

goes beyond any thing that could be supposed. There is one beautiful cream-coloured horse, in particular, which wins all hearts; perhaps he is the favourite of the stud; he enters the circle alone, with zephyr-like wings attached to his shoulders, giving to him the character of Pegasus. He bounds, or rather flies round the ring several times, as if in ecstatic consciousness of his superiority, his mane and tail erect, his fine eyes glistening, and his open nostrils displaying a brilliant red: so sleek, so elegant is the animal, that he of himself is sufficient to engross the attention of the spectators for a time. Mr. Ducrow enters during the excitement with peculiar beauty of effect as Apollo, habited in white, bearing a small harp delightfully classical. The sounds from the harp attract the attention of Pegasus; he is, as it were, charmed, and becomes the gentle observer of the wishes of Apollo. After a few caresses, Apollo mounts, and standing on the bare back of this spirited animal, commences a series of graceful attitudes, while the harp is occasionally touched in unison with the elegance of the performance. After twenty or thirty circuits, terminating with surprising fleetness of the horse and dexterity of the rider, Apollo springs to the ground; Pegasus rests himself in the centre of the circle, where a tranquil display of reclining attitudes and of beautiful grouping takes place; altogether, this beautiful horse and his talented master present a classical illustration of Apollo and Pegasus resting on Parnassus. This exhibition offers to the eye of taste a series of beautiful compositions, fraught with associations of a character richly poetical and certainly highly gratifying.

In my opinion, Ducrow's celebrated horse is seen to best advantage in the celebrated "Spanish Bull-fight." I think I should describe this piece merely to present a climax to the wonderful performances of the horse in his efforts to amuse the public. This burletta is more intricate in the plot than the preceding. The scene lies in Spain, and the persons engaged are princes, princesses, dons, and hidalgos, for whose gratification a bull-fight is to be displayed; all is therefore on a scale of peculiar grandeur. The grandees assemble in splendid cavalcade with numerous attendants; after ascending a flight of steps from the circle to the stage, the royal persons there take their seats, when the ceremony commences with a procession of picadores and banderilleros, or foot combatants bearing red flags, and small barbed darts ornamented with coloured ribbons; then follow many combatants on horseback, bearing lances, all of whom arrange themselves, and a signal is given by sound of trumpets ordered by the Alcazils. The doors are opened and the bull stalks forth. The effect is electric. The audience appear alarmed at the terrific appearance of the beast, particularly those who have no previous knowledge of Ducrow's horses, or that this is the gentle and beautiful cream-coloured horse, with a bull's skin over his padded neck and body, his head supplied with horns, and his hoofs painted as if cloven, in every respect appearing like a bull wild and fierce. On entering the circle, he stares wildly around, and then rushes on the principal cavalier, personated by Mr. Ducrow, who receives the attack, and by exercising his spear dexterously, goads the bull to madness, the consequence of which is, that the bull attacks another horse by goring him in the body; but he is saved from destruction by the foot combatants, who flutter their flags in the bull's face, and draw the attack on themselves, from which they escape with difficulty. Another horseman ventures to confront the furious animal, but is upset, and the horse falls, having apparently received a death wound. The combat is then renewed by the chief cavalier, and continued some time with various effects of skill and fury. Nothing is deficient in this scene but the bleeding wounds. A glance at the countenances of the spectators is not the least amusing; their mouths are open, their eye-balls fixed, and they shudder with horror; a cheering word, indeed, becomes necessary to recall them to consciousness. After a time the horsemen retire, and the bull is further irritated by the combatants on foot; they pierce his shoulders, and fix their barbed bandaliers, while the fury of the animal is expended on their red flags. More than half an hour is he tortured into desperation; he tosses his head, runs madly about, till, weary and panting, he sinks to the earth under his manifold wounds. A sledge now enters, drawn by decorated horses, and the dead bull is borne off to the sound of trumpets. The cavalcade retire and the spectacle concludes. After witnessing this performance no one can withhold his surprise at the perfect knowledge of the business of the scene which this horse evinces. There is no deviation from the character; he is throughout a bull; his trot, the management of his horns, and the fierce rush with his head; all display something more than could be expected even from the most sagacious horse in Mr. Ducrow's stud. In short, Ducrow is a wonderful man, and Ducrow's horses are more wonderful still.—*London Sportsman.*

