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CORONATION ODE FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE Sceptre in a maiden-hand,
The reign of Beauty and of Youth,
Awake to gladness all the land,
And Love is Loyalty and Truth.
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Hearts and hands we offer Thee.

Not by the tyrant-law of might,
But by the Grace of God, we own,
And by the People's Voice, thy right
To sit upon thy Fathers' throne.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free;
Heaven defend and prosper Thee!

Thee isles and continents obey,
Kindreds and nations, nigh and far,
Between the bound-marks of thy sway
The Morning and the Evening Star.—
Rule VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Millions rest their hopes on Thee.

No Slave within thine empire breathe,
Before thy steps oppression fly;
The Lamb and Lion play beneath
The meek dominion of thine eye.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Chains and fetters yield to Thee.

With mercy's beams yet more benign,
Light to thy realms in darkness send,
Till none shall name a God but thine,
None at an Idol-altar bend.—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
Till they all shall pray for Thee.

At home, abroad, by sea, on shore,
Blessings on Thee and thine increase;
The sword and cannon rage no more,
The whole world hail Thee Queen of Peace!—
Rule, VICTORIA, rule the Free,
And the Almighty rule o'er Thee!

Blackwood's Magazine.

SHEFFIELD, JUNE 28TH, 1838.

MORAL EFFECTS OF FICTION.

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

FICTION, if its nature be attentively considered, seems to be capable of producing two moral effects.

I. It represents a degree of ideal excellence, superior to any virtue which is observed in real life. This effect is perfectly analogous to that of a model of ideal beauty in the elegant arts. As in the arts of painting and sculpture, so in the noblest of all arts, the art of living well, the pursuit of unattainable perfection raises us more near to what we never can reach. Valour or benevolence may be embodied in the hero of a tale, as female beauty in the Venus, or male beauty in the Apollo. This effect of fiction is represented with majestic eloquence by Bacon. To this he confined his attention; and does not seem to have considered another effect, perhaps, not of inferior importance.

II. Every fiction is popular, in proportion to the degree in which it interests the greatest number of men. Now to interest is to excite the sympathy of the reader with one of the persons of the fiction—to be anxious about his fortunes, to exult in his success, and to lament his sufferings. Every fiction, therefore, in proportion as it delights, teaches a new degree of fellow-feeling with the happiness or misery of other men; it adds somewhat to the disposition to sympathize, which is the spring of benevolence; and benevolence is not only the sovereign queen of all the virtues, but that virtue for whose sake every other exists, and which bestows the rank of virtue on every human quality that ministers in her train. No fiction can delight, but as it interests; nor can it excite interest, but as it exercises sympathy; nor can it excite sympathy, without increasing the disposition to sympathize, and consequently, without strengthening benevolence. There is no doubt that the best school of compassion is real calamity; and that the intercourse of sympathy and benefit, in active life, is the most effectual discipline of humanity. The effect of similar scenes in fiction is proportionably fainter, but it may be repeated as often as is desired; and, at all events, it is so much added to the school of real events.

This importance will appear greater, if we could transport ourselves back to the first abject condition of the human brute. A rare act of virtue, probably of valour, the quality most necessary and most brilliant, is versified and recited; his only wish is, that his beastly idleness may be diverted; but something of the sentiment which produced the virtue steals into his soul. The success of the singer rouses others. When they have exhausted mere brute courage, they think of the motive which inspired it. He who is killed for his tribe, or for his family, is the more favoured hero. The barbarous poet and his savage hearers find that they have been insensibly betrayed to celebrate and admire humanity. One act of virtue is, as it were, multiplied by a thousand mirrors of rude fiction: these images afford so many new pictures to the imagination of the savage. In a long series of ages, it may be said, with truth,

> "Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse?
> Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
> Glory pursues, and generous shame,
> Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."

Every state of society has its predominant virtue, of which it delights to multiply the ideal models. By frequently contemplating these, other virtues are excluded, and the favourite quality is nourished to that excess at which it becomes a vice. Admiration of the valour of Achilles inspires a criminal rage for war, and lessens our abhorrence for the rapine and cruelty of the hero. Treatises on morals, written in the most dissimilar times, may exactly coincide; but it is otherwise with fiction, and such practical modes of inspiring moral sentiment; they proceed from the feelings, and they must be marked by the prevalent feelings of the age which produces them. Unhappily, the effect of the moral treatise is small; that of the fiction, though unequal and irregular, is very great. A man who should feel all the various sentiments of morality, in the proportions in which they are inspired by the Iliad, would certainly be far from a perfectly good man. But it does not follow that the Iliad did not produce great moral benefit. To determine that point, we must ascertain whether a man, formed by the Iliad, would be better than the ordinary man of the country, at the time in which it appeared. It is true, that it too much inspires an admiration for ferocious courage. That admiration was then prevalent, and every circumstance served to strengthen it. But the Iliad breathes many other sentiments less prevalent, less favoured by the state of society, and calculated gradually to mitigate the predominant passion. The friendship and sorrow of Achilles for Patroclus, the patriotic valour of Hector, the paternal affliction of Priam, would slowly introduce more human affections. If they had not been combined with the admiration of barbarous courage, they would not have been popular; and, consequently, they would have found no entry into those savage hearts which they were destined (I do not say *intended*) to soften. It is, therefore, clear, from the very nature of poetry, that the poet must inspire somewhat better morals than those around him, though to be effectual and useful, his morals must not be totally unlike those of his contemporaries. With respect to posterity, the case is somewhat different; as they become more and more civilized, they limit their admiration to the really admirable qualities of energy, magnanimity and sensibility; they turn aside their eyes from their attendant ferocity, or consider it only as a proof of the power of the poet, as an exact painter of manners. If the Iliad should, in a long course of ages, have inflamed the ambition and ferocity of a few individuals, even that evil, great as it is, will be far from balancing all the generous sentiments which, for three thousand years, it has been pouring into the hearts of youth, and which it now continues to infuse, aided by the dignity of antiquity and by all the fire and splendour of poetry. Every succeeding generation, as it refines, requires the standard to be proportionably raised.

