

THE
City Magazine;

Devoted to the Interests of
**YOUNG MEN ENGAGED IN COMMER-
CIAL PURSUITS.**

May, 1847,

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Vol. 1.]

Montreal, May, 1847.

[No. 1,

OUR POSITION.

Man is a progressive being. If we trace him from the dawn of his existence down to the present moment, the recording page of history will furnish us with sufficient proofs of his actual state at that time; of his position since, and our own observation and experience of the world, will lead us to contemplate his present situation. Although some of the ancients cultivated pretty successfully, and attained great proficiency both in learning, and a knowledge of many of the arts and sciences, nevertheless, it is pretty generally admitted, that were our ancestors to be called from their tombs, to view the gigantic strides which the world is making onward to a perfect state of civilization and enlightenment, they would actually look upon the existent scene as totally incredible.

The proud position which Europe and America at present hold, when considered in relation to what they were only half a century ago, will form, indeed, to the thinking observer, a striking contrast, and will not fail to make him reflect upon the inexhaustible treasures of Nature, and their intimate connection with the faculties of Man.

It is becoming evident that the time is rapidly approaching, when more and more respect will be paid to Man's higher nature, and he will gradually cease to be looked upon, as the mere manual slave. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to despise either manual or the compound descriptions of labour. No! We consider them a blessing, and as such we

only wish to see them blended, and falling into a beautiful harmony, with the intellectual portion of Man's being.

That such a spirit of progress has been for sometime abroad in the Mother country, will appear to be pre-eminently the case, when we look at the fruit of its workings, in the many, and valuable Institutions, with which her cities are studded; and when we view some of their noblest structures reared side by side with the Halls of Commerce.

That Canada, and more particularly this City, has felt the benignant effects of such an influence, is evinced from the growing desire among our young men, engaged in commercial pursuits, to better their intellectual and social condition; our primary object will therefore be to advocate an abbreviation of business hours.

We would have our young men remember, that great achievements are generally uncharacteristic in their outset. And the destiny which overhung the success of many of our most distinguished men has not unfrequently been hinged upon the most trivial circumstance.

Our greatest moral force agitations, which were based upon broad principles, have been hatched in the minds of but one or two kindred spirits; and have not unfrequently had in their youthful career but inauspicious symptoms of their ultimate success. Although a cloud of uncertainty would seem to hang over our early endeavours; still we would fain hope that

such momentary gloom only exists to reveal a following brightness.

We would earnestly impress upon our young men, the necessity of combination. For they must know that "union is strength," and organization the keystone of success. Without their vigorous and energetic support, however sanguine we ourselves may be in the cause, we cannot hope alone to win the triumph. Our pages will always be available for the purpose of stating their grievances; and it will be our constant study to put such forward in the truest aspect: thereby arresting public attention. We are aware that much apathy exists in every quarter which ought to be the most interested. Whether from a customary carelessness, a total absence of hope, or a tenacity of the position they hold in relation to that of their employers, we will not determine; but we know that very many of the Clerks themselves have betrayed such lethargic symptoms. Now such ought not to be the case. We trust that such a stain is not of the deepest dye, and will very speedily be washed out. They know the benefits of intellectual improvement, as our Lecture-rooms can testify, during the late temporary respite from business, that many of them have had the gratification of enjoying. In our view there seems to be but one opinion regarding the value to be placed on mental culture; so we think there ought to be but one opinion as to the necessity of entering into arrangements, of a reformatory character, in bringing about an abbreviation of business hours.

There are many of our young men, who loudly deprecate the present system, still suffer in silence. It may be from the want of confidence in their own capabilities for agitation,—or perhaps from unassuming diffidence—or probably the lack of a proper channel through which to convey their sentiments. To all such we would say that you are materially affecting your own true interests, in thus continuing your neutrality.

To you we would invite the use of

our pages, through which you can sue for a redress of your wrongs.

Much indeed will depend upon your support as regards our existence and mission. We hold it to be your duty to assist us in our humble endeavours to sweep away all obstacles, and prepare the public mind for a coming change.

Although, such shall form a leading feature of "The City Magazine;" still it will be our constant endeavour to stimulate our young men to the acquirement of knowledge, by placing before them reading of an instructive character, without which, and going on as matters are at present, they need never expect to fill, with credit, that position in the mercantile world which many of them in a few years, will in the course of nature be called upon to occupy.

"THE CITY MAGAZINE" will have novelty as one of its claims for public support, as well as that of the young men. For we are not aware of any publication which will have the direct interests of such a growing and influential portion of the community so much at heart. That such a work is very much wanted in this city, will be evident when we occasionally set forth the existent state of things—the grievances which our Clerks lie under—and the contemptuous and degrading manner in which, from force of custom, many of them are obliged to toil for their subsistence. And, more especially, when the Press of our city have for their aim something so foreign to ours.

Our appearance will indeed be most opportune, as the period is fast approaching when the late hour system will rage in all its power. It is then the hectic flush will speedily appear on the cheeks of our young men, who have experienced some little repose during the less severe confinement of the winter season; and the hand of disease, we anticipate, will be far from idle. On our part no exertion shall be spared to spread the adoption of improving measures, and all we require is the co-operation of those we intend to assist.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT,

There are many parties who no doubt view the present movement with suspicion, and look upon it with an air of contempt; and who, because it does not affect themselves, will not strain a nerve in order that others may reap the benefit. "Every man mind his own business," is an adage the truth of which, in its proper meaning, we do not mean to dispute. But nevertheless we hold it to be the duty of every respectable member of society, to do as much good as he possibly can; and he who exerteth himself the most in bettering the condition of those around him—is the best man: and he will experience that felicitous feeling of inward satisfaction, which his more selfish neighbour never enjoys.

The spreading of knowledge, of civilization, and general enlightenment, together with an improved physiological condition, are a few of the happy results, which will be viewed with pleasure by those philanthropic minds who interest themselves in the cause.

It will be their felicitous contemplation to view with delight, the rapidly improving condition of many of their fellow-creatures. And is such a feeling not a sufficient stimulant for exertion? Yes! many a movement much less pregnant with good has been taken under the fostering care of the highest consideration, tended, and brought to a state of maturity.

This movement in Britain however, has been aided and supported by parties at once the most eminent, and influential. And such benevolent examples, we would at once hold up to those among us who may be actuated by a similar spirit; and to those who are not—as it may be the means of stimulating them to exertion.

Lord John Russell himself has occupied the chair at a meeting in Exeter Hall, for the purpose of bringing about a decrease in the extent of business hours.

Sir Robert Peel and Lord Brougham, it will be seen from the following extract, were expected to be present at

the Anniversary of the Manchester Early Closing Association. There are also other names high in the literature of their country; who although it was out of their power to grace such a meeting with their presence, nevertheless heartily concur and sympathize in all its objects.

Indeed the highest dignitaries of the Church, seem to be vieing with the highest functionaries of the State, in lending their meed of approbation, to such a commendable and praise-worthy object. Such are some of the names identified with the progress of such a glorious cause. Men, some of whom we may say have the affairs of the Empire in their hands, and notwithstanding can find sufficient time to countenance such a meeting with their presence. Such exemplary conduct cannot fail to shew that those eminent individuals know the benefits accruing, and the good emanating, from such a source. They do not seem to be actuated by that spirit of superiority, which persons of a less dignified station too frequently assume. The true spirit of philanthropy seems to breathe through their breasts. And their souls seem to be fired with that scriptural truth; Do to thy neighbour as thou would to thyself.

Connected as many noble names have been with this movement from its infancy; they have not failed to excite a spirit of emulation every where at home. We most earnestly trust that it may extend its influence to this City, where it may be the means of stirring up our leading men to lend their aid in carrying out such a desirable object.

The following is the extract to which we have referred—

"We are glad to be able to give the following intelligence which issued from the Early Closing Association yesterday morning:—"Sir Rob't. Peel and Lord Brougham.—Early Closing Association Soiree." The committee had to announce, that they have

deputed Mr. Charles Nash, the Secretary of the London association, to wait upon the Right Hon. Lord Brougham, and they yet entertain confident hopes of his Lordship's presence on

the occasion; and the following letter was received by the secretary yesterday morning from the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.:—

‘WHITEHALL, GARDENS, February 27.

Sir,—I feel exceedingly gratified by your flattering invitation to attend the forthcoming Anniversary of the Early Closing Society on the 4th of March, and it will afford me much pleasure to give any service to your objects which my presence will promote, provided my engagements will permit my absence from London on that day. I am much obliged by the kind offer which you make for my accommodation during my temporary stay in Manchester, but have arranged with a friend resident in the neighborhood.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. T. Good, Esq.

ROBERT PEEL.’

The committee are able to rely upon the attendance of most of the guests announced, with the following exceptions: The Right Hon. Thomas B. Macaulay, M. P., and the Hon. William Cowper, M. P. The Secretary has informed us that both these gentlemen have written to him in very earnest terms, expressive of their regret that circumstances which they could not foresee, connected with their official engagements in the Government, oblige them to relinquish all hopes of being present on this interesting occasion. The Right Hon. Thomas B. Macaulay, after expressing at some length, in the most pleasing terms, his sympathy with the objects of the society, concluded by saying, ‘Let me beg of you to convey my thanks to the committee for the manner in which they have invited me, and my deep regret that it will be out of my power to be present on this occasion.’ It is feared, too, that the continued indisposition of Mr. Daniel O’Connell, M. P., will deprive the committee of his support and presence. The secretary of the committee received a letter on Thursday morning from Mr. Thomas Noon Talford, from which we extract the following: ‘I must encounter the painful task of assuring you that my attendance in Manchester on that day is impracticable, unless at the sacrifice of most urgent and imperative duties.’

It must be a source of great disappointment to the committee to lose the support of such an advocate as Mr. Serjeant Talford, but the whole tenor of his letter, which is far too long for insertion here, is so gratifying as almost to compensate for his absence. In addition to this, we learn that on Thursday morning a letter was received unexpectedly from Mr. J. Lewis Ricardo, M. P., stating his regret that his appointment to the committee to investigate the navigation laws will prevent his attendance in Manchester on the approaching anniversary. Yesterday morning, however, we were happy to hear that the secretary had received a letter from the Right Hon. Thomas Milner Gibson, who is the chairman of that committee, in which the right hon. gentleman stated, that if any circumstance should occur to prevent the committee sitting on that day he should have very great pleasure in attending; so that there is hope of both these gentlemen yet being present. However, without these, the names already announced are sufficient to make the approaching reunion one of extraordinary attractiveness.—The names of his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin; the Right Hon. Lord Alfred Paget, M. P.; the Right Hon. Fox Maule, M. P.; General Sir De Lacy Evans, Bart., M. P.; Mr. John Bright, M. P.; Dr. D. B. Reid; Mr. S. C. Hall, F. S. A.; Mr. Doug-

las Jerrold, Mr. John Saunders, and Mr. W. M. Thackeray, form an array of talent and eloquence seldom to be found at once on the same platform.—This is a movement which we are sure has the hearty wishes of every friend of progress and enlightenment.”