#### ALLIANCES OF LITERATURE.

"Genius and knowledge are endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Without venturing upon the decision of the philosophical question, whether intellectual power is now more vigorous than it has been at any previous stage of the mysterious and sublime drama that has been acting, and constantly unfolding the most startling

scenes, for six thousand years on this globe; whether mental cultivation has now reached an expansive liberality, and a brilliancy of polish, to which it had never before attained; it may be affirmed, that the course of society has been fearfully alternating, and that all its fluctuations have followed the direction of some 'leading principle,' an indestructible, impassable agent, instinct with life, infused through the body and limbs of society, giving it, for the period, its distinctive features and complexion. Thus in ancient Greece, inspired by enthusiastic patriotism, society marched with triumphant step amidst its classic vales, and on the banks of its pure streams, adorned with the glory of letters, and the splendor of the arts. Again, after having been fettered through the long and dreary night that succeeded the fall of the Roman empire, she burst her bands, and emerged into the breaking light, breathing the ardour, and resplendent in the arms, of chivalry. And again, near the close of the last century, in France, throwing the reins upon the neck of licentious Skepticism, she plunged into the depths of destructive anarchy; exhibiting a gloomy spectacle outstretched beneath the eye of indignant heaven:

"Like the old ruins of a broken tower."

For the last half century, this 'leading principle' has assumed so many aspects, that it becomes difficult to sketch its portrait. It has seized, with convulsive energy, the spirit of controversy. It boldly discusses all questions of moral science, and political policy, frequently supplying its deficiency of arguments, by arrogant assumption and declamation. It has done, and does still, its utmost to blunt our perceptions of prescriptive right, and stifle all reverence for antiquity. It strips off the venerable incrustations of age from institutions which have commanded the sacred respect of mankind for centuries, and claims to reform them by breaking them into fragments, and attempting to reconstruct the edifice out of its defaced materials; not remembering, that the violence of its touch rends asunder the golden chain of past and present associations, that strongest bond by which legislators can secure the consistency of their fabrics.

They who devote their energies to the pursuits of literature, whose mental eye is directed long and keenly into books, where they can survey the race-ground on which departed genius has run the course of immortality, and watch its eagle flights, and who thus acquire a sort of veneration for whatever is allied to the departed beings with whom they hold communion, naturally feel an inward grief, when compelled to mark the destruction of ties they have long cherished. And perhaps they have too often, for this reason, withdrawn their mild but powerful influence from the turmoil of political struggles, retired into secluded retreats, and poured out their feelings in strains of pure and thrilling pathos. But when we reflect that the direction of this principle is but rarely yielded to the impulses of vice, and that it often lends virtue overmastering energies, the friend of humanity has but little to fear, and much to hope from its influence.

It has no where left deeper impressions than upon political subjects; and although here, as elsewhere, it has clothed sophistry with a glare which is often mistaken for the sweet light of heaven, it has given Truth a keener edge, and made her panoply gleam with a purer and more attractive splendour. Under its influence, the field of political disquisition grows broader with the diffusion of intelligence, and its limits vanish as we attempt to approach them, as the apparently descending canopy of the skies lifts away before the march of the traveller. Politics is a science founded on clear and easily-defined general principles; the indestructible relations of moral right; but the edifice that has been reared upon this basis, is composed of a variety of costly materials, and embellished with sumptuous ornaments. Constitutional law is the strength of its wall. The flashing rays of genius, elicited in the halls of legislation, gild its columns, and beam from its towers. Even literature hath wreathed beautiful chaplets around the capitals and architraves of its pillars. In fact it often does more; not merely imparting to political institutions the beauty of intellectual elegance, but rendering services which are justly deemed indispensable. There are illustrious instances in which it has formed a bond of union of sufficient strength to resist the discordant jars and strifes of local interests, throughout a great nation. Among these, there is one so striking and noble in its character, that it supersedes the necessity of introducing others which might be cited. I refer to the influence of the Iliad of Homer, a work of pure literature, on the States of ancient Greece.

The Iliad of Homer is one of the most remarkable productions of the human mind. Although conceived in the youth of the Grecian nation, when history was so young as to be almost entirely embraced in oral traditions, before manners had become softened by the refinements of civilization, and while the armour of savage warfare was yet glittering on the limbs of heroes; it displays an insight into the recesses of the human heart, so deep and clear; so intimate a knowledge of the vibrations of all the cords of sympathy; an acquaintance with the secret springs of action so profound and accurate; that succeeding writers, for nearly three thousand years, have done little else than new-name his characters, transpose his incidents, and manufacture new draperies for his sentiments.

In its style, it combines all the graces that adorn the works of the age of Pericles, with the guileless simplicity that belongs to the first essays in composition. It flows from the lips of the poet like a river; in one part of its course sweeping majestically through

rich vales, and in others plunging with awful sublimity over rugged precipices, always grand and impressive as the courses of nature.