Apply these remarks, with the necessary modifications, to those fictions copied from common life, called novels, which are not above a century old, and of which the multiplication and the importance, as well as literary as moral, are characteristic features of England. There may be persons now alive who may recollect the publication of "Tom Jones," at least, if not of "Clarissa." In that time, probably twelve novels have appeared, of the first rank—a prodigious number, of such a kind, in any department of literature; and the whole class of novels must have had more influence on the public, than all other sorts of books combined. Nothing popular can be frivolous; whatever influences multitudes, must be of proportionable importance. Bacon and Turgot would have contemplated, with inquisitive admiration, this literary revolution.

If fiction exalts virtue by presenting ideal perfection, and strengthens sympathy by multiplying the occasions for its exercise, this must be best done when the fiction most resembles that real life which is the sphere of the duties and feelings of the great majority of men. At first sight, then, it seems that the moralist could not have imagined a revolution in literature more favourable to him, than that which has exalted and multiplied novels. And now I hear a clamour around me:—"Tom Jones is the most admirable and popular of all English novels; and will Mr. Philosopher pretend that Tom Jones is a moral book?" With shame and sorrow it must be answered, that it does not deserve the name; and a good man, who finds such a prostitution of genius in a book so likely to captivate the young, will be apt to throw it from him with indignation; but he will still, even in this extreme case, observe, that the same book inspires the greatest abhorrence of the duplicity of Blifil, of the hypocrisy of Thwacum and Square; that Jones himself is interesting by his frankness, spirit, kindness and fidelity—all virtues of the first class. The objection is the same, in its principle, with that to the Iliad. The ancient epic exclusively presents war—the modern novel, love; the one, what was most interesting in public life, and the other, what is most brilliant in private, and both with an unfortunate disregard of moral restraint—

> "Fierce wars and faithful loves."

A more refined objection against novels has been made by Stewart, from whom I am always unwilling to dissent, especially on the mixed questions of taste and morals, which he generally treats with uncommon success. He admits that fiction cultivates the moral taste, the advantage ascribed to it by Lord Bacon; but he seems to deny (though with some fluctuation) that it cultivates sympathy—the advantage for which I have ventured to contend. The sum of his objections is that every repetition of a melancholy scene blunts sensibility; that this is not balanced, as in real life, by strengthening the active habit; and that a custom of contemplating the elegant distresses of fiction, makes the mind shrink from the homely, and often disgusting, miseries of the world. The last objection has a certain degree of truth. A mind accustomed to compassionate distress only when divested of disgusting circumstances, will, doubtless, not be so ready to pity haggard and loathsome poverty, as those who have been long habituated to contemplate that sort of misery. But the true question is, whether such a mind will not be more disposed to pity, in such circumstances, than one who has never had compassion excited before.

It deserves particular consideration, that distress is never presented in fiction, but where it is naturally followed by pity, which it is the object of the fiction to inspire. It must be, and it ought to be, quite otherwise in real life. The physician is immediately roused by the sight of suffering, to consider the means of relief; the magistrate connects the sufferings of the criminal with the advantage of society; the angry man feels a gratification in the sufferings of his enemy. These states of mind are natural; some of them useful, and even necessary. The case of the physician is that of every man constantly engaged in the practice of benevolence; but they are all examples where pain is *dissociated* from the sufferings of others, and where real misery produces sentiments different from pity—the most generally useful of all human feelings.

From the larger proposition I differ also—that "an habitual attention to scenes of fictitious distress is not merely useless to the character, but positively hurtful." Impressions are weakened by repetition; associations between two ideas, or between two feelings, or between an idea and a feeling, are strengthened by repetition; and the force of such associations will be directly in proportion to the number of times that the ideas or feelings have co-existed, or immediately succeeded each other. This theory is applicable to every operation of the mind, but the mere passive receiving of impressions; it is obviously applicable to all the passions, and is, indeed, the law on which their growth depends. Take the instance of avarice. There is, in avarice, an association between the idea of money and the feeling of pleasure. It is perfectly clear, that the oftener this idea and this feeling have been associated, the stronger is the power of the idea to call up the feeling. It would be most extravagant, indeed, to suppose, that the repetition of fits of anger did not make a man more irascible, in a manner so independent of outward acts, that men often become more passionate, from the painful necessity of concealing all its outward marks. If the contemplation of pathetic scenes weakens pity, why should not the contemplation of excellence weaken the love of virtue?

Then, though each single impression is, no doubt, weakened by repetition, yet this may be more than counterbalanced by new impressions, received from the same object, in frequent successive contemplation. Every mind which possesses any sensibility to rural beauty, receives the strongest impression at first, from

every part of a beautiful scene which it can then perceive; but many succeeding views may reveal new beauties, and cultivation may quicken and expand his power of observing. The impression from what I did see in the "Elegy" was strongest at first; but my whole impression is far stronger, after the ten thousandth perusal, because I now see a great deal more. Pity receives a similar improvement from education; it acquires a more exquisite tact, and discovers pains, of which, in its first gross state, it would not have suspected the existence. On this depend all the delicacy of compassion and the grace of beneficence. In this manner, after a long exercise of sympathy, even the whole impression made by the sufferings of others may be stronger, because (if I may so speak) the rays issue from a greater *number of points*.

But this is not all; every emotion of pity is necessarily followed by a desire to relieve, (however faint, which partakes of the nature of an active habit; it is not unfelt, even towards fictious distress. If this desire, this internal effort, this mental act, did not follow the law of active habits, what would be the case of those good men who see misery often, and seldom, or perhaps never, may have the means of relieving it? Mr. Stewart will not suppose that their hearts will be hardened, or that their pity will not be, in many respects, more lively and eager than that of those who have relieved *themselves by beneficence*. On the contrary, he will acknowledge that the facility of relieving the coarser distresses is one of the circumstances which corrupt and harden the rich, and fills them with the insolent conceit, that all the wounds of the human heart can be healed by their wealth.

In *differing from Mr. Stewart, I am delighted in concurring* with one for whom he and I feel the most profound reverence, and who (I agree with him) had more comprehensive views of the progress of society, than any man since Bacon. "*Il regardoit les romans comme des livres de morale, et meme, disoit-il, comme les seuls ou il eut vu de la morale.* (Vie do Turgot par Condorcet.)