Manchester, one of the first commercial cities in the world, seems to be the seat of much good; and in reference to which Lord Morpeth in his late address, at the Athæneum Soirée, eloquently adverted :

“ I rejoice that in Manchester, beyond all dispute the first city in the ancient or the modern world for manufacturing enterprise and mechanical skill, you have not been content with that display of wealth which may jostle in your streets, or be piled in your warehouses; you have not thought it sufficient to raise factories tier upon tier, or magazines, that will accommodate the traffic of the world, but you have thought it your business, too, to build and set apart a home and a haunt for innocent enjoyment, for useful instruction, for graceful accomplishments, for lofty thought—a shrine of Pallas athenæ, in a Christian land. (Loud applause.) Long may it be the resort, where all that are engaged and engrossed in the business or labour of this unparalleled hive of industry, may find repose for their flagging spirits, a neutral ground for their manifold differences, invigorating food for their reason, and an impulse onwards and upwards to all the best and highest tendencies of our nature. (Applause.) I am glad to perceive, that while the benefits of your institution are not confined to any condition, to any class, to any denomination, so also they are not exclusively appropriated even to one sex. (Laughter and cheers.) The wholesale effects of your institution have not been confined to its own walls, and its own operations. While it has walked its own rounds, it has also been suggestive of many kindred processes; or, if I may borrow an illustration from one of the disputed problems of the upper sky, in its career of light and

progress it has thrown off from itself separate bodies, which harden into distinct masses, and glow with independent lustre. (Great applause.) Or I may ask you, whether it is not very much owing to the impulse of ideas thrown out and acted upon here, at your lecture rooms, in your school gatherings, and in the more earnest friction of your discussions; that, to select an instance, the public parks, which add so much both to the material and the moral beauty of this great city; the public baths and wash-houses, which are calculated to have deeper effects than on the mere skin and linen; and all the attention which has been bestowed on sanitary regulations—do not in a great degree owe their rise? (Applause.) Can you look to other sources for the foundation of your industrial schools—for the weekly half holiday in your warehouses—or for the early closing of your shops? (Applause) * * * Let me for a little time now turn from the institution to yourselves—to you who are its members, you who constitute it, you who are its life and essence. One of the orators, by whose eloquence heretofore you have been delighted, when addressing the youth of Manchester, told them with emphasis to aspire.—Far be it from me to tell them otherwise. All who feel within themselves the sacred flame, who are strung to the high endeavour, who are girded for the immortal race, I would address in the same terms. It is by patient inquiry, by diligent study, by humble-minded searching after truth, that all real knowledge is to be wooed and won—(applause)—equally apart from that shallow presumption which sets up its own speculations and sophistries in the place of conscious reason and a disciplined faith; and from that blind bigotry which bears down argument, decides against proof, and condemns without a hearing.”

We need not remark that all our principle Cities at home have their Societies, the whole of which seem to be working effectually, each striving to bring about the greatest reform, and to cultivate a spirit of unanimity.

amongst the employers. The feeling has even penetrated to the denizens of the North, and Aberdeen has lately been the field of agitation; and we are glad to observe that they seem to have set about it in right earnest.

Several influential gentlemen called a meeting and prevailed upon the Provost to preside; the whole of the clergy were invited and took a great interest in the proceedings—resolutions were carried to the effect that every minister should be called upon to bring the

question from the pulpit before their congregations. It is indeed gratifying to think that so much interest is being awakened in favour of this movement.

Man's career is but short in this world, and he fails to realize the true dignity of his calling, if he is not allowed a reasonable time, to discharge his social duties, to cultivate those feelings and that intellect which have such an ennobling influence upon his general character.



SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, —N^o. 1.

THE MISER.

The true raiser is he who has not only no enjoyment of his money, but who finds and feels money to be a source of pain; who feels in every payment a pang which penetrates his inmost soul; whose money quits his purse as reluctantly as a three pronged tooth parts from its bony and agonized socket; who is always meditating some plan of saving expense, and is as constantly thwarted in his schemes; who is really miserable because he has not the courage to be what the world calls a miser; who endeavours to be generous but has not the heart to be really so; who at the sight of a beggar sickens with a sadness, miscalled sympathy, and pities his own pocket more than his neighbour's poverty; who buys every thing as cheaply as he can, and then, after all, has the pleasure of cursing his stars that he has paid sixpence more than was absolutely necessary.

Your genuine miser has often a good coat to his back, and may even dwell in a waterproof house; but he has baggled with his tailor till he has lost his temper, and he fidgets his very life out to see the gloss departing from the broad cloth; and when he pays his rent, he writhes like a baby with a blister on its back, at the thought that another house in the same street is let for five pounds a year less than his. He is a great bargain hun-

ter, and, of course, is often bit; he buys advertised wine, and smacks his lips over Cape. He has not the spirit to spend money, nor the courage to hoard it.

He will buy, but it is all trash that he buys. He will be charitable in his way, but it is in a little way; and he praises the 'Mendicity Society.' He cannot bear to be cheated of a farthing, so he says, but he means that he never parts with a farthing but with reluctance. He has no notion of buying golden opinions. He has some little regard, however, to opinion, and wishes to have it without buying; if, however, it must be bought, he will endeavour to buy it as cheaply as possible.

He has an eye to quantity, not quality. He has an abhorrence of all public amusements which are not accessible without payment; and if ever driven by a strong impulse of curiosity to visit a theatre, he will spend a whole day in hunting after a free admission, and if, after all, he must pay for admittance, he will have as much as he can for his money, and sit to the last dregs of a drowsy farce, though he is as weary as a horse, as sick as a dog, and as sleepy as a cat.

Whatever he has bought and paid for, he will use and consume, however much against the grain. If he has out a stupid novel from the circulating

library, he will read it throughout; if he has paid a fare in an omnibus, he will ride in it as far as it will carry him; if he has taken lodgings at a watering-place, he will stay to the last moment, let the weather be as bleak as December; if he has subscribed to

a cold bath, he will have his quantum of dips at the risk of his life; if he be a member of a club, he will read every newspaper; and if he sees and hates himself in this portrait, he will persevere to the end because he has a right to do so.



A SCOTTISH SCENE.

There is nothing perhaps so pleasing to a placid and tranquil mind as to enter a quiet and humble country church. Devoid of ornament, destitute of affectation, we feel ourselves more in the house of God, and consequently nearer to his presence than when in grander and more pretending temples. Those whom we see there are examples of piety; and also, patterns of integrity and affection while the minister is seldom other than a man of strict probity; and that example to his parish which every preacher of the gospel ought to be. He ascends the pulpit not to bewilder them with the thunder of his eloquence—but to set forth in a plain diction, the plain truths of the gospel;—he courts no admiration; he addresses poor as well as rich, and adapts his language so that all may comprehend him: he humbly pleads for all as their representative to Heaven, and piety and humility mark his prayers.

The precentor too, is a sober and good-natured shoemaker during weekdays: he puts on a better coat for Sundays, and astonishes even his customers by the few mistakes he makes in the psalms, or weekly notices.

But pause a little—we are entering the old Church-yard. Picture to yourself the scene. Before you stands a small but neat building with a taper spire. The ground around is small in extent—but still sufficiently large; and a few of the smarter tombstones rearing their heads, first strike your attention.

It is a fine morning—the bell has just begun—and ere the congregation

all assemble let us stroll amongst the stones.

The sexton is busied with a new grave:—'tis for a young girl—one who when alive was adored by the suffering—for she loved them, and attended to their wants.

The old man passes the back of his rough hand across his tear-filled eyes, and is ready to exclaim "Poor girl!—we must weep for thee—thou wast a fresh flower plucked in the bloom of youth and beauty." There are many graves without a mark to tell or record the name or deeds of those that lie within. Untouched by ambition they were born—have lived—and as peaceably died in their native village. Poor, but honest—sometimes unhappy—but ever uncontaminated by vice. A most imposing stone attracts your gaze. There lies the lord of the place! A gorgeous stone and now half obliterated eulogium mark the distinction; and yet, perhaps, compare his life with that of the meanest around him in death, and the pallid marble would blush!

But it is now time to enter the edifice. Amid the solemn silence, the pulpit door is closed upon the minister who cast a happy, placid look upon his flock. The psalm is read; and Nature's God is worshipped. * * * Now breaks Jehovah's praise along the aisle, and voices send their echoes to the throne. * * * All is again hushed: and the solemn prayer commences. * * * * *

Sweet, sweet scene, may peaceful blessings ever fall upon thy blooming turf, and keep thee as thou art!

FAREWELL TO MY HOME.

(Written on leaving England in 1846)

Farewell, thou loved country; forsaken I wander
To seek, in a far distant clime, a new home;
But the dear native hills that now fade from me, yonder,
Shall still be remembered wherever I roam.
When afar I have travell'd beyond the wide ocean,
And some new scene of pleasure and beauty I find,
'Midst the joy of my bosom some tender emotion,
Will bring to my view the dear scenes left behind.

Tho' beauteous this spot, I shall cry—"I remember
A fairer, a far dearer prospect of bliss;
Oh! the darkest, the gloomiest night of December,
At *Home*, was more dear than a May-day in this."
If I pledge me the cup to the friends I've deserted,
Those friends are not near me to pledge me again;
Or lonely in solitude sigh broken-hearted,
No soothing of friendship will soften my pain.

Perchance at some long distant period returning,
Again I may visit my dear native shore,
When fond hearts no more for their lost one are burning,
And come but to hear those dear friends are no more.
I shall traverse the spot where in boy-hood I gambol'd,
Deserted those spots by the friends that I loved,
I shall wander again o'er the graves where I rambled
When young with the girl of my heart I have roved.

Dark grows the night and no more my strain'd eyes view
The land I adore, the loved land of my birth,
Oh! land of my fathers how dearly I prize you,
Thou fairest—thou happiest spot upon earth.
Lost to thy blisses remembrance shall bring me
The days of enjoyment I've known on thy shore,
And tho' rude be my fortune, where'er it may fling me,
I'll turn to the shrine I shall ever adore.

M. D.



SONG. — By a Member of the "Mercantile Library Association."

When the fetterless heart roams in freedom,—tho' bright
Are the hopes which shed o'er it their halcyon light,
They pass;—but where love its bright signet has set,
'Tis a glow of heart's sunshine we never forget.
Then sorrows may come, woe's dire ocean may roll,
One thought still exists though alone in the soul;
As the deluge which laid the wild mountain rock bare,
Still left the sweet olive in peacefulness there.

Eyes may tell the fond tale, but the lip best imparts
The feeling of transport that glows in our hearts;
But lips, like the grape, it must still be confessed,
Tho' beauteous alone, are the sweeter when prest.

Oh! the breast's heaving rapture eclipses the eye,
 When the language of love, breaks forth in a sigh;
 Like the image of Memnon the fond bosom glows,
 Which burst forth in music when morning arose.

Love wakes with the kiss, and expires with the sigh,
 As morns wake with gleams, and with evening winds die;
 Another morn rises as bright to our view,
 But no other love wakes the bosom anew.
There lies the regret, time can never efface,
 Which shadowing, adds to each beauty its grace
 In the heart, like proud domes that have yeilded to time,
 You may trace mid the ruins what once was sublime. R. * L.



The following piece was forwarded to us by some kind friend; and to make the contents of our magazine as diversified as possible we without hesitation have inserted it. There is a rich satirical fluency perceptible in

the production which we cannot but admire; and were the author to study a little more the attainment of harmony of expression we have no doubt he would soon become popular.
 ED. C. M.

THE AMATEUR POET.

The verdancy of youthful character is great,
 But never more so, than when in poetic state;—
 The cranium, juvenile, is oft an empty shell—
 Still, in such haunts genius *may* dwell,
 And taking there its high abode
 Send forth its "Poem," "Song," or "Ode."

It was our fate one of this kind to know—
 Whose brain did with poetic fancies glow,
 And on whose saffron face wild poesy shone.—
 He did not trust to Byron-ic alone,
 But cultivated visage sentimental—
 In opposition to command parental.

He penn'd a poem which no man dar'd publish,
 And some were bold enough to style it "rubbish!"
 The which but show'd their want of taste and sense,
 And to our "Author" was not fitting recompense—
 For aiming at a chance for fame;
 Or even an ephemeral name.

