

For the Pearl.
STANZAS.

1
When fades the glorious light of day,
And twilight's gentle shades descend,
From human haunts I love to stray,
Alope the tranquil hour to spend.
O'er hill and dale, by grove and stream,
Or near the sea-beat shore I go—
And, gazing on the parting gleam,
Recall my hours of joy and woe.

2
As that last look of daylight dies,
So passed the light of youth away,—
And like the gloom that round me lies
Is that which clouds my later day.
My earth-born hopes have all been vain,
Though long their trembling light was dear;
My joys have always closed in pain,
And love has left me darkling here.

3
Yet come there in this holy hour,
Deep spells that bid my sorrows cease—
Pure thoughts that heavenly comfort pour,
And yield the soothing balm of peace.
The few I loved I see no more—
Yet comes there to my soul a voice,
Which says, when this dim life is o'er,
We all shall mingle and rejoice.

ANON.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

This is the first volume of a work which promises to be one of no ordinary interest. History rarely condescends to notice the peculiarities of the consorts of kings, unless these be of a kind to excite the horror or the wonder of mankind. Semiramis—if she be not, indeed, a fabulous person—is better known to us by her vices than by her warlike virtues, even after the lapse of nearly four thousand years. The brick walls (*muri coctiles*) with which she girt Babylon, and her exploits as a warrior Queen, are forgotten in the recollection of those savage debaucheries with which her name is associated. Catherine de Medicis we remember simply as the perpetrator of the most remorseless act of cruelty with which the modern annals of the world are disfigured; and the celebrated Czarina, Catherine, is as conspicuous for her frailty and cruelty, as for her prowess and wisdom, neither of which have been called in question. The gentler properties of the sex are overlooked, while the weakness or atrocities of the monarch are proclaimed to the whole earth; though but little reflection is required to show that an amiable woman in an exalted sphere performs a far more important part in the economy of human life by the force of example and precept, than has been performed by the most illustrious Amazon that ever drew a bow, or pinched the ear of a refractory prime minister. For these reasons we rejoice that Miss Strickland has chosen a new field of literature, and has resolved to rescue from total oblivion the memories of the Queens of her native land.

The present volume contains the lives of Matilda, of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror—Matilda of Scotland, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, and wife of Henry I. of England—Adelicia, or Adelaide, of Louvaine, "the fair maid of Brabant," and the second wife of Boulogne, the daughter of Count Eustace, and the niece of the celebrated Godfrey, the wife of Stephen—and Eleanor of Aquitaine, Countess of Provence in her own right, and first the wife of Louis VII. of France, and after her divorce from that monarch, of Henry II. of England. She was the mother of Cœur de Lion, John, and the other undutiful sons of the English sovereign. Such an outline is enough to show that the volume is incapable of analysis. Each biography is complete in itself, and has its own points of interest and sources of attraction; and all that our space permits us to do is, to offer a few general remarks on the manner in which the author has performed her task.

We know of no female writer who has so completely triumphed over the difficulties of historical composition as Mrs. Jamieson. In her own department she is unapproached by man or woman, but her self-imposed duties are light compared with those of Miss Strickland; who, though manifestly her inferior in comprehensiveness of thought, and beauty of style, greatly surpasses her in learning, diligence, and patient research. It is only those who have dipped into studies of the kind who can form an adequate conception of the difficulties which such an undertaking as the history of the private lives of women who flourished eight hundred years ago present; and who, by consequence, can appreciate at its full value the labour Miss Strickland must have undergone in the compilation of this volume. There is not a probable source of information, domestic or foreign, which she has not consulted; and the result is, a book which combines the best properties of a history, with the more attractive attributes of a romance. Monastic chronicles, manuscripts, family records, contemporary annals, poems, legends, tapestry painting, sculpture, architecture, are all laid under contribution; and are so skilfully managed as to enable the accomplished