Novels inspire romantic indiscretions. Whatever violates the rules of duty, in which are included those of prudence, is, no doubt, *below* perfect morality; but how much is the romantic lover *above* the sensual and the mercenary! The period of the prevalence of novels has been characterized by another very remarkable phenomenon; it is the only period in history, in which female genius could be mentioned as materially contributing to the literary glory of a nation.

As they are now the most numerous class of literary productions, there must be more bad novels than bad books of any other kind. The number of wretched publications under the name, the modern origin of this species of composition, and the familiar appearance of its subjects, give, in the eye of many, an air of frivolity to the name of novel; and many a foolish pedant, who wastes his life in illustrating an obscure and obscene comedy of Aristophanes, would be ashamed to read an English novel of high genius and pure morals. I do not meddle with the important questions of prudence in the education of a female—what novels she ought to read, and when. *As to ninety-nine of every hundred novels, I know, from experience, that it is a sad waste of time*—"the stuff of which life is made."

It should be observed, that, for the purpose of this argument, history and fiction are on a footing; both present distress not occurring in our own experience. The effect does not at all depend on the particular, or historical truth, but on that more general, or philosophical truth, of which Aristotle speaks, and which consists in a conformity to human nature. The effect of the death of Clarissa, or of Mary Stuart, on the heart, by no means depends on the fact that the one really died, but on the vivacity of the exhibition by the two great painters, Hume and Richardson. All the interest of the story, and all the charm of the style, produce subordinate sentiments, which, in pathetic narrative, flow into the main stream of pity, sweeten its composition, increase its pleasurable ingredients, and strengthen the disposition toward it. As benevolence, which is the most delightful of all human feelings, is a part of pity, the latter is never wholly painful; and the pain seldom predominates for a long time. The expressions of poetry respecting "the luxury of wo," etc., would be inadmissible in poetical composition, if they were not sanctioned by the general *feeling*.

NEW MODE OF CLEANING TYPES.—Every letter-press printer is aware how much injury is done to the faces of types by the process of cleaning them with a brush and the ley of potass. It is well known that types are very little worn by fair working; it is the brushing which destroys them. The destruction of types from this cause alone, must in some offices be estimated at several hundreds of pounds per annum. Well known as these facts are, it is somewhat surprising that a proper plan has been so late in being devised for cleaning types in a manner not calculated to injure them. A remedy, we are glad to say, has at length been discovered, and in future printers will have themselves to blame if they suffer damage by the old brushing process.

The new plan of cleaning types first came under our notice in the following paragraph, quoted in the Scotsman from the Forres Gazette, a Scotch north-country newspaper:—"We are happy to be able to communicate to our brethren of the press, that we have found a simple and economical substitute for the ordinary *ley* used for washing type, and which is applied by a method which does not deteriorate the letter so much as the brush or swing-trough, does, and clears away the ink far more effectually than either. Receipt—Put into a close earthen vessel four quarts of soft water; take one pound of caustic or unslaked lime, and one pound of pearl ashes, and mix them among the water; close the vessel, and shake well for twenty minutes; then lay it aside, and allow the ingredients to settle. In the course of next day it should be carefully poured out, quite transparent, into another vessel, where it may be kept for use, always taking care to secure it well from the action of the atmosphere. Thus, an alkali of the most powerful kind is produced; the application of which, while it cleans off the ink, and dissolves *picks* on the face of the letter, has not the slightest tendency to injure the metal, as we have proven by numerous experiments. It is used for washing jobs, etc., by being poured on a small piece of sponge, which should be firmly tied on the end of a stick, like a mop, otherwise it will seriously injure the fingers of the operator. After it has been once laid on, the job is cleansed from the alkali by dashing a couple of pailfuls of water on it. We may add that half a farthing's worth of this ley will be sufficient to wash the largest form, and may be accomplished in five minutes. After a most satisfactory trial of twelve months, we would recommend it to the trade. Having felt its advantages, we are anxious that all our brethren should participate in the benefits of our discovery." The printers of Chambers's Journal having tried the plan here proposed by the Forres printer, have found it answer the purpose admirably, and consider that it will save them much of their usual annual outlay for types. Viewed as a discovery of extensive practical benefit, we shall be glad to concur in any general proposition for rewarding the individual who has made it known.

From the Spectator.

THE CORONATION.

This august ceremony has passed away in the happiest manner. The extent to which the excitement prevailed almost exceeds belief: London being the scene of the grand manifestation showed the signs most strongly, but the whole land shared it. The rush of people to town was extraordinary; extra coaches were put on all the roads, and the railways shot along lengthened trains of overladen carriages as fast as the trains could run to and fro: yet even these were insufficient, and many travellers on pressing business were fain to have recourse to post-horses, and happy if they could get them. The coaches "going down" were as empty as those "coming up" were full.

In the metropolis itself, the Coronation has been the all-absorbing topic—engrossing everybody's attention, from the highest to the lowest. Peers and peeresses were occupied in trying on robes and coronets, and rehearsing their parts in the pageant: men of business and of pleasure were alike taken up about securing seats for their female friends; who in their turn were wholly absorbed in preparing dresses, or arranging hospitalities for their visiters. The working classes, too, were counting how much they should have to spend at the fair, and speculating on the chance of a sight of the show with the smallest danger to life and limb. The grumblings of tradesmen at the premature close of "the season" subsided as orders came in; and lodging-house keepers were active in repaying themselves for the short term of letting by the long prices.

