

creatures of the Crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk ; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me over with the spray,—every thing of him and about him is from the Throne. Is it for him to question the dispensation of the royal favour?"

A very graceful poet has observed of a writer, with whose productions the kindred mind of Burke must have been familiar, that he always appears to be in his study ; never going to meditate in the fields at even tide, or meet beauty without her veil in his solitary meditations. The English orator has not escaped the same objection. A Michael Angelo is censured because he wants the softness of Correggio ; the florid richness of a Rubens is not enjoyed, because it offends the chaste simplicity of Raphael. This is neither a wise, nor a beneficial criticism. To search the many coloured pages of Horace for the stern severity of Æschylus, would not be a very profitable occupation. The element of Burke's imagination was grandeur ; but he frequently moves in the softer atmosphere of grace. Numerous instances will occur to the readers of his works ; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention his elegant character of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been pronounced the eulogium of Parrhasius, spoken by Pericles. "It is," said a political opponent, "as fine a portrait as Sir Joshua Reynolds ever painted." If the pictures of Reynolds were all destroyed, he would still live in the portraits of Burke and of Goldsmith.

An essential property of the mind of Burke was universality of acquisition. To a stature of intellect which might have awed the giants of an elder age, he united a wonderful flexibility and ease of movement. The orator descended into the drawing-room, the liveliest, the pleasantest, the most unaffected of the guests. His most celebrated friend declared him to be the only man whose common conversation corresponded with his general reputation in the world. Take up whatever subject you would, Burke, he said, was ready to meet you. But while he awarded him this ardent praise, he expressed a belief to Robertson, that Burke had never made a good joke, and that he was destitute of the faculty of wit. Nothing delighted Johnson so much as fighting for a paradox, or arraying a sophism. That a genius like Burke's should have been paralysed on the side of humour, would indeed have been a curious fact in the history of the understanding. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, a judge not more acute than impartial, and familiar with all the brilliant talkers of the age, expressly assures us, that he had heard Burke in a single evening say ten things, upon any one of which a professed wit might have subsisted for a year. If Burke had found a Boswell, the dispute might easily have been settled. The few specimens of his conversation which have reached us, display his address in seizing the topics of the moment, and the amiable disposition with which he surrendered himself to the current of society. His play upon words was often very happy. When Wilkes was carried upon the shoulders of the mob, he quoted the lines of Horace.

"Numerisque fertur  
Lege solutus."—Hor. iv. Od. 2.

which Reynolds said was dignifying a pun. He found also in the same poet a very accurate description of a good manor.

"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines ; that is to say, a *modus* as to the tithes, and certain fines. Of Marlay, afterwards Bishop of Waterford, he observed, "I don't like the deanery of Ferns, it sounds so like a barren title." Or to give another example of a similar description :—There happened to be in London a quack who called himself Dr. Rock. Burke happening one day to address his friend Brocklesby by that name, and the Doctor being offended at the jest, he offered to prove the identity of the appellations ; which he performed algebraically, "Brock—b=Rock" or, "Brock less b makes Rock." It was asserted by one of the great masters of Grecian philosophy, that the tragic poet ought to unite in his own person the powers of the comic poet. The history of genius confirms the aphorism of Plato. The eye that flashed upon the soul of Richard, or the malignity of Shylock, shone with mirth at the jokes of Falstaff ; Homer, who painted Achilles, drew also the portrait of Thersites ; Scott, who filled our eyes with tears at the story of Jeanie Deans, made our sides ache with the blunders of the Dominie. Who more tender and humorous than Cervantes, than Chaucer, or Goethe ; than Tieck or Lamb ?

We shall indeed, experience no difficulty in conceiving that Burke might have been equally obnoxious with Coleridge to the remark of Madame de Stael, that although he was a master of monologues, he was totally unacquainted with dialogue. Johnson always spoke of him as an impatient listener. But we may imagine a wide distinction to have separated the philosopher of Highgate from the statesman of Beaconfield. Of the former it has been confessed by one of his ablest admirers, the English Opium eater, that to many he seemed to wander, even when his resistance to the wandering instinct was the most determined. He was so tardy in returning from his airy circuits round the throne of discussion, that the eye of a spectator, unaccustomed to follow such lofty gyrations, lost sight of him altogether. Had he lived in the time of Socrates, Aristophanes would, doubtless, have found a seat for him in the