writer to put together a series of narratives which, for dramatic interest, are unexcelled by any similar work in the English language. The style is somewhat loose and incompact. It undoubtedly wants that idiomatic energy which a thorough command over the language, and much practice in writing, can alone communicate; on the other hand, there is no affectation, no tawdry sentiment, none of that ludicrous intensesness of expression which mars its own object by its very vehemence, and a scrupulous avoidance of those false arts by which inferior writers seek to throw a false glory around an unprofitable or a repulsive subject. There is not only the greatness of a woman's nature about Miss Strickland's reflections, but much of that fine tact in the discussion of subjects of admitted delicacy, which is one of the most conspicuous faculties of the female intellect, and by which it is, in all circumstances, contradistinguished from the grosser mind of man. It is only when a woman permits herself to forget this, and when she becomes ambitious of that kind of distinction which is not enviable, that she acquires the reputation of a forcible writer with a certain order of readers; but it is a reputation bought at the expense of almost everything that is valuable in the female character. The discipline of the understanding is relaxed—the finely constituted sympathies of the heart are disordered—an extatic phrenzy, sometimes misnamed poetry, and sometimes miscalled philosophy, take the place of those emotions which are the origin of whatever is pure and beautiful in the moral organization of the sex; and there is left behind nothing but an unharmonious patchwork, in which we clearly trace the gradual decay of correct feeling, sound taste and sound judgment, in the midst of an untiring effort to set at nought the arrangements of nature, and the obligations both of truth and decency. We could illustrate this position had we time, and possibly much to the dismay of those who have been accustomed to attach undue weight to a name; but the task is ungracious, and we must conclude these hasty observations by cordially recommending the "Lives of the Queens of England" to the patronage of the public, as a work of great merit, creditable learning, and uncommon modesty.—*Glasgow Courier*.

From the Dublin Weekly Chronicle.

FATHER MATHEW, THE IRISH TEMPERANCE APOSTLE.

The following facts, which we have been enabled to lay before our readers, respecting this extraordinary and exemplary man, may be relied on as authentic, as they have been for the most part derived from himself. His great anxiety to draw a veil over the good things he has done is the only reason that they are not more numerous.

Mr. Mathew was born in the year 1789, at Thomastown House, the seat of the Earl of Llandoff, in the County of Cork. When about 20 years of age he entered Kilkenny College, where, having completed the usual course of studies, he took orders as a Franciscan Friar. On leaving College he fixed his residence at Cork, where in a short time he earned a high reputation by the zeal with which he discharged the duties of his sacred office, and particularly by his powers as a pulpit orator. To enumerate the services which he rendered to his fellow citizens, particularly the humbler classes of them, is a task agreeable in itself, but one which would require more time and space than we can afford to bestow. Let it be sufficient to say, that he has spent the last twenty-five years in continued exertions to mitigate the sufferings of the poor of his neighbourhood, and to raise them from the state of moral and physical degradation to which they had been reduced. Never, during that time, was an attempt made to effect any of the great ends of charity—to instruct the ignorant, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked—that did not either originate with him, or at least receive his most ardent support. He never stopped to enquire whether such an attempt originated with a Protestant or Catholic; he required but to be told that its object was to confer a benefit on his fellow-man. We need hardly say he is a true and consistent Catholic; but at the same time he believes there is room in heaven for every good man to whatsoever sect he may belong. He never hesitates to say that he believes benevolence to be the great end of Christianity. His every word and action points him out as one of those (alas! how few,) who understand that the motive which called God from on high to dwell amongst us was, that we should love one another.

By such a course of life Mr. Mathew gained, in a short time, an unbounded influence over the minds of the surrounding poor. About two years ago it was suggested to him by a few benevolent individuals who had attempted to establish a total abstinence society in Cork, that he could not better employ his talents and influence than in reclaiming the humbler classes of his fellow citizens from the vice of drunkenness, which prevailed at the time to a frightful extent among them. He embraced the proposal without hesitation. About the commencement of the year 1838, he formed the first total abstinence society. The temperance movement, like all great revolutions, has grown from small beginnings. For several months after the first society was established, the number of its members scarcely exceeded five hundred: it is now more than a million.

There is not a single member of his family, who are mostly distillers, on whom he has not inflicted a serious injury by his advocacy of Temperance; nor were his friends the only persons who suffered by his benevolence. For several months after he established his society in Cork he defrayed the expenses of it from his own pocket.