The preparations in the line of route for the procession were astonishing considering the very ordinary materials of the pageant; which differed little from that on the occasion of the Queen going to the Parliament, except in having the addition of a train of Foreign Ambassadors. One would not imagine that the present was the third coronation that had taken place within eighteen years; and was no better as a sight than that of William the Fourth, which gave what is called such "general dissatisfaction." But now people thought, and even hoped, they might never see another. From Hyde Park Corner to the Abbey, the noise of hammers resounded the whole week long: one wondered where all the carpenters came from; and the consumption of timber must have been enormous. Scarcely a house on the line but had a scaffolding in front, or its balcony shored up; and every "jetty, frieze, or coigne of vantage," was turned to account. The more wealthy and liberal nobility, and the clubs, erected seats for their friends, whom they entertained with breakfasts. Among the former, the Duke of Devonshire was conspicuous for the splendid scale and completeness of his arrangements. The pavilion in front of Devonshire House, resting on the court-yard, was decidedly the most elegant thing of the kind. It consisted of a central box and two wings, lined with pink fluted and chintz draperies; the front covered with scarlet cloth with gold ornaments; and the pillars supporting the centre wreathed with roses; the whole was flanked by fruit-laden orange trees. The Carlton Club with its two galleries hung with blue and red, and covered with a striped awning, was the handsomest show. But the Reform Club bore away the bell by the extent of accommodation—which stretched along the garden of Gwydyr House as well as over its front; and Strauss's band added the eclat of music the best of its kind. The fair occupants of the galleries in front of the Union, the Athenæum, the United Service, the Travellers' White's, Brookes's and Crockford's had every reason to be gratified both with the entertainment for the eye and and the palate. King Charles at Charing Cross presided over a circle of spectators that took shelter under his skirts; and the mettlesome pony that is encumbered with the cocked-hat and pigtail effigy of George the Third in Pall Mall was similarly environed.

The seats let for hire were, in general, sufficiently commodious; and from St. James'-street to the Abbey, they were almost continuous—sometimes inside, but in most cases outside. Precautions were properly taken to have the erections inspected by surveyors, to test their security, and prevent them from projecting over the footpath; the taste was left to the speculators, who in general seem to have dispensed with that article, as a luxurious superfluity. Here and there, a little coloured calico, or red baize, or some trifle of greenery and floral decoration, was conspicuous: but the attempt was more commendable than the execution. The most massive and imposing erection was that in front of Morris and Osborne's, the great ironmongers, at the corner of Parliament-street, facing the north entrance to the Abbey; the whole house was enclosed, to the top story, with a solid structure of timber, covered with crimson cloth; and vallanced draperies. Next to it we noticed some brilliant tri-colour festooning in front of seats lined with flags. The double row of pavilions, extending from Canning-square to the west of the Abbey, were very bare; the Sessions-house and the Westminster Hospital were better ornamented: but the mass of spectators, mostly feminine. at this point called off attention from the planks. The coup dœil, even before the seats were filled, was picturesque, despite the lack of taste in the allocation of colour. The occupants of course only looked to the accommodation and the view; and, as all the seats were filled, we doubt not a good harvest was reaped; from ten to thirty shillings was the price of a sitting, and in some instances good places bore a premium. Tickets for the interior of the Abbey were offered and bought on the eve of the ceremony at twenty guineas, and even more: there were a great many sellers however; and either the tickets were forged, or they must have been for the nave of the Abbey, where only the procession entering and returning could be seen. The Earl Marshal apprized the public of the fact that counterfeits were abroad, and the holders would be not merely stopped, but given into custody.

The morning of the eventful day—Thursday the 28th—dawned rather inauspiciously; a cold slight shower fell about eight o'clock, and seemed to bode threateningly; but, happily, it cleared off as the time for the starting of the procession advanced; and the sun shone on the ceremonial pomp throughout the day, only pleasantly veiled by a canopy of cloud.

At dawn the population were astir—roused by a salvo of artillery from the Tower; and towards six and seven o'clock chains of vehicles of all sorts and sizes lined the roads leading the western part of the metroplis; and streams of pedestrians in holiday attire, poured in continuously. The suburbs seemed to have emptied themselves of all their residents at once.

The sight of such throngs of people proceeding in the same direction, converging from various lines on one point, and all animated with eager curiosity, was very striking. The streets, before the barriers were closed, presented a very lively spectacle. Having been gravelled in the night and being lined with soldiers and policemen, they were traversed with multitudes of well-dressed persons on foot and in carriages, all in motion, with no little crowding and confusion; while the windows and seats were alive with the arrival of eager spectators.

As the Peers and Peeresses were set down at the Abbey, their carriages drew off, and were ranged in rows on the parade of St. James's Park; those of the less distinguished throng filled the squares, or returned back; and at nine o'clock the time first fixed for closing the barriers—though this hour was subsequently changed, and at an inconveniently short notice, to eight—no carriages but those of the official persons forming the procession were to be seen in the long line of route.

For the hour or two preceding the start of the procession, the multitude in front of Buckingham Palace were amused with the arrival of the component parts, and the marshalling of the pageant. First a troop of Life Guards, then the Blues, arrived—each with their mounted brass bands, in gold-laced coats with velvet caps; next, a guard of honour with its band, marched into the court-yard; and the strains of martial music from these three bands, and a fourth belonging to the regiment of Foot Guards, keeping the ground here, enlivened the ear very agreeably, The eye was not less amused by the arrival of successive staff-officers, though presenting no very great or splendid variety of military costume—a hussar jacket and cap here and there breaking the monotony of red and gold and triangular cocked hats with streaming white feathers. The Duke of Buccleuch, in his elegant uniform of green and gold, as Captain-General of the Royal Scottish Archers, supplied the sole change to red and blue; unless we add old Lee,

the High Constable, in his stuff-brown coat, the veteran of a hundred shows. The arrival of the corps of Yeoman of the Guard, in their old quaint costume, reminded one of Harry the Eighth and Elizabeth, with their stiff-starched ruffs and ribbon-decked hats. Two sailors stationed on the top of the marble arch, to hoist the royal standard when the Queen entered her carriage, attracted great attention: their blue jackets and little straw hats, and, not least, their supple and cat-like movements, contrasting with the stiff and gorgeous military pomp below. The Queen's carriages, as they arrived, drew up in the court-yard; the ambassadors' equipages being ranged along the Mall, in their order of precedence.