clouds. Whether, as his disciples affirm, during all these wanderings his mind was guided by "logic the most severe," we shall not venture to determine. It was, at all events, a most delightful occupation of a summer evening to listen to him ; and we can assert for ourselves, that his obscurest rhapsodies breathed upon the mind the charm of music heard in the night ; the mist diffused over the senses, lending toil a sweeter and more mysterious influence. Coleridge was a visionary, and his conversation was coloured by his dreams. Burke, on the other hand, was in the widest sense practical, without despising the embellishments of the imagination. Coleridge, with the enthusiasm of a poet, pursued an image for its beauty ; Burke, with the severer judgment of the statesman, valued it chiefly for its adaptation to an object. The erudition of the first melted into a luminous haze, in which few things were distinctly recognizable ; the learning of the second was employed to set the precious axioms of wisdom which experience had taught him. Never have we conversed with any distinguished individual from whom so little could be carried away, as from Coleridge. You felt that a rich and varied composition had been played ; the effect remained, but the notes were forgotten.

## SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Knowest thou the land, where the lime-trees bloom,  
And the ripening oranges glow,  
Where, mild thickets green, under skies serene,  
The flowers of the myrtle blow ?  
In that genial clime, from verdant houghs  
The laurel-buds peep forth,  
And, unshaken smile, all safe the while  
From ice-winds of the North :  
Knowest thou that land ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would go with thee !

Knowest thou the old ancestral hall,  
Borne up by many a stately column,  
Where statues grim stand looking on  
In vast saloons, with aspect solemn ;  
Pursuing me with mute regard  
Through gallery dim, and colonnade,  
In fancy's ear their voice is heard  
To ask of me "What ails thee, maid ?"  
Knowest thou that hall ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would dwell with thee !

Knowest the rugged mountain brow,  
By winding pathway crost  
Where the passing mule, scarce seen below,  
Is in clouds sublimely lost ?  
Like the dragon's roar from his cavern'd haunt,  
The torrent hoarse is raving,  
And rivals the noise of the tempest's voice  
Aloft through the pine-tops waving :  
Knowest thou that path ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would climb with thee !

Knowest thou the spot where cypress-boughs wave,  
And wild tall grasses grow,  
Where rich and poor find a common grave  
The hallow'd turf below ?  
My mother sleeps there ! Her voice invites,  
And asks me why I stay :  
Through the solemn shade of the cypress glade  
She beckons me away !  
Knowest thou that spot ?

Away ! away !

'Tis there, my love, I fain would weep with thee !

W. M. H.

## WIT OF THE ANCIENTS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORS, WITH REFERENCES.

Floriferis ut apes in calibus omnia rimant.—Lucret.

1. Aristippus, borrowing money from his friends, said that he took it, not so much that he might use it, as that he might show them how it ought to be used.—Diog. Laert. ii. 72.

2. Aristippus being reproached by some of his friends, because, in a certain cause, instead of exerting his own talent in speaking, he had hired a rhetorician to plead for him, exclaimed, "Would you then blame me, when I want a dinner, for employing a cook?"—*Ib.*

3. Cicero, supping with Damasippus, was furnished with wine which was very far from being mellow or pleasant, but which was highly commended by his entertainer. "Drink," said Damasippus, "for it is Falernian forty years old." "Is it?" rejoined the orator, "then it bears its age well."—*Macrob. Sat. ii. 3.*

4. Cicero, seeing his son-in-law, a man of small stature, passing by with a large sword by his side, exclaimed, "Who tied my son-in-law to that long sword?"—*Ib.*

5. Scipio Nasica, going to call on Ennius the poet, was told by the maid-servant that he was not at home. He perceived, however, by the girl's manner, that Ennius was at home, but had ordered her to deny him. A few days after, Ennius came to call on Scipio, who, hearing his voice at the door, called out to him from within that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Ennius, when I hear you speaking."—"You must be a most un-

reasonable man," replied Scipio, "when I called on you I took your servant's word, and will you refuse to take, not my servant's, but my own?"—*Cic. de Orat. ii. 63.*

6. Cato, walking along the street, was struck violently by a fellow carrying a great chest, who immediately afterwards warned him to take care. "Do you carry anything else then," said he, "besides your chest?"—*Ib. c. 69.*