When last this genius great our eyes did greet,
 He said, "I am engaged upon a 'Sonnet' sweet,"
 And ever as his short and wiry locks he scratch'd,
 Some bright idea he'd no doubt just hatch'd—
 Which to the paper he did quick commit,
 As if from him too soon 'twould flit.

Who is there that this brief account peruses,
 Knows not some weak one who thus courts the muses—
 Who talks of "loves" and "doves," with "hearts," and "darts,"
 And whom vile critic oft severely smarts—
 Who for his love of "*Art Poétique*,"
 Is oft destroy'd by some fell critique? R.



Y O U N G C A N A D A .

"Behold it in conceited circles sail,
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,
 In all its pomps of pageantry, as if
 It felt the 'eyes of Europe' on its tail."
 HOOD'S "PEACOCKS."

Young *England* attracted the attention of mankind by endeavouring to clog the wheels of the Free Trade Chariot, and hanging like flakes of mud upon the spokes. Young *Ireland* contrived to make its presence felt, by fastening like a gad-fly on the flanks of slumbering *REPEAL*, until fairly whisked off by the ever active subserviency of "the tail." Young *Canada* has been less fortunate. It has lacked opportunity for a jump-up-behind reputation. Were there a great man amongst us, it might possibly excite some notice by puffing its smoke in his face; but the eyes of the world do not happen to turn this way, and no puff of itself can achieve the desiderated notoriety.

Will any one say, however, that because Young *Canada* has escaped the observation of the big staring world, it does not exist? Our deliberate suspicion is, that it is a growing and formidable party. Within the last ten years, it has trebled the number of our pastry shops. Two-thirds of the Soda Water manufacture in this quarter are for behoof of Young *Canada*. Our metropolitan Notre Dame-Street is its favorite lounging place; a hat angled on one side, white kids, straps, a cigar, and riding switch are a few of its distinguishing marks: the expression of its countenance is peering, oystery, nonchalante, and bamboozled. Young *Canada* has considerable pride of ne-

ther understanding, and often submits voluntarily to the revived torture of "the boot." In a spirit of martyrdom, indeed, it beats Young *Ireland* hollow. Who does not remember its heroic rush into "stocks?" O'Brien's famous descent into the Commons' "cellar," was but a child's freak in comparison.—Showy and idle as it is, its perseverance is yet almost without parallel. Oh! brave Young *Canada*! How often have we seen it mounted like a marquis on a dog-cart, or riding a beggar's journey on the back of some hireling charger? Of course, it is enthusiastic in its admiration of the fair sex. Confidentially it can tell where the barmaids are prettiest, and young ladies most susceptible. It owes its tailor unnumbered conquests, besides a good many suits of apparel. Two or three dancing parties a week are a common allowance for Young *Canada*. When several couples have risen to form a quadrille, Young *Canada* clears the room with a circle waltz. Young *Canada* engages partners for nine dances in advance. In the course of a season, it breaks a thousand merry thoughts, and it flatters itself a good many hearts into the bargain. The sugary mottoes, in bad English, or worse French, unrolled by Young *Canada* in its time, would, if collected, form a theatrical snow-storm, that, if showered down without stint, would straightway deluge the pit. A hun-

dred different damsels are in nightly expectation that Young Canada will "pop the question." Its words, idly spoken, linger in a hundred memories; felicities thoughtlessly pictured by its simpering tongue, hover round a hundred pillows—a hundred fancies thus stimulated are visited in dreams with glimpses of mirror'd saloons, and costly equipages, and untold grandeur almost too great for happiness. Alas! vain hope!—look farther maidens, and try if out of the reek of tavern-clubs, you can fashion such golden visions!

In sober truth Young Canada is too poor to marry; but this, as Beau Tibbs would say, "is a secret." How it lives, even in unencumbered celibacy is a miracle. A church mouse as fat as a Bishop would be a less unaccountable phenomenon. Rumour sets it down as addicted to whist, and billiards, and as having suffered tremendously in the fall of the "Cross-over Junctions;" but we are not aware that McConkey or Alexander has disposed of one jelly the less!

Oh most valiant Young Canada! In its person we find as little change as its creditors find in its pockets.—

What a sublime spectacle is this superiority to difficulties! How happy the goose that can gobble up its food with its head all the while under water! While Old Canada plods warily and often wearily on in the workshop or countinghouse, Young Canada makes a sudden dash at fortune, and win or lose, the result appears to be the same. Come hurricane, come earthquake, come thunder,—still does Young Canada live, and eat, and walk, and talk; and stick its glass in one eye and stare young ladies out of countenance; and monopolize the whole breadth of the pavement; and envelope the passers-by in its cigar smoke; and cause struggling men to envy, and grave men to wonder at, the secret ingenuity which thus contrives to keep up appearances!

The preceding witty article has been cleverly adapted to Canada by a gentleman high in the Canadian literary world. In its new dress we hope it will prove very acceptable—both from its humour and correctness of illustration.

Ed. C. M.



MY FIRST PLAY.—AN IMAGINATIVE SKETCH.

"It shall not be so much longer," muttered I, as, with nervous haste, I buttoned to the top my almost thread bare coat. "I shall soon be able to procure another," was the thought that supported me; at the same moment I felt instinctively for my own copy of my manuscript play which was safely placed therein. I hurried down from my three-pair back lodgings, and soon stood on the pavement surveying the clouds. It was a cold November evening: a most inauspicious time to produce a new piece, for all the good-natured fashionables are out of town, and nothing but surly critics, reporters to newspapers, and play-going lawyers in it.

"This night is big with fate!" escaped my lips, while with a hasty

step I proceeded to the Theatre—there to witness the first production of my new play. Trembling with hope and fear I found myself, in a few minutes, at the entrance of the building; and my anxious heart leaped within me as I endeavoured quietly to seat myself in an upper box, where I could hide myself as much as possible from the eye of the public; for I imagined every eye in the theatre turned towards me, and every time I saw one individual whisper to another, I thought it must be to point me out as the author of the new piece.—I regarded every musician in the orchestra with anxious eyes, and at every pause of the music I fancied I saw the curtain drawing up. "How different," thought I to myself, "is

my situation, to that of an author who has, by some happy first hit secured popularity—whose name almost ensures the success of his play, or, even if it be bad, his friends are certain, by their boisterous though unjust applause, to save it from the reception it would merit; while, I unknown, and without interest, must trust to the good taste and liberality of the audience for my success.

At length the moment came when my fate was to be decided. The music had ceased. The fatal bell had rung. All was for a moment quiet. I sat in breathless expectation, feeling those sensations of anxiety and suspense which an author alone can feel.

The two or three first scenes passed off tolerably well. I watched the countenances of those around me; some I thought expressed that they were disappointedly looking for something better.

The applause was sparing: it gradually diminished; even although the actors did their duty. Soon a buzz of disapprobation ran through the entire audience; and a person next me, asked his neighbour if he "did not wonder how the manager could bring such stuff upon the stage,"

and judge of my feelings when the same good-natured friend remarked regarding one of my best jokes, on the originality of which I plumed myself,—“Our author seems to have borrowed largely from Joe Miller; I have not heard a joke or pun in the whole affair that has not been stale years ago.” My outraged feelings almost prompted me to personal castigation!

At length the stifled anger of the audience burst forth; and the “gods” belched forth their thunder! Hisses, groans and horribly discordant cries of “Off! off!” were heard in every direction; and to sum up my misery the manager stepped forth, eyeing me with a look which almost petrified me, and promised that the offensive play should not be repeated. Half mad, I rushed out of the box, and whilst passing through the crowd, I heard two flat vulgar looking tradesmen discussing the merits of my unfortunate play. One of them said, “Well, it may be bad taste, but I don’t think that ere play so much a miss; I likes it.”

I could scarcely resist the impulse of rushing forth and shaking him by the hand. In the words of Otway:

“ I could have hugged the greasy rogues
They pleased me !”

I once more found myself at my gloomy lodgings; now rendered doubly so from the disasters of the even-

ing; and I sat sadly musing on Hood’s lines:

“ The world is with me, and its many cares,
Its woes—its wants—the anxious hopes and fears
That wait on all terrestrial affairs—
The shades of former and of future years—
Foreboding fancies and prophetic tears,
Quelling a spirit that was once elate.
Heavens! what a wilderness the world appears !”

This was the fate of my first attempt, when with little interest and less money, I took my production to the manager. But, now having acquired something of a name, and also having some interest—which is every thing to an author—I have several

times met with decided success;—although, I can assure my “City Magazine” readers, many of my productions which have been eminently successful were (at least, in my opinion,) very inferior to “My first Play.”

O. P. *

In our opening remarks we state our determination of placing matter of the most instructive and interesting character before our readers; and in fulfilment of our promise we submit, (*in particular*) with every hope of approbation, the following article, from the pen of an able friend to the cause of improvement.

Ed. C. M.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“This nineteenth century was called the age of progress before its claims to that appellation had accumulated to their present extent; before every town in the kingdom was lighted with gas, before the most expeditious rate of travelling had exceeded ten or a dozen miles an hour, before it was found practicable to cross the Atlantic regularly in fourteen days, and when steam voyages to America were deemed chimerical, before the application of the arts in manufactures had set to the power-loom its wholesale work; before observation of the heavenly bodies had made us acquainted with several members of our solar system; before geology had unfolded the records of the earth’s past ages; before it was found practicable to multiply literary works in such a manner as to bring our great authors within the reach of the mass of the people in the cheapest form; before engraving had multiplied pictorial representations, so that they were sent out by scores of thousands instead of by hundreds, and that at a twentieth part of their former price; before the knowledge of the human mind had been rendered so popular as phrenology—whether it be true or false in all its details—has now rendered metaphysical phenomena; before the art of ratiocination had been rendered so systematic, powerful, and lucid, as it has by the work of John Mill, whose “Logic” has done in the present age what Bacon did in his for the advancement of learning; before all this, the appellation of the age of progress was rightfully applied to the present century; and now with all these means so accumulated, when we are so much in advance, it cannot but be admitted that it is a description which essentially belongs to our time. The application of science to the useful arts, is that by

which the pages of the future historians of these times will be long characterized. This cannot be without its results—this has not been without its results, upon the great mass of society; although, we grant, not in proportion with the power of such agencies. The light of science by no means finds its way so easily to the cottage, as to the palace—the influences of discovery are often long in extending themselves over the broad surface of society—long in penetrating the depths of some of its ravines; the light is often gleaming on the mountain top, while the vales below are shaded in mists and darkness; still, if we take the broad and striking features now characterizing the great mass of the people, and compare them with what they were a few generations back, we cannot but perceive that there is a difference—and a most important one—a difference which associates itself, not with the exertions of benevolence in high stations, not with the grant of charity put forth by one class for the aid of another, not with the efforts of legislation to raise the condition of those whose well-being should be the object of legislation; but which connects itself distinctly, and exclusively, with the progress of science, and which should lead us to regard science as one of those great means by which the life of man is rendered more glad, more productive of benefit to himself, and of good to others, than it has hitherto been in this world of ours. Let us now look at this question without regard to the temporary differences which exist between the extremes of grandeur and wretchedness—let us look at the distinction between the general state of society as it now is, and as it was—let us review the amount of existence as exhibited in the more comfortable among the