As nearly as possible to ten o'clock, the head of the procession moved from the palace. When the Queen stepped into her carriage, a salute was fired from the guns ranged in the inclosure, and the bands struck up the national anthem; and as the cumbrous state-coach emerged from under the marble arch, the cheering was general and hearty. The young Queen looked very pleased, and bowed her brilliant bound brow with right good will. The only novel features of the procession were the equipages of the Foreign Ambassadors Extraordinary, which were all new for the occasion, and very superb; the Yagers, in their splendid uniforms, being most conspicuous. The red cap or fez, worn over the flaxen wig of the Turkish Ambassador's coachman, looked very droll. This, by the way, was a shabby set-out for the representative of the "Brother of the Sun and Moon." The Sultan ought to have empowered his Pacha to dazzle us with the blaze of Oriental splendour. The carriage of Prince Putbus attracted attention from his having a crown and brood of coronets of velvet and gold over the top. The coloured plumes on the heads of the horses of two of the equipages had a stately appearance, and showed what might be done to enliven the heavy dressings of ribands that are the only coloured decorations of English state-trappings. The most striking and elegant coach was that of Marshal Soult, the top of which was surmounted by a raised cornice of chased silver, having his coronet at each corner, and for lamps in the same metal; it was altogether in perfect taste. But the grand attraction was the whitehaired veteran himself—a sedate, sensible-looking man, with the simplicity that belongs to true dignity. We were glad to hear the cheers that greeted him, and to join in them too. The paltry attempt to get up a fresh prejudice against an old soldier, with whose nation we have long lived an amity, has only increased the warmth of his reception.

As the Queen passed, the agitation of white cambric and black felt was seen along the whole line, accompanied by hearty and loud greetings. The Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Sussex also were cheered.

The Queen reached the western entrance of the Abbey at half-past eleven. Here a temporary wooden building had been erected, painted stone colour, to harmonize with the edifice to which it was attached. It furnished reception rooms for the Queen before her entrance into the body of the church, where the ceremony was to be performed. While her Majesty may be supposed to be engaged in enduring the Royal robes, we may describe the interior of the Abbey and what passed there.

On each side of the nave, that part of the building which reaches from the western door to the organ-screen, galleries were erected for the accommodation of spectators. The fronts were covered with crimson cloth, fringed with gold at the bottom. There was accommodation in these galleries for about a thousand persons. A platform, about twelve feet wide, raised a few inches from the stone floor, was matted and covered with purple carpeting in the middle, and crimson on each side. Underneath the galleries, on a step rather lower than the platform, were ranged lines of foot guards, their high caps and plumes almost touching the galleries; so as to give the centre aisle, along which the procession was to move, the appearance of a room enclosed on both sides. Peers and Peeresses, robed and bearing their coronets in their hands, generally single, but sometimes in groups were continually escorted by the proper officers from the western door to the entrance in the choir. The Duke of Wellington was one of the first who arrived, and one of the very few who were cheered.

The screen under which the choir is entered, was encased with wood painted of a stone imitation, partly for the purpose of aiding the music, but principally, we suppose to prevent the intrusion of vulgar optics into the space where the sacred ceremonies were to be performed in the presence of the more especially favoured among her Majesty's subjects. Over this screen of woodwork the top of the organ was still to be seen. Immediately under the central tower of the Abbey, in the interior of the choir, a platform was raised, five steps from the ground, on a carpet of gold and purple. The platform itself was covered with cloth of gold; and on it the chair of homage, superbly gilt, was placed, facing the altar. Further on, within the chancel, and near the altar, was St. Edward's chair. The altar was covered with massive gold plate. Immediately above the altar, and opposite the organ, was the gallery appointed for Members of the House of Commons. Above them, in a small gallery, immediately under the roof, was a band of trumpeters. Two galleries ran on either side of the eastern extremity of the choir; one of which was allotted to the Foreign Ambassadors, the other to the friends of the Earl Marshal and other persons of distinction. Both were covered with crimson cloth; and from the lower part hung green and gold tapestry, remarkbly splendid. The instrumental performers in the organ-loft were dressed in scarlet uniform; the male singers in white surplices, the female in white dresses. On either side of this end of the choir, were two galleries, filled with judges, Masters in Chancery, Knights of the Bath, Members of the Corporation of London, and others. They were the "omnibus boxes."

The transepts, or northern and southern branches of the cross, were full of galleries and boxes; some of which seemed to hang like birds' nests from the fretted roof. Every nook and corner appeared full. The floor of the transepts was occupied by benches; those on the north side being for Peers, and those on the south for Peeresses; with a large space behind for persons who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets for this part of the Abbey.

Soon after twelve o'clock, the principal of grand procession began to enter the choir, in the following order:—

The Prebendaries and Dean of Westminster.

Officers of Arms.

Controller of her Majesty's Household.

Treasurer of her Majesty's Household (attended by two gentlemen), bearing the crimson bag with the Medals.

Her Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain, acting for the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, attended by an Officer of the Jewel office, bearing on a cushion the Ruby Ring and the Sword for the Offering.

The Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, his coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Privy Seal; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord President of the Council; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Armagh, in his rochet, with his cap in his hand.

The Lord Archbishop of York, in his rochet, with his cap in his hand.

The Lord High Chancellor, attended by his Purse-bearer; his Coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his rochet; with his cap in his hand; attended by two gentlemen.

PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, in a robe of estate of purple velvet, and wearing a circlet of gold on her head; her train borne by Lady Caroline Campbell, assisted by a gentleman of her Household; the coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Villiers.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of KENT, in a robe of estate of purple velvet, and wearing a circle of gold on her head; her train borne by Lady Flora Hastings, assisted by a gentleman of her Household; the coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Morpeth.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, in a robe of estate of purple velvet, and wearing a circlet of gold on her head; her train borne by Lady Caroline Legge, assisted by a gentleman of her Household; the coronet of her Royal Highness borne by Viscount Emlyn.

THE REGALIA.

St. Edward's Staff, borne by the Duke of Roxburghe; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Golden Spurs borne by Lord Byron; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Sceptre with the Cross, borne by the Duke of Cleveland; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Third Sword, borne by the Marq. of Westminster; his coronet carried by a Page.

Curtana, borne by the Duke of Devonshire, his coronet carried by a Page.

