

ELOQUENCE OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH never spoke on a subject without displaying, not only all that was peculiarly necessary to that subject, but all that a full mind, long gathering and congesting, has to pour forth upon any subject. The language, without being antithetic, was artificial and ornate. The action and voice were vehement but not passionate; the tone and conception of the argument of too lofty and philosophic a strain for those to whom, generally speaking, it was directed. It was impossible not to feel that the person addressing you was a profound thinker, delivering a laboured composition. Sir James Mackintosh's character as a speaker, then, was of that sort acquired in a thin house, where those who have stayed from their dinner have stayed for the purpose of hearing what is said, and can, therefore, deliver up their attention undistractedly to any knowledge and ability, even if somewhat prolixly put forth, which elucidates the subject of discussion. We doubt if all great speeches of a legislative kind would not require such an audience, if they never travelled beyond the walls in which they were spoken. The passion, the action, the movement of oratory, which animates and transports a large assembly, can never lose their effect when passion, action, movement are in the orator's subject; when Philip is at the head of his Macedonians, or Cataline at the gates of Rome. The emotions of fear, revenge, horror, are emotions that all classes and descriptions of men, however lofty or low their intellect, may feel:—here, then, is the orator's proper field. But again; there are subjects, such as many, if not most, of those discussed in our House of Commons, the higher bearings of which are intelligible only to a certain order of understandings. The reasoning proper for these is not understood, and cannot therefore be sympathized with, by the mass. In order not to be insipid to the few, it is almost necessary to be dull to the many. If our houses of legislature sat with closed doors, they would be the most improper assemblies for the discussion of legislative questions that we can possibly conceive. They would have completely the tone of their own clique. No one would dare or wish to soar above the common-places which find a ready echoing cheer; all would indulge in that rapid violence against persons, which the spirit of party is rarely wanting to applaud. But as it is, the man of superior mind, standing upon his own strength, knows and feels that he is not speaking to the lolling, lounging, indolently listening individuals stretched on the benches around him: he feels and knows that he is speaking to, and will obtain the sympathy of, all the great and enlightened spirits of Europe; and this bears and buoy him up, amidst any coldness, impatience, or indifference, in his immediate audience.

When we perused the magnificent orations of Mr. Burke, which transported us in our cabinet, and were told that his rising was the dinner-bell in the House of Commons; when we heard that some of Mr. Brougham's almost gigantic discourses were delivered amidst coughs and impatience; and when, returning from our travels, where we had heard of nothing but the genius and eloquence of Sir James Mackintosh, we encountered him ourselves in the House of Commons; on all these occasions we were sensible, not that Mr. Burke's, Mr. Brougham's, Sir James Mackintosh's eloquence was less, but that it was addressed to another audience than that to which it was apparently delivered. Intended for the House of Commons only, the style would have been absurdly faulty; intended for the public, it was august and correct. There are two different modes of obtaining a parliamentary reputation; a man may rise in the country by what is said of him in the House of Commons, or he may rise in the House of Commons by what is thought and said of him in the country. Some debaters have the faculty, by varying their style and their subjects, of alternately addressing both those without and within their walls, with effect and success. Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Canning were, and Lord Brougham is, of this number. Mr. Burke and Sir James Mackintosh spoke to the reason and the imagination, rather than to the passions; and this, together with some faults of voice and manner, rendered these great orators (for great orators they were) more powerful in the printed reports, than in the actual delivery of their speeches. We ourselves heard Sir James Mackintosh's great, almost wonderful, speech upon Reform. We shall never forget the extensive range of ideas, the energetic grasp of thought, the sublime and soaring strain of legislative philosophy, with which he charmed and transported us; but it was not so with the House in general. His Scotch accent, his unceasing and laboured vehemence of voice and gesture, the refined and speculative elevation of his views, and the vast heaps of hoarded knowledge he somewhat prolixly produced, displeased the taste and wearied the attention of men who were far more anxious to be amused and excited, than to be instructed or convinced. We see him now! his bald and singularly formed head working to and fro, as if to collect and then shake out his ideas; his arm violently vibrating, and his body thrown forward by sudden quirks and starts, which, ungraceful as they were, seemed rather premeditated than inspired. This is not the picture that Demosthenes would have drawn of a perfect orator; and it contains some defects that we wonder more care had not been applied to remedy.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SPRING AND SUMMER.