He hired, at considerable cost, a riding school in Cove street, as a place of meeting. He supported a number of poor persons who came from the neighbouring county into Cork for the purpose of joining his society. He gave sixty thousand medals for nothing; and, in addition to all this, there was no degree of exertion which he thought too much for the furtherance of the great work in which he was engaged. Day after day he was at his post, encouraging and exhorting; his toil was unremitting, and his only reward was, that which heaven never fails to bestow on a good man. Mr. Mathew is somewhat under the middle size—we should say about five feet eight—somewhat corpulent, but not so as to render him in any degree inactive. In his countenance there is a peculiar expression of benevolence.

It is rather fashionable with some people, who think they can see farther into futurity than their neighbours, to talk of Mr. Mathew's labours as transitory in their effect, and of the happy change effected in the habits of the people, as one that is not likely to outlast the enthusiasm that has given it birth. We entertain a different opinion, and we are convinced a little reflection will lead every thinking man to agree with us. What is it that forms the drunkard's charm! Assuredly nothing but habit. Nature has not implanted in our hearts a desire for wine or whiskey. The propensity is born with no man. It takes its rise from small beginnings, and grows by degrees upon mankind. May we not, then, fairly expect that time, which has given it its strength, may also take its strength away? It is a great thing to interrupt a habit. Suppose the great mass of the people should continue temperate for one year—and this supposition has been already realized with regard to a great portion of them—it is not too much to say that nine out of ten will persevere. New habits will be created, new enjoyments will be felt—and what is, perhaps, as powerful a motive as either—a new fashion will be formed. It will no longer be considered one of the necessary accomplishments of a gentleman to be able to drink a certain quantity of whiskey punch. Excess will be looked upon in its proper light as a thing rather to be ashamed of than to be proud of. Taking all these things into consideration, there is not the slightest ground for apprehension as to the ultimate result of temperance in Ireland. As to the effects of temperance on the condition of the people, they are too evident to require any lengthened remarks. The amount of money saved to the country, and to that portion of the community, too, who stand most in need of it, is perhaps the least important of the happy results that are likely to flow from it. Yet even this is by no means inconsiderable. The value of the spirits annually consumed in Ireland could not have been under three millions. The duty amounted to about half that sum, and in this a very sensible diminution has been already felt; and it is remarkable that a corresponding increase has taken place on the duties of tea and other excisable luxuries.

WELLINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

The Duke of Wellington's campaigns furnish lessons for Generals of all nations, but they must always be peculiarly models for British Commanders in future continental wars, because he modified and reconciled the great principles of art with the peculiar difficulties which attended generals controlled by politicians, who, depending upon private intrigue, prefer parliamentary to national interests. An English Commander must not trust his fortune. He dare not risk much, however conscious he may be of good resources, where one disaster will be his ruin at home. His measures must therefore be subordinate to this primary consideration. Lord Wellington's caution, springing from that source, has led friends and foes alike into wrong conclusions as to his system of war. The French call it want of enterprise, timidity; the English have denominated it the Fabian system. These are mere phrases. His system was the same as that of all great Generals. He held his army in hand, keeping it with unmitigated labour always in a fit state to march or to fight; and thus prepared, he acted indifferently as occasion offered, on the offensive or defensive, displaying in both a complete mastery of his art. Sometimes he was indebted to fortune, sometimes to his natural genius, but always to his untiring industry, for he was emphatically a pains-taking man.

That he was less vast in his designs, less daring in execution, neither so rapid nor so original a Commander as Napoleon, must be admitted; and being later in the field of glory, it is to be presumed that he learned something of the art from that greatest of all masters: yet something besides the difference of genius must be allowed for the difference of situation; Napoleon was never, even in his first campaign of Italy, so harassed by the French, as Wellington was by the English, Spanish, and Portuguese Governments. Their systems of war were, however, alike in principle, their operations being necessarily modified by their different political positions. Great bodily exertion, unceasing watchfulness, exact combinations to protect their flanks and communications without scattering their forces,—these were common to both. In defence firm, cool, enduring; in attack fierce and obstinate; daring when daring was politic, but always operating by the flanks in preference to the front: in these things they were alike; but in the following up a victory the English General fell short of the French Emperor. The battle of Wellington was the stroke of a battering ram, down went the wall in ruins. The battle of Napoleon was the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before which the barrier yielded, and the roaring flood poured onwards covering all.