The Second Sword borne by the Duke of Sutherland; his coronet carried by a Page.

Black Rod. Deputy Garter.

The Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, as Lord Great Chamberlain of England; his coronet borne by a Page.

PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, in his robes of estate, carrying his baton as Field Marshall; his coronet borne by the Marquis of Granby; his train borne by Sir William Gomm.

His Royal Highess the Duke of SUSSEX, in his robes of estate; his coronet carried by Viscount Anson; his train borne by the Hon. Edward Gore.

The High Constable of Ireland, Duke of Leinster; his coronet borne by a Page.

The High Constable of Scotland, Earl of Errol; his coronet borne by a Page.

The Earl Marshall of England, the Duke of Norfolk, with his staff, attended by two Pages.

The Sword of State borne by Visct. Melbourne; his coronet carried by a Page.

The Lord High Constable of England, Duke of Wellington, with his staff and baton, as Field Marshall: attended by two Pages.

The Sceptre with the Dove, borne by the Duke of Richmond; his coronet carried by a Page.

St. Edward's Crown, borne by the Lord High Steward, Duke of Hamilton; attended by two Pages.

The Orb borne by the Duke of Somerset: his coronet carried by a Page.

The Patina, borne by the Bishop of Bangor.

The Bible, borne by the Bishop of Winchester.

The Chalice, borne by the Bishop of London.

Ten Gentlemen at Arms, with their Standard-bearer.

THE QUEEN

In her royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collars of her Orders; on her head a circlet of gold.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The Bishop of Durham.

Ten Gentlemen at Arms, with their Lieutenant.

Her Majesty's train borne by

Lady Adelaide Paget.
Lady Caroline Amelia Gordon Lennox,
Lady Frances Elizabeth Cowper,
Lady Mary Alithea Beatrix Talbot,
Lady Ann Wentworth Fitzwilliam,
Lady Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope,
Lady Mary Augusta Frederica Grimston,
Lady Louisa Harriet Jenkinson,

Assisted by the Lord Chamberlain of the Household (his coronet borne by a Page), followed by the Groom of the Robes.

The Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes.

Marchioness of Lansdowne, First Lady of the Bedchamber

Ladies of the Bedchamber—viz,

Countess of Charlemont,
Marchioness of Tavistock,
Lady Lyttleton,
Countess of Mulgrave,
Lady Portman,
Lady Barham.

Maids of Honour—viz.

Hon. Margaret Dillon,
Hon. Harriet Pitt.
Hon. Miss Cavendish,
Hon. Caroline Cocks,
Hon. Miss Lister,
Hon. Matilda Paget,
Hon. Miss Spring Rice,
Hon. Miss Murray.

Women of the Bedchamber:

Lady Harriet Clive,
Lady Caroline Barrington,
Lady Theresa Digby,
Lady Charlotte Copley,
Hon. Mrs. Brand,
Viscountess Forbes,
Lady Gardiner,
Hon. Mrs. Campbell.

The Gold Stick of the Life Guards in waiting; his coronet borne by a Page.

The Master of the Horse; his coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland; his coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard; his coronet borne by a Page.

The Captain of the Band of Gentlemen at Arms; his coronet borne by a Page.

Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse.

Ensign of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Clerk of the Check to the Yeomen of the Guard.

Exons of the Yeomen of the Guard.

Twenty Yeomen of the Guard.

In consequence of some mistake, the Duchess of Cambridge and Kent, after walking to the entrance of the choir, (the Queen's mother amidst much cheering,) returned to the place where the procession was formed, and did not re-appear with the rest of the Royal Family and the Queen till some time afterwards. The Queen looked extremely well, and had a more animated expression than her countenance usually wears. Some of the Foreign Ambassadors had numerous and splendid suites, and were splendidly attired. By far the most gorgeous was Prince Esterhazy, whose dress down to his very boot heels, sparkled with diamonds. Soult was cheered a good deal as he limped along the nave, and was the only one of the Foreign Ambassadors honoured with any special mark of attention. The scene within the choir, which presented itself to the Queen on her entrance, was gorgeous, and in some respects beautiful. The Turkish Ambassador seemed absolutely bewildered: he stopped in astonishment, and for some time would not move on to his allotted place.

As the Queen advanced slowly towards the centre of the choir, she was received with hearty plaudits; the anthem "I was glad" being sung by the musicians. At the close of the anthem, the Westminster boys (who occupied seats at the extremity of the lower galleries on the northern and southern sides of the choir) shouted out in a kind of chant, "Vivat Victoria Regina." The Queen moved towards a chair placed midway between the chair of homage and the altar, on the carpeted surface before described, and which is called "the theatre." Here she knelt down on a "*faldstool* set for her before her chair, and used some private prayers." She then took her seat in the chair, and the ceremonial proceeded.

First came "The Recognition" by the Archbishop of Canterbury; who advanced to the Queen, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal, preceded by the deputy Garter, and repeated these words,—

"Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?"

Then burst forth the universal cry from the limited portion of her Majesty's subjects present, "God save Queen Victoria." The Archbishop turning to the north, south, and west sides of the Abbey, repeated "God save Queen Victoria;" the Queen turning at the same time in the same direction.

The Bishops who bore the Patina, Bible, and Chalice in the procession, placed the same on the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops who were to read the Litany, put on their copes. The Queen, attended by the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells, and the Dean of Westminster, with the Great Officers of State and noblemen bearing the regalia, advanced to the altar, and kneeling upon the crimson velvet cushion, made her first offering, being a pall, or altar-cloth of gold, which was delivered by an Officer of the Wardrobe to the Lord Chamberlain, by his lordship to the Lord Great Chamberlain, and by him to the Queen, who delivered it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom it was placed on the altar. The Treasurer of the Household then delivered an ingot of gold, of one pound weight to the Lord Great Chamberlain; who having presented the same to the Queen, her Majesty delivered it to the Archbishop, by whom it was put into the oblation basin. *Continued on page 160.*

From Milnes's Poems.

'THE MEN OF OLD.'

