

him, and to return again to Sorrento and Tasso. He should have been hailed as the worthy successor, not scrutinised as the presumptuous rival of the happy Ferrarase. He was ingenious, he was gentle, he was brave; and what was the reward? Did cities contend for his residence within them? Did princes throw open their palaces at his approach? Did academies send deputations to invite and solicit his attendance? Did senators cast branches of laurel under his horse's hoofs? Did prelates and princes hang tapestries from their windows, meet him at the gates, and conduct him in triumph to the Capitol? Instead of it, his genius was derided, his friendship scorned, his love rejected; he lived despairingly, he died broken-hearted.

GALILEO. My friend! my friend! you yourself in your language are almost a poet.

MILTON. I may be in time to come.

GALILEO. What! with such an example before your eyes? Rather be a philosopher: you may be derided in this too, but you will not be broken-hearted."

#### LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF M. G. LEWIS,

Author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c.

The chief material of the book consists of Lewis's own letters, dating from a period of early youth. At the age of seventeen we find him at Weimar, whence he thus writes to his mother:

"I am now knocking my brains against German as hard as ever I can. I take a lesson every morning, and as I apply very seriously, I am flattered with the promises that I shall soon speak very fluently in my throat, and that I already distort my mouth with tolerable facility."

"As to my own nonsense, I write and write, and yet do not find I have got a bit further in my original plan than I was when I saw you last. I have got hold of an infernal dying man, who plagues my very heart out. He has talked for half a volume already, and seems likely to talk for half a volume more; and I cannot manage to kill him out of the way for the life of me."

In another letter to his mother, he adverts to a previous letter he had addressed to her on a very serious and important subject:—

"You wish my letter had been a pathetic address. You might as well have desired it to have been a sentimental one. Either would shine in a novel, but would be perfectly ridiculous and out of its place when writing seriously, and upon actual circumstances. Besides which, it is not the nature of man to write pathetically, but to express his sentiments as strongly and forcibly as possible. I did not sit down to think what I should write, but to write what I thought; and since you acknowledge what I have said to be right and natural, I do not think it would have been much more to the purpose if my letter had been stuffed with Oh's and Ah's, from the beginning to the end."

It is very odd that a man who writes in this way could not have seen further, and discovered that what would be misplaced in a serious matter of real life, must be misplaced no less in a serious effort of fiction. He by this defines, however, with wonderful exactness, the rank of his own efforts in that way. *They are mock serious.*

From Germany he passes to the Hague, and there describes with graphic force, the stupidity of Dutch assemblies:—

"An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty, and consequently must have been frequently ennuied before. But such peculiar ennuie was more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact."

At the close of the letter from which this extract is taken, we find an interesting reference to his commencement of the celebrated romance of the Monk:—

"What do you think of my having written, in the space of ten weeks, a romance of between three and four hundred pages octavo? I have even written out half of it fair. It is called 'The Monk,' and I am myself so much pleased with it, that if the booksellers will not buy it, I shall publish it myself."

#### A NIGHT SCENE NEAR JERICHO.

"The night scene on the plain of Jericho was one never to be forgotten. Bands of musicians carrying flambeaux paraded the camp, blending their discordant symphonies with the gurgling noise of the camels, the braying of asses, the neighing of horses, and the screaming of children, frightened at sights and sounds consorting so ill with the peaceful slumber of infancy. Here a party of pilgrims were spending the night in revelry; there a group of Turks were making merry over the follies of the 'giaours;' while the hallooing of the guard intimated to the Bedouins that an attack would be repelled by an armed force. Around, thousands of every age lay buried in sleep, thousands whose hearts were beating high with exultation in the prospect of attaining on the morrow the object which for years they most had coveted. Among these were Moslems, Greeks, and Protestants; Europeans, Americans, Asiatics, and Africans; travellers, muleteers, musicians and soldiers. In every quarter of the camp caldrons of burning pitch (terrible

emblems of the fate of Sodom!) raised on poles ten feet in height marked the different stations, while their lurid glare contrasted with the calm and mellow light of the celestial orbs; for our encampment in the vicinity of Jordon was favoured by one of those brilliant nights which are seldom witnessed, except under an eastern sky, when not a single cloud intervenes between the eye and the deep azure of the firmament, decked with its myriads of glittering stars. On one side were the ruins of Jericho and Ai; on the other Sodom and Gomorrah engulfed in a sea of death: above, the eye rested on the glories of the God of nature; below, on the terrors of a God of judgment. Such were the discordant elements which combined to form this memorable scene.