BY CAROLINE ORSE.

Thy steps fair Spring have passed o'er the sod,
And grass springs up where thy light foot trod;
Bright buds peep forth, and their petals gay
Unfold in the warmth of the noontide ray,
While the glad bird plumes its radiant wing,
And its clear, wild notes through the woodland ring.

The squirrel has come from its hollow tree,
And runs 'long the wall full of frolic and glee;
Then darts to the ground, and peeping round sly,
Finds 'mong the autumn leaves, withered and dry,
The brown beechen nut that it loves right well,
Then sits and cunningly strips off the shell.

Thy breath is abroad in the fragrant breeze,
And the leaves expand on the waving trees:
Thy eye beams bright on the fisher's home,
That rises in sight of the blue wave's foam;
And blithe of heart he unfurls the sail,
And welcomes the bland, auspicious gale.

The heavens behold the glance of thy eye,
And smiling put on a mellow dye;
Changed is the storm for the genial shower,
All balmy with breath of the leaf and the flower,
And the rainbow dressed in its brilliant dyes,
Its smile of promise sends warm from the skies.

Thy steps bright Summer have passed o'er the vale,
And the high grass waves in the welcome gale;
The fragrant strawberry lifts up its head,
And blushing peeps forth from its verdant bed,
And where roses abroad their perfume fling,
The butterfly comes on its brilliant wing.

In busy throngs with their joyous hum,
Where the clover waves, the merry bees come.
Or nestle where over the garden bowers
The woodbine climbs with its fragrant flowers,
Their nectar to sip in the early prime
Of the morning's fresh and dewy time.

Thou lingerest where torrents hoarsely rush,
And they change to the streamlet's soothing gush:
To the lake's serene, untroubled breast,
The lilies rise up from their cells of rest,
And gem it with stars, as pure as are those,
That on the calm bosom of ether repose.

The glance of thy smile is bright on the wave,
Where the water-fowl loves its plumage to lave.
On the fresh green marge, a child sits there,
Pulling flowers to wreath with her sunny hair,
Then into the wave looks slyly to see,
Her own rosy face full of laughter and glee.

The barns are all piled with fragrant hay,
And now thou prearest to hasten away.
Thou hast heard the wail of the Autumn breeze,
Caught the blush of fruit on the bending trees,
And hast seen through the amber husk appear,
The golden gleam of the ripening ear.

Farewell! for the grain is bound into sheaves,
The rustle is heard of withering leaves,
The fair-haired child on the margin green,
Of the clear, still lake no longer is seen,
And the bird that loved there its plumage to lave,
Has flown to some far-away, sunnier wave.

When thy parting smile, bright Summer grew dim,
Mute was the wood-bird's sweet vesper hymn.
Mournful and sad was thy farewell tone,
As lingering it swept through the forest lone!
Wild was its music upon the hill side,
Faint down the vale, its last echo died.

But look! A trim barque is nearing the land—
Children dance merrily on the smooth sand.
With a smile on her lip the mother stands by,
The tear drops of joy glistening bright in her eye.
O dearest to her is Autumn's bleak gale,
For it homeward wafts her husband's white sail.

PATTERN WOMEN.

BY MRS. P. W. BALL.

We often smile at hearing the name of Helen and Cleopatra, of Dido and Semiramis, of Andromache and Sappho raked up from the ashes of antiquity. We beg Andromache's pardon for putting her in such bad company, for when Hector sends her back from the walls of Ilion to her looms and tapestry work, she seems to have understood a wife's duty was obedience, despite all modern writers say to the contrary, for she returns with her boy, and leaves the martial field to her husband. Now we seldom receive an article from a young writer, breathing the rose hues of sentiment and gallant devotion of youth to the fair, but we meet those names, and always conclude that the writer did not learn the classics well enough to understand or translate, or he would never bring up those names for pattern women. Helen had a beaming eye and damask cheek no doubt, or she would not have put it in the head of fop Paris, to elope with her and leave her husband. For her, a long immortality of infamy is the guerdon of her crime, as long as Homer will be read. Of Cleopatra, the beauty whom age could not wither, a scarcely less, no, not less,