"I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

"Still is it true, and ever true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

"With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

"To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

"Man now his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,—
Great thoughts, great feelings, come to them,
Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.

"And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast,
Into the evil sea.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

"But, Brothers, who up Renson's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Rememb'ring distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below."

From the Monthly Chronicle.

PRESENT STATE OF POETRY.*

Byron is unquestionably a much more doubtful and dangerous model than Scott. His marvellous eloquence of sentiment, which seems now to be philosophy—and now to be passion—and is not always either—has a fascination to which, as long as the world lasts, we believe nine poets out of ten will yield, at one time or other, in their intellectual career. Practical life, with its social cares, its healthful struggles, and its stern experience of wisdom and passion, will work away the opiate—for those at least whom practical life will lead to the highest callings of the poet: but still at that twilight age between youth and manhood, when imaginative minds are mostly haunted with a certain melancholy, and

"Let their frail thoughts dally with false surmise,"

the dreamer of Childe Harold will be a congenial comrade and a beloved friend—the dearer, perhaps, for the very sadness of his counsels. We grant that there is danger in Byron's views of life—in his frequent want of that earnest truthfulness and that moral reality of character and creation which ought to be ever before the ambition of a man who feels the destinies of a poet; but in Byron it is easy, after some experience of the world, and some careful and studious discipline of the intellect, to separate the faults to be shunned from the merits to be conned. In his general style—while his mere mannerism may be avoided—the student can discover secrets of the noblest art. Byron never over-adorns. His poems are not wholes, but the great passages in his poems are. In the middle of his descriptions, he never breaks off the effect by the undue glitter of individual lines. The passage itself fills you with a sense of completeness;—you remember it entirely;—its effect becomes an indelible association. This is entirely opposed to the style of Shelley, who, except in his "Cenci," has scarcely one passage complete in itself. Each line is a separate thought; the effect glitters on the eye till it aches at the glare: it is the mirror broken into a thousand pieces; and the representation it would give is rendered confused and phantasmagoric by the multiplication of the images.

We cannot imagine a worse model for a young poet of genius, who has allowed his admiration for Shelley to suffuse his whole mind, than that most dazzling poet. Nor is it only this elaborate over-richness of every line, that, while it captivates, perverts the taste, to which we object in Shelley; it is an utter want of that masculine and robust simplicity which should distinguish the poet whom we set before us as a model, even in his richest robes, and when soaring to the highest heaven. We must here make a distinction;—Shelley himself was one of the most genuine of mortals, and his poetry is an honest reflex of his own nature,—why, then, is it not simple? It is simple, and it is not simple;—it is simple as regards himself, it is not simple as it is presented to others. Shelley's heart was simple, his intellect was not. He had filled his mind with the strangest systems of philosophy, the oddest compound of motley knowledge,—the most heated, erratic, extravagant fancies that ever met together in a fervid and prolific imagination. Where he suffers his heart to speak to us, nothing can be more beautifully simple, more eloquent of true feeling and unaffected nobleness of emotion; but where his mind or his fancy only addresses us (that is, in by far the greater portion of his poetry), his imagery is far-fetched, and his meaning elaborately obscure. To say that Shelley is an affected writer, would be unjust; because what was most natural to that strange thinker and most fanciful idealist is often what to ordinary persons may seem the least natural. His life, his thoughts, his habits, were all, like his poetry, out of the beaten track. Shelley himself, is never, perhaps, affected; but he who imitates Shelley is certain to contract affectation: and what is remarkable, they who

"Enamel with pied flowers his thoughts of gold,"

invariably set before them his earliest and most vicious style and diction, and seem quite to forget how completely, in his most natural and vigorous poem of the "Cenci," he abandoned the poetry of words for the poetry of things. The mere plot of the Cenci is to our taste inartistical, because revolting; and the hero of the tragedy, the monster-father, is a creation that, if Shelley had lived longer and mixed more with men as they are, we believe he himself would have confessed to be a mere abstraction of ideal and impossible wickedness. But the diction and dialogue of that colossal temple of terror are sculptured out in the severest and most classical school of language;—and his versification in this poem might, indeed, be an admirable study to all who wish to observe how few are the flowers necessary to adorn the thyrsus of the inspiring god. But the "Prometheus Unbound," and "Alastor," and the "Siege of Islam," attract a thousand moths by their glitter; while the Cenci, like moon-light, seems to them less luminous, from the very equality and diffusion of its lustre.