"A little after midnight the pilgrims put themselves in motion, in order to reach by sunrise the banks of the sacred river: but it is no easy matter to start a caravan of five thousand persons; and it was three o'clock A. M., before the cavalcade was in progress. A number of torch-bearers preceded, carrying flambeaux which threw a wild blaze of light over the plains and the moving host. The Arab cavalry marched next; their spirited horses curvetting, while they plunged into the high grass and jungle, to drive out any lurking Bedouins: the governor with the Greek archbishop followed; and lastly, the whole host of pilgrims, hurrying along with anxious expectation to wash in a stream which they vainly suppose to be endowed with a cleansing moral efficacy. In such a multitude, moving without order, subject to no discipline, and wrought up to an unnatural excitement by superstitious zeal, it is not surprising that many accidents should occur. Some of the party are generally left dead; many are wounded; and all are kept in a state of feverish alarm for their personal safety. One thing struck us forcibly;—the entire absence of sympathy among those professors of piety. If an aged man, a feeble woman, or a helpless child fell from his seat, no friendly hand was stretched out to aid, and no pilgrim halted to inquire the amount of injury received, the groans and cries of the sufferer were responded to by a laugh, and the cavalcade moved on regardless of their brother, who, if he met with sympathy and aid, found it at the hand of some 'good Samaritan,' united to him by no ties of country or of faith."—*Elliott's Travels.*

#### A PICTURE OF WAR.

I shall select but one description of a battle scene amongst the myriads which present themselves on every hand. It is from *Napier's History of the Peninsular War*, and relates to the scene after the storming of Badajoz:—"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled,—the wounded men were then looked to; the dead disposed of! Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege; and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault. Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than an hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last, let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power." I may fairly ask, did Christianity ever contemplate such a scene as this? The wounded were three days and three nights bleeding to death—and so were they at Waterloo.

Cold was the bed where many a graceful form  
That day was stretched by death's relentless storm;  
In heaps they lay, and agonized with pain,  
Piled with the corpses of their comrades slain.  
No heart, affectionate and kind, was there,  
To soothe their spirits with a parting prayer;  
No watchful eye beheld their final hour,  
Save that All-seeing and Almighty Power  
Before whose judgment-seat they took their stand,  
War in their heart, and vengeance in their hand.

Speech at the Peace Society's Meeting.

#### THE ALPS.

"In seeking a passage over the Alps, the most obvious course was to find out the valleys which penetrate in the great chain, following the course of the rivers to their sources, and then to take the lowest traversable part in order to descend by the opposite side. The variety and sudden transitions presented by such a route are highly interesting. In the course of one day's journey, the traveller passes from the climate of summer to winter, through spring. The alteration in the productions keep pace with the temperature. Leaving behind him stubble-fields, whence the corn has been removed and housed, he comes to fields yet yellow and waving in the ear; a few miles further, and the crop is still green; yet higher, and corn refuses to grow. Before quitting the region of corn, he enters one of dark, apparently interminable forests of pine and

