the few poets fit to be seen. It has been asserted that genius is a disease—the malady of physical inferiority. It is certain that we have heard of Pope, the hunchback; of Scott and Byron, the cripples; of the epileptic Julius Cæsar, who, it is said, never planned a great battle without going into fits; and of Napoleon, whom a few years of trouble killed; where Cobbett (a man of talent, not of genius) would have melted St. Helena, rather than have given up the

ghost with a full belly. If Pope could have leaped over yve barred gates, he probably would not have written his imitable sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; but it does not follow that he would not have written the "Essay on Man;" and they who assert that genius is a physical disease, should remember that, as true critics are more rare than true poets, we having only one in our language, William Hazlitt, so very tall and complete men are as rare as genius itself, a fact well known to persons who have the appointment of constables. And it is undeniable that God wastes nothing, and that we, therefore, perhaps seldom find a gigantic body combined with a soul of Æolian tones; it is equally undeniable, that Burns was an exception to the rule—a man of genius, tall, strong, and handsome, as any man that could be picked out of a thousand at a country fair.

But he was unfortunate, we are told. Unfortunate! He was a tow-heekler who cleared six hundred pounds by the sale of his poems; of which sum he left two hundred pounds behind him, in the hands of his brother Gilbert: two facts which prove that he could neither be so unfortunate, nor so imprudent, as we are told he was. If he had been a mere tow-heekler, I suspect he would never have possessed six hundred shillings.

But he was imprudent, it is said. Now, he is a wise man who has done one act that influences beneficially his whole life. Burns did three such acts—he wrote poetry—he published it; and despairing of his farm, he became an exciseman. It is true he did one imprudent act; and I hope the young persons around me will be warned by it; he took a farm without thoroughly understanding the business of farming.

It does not appear that he wasted or lost any capital, except what he threw away on his farm. He was unlucky, but not imprudent in giving it up when he did. Had he held it a little longer, the Bank Restriction Act would have enriched him at the expense of his landlord; but Burns was an honest man, and therefore, alike incapable of desiring and foreseeing that enormous villany.

But he was neglected, we are told. Neglected! No strong man in good health can be neglected, if he is true to himself. For the benefit of the young I wish we had a correct account of the number of persons who fail of success, in a thousand that resolutely strive to do well. I do not think it exceeds one per cent. By whom was Burns neglected? Certainly not by the people of Scotland: for they paid him the highest compliment that can be paid to an author; they bought his book! Oh, but he ought to have been pensioned. Pensioned! Can not we think of poets without thinking of pensions? Are they such poor creatures that they cannot earn an honest living? Let us hear no more of such degrading and insolent nonsense.

But he was a drunkard, it is said. I do not mean to exculpate him when I say that he was probably no worse, in that respect, than his neighbours; for he was worse, if he was not better than they, the balance being against him; and his Almighty Father would not fail to say to him, "What didst thou with the lent talent?" But drunkenness in his time was the vice of his country—it is so still; and if the traditions of Dumfries are to be depended on, there are allurements which Burns was much less able to resist than those of the bottle; and the supposition of his frequent indulgence in the crimes to which those allurements lead, is incompatible with that of his habitual drunkenness.

WASHING DAYS.

They that wash on Monday

Have all the week to dry.

They that wash on Tuesday

Are not so much awry:

They that wash on Wednesday

Are not so much to blame:

They that wash on Thursday

Wash for shame!

They that wash on Friday

Wash in need:

They that wash on Saturday—

Oh! they are sluts indeed.

If you would enjoy good health, wear flannel, and attach yourself to thick shoes. As our statesmen say of the swags of the Mississippi—"remove these and away goes 'your constitution.'"

"We were sitting one night, lately, all alone by ourselves, almost unconsciously eyeing the members, fire without flame, in the many-visioned grate, but at times aware of the symbols and emblems there built up, of the ongoings of human life. When a knock, not loud but resolute, came to the front door, followed by the rustling thrill of the bell-wire, and then by a tinkling far below, too gentle to wake the house that continued to enjoy the undisturbed dream of its repose.—At first we supposed it might be but some late-home-going knight-errant from a feast of shells, in a mood, "between malice and true-love," seeking to disquiet the slumbers of Old Christopher, in expectation of seeing his night-cap (which he never wears) popped out of the window, and of hearing his voice (of which he is chary in the open air) simulating a scold upon the audacious sleep-breaker. So we benevolently laid back our heads on our easy-chairs, and pursued our speculations on the state of affairs in general—and more particularly on the floundering fall of that inexplicable people—the Whigs. We had been wondering, and of our wondering found no end, what could have been their chief reasons for committing suicide. It appeared a case of very singular *felo de se*—for they had so turned the "rash act," as to excite strong suspicions in the public mind that his Majesty had committed murder. Circumstances, however, had soon come to light, that proved to demonstration, that the wretched Ministry had laid violent hands on itself, and effected its purpose by strangulation. There—was the fatal black ring visible round the neck—through a mere thread; there—were the blood-shot eyes protruding from the sockets; there—the lip-biting teeth clenched in the last convulsions; and there—sorriest sight of all—was the ghastly suicidal smile, last relic of the laughter of despair. But the knocking would not leave the door—and listening to its character, we were assured that it came from the fist of a friend, who saw light through the chinks of the shutter, and knew, moreover, that we never put on the shroud of death's pleasant brother sleep, till "as we short hour ayont the twal," and often not till earliest cock-crow, which chancier utters somewhat drowsily, and then replaces his head beneath his wing, supported on one side by a partlet, on the other by a hen. So we gathered up our slipped feet from the rug, lamp in hand stalked along the lobbies, unchained and unlocked the oak which our faithful night porter Somnus had sported—and lo! a figure muffled up in a cloak, and furred like a Russ, who advanced familiarly into the hall, extended both hands and then embraced us, bade God bless us, and pronounced, with somewhat of a foreign accent, the name in which we and the world rejoice—"Christopher North!" We were not slow in returning the hug fraternal—for who was it but the "American Woodsman?"—even Audubon himself—fresh from the Florida—and breathing of the pure air of far-off Labrador!

"Three years and upwards had fled since we had taken farewell of the illustrious Ornithologist—on the same spot—at the same hour; and there was something ghostlike in such return of a dear friend from a distant region—almost as if from the land of spirits.—It seemed as if the same moon again looked at us—but then she was wain and somewhat sad—now clear as a diamond, and all the starry heavens wore a smile. "Our words they were na mony feck"—but in less time than we have taken to write it—we two were sitting cheek by jowl, and hand in hand, by that essential fire—while he showed by our looks that we both felt, now they were over, that three years were but as one day! The cane coal-scuttle, instinct with spirit, beeted the fire of its own accord, without word or beck of ours, as if placed there by the hands of one of our wakeful Lares; in globe of purest crystal the Glenlivet shone; unasked the bright brass kettle began to whisper its sweet 'under song'; and a centenary of the fairest oysters native to our isle turned towards us their languishing eyes, unseen the Nereid that had on the instant waffled them from the procreant cradle beds of Prestonpans. Grace said, we drew in to supper, and hobnobbing, from elegant long-shank, down each naturalist's gullet graciously descended, with a gurgle, the mildest, the meekest, the very *Mosses of Ales*.

"Audubon, ere half an hour had elapsed, found an opportunity of telling us that he had never seen us in a higher state of preservation—and in a low voice whispered something about the eagle renewing his youth.—