working classes, and in the middle classes, and we cannot but see that it is a great advance on the state of society, some generations back, when there were no distinctions but of lords and vassals; when trade was only yet struggling to gain its proper position; and when the abodes of even those who had the most command of the good things of this world, presented a most glaring contrast to the comforts and conveniences they now possess. Look to the time when the floors of mansions, halls and palaces, were strewn with rushes; when windows were such luxuries that they were only put up when the lord visited his castle, and taken down, and carefully packed away when he departed; when the loan of a book was accompanied with a pecuniary bond for its safe keeping and punctual restoration; and think, if such were the condition of the great, what must have been the state of the lowly, in the absence of those holding intermediate stations between the abyss of wretchedness and the summit of grandeur. Think on the ameliorations that have been effected since those days, and which are mainly to be ascribed to the progress science has made in its application to the useful arts. Cottages have been improved—wretched as are the mud huts in which some of our peasantry are unhappily condemned to dwell—still we have now a class of buildings in the country such as our ancestors knew not of.—Attention is now paid to the sanatory condition of towns, although yet imperfectly; still the subject is making progress, and the way is being paved for more efficient arrangements. In such public arrangements as tend to the general safety and convenience of society—such as the application of gas lighting to large towns—all classes, the lowest, as well as the highest, are participators. The increased facilities of locomotion have given to the working classes the power of seeking for employment, as well as for enjoyment, at a comparatively easy rate. These facilities are every day multiplying; and, in addition to these, whatever relates to the preservation of health, and

the preservation of life, the advances of medical science bring to bear upon one class of society as well as upon another. It is better to go into an hospital where one in 250 die, than, as formerly, where one in thirty falls a sacrifice. The ravages of the small-pox have been stayed by vaccination. Plague and pestilence, the results of unwholesome dwellings, have ceased to visit us; and there has been a marked advance in the means and appliances of prolonging life and of rendering it agreeable. Nor is this true with respect only to the physical condition of the people, but it applies also to their intellectual and moral advancement. Mind has been excited, knowledge has been brought within the reach of millions, and not in vain. There has been shown a readiness to receive it. However daring, as it might seem, the multiplication of books, the eagerness of intellect for acquisition has kept pace with it. The cry has still been, "Give, give!" and although the powers employed in answering this demand would have seemed miraculous to our ancestors, the expansion of the human mind, and the augmentation of its desire for knowledge, have arisen with the opportunity for gratification. Still the cry has been for more; showing the inherent tendency of our nature to advance; and that while the development of science has been most rapid, it is only in harmony with the tendency of man to rise in intellect; and that if we carry our speculations into the future, when the world shall be filled with knowledge, when science shall be the playmate of children, and when man shall be able to draw from the earth and the material elements their full tribute to his existence and enjoyment—still there is nothing in all these conceptions of an Utopia which seems out of the power of human nature, in due course, to realize and perpetuate to its own advantage. The tendency to intellectual advancement is one to moral good, also. The smallest effort in physical science, the merest mechanical adaptation of theory to practice, bears its moral fruit. Knowledge

cannot be the companion of the gross vices, the sordid and brutalizing excitement, which belongs to a condition of ignorance. They will not inhabit under the same roof. They cannot be compressed into the same unity of being. The habits of the people, in this respect, have improved as much as their physical condition. Temperance societies, in the earnestness of their zeal, and with an exaggeration not unnatural, perhaps, may speak of the prevalence of the habit of intoxication—but who that has had the opportunity of personal observation for a long time past in the same locality will not bear witness to improved sobriety and decorum of manners having made among the people advances corresponding with the spread of literature and science? And to the fact, that while the world has been improving its machinery, man also has been amending his ways? In fact, the one is the result of the other; for the facilities which bring home comforts and conveniences to the general body of the people, tend also to make them better and more moral beings; to bring their intellects into play; to make them more thoughtful persons; to lay the foundations of charity and goodness; and to make them feel humanity to be better, more dignified, than at first they imagined. You may send abroad missionaries, and their preaching may have its effect; but lay down railways, introduce steam-engines, cheapen food, multiply the means of improvement, raise societies, and institutions, and athenæums, spread the light of knowledge abroad; do this, and you issue forth a more powerful mission than any which consists in merely expounding doctrines and delivering exhortations. Every addition to the comfort of the people is a preacher, which admonishes them to raise themselves to the proper condition of humanity. An improved loom is to them as good as a pastoral visitor; a steam-engine bearing them along with new thoughts, new ideas, to new advantages, to a new and improved condition, is to them as good as a bishop or an archbishop guiding them

on, if not to the Heaven above us, to at least a comparative Heaven that may be realized here below. And science does this for the great mass of the people, not by charitable communication from one class of people to another. They have well earned their share, the people, in this great patrimony.

The poorer classes have furnished their full contributions to the general advance of society. They have not been idle lookers on. Who have been the discoverers—who the inventors—who the improvers? You find them not in the leisure classes, but among men of industry, of toil, and of energies. Your Stones and your Simons; these have been the movers and the improvers in mathematical science. Your Arkwrights and your Watts, your men of mechanical genius; these men were not bred in the lap of ease and indolence, but following humble occupations to earn their own existence. And so it is always; the poor have always been the promoters and advancers of science. So is it also with the fine arts. Your Opies and your Chantreys came from the people's ranks. These, and such as these, have contributed well to the advance of that science, which in turn has contributed to their good; and not only theirs, but the good of all. The people then have earned their right and title to share amply in all and everything that science can effect and work out for the general advantage of the human race. Besides, it is the inevitable tendency of science, of itself, and not by voluntary exertion—not by legal contribution—to work for humanity at large. When we speak of it beaming forth like the light of heaven—of its working regularly and surely like the ebb and flow of the tides, we use metaphors; but such figurative expressions have truth, and they depict the advance everywhere taking place by the intercourse of mind with mind—thought passing from one to another—and taking root and germinating in particular intellects, as if selecting the soil best fitted for its reception, spreading abroad daily, more

and more widely, and giving and expanding with increasing rapidity.—And this is independent of all external agency, for it is the tendency of truth and knowledge to increase and multiply, and bear fruit abundantly.—When fairly known and left to itself, what is there that science will not do to raise man to that condition when he shall really be the lord of the earth, and making the material elements his servants, compel them to minister to him the rich harvest of their powers and usefulness? Why is it that this is not now the case more proportionally, as to the advance of science? Why is it that the claim of the great body of the people to share in the advantages which science has in its power to bestow are not more universally recognized? Why is it, the tendency of science, being universal, that we find so much exclusiveness and restrictiveness in its results? This is the problem, the solution of which we shall attempt in the present article. One obstacle—it seems almost a truism—is ignorance, and the habits engendered by ignorance. Philosophers talk of the *vis inertiae*, or the indisposition to move. The habits of the ignorant are adverse to the adoption of improvement, not only because such persons are unacquainted with the particular art or science to which the improvement is referable, but on account of the general indisposition or indifference to improvement which ignorance produces. Take two persons equally unacquainted with any particular science in which an alteration or improvement is suggested, and the one of these persons who has general cultivation of mind, although not bearing upon this particular science, will be far more ready to admit the change than the other, who, we will suppose, to be in that state of general ignorance which is unhappily the lot of so many. You cannot drive such people out of their way; you cannot make them see and feel the advantage of a different method to that they have been mechanically accustomed to. We knew a person who had a stove, the principle of which was that a stream of air

should pass through it, requiring the fire to be kindled at the top, but he never could get his servants to light the fire in it except at the bottom.—When wheelbarrows were first introduced into the West Indies, the negroes put them on their heads and carried them bodily, load, wheels and all. So it is ever with the utterly uneducated. They will not be put out of their way; they cannot see the advantage of change. But let light into their minds—raise them a little out of the mire of ignorance—give them some taste and perception of what improvement and advancement are, and then they become disposed to adopt them with facility, even if not bearing directly upon their daily occupation: they have then a faith in improvement: they feel that the world is in a state of advancement, and they are willing to coincide in the movement. What is wanting to give full effect to the improvements of science is a more general education—not that narrow exclusive instruction some time ago contemplated by certain philosophers for the benefit of the working classes, namely, an education solely confined to their particular vocations; and an education from which a working man would be often glad to escape to realize the claims of novelty and amusement—but sound general education—education that should “create a soul beneath the ribs of death”—blow into a flame the spark within, and irradiate thought in the minds of millions—thought which once conscious of its own power, will of itself go onward and expand indefinitely. Yes, education is what is wanted,—education, brought within the reach of all, and accompanied with no degrading and perverting circumstances—education with a prospect of indefinite accumulation of knowledge—education whose powers put forth with zeal and earnestness shall daily increase this store—education untainted with the desire of class to predominate over class, and to make instruction itself an instrument for working out its own purposes—education not limited in kind or degree, but seeking to accommodate itself

to the intellect of individuals, and enable the world to reap the benefit each is best fitted to bestow; education extending beyond the range of mere catechisms, and the ordinary routine of Sunday instruction, and embracing the whole scope of science—education really adapted to the nature of man in a free country—education in a free country being one of the rights of man—this is the great necessity, this the means by which science may be made to yield its fruit more richly and more generally, and show itself a tree of life indeed, whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Another class of obstacles to the amount of benefit actually derived from the advance of science is the state of the law as to machinery. Our system in this country seems to us wholly wrong and absurd as respects useful discoveries. Indeed, discoveries prove sometimes to be great plagues instead of blessings to their authors; they are often restricted in a small circle, when they are capable of benefiting the whole mass of society; and the principles upon which they are remunerated and treated are such as to apply to them most awkwardly. We allude to the patent law. What is the fate of a man who serves his country by useful discovery? What happened to Arkwright and Watt? for years and years their lives were embittered and embarrassed by the operation of the law which ought to have been their protection and reward. There were continual infringements of their rights. Workmen were bribed to betray their secrets, and their reputation was injured by imperfect machinery being put in operation; then they had to expend thousands of pounds in legal proceedings, although, surely, the lawyers had nothing to do with their useful inventions. Thus the law operates in harassing an inventor: and if benefit should arise from his inventions, it often happens that such benefit is enjoyed by his successors and not by himself. And all this we take to be a monstrous wrong and a gross nuisance, as well as a serious obstacle to the advantages derivable

from discoveries in science. Thus fourteen years of patent, or even the extension of it sometimes obtained, is often not sufficient time for their discoveries to come into general use. They have no time to experiment beforehand. An illustration may be found in the battle of the Gauges now going on; the relative merits of the two systems should have been ascertained before, instead of putting the railways of the country in a state of confusion by their competition. We would say, let every discovery of this kind—every application of the truths of science to the arts of life, be the property of society, and not of the inventor. Remunerate the inventor if you please. There are exceptions, but it generally happens that he is not a man of business—but a man whose genius lies in putting together various combinations of machinery, and discovering their results. That is his taste, and that he will go on doing, remunerated or not; and ten to one, if he endeavours to bring the most useful invention to bear upon his own profits, he fails in the attempt, and becomes a beacon of warning to others, rather than a benefit to himself. And so it was with Richards, the inventor of the power loom—when the idea of his machine first occurred to his mind he had no knowledge of the existing inventions which were then used to produce the same kind of manufacture—he had never even seen a common loom; and when he first mentioned the idea with which he was possessed, the manufacturers laughed at him—but he said an automaton had been made to play chess, and surely it could not be more difficult to produce a machine suited for this kind of work—he was still laughed at, but nevertheless he persevered, and completed his power loom, and so paved the way to a long series of after improvements. But these are not your men of business; the department is totally distinct; and when you bring these inventions into practical operation, you want men of quite another kind—then you must call in your Hudsons, your railway kings—then,

who though necessary for the purpose of carrying out improvements, and extending their benefits to the world, are not the men to make improvements in steam engines—to facilitate mechanical operations—these are not the men who improve your roads, and invent carriages the most convenient, and the most pleasant to travel in—these are a widely different class, and the two should not be confounded together: they will take care of their own remuneration, but society should, for its own sake, take care of the inventor, that he falls not into the hands of the scheming monopolist—that he, being the friend of society, be rewarded by society, leaving the world to make the most and best of that which he by his skill and perseverance has accomplished. Mr. Brotherton the other day at Manchester, speaking of the remuneration for destruction, said, that we have paid to the Duke of Wellington 500,000*l.* for shooting our customers, surely the world might afford to give something to those who gain for us the means of supplying our customers. It may be said that in so doing you would give the benefit of the invention—not only to your own country but to the world—not only to society who pays for it, but to those who do not. And why not? There is no prudence in avoiding all generosity—nor is the procedure so generous as it may at first sight appear; you cannot help the progress of science—you cannot altogether monopolise good, nor is it desirable that you should. You had laws existing up to a recent period to prevent the exportation of machinery—why were they repealed? Because they were found to be absolutely valueless for their object. If a machine could not go out entire, it went out piecemeal, one part by one vessel, and another by another; out it would go; and at the very time your prohibitory law was most restrictive in its operation, machines framed in Birmingham and Manchester were to be found in full work all over Europe; and not only English machines, but Englishmen to manage them: thus while we were

adhering to our restrictive system here, English machines, managed by English superintendents, were to be found in every manufactory from Lyons to Warsaw. All over Europe, then, they were—and there they are now—Englishmen abroad competing with Englishmen at home, in consequence of that restrictive law which endeavors to alienate humanity into antagonist interests, instead of, by uniting all together, making each serve himself as well as his neighbour.