a vastly more infamous record will be handed down to posterity, so long as Cæsar's name or Anthony's, the world loser's exist. Let not her heroic suicide atone for her profligate crimes; for had Augustus Cæsar been a Julius, she had not died, but lived on in splendid infamy. She was only the greater criminal because her *mind* was as imperial as her beauty, and enabled her to acquire power over those who could minister to her passions and her ambition. I had as lief hear a man quote Catharine, the second Zarina of Russia as a pattern, as Cleopatra. The one has been somewhat mystified by the poets. A barge on the cyndus, and melted pearls, white arms, dark beaming eyes, and swan-like neck, come up before the imagination, and to us the figure of the other is that of a big woman in Hussar boots with a beard. Both eminent, both great, and both wicked. Dido, the love-sick queen, Semiramis the bloody intrigant, and a hundred others that history has recorded as exerting the influence of their beauty and station for the worst purposes, are spoken of as bright luminaries of antiquity. Why the absurdity of the thing is too great. Thank heaven we can point to woman distinguished for virtue, as well as beauty, whose power has been exercised in the cause of good morals, but really we sicken of hearing such names called up in every article written on woman.

Whenever a young writer talks, or raves of *woman's genius*, you are sure to hear of Sappho. Thank heaven there are not many remains of her left, and allowing for the age and clime she lived in, we certainly should not blush at reading the free translations of what remains of her poetry, and yet I much doubt if any modest woman ever did read them without a burning cheek.

To be sure Mr. Pope's paraphrase of the little brown woman's epistle to her runaway lover, Phaon, is to be allowed for, but it is too bad to hear young gentlemen talking gravely to young misses of Sappho's immortal genius.

We heard of a lady once who actually designed to take the lover's leap to render herself immortal, and had written an ode, not to be sure to be hung in the temple of Apollo with her lyre, but, to be as near the thing as possible, copied into her music book and placed on her piano, where it would meet the eye of her faithless swain, when her project was discovered by her aunt, a very sensible woman, who understood common sense better than poetry or romance, and who took her to a Scotch schoolmaster, and he persuaded her to forego her project by convincing her that as she was very beautiful and young it would be nonsense to jump into the Potomac, whereas Sappho was an "Ethiopian dark," or more literally a horrid ugly woman, and very naughty to boot, and the young lady most sensibly concluded to defer her intended trial for immortality, until she had blessed some happy man with the charms of her beautiful person and temper. In fact she was very indignant ever afterwards, to think her "pattern" genius was a mother without being a wife.

But enough of this absurd subject. Women "rule the camp, the grove," and it is only necessary to make her aware of her power and to cultivate her heart, her mind, and temper, to regenerate the world, but at present, of all things that exist in this world, women are the least appreciated and worst educated.

Zanesville Visiter.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

"Lo! where it comes—
As if to sweep down all things in its track."

On the south side of Pilatus, a considerable mountain near Lucerne, are great forests of spruce fir, consisting of the finest timber, but in a situation which the height, the steepness, and the ruggedness of the ground, seemed to render inaccessible. They had rarely been visited but by the chamois hunters, and it was from them indeed, that the first information concerning the size of the trees, and the extent of the forest, appears to have been received. These woods are in the canton of Underwalden, one of those in which the ancient spirit of the Swiss republics is the best preserved; where the manners are extremely simple, the occupations of the people mostly those of agriculture, where there are no manufactures, little accumulation of capital, and no commercial enterprise. In the possession of such masters, the lofty firs of Pilatus were likely to remain long the ornaments of their native mountain.

A few years ago, however, Mr. Ruppy, a native of Wirtemberg, and a skilful engineer, in which profession he had been educated, indignant at the political changes effected in his own country, was induced to take refuge among a free people, and came to settle in the canton of Schwytz, on the opposite side of the lake of Lucerne. The accounts which he heard there of the forest just mentioned, determined him to visit it, and he was so much struck by its appearance, that, long and rugged as the descent was, he conceived the bold project of bringing down the trees by no other force than their own weight into the lake of Lucerne, from which, the conveyance to the German Ocean was easy and expeditious. A more accurate survey of the ground convinced him of the practicability of the project.

He had by this time resided long enough in Switzerland to have both his talents and his integrity in such estimation, that he was able to prevail on a number of the proprietors to form a company,