7. A nobleman, in the reign of Vespasian, being desirous of obtaining an office, engaged one of the courtiers, by the promise of a sum of money, to ask it of the emperor, on pretence that he was soliciting for his brother. Vespasian, understanding the state of the case, sent for the candidate, and asked him how much he had agreed to give the other to solicit for him. The nobleman, seeing that the emperor penetrated the affair, stated the sum. "Give me that sum then," said Vespasian, "and you shall have the place." The money was paid accordingly, and the nobleman installed in the office. The courtier, not knowing what had happened, proceeded soon after to renew his intreaties in behalf of his brother. "Ah," said Vespasian, "you must seek another brother now ; for he who was your brother is become mine."—*Suet. Vesp. c. 22.*

8. Zeno dined for some time with a company among whom was a glutton, who devoured so much more than his share of every thing that was brought to table, that he at length found it necessary to repress his greediness. One day, when a fine fish was set before the party, Zeno took the whole of it to himself, and began to eat. The glutton, expressing his surprise, "How," said Zeno, "do you think that your associates can bear your voracity on every occasion, when you cannot endure mine for once?"—*Athen. lib. viii.—Diog. Laert. vii. 19.*

9. A young man inquiring about matters somewhat above his age, Zeno led him to a looking-glass, and asked him whether such questions suited with such a face.—*Diog. Laert. vii. 19.*

10. Leonidas, King of Sparta, hearing a man discoursing with much judgment, but at an improper time, on affairs of some importance, "My friend," said he, I wish you would not discuss to such purpose what it is not to the purpose to discuss at all."—*Plut. in Lycurg.*

11. When Hecateus, the sophist, was mentioned disrespectfully, because, being entertained at a public repast at Sparta, he had been silent the whole time, Archidamidas, the king, defended him, by remarking that "he who knows how to speak knows also when to speak."—*Ib.*

12. When Alexander had drawn up his army for battle against Darius, his officers asked him whether anything yet remained to be done. "Nothing," said he, "but to shave the beards of the Macedonians." Parmenio expressing his surprise, "Do you not know," said the king, "that the beard is the best handle for an enemy in battle?"—*Plut. Apophtheg.*

13. Some say that Thales, the philosopher, was married ; others, that he continued in celibacy ; and that when he was asked why he had no desire for children, he answered, "Because I love children." (In the Greek, *δια φιλοπαιδιαν*.)—*Diog. Laert. i. 26.* [He alluded to the grief which parents feel at the loss of their children ; and signified that he would rather be childless, than expose himself to sorrow for the loss of a child. His words will be sufficiently illustrated by the following anecdote in Plutarch's Life of Solon, as translated by Langhorne :—

When Solon was entertained by Thales at Miletus, he expressed some wonder that he did not marry and raise a family. To this Thales gave no immediate answer ; but some days after he instructed a stranger to say, "That he came from Athens ten days before." Solon inquiring "What news there was from Athens?" the man, according to his instructions, said, "None, except the funeral of a young man, which was attended by the whole city ; for he was the son, as they told me, of a person of great honour, and of the highest reputation for virtue, who was then abroad upon his travels?" "What a miserable man is he!" said Solon : "but what was his name?" "I have heard his name," answered the stranger, "but do not recollect it ; all I remember is, that there was much talk of his wisdom and justice." Solon, whose apprehensions increased with every reply, was now much disconcerted, and mentioned his own name, saying "Whether it was not Solon's son that was dead?" The stranger answering in the affirmative, he began to beat his head, and to do and say such things as are usual to men in a transport of grief. Then Thales, taking him by the hand, said with a smile, "These things that strike down so firm a man as Solon, kept me from marriage and from having children ; but take courage, my good friend, for not a word of what has been told you is true."

AN URCHIN OF MANY MOTHERS.—A little boy about ten years of age, said to his playmate—"John, was that your mother I saw at your house?" "Yes," replied the little urchin, "but father's other wife was my own mother, and the one before her was my mother too, but she died before I was born."

The highest inhabited places in the known world are in Peru. The cottages, at the source of the Ancormarca, are at an elevation of 15,720 feet above the level of the sea. The village of Tacora is 14,275 feet high.