Another obstacle to the progress of science in its influence upon the condition of the many, is to be found in the laws which renders co-operation more difficult and hazardous than in the absence of that law it would be to those who have not ample resources to co-operate with; in the defects of the existing law, in regard to the responsibility of agents for small sums entrusted to them, by several contributors, until they accumulate into one large sum, to be used for the general benefit of all who may have contributed; the various forms of registration that have to be complied with, and the inapplicability of these ensuring that security which is asked and required, and which if it existed, would be eminently useful to the working classes. Here is an interposition, and an unfriendly one, in the absence of a sufficient degree of security in legislation, by which the blessings of science to those, by whom they are most needed, are unnaturally and unwisely restricted. We say in our publications addressed to the labouring classes—beware of over stocking the market with toil, which is your stock in trade, take yourselves out of the labour market for awhile, become capitalists, though it be to the smallest extent, and take your share in the profits of capital, as well as the wages of labour, we tell you this, and you find when you proceed to take our advice, and put our theory into practice, that you cannot be secured—that the path is beset with difficulties, and while philosophers admonish that the way they would direct you is strewn with thorns—the law inter-

feres at every step they take, and they get nothing but exhortations for their good.

Another obstacle to the progress of science is the interference—the baneful interference—of legislation and of taxation with the freedom of interchange of whatever can be produced by the inhabitants of different countries. We will not now enlarge upon this subject; because taxation is in the list of Lectures announced for the present month. But every interference of this kind, every impost upon articles which it is convenient for any man to possess, wheresoever made, is an interposition between him and the social benefits of science. He is not to have what he requires, because produced by another country and another race. What can be more absurd? And though there may be some factitious advantage to some particular class, depend upon it, that, in the long run, their share of the disadvantage will be more than commensurate to the good they obtain from the especial monopoly. Passing by this, there is also a serious obstacle to the progress and application of science in our superstitions. Superstition and science never were on good terms from the beginning of the world; there is between them a mortal antipathy which must one day end in the destruction of one or the other—and science is not the most likely of the two to be defeated in the struggle. But superstition is an obstacle which has always been thrown in the way of the very simplest operations of science. Notwithstanding the loathsome ravages of the small-pox, we well remember the time when a strong feeling prevailed in the country, not only against vaccination, but against the previous amelioration of inoculation. It was called a tempting of Providence—it was said to be an impious interference with the laws of Heaven—something unnatural. So, also, when the first census was taken, many people were unwilling to give any account of the number of persons residing in their houses, because they said it was opposed to Scripture to

number the people; and that, to do so, would be to bring down a plague and a curse upon the country. Again, what is the shutting up of our museums and zoological gardens on Sundays but superstition? If, as a nation, we recognise the progress of intelligence in the world—if, as we profess, we believe that there is wisdom in the movements of the stars of Heaven, and in the bringing forth of the fruits of the earth, it cannot be impious—it cannot be other than a grateful offering to that universal intelligence which includes all nature and all art—that particular intelligence should be cultivated by a general knowledge of its works, that the mind of man should expand and improve, by seeing and knowing what nature has produced, and what human art has achieved—and that, by his knowledge, it should be imbued with that spirit of wisdom and goodness which pervades all things. The cultivation of whatever enlarges, purifies, and exalts our intelligence, is a sanctification and not a desecration. But those who find advantages—those who retain power by keeping the human mind in leading-strings, by acting on its timidity and exciting its apprehensions—those whose highest objects of ambition is dominion over the consciences of their fellow-creatures—they, like black magicians, raise up their hideous phantoms to guard their enchanted ground, and call forth foul shapes to fill the mind of man with doubts and fears, in order that it may not venture to pierce through that circle of ignorance in which they would confine it, and ascend upwards to its own appropriate sphere of knowledge. Now, science seldom takes a decided step in advance, but there is a clamor made as though there were danger in it to the souls of men. Why the clergy of Hampshire, we know, petitioned against railways, because the rustics kept away from church to see the trains pass by; and, without doubt, it was a more striking sight to them than any they beheld in the church. In their minds, it was, perhaps, a lesson more important than what they learn-

ed there. And what a clamour was raised about a work which was published a year or two ago, called, "the Vestiges of Creation;" what denunciations of impiety men hurled against the author about materialism—what endeavours were made to heap obloquy against him, because what he had advanced in his book, was thought to endanger certain theological doctrines. Positions laid down in that work which had previously been recognized as the results of science, and were concurred in by all who had made geology their study, such as the gradual formation of the world, as proved by its various strata, and by fossil remains; facts which had long been accepted by the scientific world—the moment they were found connected with obnoxious inferences, were attacked, disputed, and made the subject of the grossest misrepresentation, in order to uphold the views and interests of a particular class. We do not mean to say that the author may not have been wrong in some cases—but the course taken by his opponents was like that of a bullying counsel, who endeavours to throw discredit upon a witness, and influence the mind of the jury against him, for the purpose of obtaining a verdict against evidence, which he knows, in his conscience, is in justice fatal to his client's cause. Freedom of speculation in theory is the natural ally of the advance of useful discoveries in human science, and it becomes us to cherish carefully the one if we regard the other.

To this list of obstacles we must add that of manners and habits, arising in some way from national prejudices and peculiarities, the influence of which has also been powerful, as offering a serious prevention to the further application of science as applied to the useful arts. How many attempts at social co-operation have failed because people could not accommodate their tempers to each other, and change their habits.—because nurtured in the orthodox creed that every man's house is his castle, they preferred to live isolated in a pig-

stye, rather than in a palace in common? But there is something that leads the mind in spite of these prejudices to the perception that society affords the best security for solitude, and that though the studies of different persons may be incapable of union, they find in society the best stimulus for study, and that by union they obtain the necessary facilities for the advancement of knowledge. Much of the evil arising from habits and prejudices has yet to be overcome,—much of it must give way to the light of reflection, and the progress of thought, before, in external circumstances, we can reap the full amount of benefit which, without any alteration in the law, and without any further improvement in science, the advance which science has already attained is by co-operation alone calculated to confer on society. The aristocracy have shown a much keener perception of the advantages of this co-operation than have those classes by whom they are most needed. In the clubs of the rich we see the practical advantages of combination. We see this combination in reference to those whose more ample circumstances, and better condition in the world, make it not a necessary, put an enjoyment; we see it prevail more with this class of persons than with those in whose well being it would enter,—whose comforts it would increase,—and whose condition,—and the condition of whose families it would in every particular raise,—in their dwellings,—their bedding,—their food,—their means of literary improvement and social pleasures,—throughout all these it would run, and render them more observant to the improvement of their present condition, and bring them nearer to that elevated standard of physical and moral enjoyment in which we say all men should exist.

Such are the chief obstacles to the development of that tendency which science has to raise mankind. Merely to sum up and enumerate them, and to show that they exist, is to indicate how they are to be grappled with,—how in our own minds, as

well as in the exertions by which we endeavour to influence either the state of legislation, or the opinions of society, our encouragement to such efforts, and our encouragement generally, as to the improvement of science in raising the condition of our fellow-creatures, is the knowledge that, although all science is the friend of mankind, the existence of humanity itself is the result of the great laws of nature,—and that the laws which produce humanity must in, proportion as they are known, be found in accordance with it, and subservient to its well being. They are the results of the same system, and are to be traced to the same source. Our being, and that of the world we inhabit, all spring from the same great origin,—there is an essential bond of union between us; and to know more of the power and principles of elementary existence,—to know more of the combination of different substances and powers, is to know more of what will place human nature in its rightful and just position. Science is the friend of man,—its honours may be monopolised by a class,—may be bestowed conventionally by a system of instruction that embraces not the broad interests of general intelligence; its benefits may be restricted by artificial exertions, and be rendered a monopoly for the benefit of the few rather than of the many,—ignorance may raise its banners against the application of science in ways that would eminently serve the toiling and suffering classes,—superstition may interpose with its ghostly terrors, and, launching forth its thunderbolts, say, thus far shalt thou come and no further,—and legislation by the mode of rewarding and encouraging mental enterprise, may limit the extent to which any man may serve his country and mankind, by creating difficulties that prevent

the combination of numbers for the full enjoyment of what can be done for them by the dissemination of knowledge. But under all these disadvantages, in spite of all things, science shows itself the friend of man,—the history of its advance is the history of human progress,—it sheds a light on the past, and by doing so, in some measure illumines the coming future,—it is in harmony with the being and well-being of all the inhabitants of this world of ours: and in proportion as it makes known to us the great principles and influences that prevaide creation, it makes us at one with creation, and the recipients of its goods and of its blessings. Science is the friend of man—raising and dignifying man, and qualifying more and more for the full possession of his rights, the exercise of his powers, and the accomplishment of whatever is good and great in this world; and of all that its various means and appliances are capable of rendering. In the discoveries of astronomical science, last year has been rendered illustrious by the preception of a new planet—they have called it *Astræa*. May it rise on the world as a star of JUSTICE,—may it be the herald of a time when discoveries stretching to the remotest regions, are brought home to the minds and bosoms of the toiling multitudes. There is no advance in theories the most profound—in speculations the most abstruse, but must reverberate with a thrill throughout the whole frame-work of society, operating for its benefit and advantage. So that as discoveries progress, humanity is exalted, and made a more glorious thing in the world, and in that proportion to every individual of the great multitude will then redound a great and accumulating sum of good—of present enjoyment, and of future and glad expectancy.

W. J. F.

Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases; he will never know any thing of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, if we say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away the power of thought from man, and what remains.

ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

Suddenly, joyously, one brilliant morning, I stepped into the full possession of one of the largest estates in England. In vigorous health, with high spirits, and an imagination full of earth's finest pictures, and brightest colours, I paced the lawn before my mansion, gazed on my possessions, and thus apostrophized MAMMON, "Money! great wonder-working power! Shame fall on the little, envious souls that would breathe a word to thy dishonour! Thou art the maker of men! What should I be without thee? An earth-clod tied down to this spot, or like yon poor peasants, creeping about awhile on the brown soil and then sinking into it. Money! thou givest me wings. Thou art the greatest of the poets, and where would be our painting, sculpture, and architecture without thee? Thou openest for me the springs of inspiration. Thou makest all nations to serve my purpose. Rome, Greece, Naples, Egypt, India, all lay their stores before me at thy command. Ah! little yellow idol," said I, poisoning a sovereign on the tip of my finger, "thou art the infallible of this modern world; but to show thy magic thou must be put in motion. I would not be numbered amongst the stupid of thy votaries who lock thee up in a chest and so destroy thy power. No: I will be thy spender, and thou shalt carry me to the objects of my ambition." I felt that a great, a wondrous power was put into my hands, and the only question was how I could best unfold the resources of my wealth so as to yield me the greatest possible measure of enjoyment.

