

a pure pensive spirit, timid, but filled with devout morality. His style of composition is not polished like Pope's, but it is plain and familiar, and imbued with melancholy. He is just, spirited and correct in his delineations of country life, but there was nothing ideal in his temper; his descriptions are those of real life, and not the offspring of imagination; but though beautiful, he is not a descriptive poet; when he does describe it seems to be a sort of self-indulgence; his great aim is to deduce a moral, to withdraw us from our absorption in worldly pursuits, by the serene breath of holy nature; to lead us from the tide of vanity which the world gathers about us; he implores us with heartfelt and almost weeping sincerity to look for a better home in another world; but amiable as he is, he often goes to unjustifiable extremes; his hypochondria has affected his poetry with an unhealthy vein, a distaste for the realities of life, for the active scenes in which people must engage, if they want to form a strong and vigorous character. He thinks every one should live in the country, as if there was nothing harmless but walking in the fields and groves, or in taking tea with Mrs. Unwin; he has no sympathy with the orator or the astronomer; heriducles historians, because they detail wars and oppressions; he rebukes geologists, because he thinks in their investigations they have dared to call in question the account which Moses gives us of the creation; but in that he was mistaken, the deep researches of the geologists have helped to prove the correctness of the history. So wise and liberal a man as Cowper should have been aware that true science can never conflict with true religion, neither can city life conflict with the country; without cities there would be no civilization, and the ordeal of competition is necessary to the perfecting any knowledge:

After this sketch of Cowper's mind, it may not be amiss to give an extract from his poems, which show, perhaps as well as anything else, the peculiarity and beauty of his style; it is replete with harmony and sentiment, and has a delicate vein of irony running through the whole. It is the account of the arrival of the Post Boy:

"Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood; in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back;
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,

Cold and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him India's rent whether grief or joy,
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks,
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill;
Or charg'd with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally effect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings?"

AN ENTERPRISING BRAHMIN.

THE following account of a distinguished Hindoo, from the much-esteemed Serampore Journal, "The Friend of India," throws an interesting light upon the progress of enlightenment in India, and the various agencies that are at work in the great cause. Hitherto we have heard only of Europeans, and natives who, whether embracing Christianity or not, had abjured the superstitions of their country; but the subject of this memoir clung to the last to the Brahminical faith; and yet—while rising by talent and industry from the humblest station to immense wealth—placed himself habitually at the head of every project for the advancement of his co-religionists in knowledge and civilization.

"Of the native gentlemen who have raised themselves to eminence in the native society of Calcutta, by the acquisition and distribution of wealth, within the present century, Ram Komul Sen will be freely acknowledged as the most remarkable. Others have risen from equal obscurity to greater wealth, but none have been distinguished for their intellectual attainments. Bishonath Mooteelal, lately the dewan of the Salt Golahs, began life with eight rupees a-month, and is generally understood to have amassed twelve or fifteen lacs of rupees before he was required to relinquish his office. The father of Baboo Asootosh Deb, the founder of that wealthy family, served a native master at five rupees a-month before he became a clerk in the late firm of Fairlie, Ferguson and Company, in whose employ, and also in that of the American merchants—who named one of their ships after him, Ramdolal Dey—he accumulated a colossal fortune. The present dictator in the money market, the Rothschild of Calcutta, Mootee Baboo, began his career with the humble salary of ten rupees a-month. Ram Komul Sen also was the architect of his own fortune, and began life as a compositor in Dr. Hunter's Hindoostanee press, at eight rupees a-month; and though he is said to