This production, which for at least two centuries was not collected into a volume, but sung in detached portions by wandering minstrels, deeply engaged the attention of the Peisistratidæ, the immediate successors of Solon in the administration of the government of Athens; who, with rare genius and keen foresight, attempted to fortify the wise legislation of their great predecessor, by endeavouring to make the Greeks breathe the inspiration of this noble poem. With immense labour, they collected and collated its scattered fragments, and restored the unity breathed into it by the genius who gave it birth. Legal enactments required it to be read and studied by every citizen of the republic, and recitation of its sublime passages formed an important part of their entertainments, at all public games and festivals. Embodying the principles that directed the chisel of the sculptor, and the painter's pencil, as well as of the eloquence that uttered its thunders in the forum, and above all, furnishing the universal minstrelsy of the people, it inspired their genius, refined their taste, and gave them a keen relish for beauty and elegance, without impairing their manly vigour. It was a mirror that reflected the traits of heroes, from whom in direct line they traced their descent, and through them by only a few anterior steps to the fabled deities of heaven. Under its influence, Greece became the birth-place of the arts, the paradise of the sciences, the nurse of heroic and manly sentiment, which is 'that cheap defence of nations, that unbought grace of life,' which, in its healthy state, 'feels a stain like a wound; which ennobles whatever it touches; and under which vice itself loses half its veil, by losing all its grossness.'

As Poetry is peculiarly the language of sentiment and passion, its political influence must, in a great measure, be limited to that stage in the progress of society, where civil institutions are rather the offspring of impulsive feelings, than the emanations of unimpassioned reason. She utters her voice in the silent haunts of retirement, and is often most prodigal of her inspiration, to those whose golden hopes have been reaped down by the sickle of adversity. They who have advanced farthest into the chambers of Imagery, where she holds her court, have often been enabled to gaze undazzled on her glowing visions, and to convey them in their integrity to the minds of others, by the very misfortunes that have dried up the fountains of their sympathies with their fellows. Though the voice of poetry be full of melodious harmony, yet the din of this every-day working world forces its influence back into the silence of the closet where it received its birth. In proportion as the ardour of passion is assuaged by the calm voice of reason, in building the frame-work of society, poetry is compelled to resign her command of the public ear, to the counsels of a bolder and less sensitive spirit, viz. ELOQUENCE, which animates a department of literature, that if measured by the power which it evinces in wielding the destinies of men, will not yield to poetry, and is much more intimately interwoven into the tissues of politics, than poetry, from its nature, can ever be.

The action of eloquence is never so vigorous, nor are her tones so commanding, as when civil liberty calls in her aid to resist the encroachments of tyranny. She gathers strength from obstacles, and all attempts to stifle her voice, give addition to its impressive energy. The history of ancient and modern free states furnish noble examples of her triumphs. To return to the land of the Iliad. As the waves of foreign war subsided, and the beams of peace returned, the energies that, concentrated, had raised a wall of fire around this glorious nation, were divided by the jealousies that must distract every state, which has a diversity of local interests, un cemented by the charm of an indissoluble union. Whatever dissolves the charm, awakens the demons of faction. Discussions become bold and free. Schemes are set on foot, and theories broached and advocated by intellects which ambition has sharpened to keenness. The field is now clear for eloquence. The insidious and overreaching policy of Philip of Macedon kindled the great heart of Demosthenes, and sinking the name of 'party' in the solemn and venerable name of patriotism, his political views acquired a princely dignity by the invincible eloquence with which he enforced them. Those orations, whose bold truths, thrilling appeals, and indignant, sarcastic wit electrified the men of Athens, are the fountains whence succeeding rhetoricians have drawn the rules and principles of that sublime science, which embraces in itself a knowledge of all the others.

The Romans were less poetical, and more imitative, than the Greeks, but their orators were scarcely less illustrious. Their stately annals gleam with the light which flashed from the ardent souls of the Gracchi. The darkest and most corrupt days of the republic had Cato and Cicero, who threw a splendour around them, that made the darkness odious, by rendering it visible. But none of these great men, and especially Cicero, ever reached the full height of their intellectual stature, except when, on the political arena, they appeared as the indomitable champions of the crumbling commonwealth. Their almost superhuman exertions in the cause of patriotism, have procured for themselves a fame which has survived the wreck of the republic, at the same time that they lent a surpassing interest to every thing Roman. The orations of Cicero are not merely beautiful specimens of rhetorical skill, but they are the most valuable commentaries on the Roman Commonwealth extant. The exquisite finish of the style, and the glowing fire-