For a few weeks I found ample amusement on my own estate. I passed some mornings in my mansion, gazing on the portraits of my ancestors. Worthy men! what treasures they had accumulated *for me!* I pitied them when I thought of their bones in the cold chancel of Parkby Church. "I, too, must be there, some day," thought I; "but before I *die* I will *live*, I will see the world, I will unfold my powers, I will sink into the tomb enriched with the memories of a bright and many-coloured career of life." Then I turned to exhaust the curiosities of the neighbourhood, and discovered its in-door and its open air beauties. None of them held

my attention long. Stay, although I knew it not then, there was one destined to recall me to Parkby after far wanderings in the wide world. By the church lived the old rector in a neat little parsonage. He was a studious man, whose world was a world of books. His only daughter was a gentle creature whom I cannot describe. After I had once seen her, I felt her presence with me continually; but I was unconscious of the true nature and strength of the charm which so often drew me to Parkby. If I had seriously suspected myself of an attachment to Hester, I should have laughed at myself for such an eccentricity. No, no! I had a liberal taste, and I could admire many styles of beauty, I liked the quiet English scenery about Parkby, though I was determined to behold scenes more beautiful, more wonderful; and I also liked to look on the gentle face of Hester Morrison; but there was nothing more serious in it. No, no! it was only one of the passing developments of universal taste for beauty.

After a few weeks, I had exhausted all the charms of Parkby and its neighbourhood. "Life is short and the world is wide," said I; so I bowed a respectful adieu to the old family portraits, one morning, gave my favourite spaniel a farewell patting, and told my coachman to drive me to town. Of my life in London an account may be gathered from many fashionable fictions; so I will say nothing of it here. With all its brilliancy, I felt it was a common-place affair. I was only an average hero among a crowd. I only did what others did. The *beau monde* was not a world large enough for me.

I determined to enter the political world: so I went down to Parkenton, and, of course, was elected; as I deserved to be for the money I lavished on the place. I helped to push my friends into office, and when that was done, concluded that I had discharged my duty to my country. I found that the most brilliant oration has only a notoriety of a few days, and determined to find a wider sphere of existence. So I came down to Parkby again, just to collect my thoughts amid its quiet scenes. For some little time I hesitated on the question, shall I choose the

material or the intellectual world as my domain? I answered in favour of *both*. For some days I walked in my garden and mused in my study, and a few poems were the result. I thought it would be something to add the fame of a great poet to my name; but I could not bear to waste time, time that might carry me through the most wondrous scenes of the old world, upon the minute and tedious elaboration of verses and counting of syllables. "No," said I; "my whole life shall be a poem. I will not tie myself down to the exercise of merely two or three of my faculties. I will not scribble only: I will *live*. There is my poor friend Morrison, beside the church yonder, what does he do. He uses his eyes and his spectacles on Greek type, and exercises his thumb and two fingers of his right hand in penning his notes on Herodotus, which he will be prepared to dedicate to me when I shall be far away. Is *that* living? No! I will not be a man of the writing-desk," I shut it up as I said the words, "I will travel; Yes, I will leave Beckford far behind me. I will travel on a wider scale, collect richer observations, and, at last, write a more varied story of my pilgrimage. Whether my course is a short or a long one, it shall be like that of a meteor, rapid, brilliant!" So I called my old steward and arranged with him all my affairs, telling him that I had determined to spend several years in travel. The evening before I left my mansion, I visited the old clergyman, wished him success in his literary toil, and said farewell to Hester. I went to Paris, the metropolis of the modern world, and the source of all great movements for the future, if Parisians are to be believed. The city was in a state of political agitation when I arrived there, and all my intended wanderings were very near being postponed for ever by a pistol-bullet, which whistled close to my left ear, as I was leaning from the hotel-window to mark the progress of an incipient "*concut*." These Parisians are very clever, that is the word, in politics, in philosophy, in every thing. They understand every thing very well, in *their way*. The German sits poring over a philosophical problem for months. "*Eh bien!*" says the Frenchman, snatching up the book

and hardly reading the stated question, "it only means so and so, that is it *precisement!*" The German resumes his book after this impertinent interruption, and begins to go through the problem again, by no means satisfied with the light thrown upon it by Mons. Bagatelle. So it is in politics. Amid all the Parisian talk of great things for the future, the mission of "*la jeune France*," &c. &c. I scarcely heard a word of sober good sense about the necessary means of securing an improvement in the social condition of men. I heard many vehement and clever invectives against old abuses, such as "priestcraft," "monarchy," indeed, *against* every thing, and I afterwards thought of these Parisian men of the movement when I heard Professor Schelling say something like this, "the talent of these people consist so much in palling things down, so utterly destitute are they of a taste for *building up*, that if they had gained their object and had removed all abuses out of the world, it would be a charity for some of their number to set up new abuses, such as superstitions and bad governments, simply that the others might have the pleasure of pulling them down."

I attended the lectures of the Eclectic philosophers, and heard Victor Cousin explaining Plato, which he did as easily as a maid untwines a skein of thread. It was beautiful to hear how sweetly and pleasantly he solved all the doubts of Socrates. He found no more trouble with the Hindoo schools of philosophy; he simply walked through them, opened the windows and let in the light. It struck me that he gave his answer, sometimes, before he had understood the question. He made religion equally intelligible by a very simple process, depriving it of all strength and depth of meaning, and reducing it to a few ideas as he called them, "there is your religion, Gentlemen!" said he. "As clear and as shallow as any trout-stream!" said I.

But Paris is a very amusing place. I shall not attempt to describe its lighter peculiarities, because I believe they can only be given in French, and by a Frenchman. Its more serious characteristics may be summed up in a sentence: there are certain ephemeral, glittering, and showy

faculties of the human mind; and there are other faculties essentially deep, permanent and Catholic; now in Paris, the former are cultivated at the expense of the latter.

I endured the glitter and glare of the artificial flower-garden of Paris longer than I should otherwise have done, because I knew that I could, at any time, find a relief by crossing the Rhine, and living among the sobrieties of old Germany. I prepared myself for this change by devoting some hours to the study of German music, poetry, and even philosophy. I had great faith in the latter, though it sometimes seemed to me "a palpable obscure," like Milton's "Chaos." I determined to experience the varieties of the intellectual, as well as of the material world. So I tried to realize in my own mind the doubts from which I was told all philosophy must arise. I attended to the question of Kant, "What proof have we of any outward world?" I did not turn away with a rude laugh when I heard another philosopher inquire "if I were dead, would not all the world be dead?" or, "do I actually behold the rain, or is it only my imagination raining just now?" I also listened with solemn respect, when a practical philosopher told me, if I wanted any thing, only to *think of it*, and that would be as good as *having it*. This he called "*Wahrheit nur im Geiste*." For instance, I wanted to see Palestine: "Ha!" said he, "only think of it, there! you *have* it in your mind, you can have no more if you cross the Mediterranean." This hypothesis, if generally received, would certainly discourage many of our projected railways.

"SEEK NOT IN OUTWARD SPACE WHAT RESTS WITHIN THE HEART."

"ONE IS BETTER THAN THE MILLION."

"IT IS VAIN TO LOOK FORWARD FOR THAT WHICH WE ARE LEAVING BEHIND US."

I cannot tell why, but, as I listened to this last oracle, my thoughts turned back to

Parkby and Hester Morrison. Another answer was from Goethe:—

"LIFE IS ALL, IF LOVE LIES WITHIN IT."

To conclude the process, the choir summed up the meaning of the oracle, in a few verses of good solemn exhortation addressed to me. Of course, the whole affair had been *got up*, after due consultation and quizzing; but as I had made no

"To every thing there is a reason," said I, and so, for a time, I will be a German student. I furnished myself with the requisite cap, moustache, meerschaum, and other foils, and joined the *Burschenschaft*. Among other droll amusements, we had a select company of young men, in which I was enrolled as a member, who attempted to carry out an idea which we had found in Goethe's tale of "*Wilhelm Meister*." Our diversion was in telling fortunes; and, by means of certain machinery, giving oracular responses, often as vague as those of Delphi, to questions from minds wishing to pry into the future. We had a room fitted up suitably for this solemn purpose, with black hangings, illumined with mysterious words and hieroglyphical signs. The answers to the questions we proposed were given in an awful tone of voice from the lamp of destiny which was burning behind a sable curtain. The oracle was certainly rather lucky on the night when I went to have my fortune told. I was led blindfolded into the room, and placed upon a seat in front of the curtain. The choir then sang a hymn to "Destiny," (in rather a pagan style) in imitation of the Greek chorus. Then one of the ministers of the oracle came from the *adytum* and stood beside me, asking me what question. I wished to propose to the oracle. These questions he put into a solemn German style, and then addressed them to the interpreter for the time being, who stood by the lamp behind the curtain. In reply to some of my questions, the following oracles were delivered:—

confessions, I consider that the oracle had rather a lucky night in my case.

As I devoted to it only the attention of an amateur, I should hardly presume to pronounce a judgment on German philosophy; but I remember it suggested these

thoughts to me. Whether the want of enterprize and action drives men to seek employment in theories, or whether the love of theory and meditation absorbs the energy that should be given to practical life, I cannot determine; but in Germany thinking seems to take the place of acting. Truths that should be deep-seated motives of action are made the matters of speculation and discussion. This is like laying bare the roots of trees to the light. What fruit will trees so managed bear? It seems to me that there should be a due proportion preserved between the development of our thoughts and our actions; for if our ideas run very far in advance of our practice they become mere dreams, idle and uninfluential. However, I left Germany with a warm esteem for many of the good qualities of its people. If they are slow of action, it is better than acting foolishly. Their worship of literature and the arts is better than the worship of mammon.

I travelled from Berlin to Vienna. The Viennese are well known as good-humoured and rather childish, pleased with the amusements of their *Prater*, and ready to forget all political questions and grievances when they hear Strauss's band strike up a lively waltz. Some have called this capital "the Capua of souls." Yet here I found quite a cynical philosopher, Count Lebensmude. I cannot tell what bound me to his company, for it did not contribute to my cheerfulness. His wit and humour were like momentary meteors in a black night. He chose to look upon the world as a faded, worn-out old play, and found in all the occupations of men but repetitions of inanities. He had the countenance of an Italian, rather than of a German, with long raven-black hair, a sallow complexion, and melancholy but sometimes sparkling eyes. Here are a few of his definitions and observations:—

"Poetry!" said he, "you like poetry! Is there not a great sameness in it? A few dreams about love decorated with similes from violets, roses, and moonshine. I exhausted all the interest of such things before I was out of my teens." "Music! 'tis quite worn out. Where can you find a piquant melody or a new arrangement of chords? Beethoven is trying to make something new of it; but I cannot think he will." "So you have heard their

philosophy at Berlin. Take a hundred words, long ones, not one of them understood, turn them about, place them this way, then that way, arrange them positively, then knock them to pieces and arrange them negatively, come to a conclusion by doubting, and that is a system of philosophy!"

"There is truth; for the mind strives for it," said I.

"Oh!" said Count Lebensmude.

"Yes; and there is such a condition as happiness for the heart longs for it. See this flower: it turns towards the sun; and yonder, see, shines the sun!"