larch, clothing the mountain-sides in a sober vestment. Above this, the haymakers are collecting the short grass; the only produce which the ground will yield. Yet the stranger must not suppose that all is barrenness even at this elevation. It seems as though Nature were determined to make one last effort at the confines of the region of vegetation. From beneath the snow-bed, and on the very verge of the glacier, the profusion of flowers, their great variety, and surpassing beauty are exceedingly surprising. Some of the greatest ornaments of our gardens, here born to blush unseen,—gentians and lilies, hyacinths and blue-bells, intermixed with bushes of the red rhododendron, the loveliest production of the Alps, scattered over the velvet turf, give it the appearance of a carpet of richest pattern. The insect world is not less abundant and varied; thousands of winged creatures are seen hovering over the flowers, enjoying their short existence, for the summer at these elevations lasts but three or four weeks: the rapid progress of vegetation to maturity is equalled by the rapidity of its decay; and in eight or ten days flowers and butterflies have passed away. Above this region of spring, with its gush of springs, its young herbage and vivid greensward, its hum of insects just burst forth, and its natural flower-beds, glittering with rain-drops, that of winter in Lapland or Siberia succeeds. All around the summit of a pass over the high Alps, is either snow, glacier, or bare rock. The only plants that grow are dry lichens; which seem intended but to keep up the semblance of vegetation, and to perpetuate nature's cheerful hues of green. The rarefied air is icy cold, and exercise and quick motions are necessary to keep up the circulation of the blood. The agreeable murmur of falling water, which has accompanied the traveller hitherto incessantly, here ceases; all is solitude and silence, interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, or the hoarse cawing of an ill-omened raven. The ptarmigan starts up from among heaps of unmelted snow at the traveller's approach; and the lammergeyer, (the condor of the Alps,) disturbed in his repast on the carcass of a sheep or cow, is seen soaring upwards in a succession of corkscrew sweeps till he gains the ridge of the Alps, and then disappears.

Such are the remarkable gradations which the stranger encounters in the course of a few hours on a single pass of the Alps; but the most striking change of all, is that from the region of snow and ice on the top of the mountain to the sunny clime and rich vegetation of Italy, which awaits the traveller at the South foot of the Alps.

ENTRANCE TO BERLIN FROM CHARLOTTENBURG.—It would be difficult to conceive a more imposing spectacle of the kind, than is brought in a moment before the gaze of the stranger, who for the first time enters the Prussian capital, from the side of Charlottenburg. Situated in a dead level, and overshadowed by plantations and groves, Berlin is completely hidden from you till you have passed the barrier; when you are introduced all at once to a scene of the gorgeous magnificence of which, no one, till he shall have thus made acquaintance with it, may hope to form a conception. Your carriage having passed beneath the span of the gateway, which not being arched, producing a twofold striking effect, halts at the barrier guard-house, and so enables you to look forth upon the extent of the Unterden Linden,—the street within which all that is fine in the architectural adornment of the city, has, whether purposely or not, been concentrated. Here, on either side of a broad space, which double rows of lime trees divide into five separate avenues, are houses, each of which might be mistaken for a palace,—not lofty,—for there is no house in Berlin the height of which exceeds three stories,—but wide, spacious, and open-fronted;—built with just enough of uniformity to show that the architect of each was not left to indulge his own unfettered humours, yet completely exempt from that sameness which, if too closely observed, never fails to displease and to fatigue. Moreover, at the far extremity of the vista are seen the massive Schloss, the light and beautiful colonnade of the Museum, the main guard-house—an admirable specimen of architectural elegance, the Italian Opera, and the University. Nor is the eye soon tired of examining the Brandenburg Gate itself, with its noble pillars, its chaste masonry, and the pure and classical group which crowns it,—Victory, in her ear, drawn by four finely executed horses, and bearing aloft in her hand the Prussian Eagle, surmounted by the iron cross. I need scarcely add, that this exquisite group having been removed by Napoleon to Paris, was, on the turn in the tide of his fortunes, reclaimed by its rightful owners; who, to commemorate their triumph, added to the principal figure the emblems which she now carries, and from which the Prussians do not imagine that she can ever again be separated."

Chloride of Soda is said, in the London Lancet, a medical work to be an effectual cure for a burn. It is stated in that journal, as an example, that an attorney, in attempting to put out the flames that had attacked the curtains of his bed, got his hands burned and blistered, but not broken. He sent for a couple of quarts of the lotion, 4 ounces of the solution to a pint of water, had it poured in soup plates, wrapped his hands of lint, as no skin was broken, and so kept them, for some time. Next morning he was so perfectly well that only one small patch of burn remained, yet an hour had elapsed before the application. It is added that the same remedy is sufficient to heal scalds and a black eye....*Newark Daily Ad.*