"Very good!" said the Count, with a laugh, "then every thing you long for, of course, is true. Oh, yes! there must be, somewhere, an Egeria for you, or a Venus Urania you would, perhaps, prefer.—Come, let us play at billiards; pushing these balls about will drive time away as well as they do it at Berlin with philosophical theories."

With all the Austrian Count's professed contempt for life and all its pleasures, he seemed to prize my company, probably because my more buoyant spirits and hopeful views of the world afforded him some temporary amusement. I was glad, however, when I had gathered up my resolution to leave Vienna; for the misanthropy of Lebensmude had become rather tedious by daily repetitions of cynical remarks. We were walking on the *Prater* when I mentioned to him the countries through which I intended to travel. "You will be disappointed," said he. "I have travelled. Poets and historians have made a noise about these old countries which are, in reality, very dull affairs."

"Greece, Rome, is there nothing stirring in their recollections?" said I.

"They were as dull in their day as we are," said the Count; "the glory of the past, and the glory of the future, are only two rainbows thrown from the mind, one upon the dark cloud behind us, and the other upon the dark cloud before us. Both melt away when we go to grasp them."

I persisted in hoping for rich entertainment on my travels. "Well," said the Count, "you will return to Vienna when you have seen all these wonders. You will be older then and more like me in

your philosophy. If you find the place where you can say honestly, 'here I could spend all my days and be happy,' come and tell me, and I will allow that I was wrong."

When I returned from Vienna in the spring, I went to Dresden, where I had formed an acquaintance with a scientific and enterprising young man, named Brenner. Half in jest, I had once proposed to accompany him on a rapid tour across Northern Russia. We talked over the design until the jest became earnest. We determined to carry out the suggestion; so, after purchasing military costumes and making other preparations, we went to Königsberg, and thence to Petersburg. After staying here awhile, we set out on a rapid tour, intending to proceed as far as Ustjug-Weliki.

A strange impression of human life, surrounded with a monotony and desolation of nature, that rapid tour across the North of Russia has left upon my mind. The dead level road, stretching away league after league, between silent, black fir-forests, without the slightest change of scenery; the monotonous jingling of the bells attached to our post-horses; the unvaried nature of the vegetation spreading over vast tracts of country; and the long, unshaded dazzling sheen of the Russian summer, making the eyes and the imagination long for shadows and dark nights; all these features of our journey are frequently recalled to my memory. The people seem to be under the influence of surrounding nature. We observed no national sports. They had music, but there was to my feelings an indescribable tone of melancholy in all their melodies. I remember being especially impressed with this one night, when we were rowed in an open boat down the Suchona river. The banks and the water were lit up with the blood-red flashes of the Aurora Borealis, and our boatmen sang together, in parts, wild melancholy strains accordant in spirit with the surrounding scenery. The religion of the people is as monotonous as their other habits. In one church after another we saw the same crossings, prostrations, kneeling and rising, and heard the same dull chant of the Greek liturgy, "*Gospodin Psmilui!*" At Kyriolof we gazed upon the stiff, antiquated

figures of old saints, painted by the nuns; and the old principal of the convent showed us the cell of its founder, St. Cyril, with the well from which he drew his water, and the bowl out of which he drank. We sometimes passed by lonely burial-grounds where a few wooden crosses marked the little cells of everlasting rest, and the fir-trees in the wind hummed an eternal dirgo. Yet in this desolate region I saw old men with gray hair, and ruddy faces, who had lived here through sixty dark winters and as many shadeless summers, and seemed hale and contented, if not happy. But utter forgetfulness seems to be their highest pleasure. When the Russian peasant has earned enough to afford the luxury, he goes to the town when all the church bells are ringing to hail some saint's day; he solemnly attends the ceremony of worship and goes through all the required forms of kneeling, prostration, and making the sign of the cross; this done, he hastens to the brandy-shop (and sometimes the priest goes with him,) there he wastes no time, but pulls out his money and buys as much corn-brandy as he can afford. He does not toy with his liquor, but swallows it down at once, and in a few minutes falls senseless upon the floor. The tavern-keeper takes his satisfied customer by the heels and draws him out into the street there to lie till the next morning. Frequently, as we entered a town after the celebration of a festival, we saw a score of these brandy-drinkers lying senseless on the side of the road. Even *love* in this country seems to have caught some frost from the climate. We continued our tour as far as Ustjug-Weliki, and here we found an amusing instance of national taste. In the market-place stood a long row of stout, honest-looking, ruddy-cheeked peasant-girls, each with a basket upon her arm. They had come up the river to sell themselves! It was a market of wives with their dowries in their baskets! The young men of Ustjug-Weliki walked along the tempting line of faces in a very apathetic way, and seemed quite as earnest in peeping into the baskets as in looking on the faces of these willing girls. I and my companion made an appraisal of the charms thus freely exhibited, and I think we noticed two or three that might have served as excel-

lent wives, had our circumstances allowed of such a speculation. Positively, there was something to me quite charming in this plain business-like arrangement of matrimony, as contrasted with the same thing done in our fashionable circles in such an indirect, round-about, and hypocritical style.

But to shut up my memories of our Russian tour, when the nights began to gather blackness, and fires could be seen in the evening twinkling through the fir-trees, we turned toward the west and travelled homeward with all possible speed, not without pity for those whom we had left to pass the winter in Ustjug Weliki.

I had determined to spend the winter in Italy: so I left my companion in Vienna, where I had a little gossip with Count Lebensmude. He laughed, in his satirical style, at my Russian adventures, and suggested to me the north-west passage as a very pretty amusement for another summer; but I told him that my inspiring genius now directed me toward the east, "the land of wonders, miracles and mysteries," said I.

"And of consummate ennui," said the Count. I left him playing at billiards, and set out on my journey to Venice. I shall not give a long description of the "Sea-Cybele," which so many have tried

to write down into common-place, though it had as great an effect upon me as if I had read nothing of Beckford's prose, or Lord Byron's verse about it. Its liquid streets; its marble structures, rising from the water with a dream-like beauty; the silence of evening upon one of its many bridges, only interrupted now and then by the cry of the gondolier; the movement and variety of life in St. Mark's Place; all remains, as an unfading picture, in my memory. At Venice I saw Byron. I question whether any circumstances could have made him a happy man. In some men the imagination seems to be developed at the expense of the heart. Our most fruitful trees do not bear brilliant flowers: some natures exhaust themselves in the flowering season. From Venice I went to Naples, beautiful, sunny, gay, wicked Naples, with its crowd of monks, beggars, hawkers, idlers, sailors, and fishermen. There lay the famous bay like a sheet of silver, and there was Vesuvius breathing up into a serene sky a column of light grey smoke, terminating in a something too fine to be called smoke. As I landed, amid a crowd of lazzaroni, sailors, and pedlars, all bustling about for bread in this land of beauty, I thought of Count Lebensmude, and then of Goethe's words in the same circumstances:—

"What would the people do, bustling, buying and selling?

They struggle for bread to nourish themselves and their children—

Traveller, whatever you think, you can do nothing better."

The enjoyment of a few weeks in this sunny and beautiful region repays one for some years passed amid the mists and rains of the north.

It was with regret that I severed myself from the neighbourhood of Naples to pursue my journey toward Rome.

Rome rose before me, grand and melancholy, once the centre of all nations, then the head of the religious world, now a splendid collection of so many incongruities of the human mind. Here stand old heathen temples in ruins, and Christian shrines that never would have arisen had not the primal simplicity of the new faith been mingled with something, not a little, of the old Roman pride. But I will not stay to moralize. To understand Rome,

ancient and modern, is not every man's business.

I turned my steps next to visit a land which presents to us antiquities in comparison with which Rome appears as a mere modern innovation. I went to Egypt, but whether must we go to shun modern irreverence? When I reached the Pyramids, I found a German Countess ascending the highest of them with the assistance of a party of Arabs. I think her name was Hahn-Hahn. She has written several novels. She quarrelled bravely with her guides about the amount of the "*backsheesh*," or fee, demanded; and assured me that the greatest nuisance in climbing the Pyramid was to be attended by such a set of extortionate fellows.

From Egypt I went into Palestine: but all that I saw here may be found in the pages of many travellers. In this land a Divine Teacher arose to teach a faith that would make the world a universal temple: that faith has been perverted, but, as if to make some atonement for the perversion, men have made pilgrimages to the land, and have kissed the soil over which that Teacher walked. I explored its sandy vallies and rocky passes, bordered with splintered and pinnacled crags. It seems, indeed, a land bearing the prints of supernatural earthquakes. I visited several convents, and heard the dull monotonous chant of the monks. Their life seemed to be a dream; their religion also a dream. In one convent I found the monks busy in making a bargain about some date-brandy within a few minutes walk of the summit of Mount Sinai. I called on that strange, half-fanatical woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, who talked to me about her steeds destined to bear the Messiah, of the planetary signs of the times, and the invisible spirits with which her fantasy has peopled her solitary abode.

After visiting all the sacred places of Palestine, I returned to Cairo.

From Egypt I went to India. Here nature indeed is great; but man seems to lie prostrate under a monstrous pile of old traditions. The mind of the Hindoo seems to have exhausted itself, at a very early period, in giving birth to a gigantic system of mythology, and it has not vigour enough to drive away into the shades the creature of its own imagination. I saw an old fakir who had been sitting in his cell gazing, in a state of stupefaction, upon a mountain for six weeks. This he esteemed as a great religious merit. I asked him if he had gained any new ideas by the process. Oh no! he had been far beyond all such superficial things as ideas. I supposed the simple fact to be that he had denjoyed a six weeks' fit of mesmerism. I talked about these things to my *pundit*, who was a Brahmin, and he gave me some metaphysical doctrine, from which I gathered his belief, that the whole of human existence was a miserable "vanity and vexation of spirit;" that never to have been born would have been man's highest happiness, and that, next to it, is a state

of profound apathy, as near as possible to all that we can conceive of annihilation. When I heard this I could not help irreverently exclaiming, "humbug!" Yet, in some of the books to which my *pundit* introduced me I was surprised to find, among the strangest, wildest, and most uncouth mythological fantasies, some gleams of doctrine bordering closely upon a true religion and a profound philosophy. Yet, these gleams always died away into twilight, never brightened up into clear daylight. I remember reading in one book, I think it was the "*Bhagavad Gita*," some true thoughts on the folly of seeking, in change of places and circumstances, that peace, which can only be found in a due regulation of the mind; but when I expected these thoughts to find issue in some good practical application, teaching us to realise our faith and practice, our good principles, in all the circumstances of life, I was disappointed; instead of any-thing like that, I found the old advice of "go to sleep:" was recommended to care no more for the death of a friend than that of a sparrow, and was told, that murder may be committed with the utmost *nonchalance* when circumstances seem to require it. This was Hindoo philosophy! I closed my studies with disappointment, and without a wish to read all the adventures of myriades of gods. Surely, if the Germans had colonised India, they would have found employment until the end of the world in endeavouring to comprehend and to reduce to a logical system the Hindoo mythology. The English scarcely notice it, excepting in its political relations.

If wisdom was to be found in the East, I determined to discover it: so I embarked again at Madras in a vessel bound to Canton. China! a singular land of old women and children. Some have thought that the final cause of the human race is to give birth to genius. Here is a puzzle for them in a nation of some three hundred millions of people amusing themselves with carving wooden and ivory toys, with "feasts of lanterns," sweetmeats, fireworks, and chopsticks, and never giving birth to one original thought. I could only explain it by Goethe's epigram quoted at Naples. However, I have no doubt there is as much quiet enjoy-

ment in China in sipping tea, studying the rules of Confutsee, worshipping the emperor, and eating bird-nests-soup, as in any country under heaven. I shall not detail the adventures of my return to Europe. I called at Vienna, where Count Lebensmude laughed at me. I told him that I did not despair of happiness: but that I should return home and find some work to do. On my way to England I was taken ill at Paris. I hastened across the Channel; but found my illness increasing. How I arrived at Parkby I do not remember; for the fever, which had been neglected, had gathered strength and had attacked my head. I lay for some days and nights in a state of delirium, and, as I afterwards found, in the house of the good clergyman, with Hester Morrison watching over me.

In my dream, all the scenery of my travels was strangely blended together. I was led through vast Hindoo temples, where great black idols frowned upon me—Chinese mandarins came to arrest me for having said something irreverent about the emperor—then the dancing dervishes, whom I had seen at Constantinople, came and whirled themselves round and round, till my brain was giddy with gazing on them—then long Romish processions passed by, with crucifixes and all the pageantry of the church—again, I was in Germany, and a little smoke-dried professor was lecturing, in a most unintelligible style, about “the soul of the universe.”

Then an interval of calmness would come, and all the fantastic imagery of my vision faded away, like a dissolving view, into a gray twilight, and from the dusky air there seemed to be moulded the quiet form of the old clergyman's daughter at Parkby. But again, one of the fantastic figures came forward—a great Turk with a beard as long as his pipe—I must be bastinadoed, for I had been peeping into a harem. I fled away to China, but thro the mandarins were after me again. I tried to flee from the country, but all the ports were guarded to prevent my escape. I was to be kept a prisoner at Pekin for a thousand years. Horrible thought! it startled me out of my dream.

Then the tormenting spectres left me. The fair vision of the clergyman's daugh-

ter was left alone, and now there was a sense of reality attending it. I stretched out my hand toward the figure—I felt the pressure of another hand, which seemed to act like a charm in restoring my bewildered senses. I felt a wondrous change passing over my whole system—the light of sober reason seemed to be newly kindled in my brain—a mist was cleared away from my eyes, and I saw, really and truly, the figure of Hester Morrison sitting beside my bed. I spoke to her; she answered me, and now I clearly understood the nature of the *want* which I had carried with me through all the scenes of foreign countries.

During my convalescence, I became a philosopher. I studied my own nature and reflected on my experience until I came to these conclusions: that the proper employment of man's life is not in mere gazing upon what has been done in the world, but in *work*; that true satisfaction can only be found in realising, to the greatest possible extent, the aspirations of the mind within the limits to which our bodily existence must be confined; and lastly and chiefly, that one true *love* engaging the whole soul is better than a thousand superficial *excitements*. I understood, now, the meaning of one of the oracles uttered in our society of German students—“*One is better than the million.*”

Why should I lengthen my story? I recovered. In a few months I married Hester. I concentrated all my interest upon my estate, studied its cultivation, repaired my mansion, laid out gardens, bought fine pictures, collected a library, established schools for the poor, and, in short made for myself a home in which I am contented, because I have found my work and am doing it. I see faces around me happier on account of my presence. I endeavour not merely to dream of a better world, but to make the world better. I can see something worth living for in contributing my aid toward the conquest of industry, enterprise, and genius over all their opposing discouragements. Some may complain that the interest of human life is exhausted. I see a new interest arising, and, in comparison with the work which remains to be done, all that has been hitherto done in the world seems to

me a trifle. To elevate human society; to give to the world works of benevolence and beauty; to help genius in its aspirations; to prepare a better and a higher sphere of existence for those who will follow us—in such objects I see an interest that will never fade.

Count Lebensmude came over to see me last autumn. "Ha!" said he, in his satirical way, "you have a sort of Arcadia here I suppose?" "I have found a place where I am contented," was my reply.

Why have I written these few notes of my travels? Certainly not to find fault with travelling as a means of amusement. It may ever contribute towards a good education. But it is only in doing our proper work that we can find happiness; and we who are endowed with wealth and power have surely some work to do in the world. "Our aristocracy is in danger," it is said. Then let us build up a new and a permanent aristocracy, an order of men devoting their power and their wealth to great and noble works. Shall we, the most highly privileged class in the world,

leave poor poets and half-starved thinkers to dream of philanthropic schemes in their lonely studies, and sigh because they are dreams, when we have the power to turn these visions of the brain into realities? Shall we leave all the work for the future to be done by others, and content ourselves with travelling over the Continent, collecting a few pictures, or, perhaps, breeding some fat cattle? If we would maintain our station, we must be superior men, and help others to rise. Several noblemen have lately become antiquarians, and have been poring among the ruins of old abbeys and castles. That is an innocent amusement; but I would propose to them a nobler object. Let them become members of the Society for the Future. Let them study not only the developments of art and industry in the past, but those developments of genius and art which the present day requires; let them place themselves at the head of every movement for human elevation and advancement; let them achieve works proportioned to their power and privileges, and thus assert and defend their station as a true aristocracy.

J. G.

Review of Books.

"THE BATTLE OF LIFE; A LOVE STORY. BY CHARLES DICKENS." R. & C. CHALMERS, GREAT ST. JAMES-STREET.

The little volume now before us, is, in our estimation, one of Mr. Dickens' happiest efforts—the best of his many *Christmas* productions. "The Christmas Carol,"—the "Chimes," and the "Cricket on the Hearth," all possess, more or less, evidences of the hand that penned them; and although the "Battle of Life" cannot boast of the assistance of goblin creations like these, its predecessors, it may, we think, with justice be looked upon as pre-eminently above them. The humour which characterises "The Pickwick Papers,"—the pathos of "Barnaby Rudge," and the satire of "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Martin Chuzzlewit," are all beautifully and interestingly blended; thus tending to make it one of the most popular of his *petite* effusions. In it we may almost be said to have the concentrated essence of his pleasingly diversified powers. The tale opens in the true "Boz" style:—

"Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate color from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that

day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, where, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun."

Reading on a little further we are introduced to Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs, the lawyers,—comical creations. Alfred Heathfield too, the hero of the tale, an admirable depiction of youthful character. The scene where Dr. Jeddler resigns the guardianship of Alfred is full of humour most rich.

"I haven't been, I hope, a very unjust steward in the execution of my trust," pursued the doctor; "but I am to be, at any rate, formally discharged, and released, and what not, this morning; and here are our good friends Snitchey and Craggs, with a bagful of papers, and accounts, and documents, for the transfer of the balance of the trust fund to you (I wish it was a more difficult one to dispose of, Alfred, but you must get to be a great man and make it so) and other drolleries of that sort, which are to be signed, sealed, and delivered."

"And duly witnessed, as by law required," said Snitchey, pushing away, his plate, and taking out the papers, which his partner proceeded to spread upon the table; "and Self and Craggs having been co-trustees with you Doctor, in so far as the fund was concerned, we shall want your two servants to attest the signatures—can you read, Mrs. Newcome?"

"I a'n't married, Mister," said Clemency.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I should think not," chuckled Snitchey, casting his eyes over her extraordinary figure. "You can read?"

"A little," answered Clemency.

"The marriage service, night and morning, eh?" observed the lawyer, jocosely.

"No," said Clemency. "Too hard. I only reads a thimble."

"Read a thimble!" echoed Snitchey. "What are you talking about, young woman?"

Clemency nodded. "And a nutmeg grater."

"Why this is a lunatic! a subject for the Lord High Chancellor!" said Snitchey, staring at her.

"If possessed of any property," stipulated Craggs.

Grace, however, interposing, explained that each of the articles in question bore an engraved motto, and so formed the pocket library of Clemency Newcome, who was not much given to the study of books.

"Oh, that's it, is it, Miss Grace?" said Snitchey. "Yes, yes. Ha, ha, ha, I thought our friend was an idiot. She looks uncommonly like it," he muttered, with a supercilious glance. "And what does the thimble say, Mrs. Newcome?"

"I a'n't married, Mister," observed Clemency.

"Well, Newcome. Will that do," said the lawyer. "What does the thimble say, Newcome?"

How Clemency, before replying to this question, held one pocket open, and looked down into its yawning depths for the thimble which wasn't there,—and how she then held an opposite pocket open, and seeming to descry it, like a pearl of great price, at the bottom, cleared away such intervening obstacles as a handkerchief, an end of wax candle, a flushed apple, an orange, a lucky penny, a cramp bone, a padlock, a pair of scissors in a sheath, more expressively describable as promising young shears, a handful or so of loose beads, several balls of cotton, a needle-case, a cabinet collection of curl-papers, and a biscuit, all of which articles she entrusted individually and severally to Britain to hold,—is of no consequence. Nor how, in her determination to grasp this pocket by

the throat and keep it prisoner (for it had a tendency to swing and twist itself round the nearest corner), she assumed, and calmly maintained, an attitude apparently inconsistent with the human anatomy and the laws of gravity. It is enough that at last she triumphantly produced the thimble on her finger, and rattled the nutmeg-grater; the literature of both those trinkets being obviously in course of wearing out and wasting away, through excessive friction.

"That's the thimble, is it, young woman?" said Mr. Snitchey, diverting himself at her expense. "And what does the thimble say?"

"It says," replied Clemency, reading slowly round it as if it were a tower, "For-get and for-give."

Snitchey and Craggs laughed heartily. "So new!" said Snitchey. "So easy!" said Craggs. "Such a knowledge of human nature in it," said Snitchey. "So applicable to the affairs of life," said Craggs.

"And the nutmeg-grater?" inquired the head of the Firm.

"The grater says," returned Clemency, "Do as you—would—be—done by."

"'Do, or you'll be done brown,' you mean," said Mr. Snitchey.

"I don't understand," retorted Clemency, shaking her head vaguely. "I a'n't no lawyer."

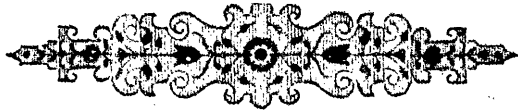
"I am afraid that if she was, Doctor," said Mr. Snitchey, turning to him suddenly, as if to anticipate any effect that might otherwise be consequent on this retort, "she'd find it to be the golden rule of half her clients. They are serious enough in that—whimsical as your world is—and lay the blame on us afterwards. We, in our profession, are little else than mirrors after all, Mr. Alfred; but we are generally consulted by angry and quarrelsome people, who are not in their best looks: and it's rather hard to quarrel with us if we reflect unpleasant aspects, I think," said Mr. Snitchey, "that I speak for Self and Craggs?"

"Decidedly," said Craggs.

"And, so, if Mr. Britain will oblige us with a mouthful of ink," said Mr. Snitchey, returning to the paper, "we'll sign, seal, and deliver as soon as possible, or the coach will be coming past before we know where we are."

Our limited space precludes the possibility of our giving further illustrative extracts; but to all lovers of Mr. Dickens' works (and who are not?) we would merely say that "The Battle of Life," merits their attention in a higher degree than some of his larger and more elaborate productions.


We have received many new works from our Montreal publishers—Messrs. R. & C. Chalmers, Armour & Ramsay, and Lovell & Gibson, which confined limits prevent us from noticing in this number. Amongst them we may enumerate—"The King's Highway," by G. P. R. James. "Livonian Tales,"—"The Mysteries of the Heaths," from the French of F. Soulie. "The Invalid," by Spender. "Crichton," by W. Harrison Ainsworth. "The Snow Drop," &c. &c.



THE CITY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

Contains the following Articles,

- I.—Our Position,
- II.—The Early Closing Movement,
- III.—Sketches of Character, No. 1,
- IV.—A Scottish Scene,
- V.—Poetry—Farewell to my Home,
Song,
The Amateur Poet,
- VI.—My First Play,
- VII.—Young Canada,
- VIII.—The Progress of the Nineteenth Century,
- IX.—Adventures in Search of Excitement,
- X.—Review, &c.

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