The influence of Wordsworth is certainly far less likely to be deleterious than that of Shelley. His style in his graver pieces is more free from the dazzling faults of Shelley's; and his ethics, if somewhat obscure, and rather suited for recluses and dreamers than for that practical life which we hold to be necessary in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, to the full education, whether of a reasoner or a poet, are still exempt from the bewildering subtleties which, even in Shelley, are scarcely intelligible, and which, when re-echoed by imitators less profoundly versed in the old Greek systems, from which they are deduced, become the very vocabulary of jargon. But we see, in the immediate influence of this most admirable poet, certain effects it would be well to guard against. In the first place, it must be observed that the great sphere in which the music of Wordsworth is heard aloft, is the Influence of Nature upon Man. He is eminently a metaphysical poet,—perhaps the greatest metaphysical poet the world ever saw; and we are far from wishing that Wordsworth himself should have departed from the peculiar province he has so sublimely appropriated to his genius. But we think that there are very few poets, indeed, for whom this province is the fittest land; and we incline to doubt whether it be the natural and native air for poetry itself. We rather opine that Shakspeare is more orthodox in his creed, and more to be studied as a model. Shakspeare dealt little with the natural influences upon individual man, but most largely with social influences upon man*kind*. He is essentially the active poet, Wordsworth the passive. To arouse, not to allay the passions, was his ambition; to individualise emotions,—to paint men in the market place, not in the hermitage,—to embody the *quidquid agunt* in all its varieties and forms,—to make the Common-place and Familiar poetical, not by expatiating on their internal and mystic beauty, but by uniting them to stirring events and breathing passions,—this was the object and the art of Shakspeare. Phœbus forbid that we should say that all poets must seek the same paths to fame, or imitate the old formalist of whom the ancient writer tells us, who would not suffer his bees to roam abroad for sweets, but cut their wings, and placed before them flowers of his own sagacious selection. We repeat, that we rejoice that Wordsworth is first in his line, rather than being second in Shakespeare's; but since those who imitate Wordsworth must be content to be second to their master, we think it allowable to state our opinion that for the vast majority of minds genuinely poetical, the art and school of Shakspeare will afford much safer models than those of Wordsworth, and will be likely to lead to more novel combinations and more valuable results. We will not raise the question, how far Wordsworth is right, as an artist, in his conceptions of the Beautiful, as found in the Homely. We incline to agree with him, but we doubt much whether what is called his *simple* poetry fairly carries out his conceptions. We doubt if it be healthfully and practically simple—whether it be not rather the simplicity of a schoolman and idealist—of a man visibly stooping from his throne than a man moving easily, and at home, among the beings and things he visits—whether, like other great people, he is not over-condescending and over-familiar, when he shakes hands with the vulgar or plays with the puerile. As a test of this doubt, which we hazard with due diffidence, we wish that one of Wordsworth's implicit disciples would make an experiment. Let him read to an intelligent shepherd or intelligent child, we will not say a song by Burns, but a passage in the "Deserted Village," or one of Cowper's occasional poems, such as that on "His Mother's Picture," or even a description of scenery from "The Lady of the Lake," and then read to the same unbiassed critic Wordsworth's "Peter Bell;"—ask him which he considers the most natural and the most simple; see which comes home the most to his healthy understanding and unadulterated feelings. We venture to conjecture that the listener will not decide in favor of "Peter Bell." Yet such would be a fair critic of the genuine Natural. Educated and refining men rarely *are* judges of the Natural. We need not be metaphysicians to know what is the simple language of homely truth. It was the over-refiners, not the children and the shepherds, who found simplicity in Theocritus.

Now, in the most approved imitations of Wordsworth, we find the most noticeable affectation of the homeliness of their master, which perhaps indeed they find easier to attain than his etherial and high-wrought sublimity. Where he lisps, they slobber; and what is childish in him, is perfect babyism with them.

We have been led into these remarks by our very reverence for the Archimandrites, and our very hopes for the Neophytes. It is rarely the founders, it is the followers, that bring the school into disrepute. We should probably have had few decriers of Pope, if we had not had such an infinity of popelings. Nor would men have grown tired of hearing Byron called the Great, if there had not been Byronic homunculi in every corner of the streets. We ostracise our Aristides, not for himself, but for the cuckoo cry of his idolaters.

From Blackwood for June.

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

But instead of being poetical let us be philosophical, or both, and sitting on this mossy stump, soft as velvet, and with "withered boughs grotesque," like an arm-chair, imagine ourselves for a moment a rural Dean lecturing to a fixed-eyed audience of the youth of both sexes, showing us what we would discourse on in their faces and in their eyes.

Let us take, our dear audience, in the first place, as examples of Beauty, some of the simplest kind, and which are universally felt—those which are found in the great appearances of Nature—and of these what may be called most elementary, and because strongly affecting the senses, what seem least to require any cultivation of mind or aid of thought to make them felt. Such is the beauty of a blue and radiant sky—a sunset rich in the gorgeous hues of a thousand painted clouds—the splendour of the nocturnal heavens, green valleys, with their clear bright waters, and the luxuriance of summer woods—snows shining in the sunlight—the still calm glittering ocean. In these and similar instances which may be distinguished, for the elementary nature of some of the principal feelings involved in them, as well as for the earliness and the universality with which they are felt, there is to be remarked, in the first place, a very vivid affection of the sense of sight, such as there is reason to believe, from the earliest observation we are able to make, is a primary pleasure, independent of all association, either by the vivid impression of the organ itself, or by the vivid excitation immediately and necessarily carried into the spirit itself, which is called up into a state of animated sensibility—the pleasure of light in all its various modifications. And in all such cases, this first vivid sensuous delight is united, it is to be observed, with very expansive conceptions of the soul. That primary pleasure of the mere sensitive being in light, and brightness, and beautiful colour, has been, from the beginning, continually nourished and heightened by their union with the great objects and appearances of Nature, with the whole activity of the living spirit. Light is to us life, and darkness the extinction of life. Nor can there be a doubt that this deep feeling of our animation, not in the sentient body alone, but in the spirit, connected at every moment with the presence and power of light, and with all the vital influences that flow with it upon the earth, has become so blended with it in our conception, that it has, on this

* Concluded from our last.

account, a strong power over the emotion, and even the affection of our souls. Do we not lament even death as a parting from the light of day? This simple, primary, and inevitable influence, to which every living spirit is subject, enters essentially into the feelings we are now considering, and makes the presence of light in itself, and in all it shows of colour, beautiful to our eyes. This, then, is an elementary conception and feeling of beauty, which seems prepared for us by the hand, and in the midst of the primary blessings of Nature, in a manner independent of any cultivation of our minds, and carried as it were irresistibly into the very heart of our sentient being. Further, it is observable that these emotions, thus deep-laid in our very living sensibility, have in such instances as those which we have now selected as examples of visible beauty, an immediate and deeply blended connexion with some important feelings which may be called of a spiritual kind.

For these shows of light and colour are spread over the infinitude of Nature, over Earth and Sky; and are disclosed to us from orbs which are the most remote and wonderful objects on which we can look. This most expansive feeling of our soul, that of boundless space, mixed with wonder at the mystery of power in these beings, and in the whole frame of nature, concurs with the vivid affection of delighted sense; and thus our whole being, that which is most deep and spiritual, and that which is sentient in the living frame, is united in the feeling of such beauty in these great appearances. These are elements of an emotion entirely different from those pleasures which are derived by association from a direct and conscious reference to the past: for though the past has been necessary indeed, to form the spirit to its present capacity of such feelings, there is no reference in the mind whatever to the past, or to any thoughts personal to itself. These great and beautiful appearances, at once, as soon as they are beheld, invade the Soul with a sudden emotion of delight, in which they seem to carry all their power of beauty in their immediate presence: there is no knowledge of time gone by to which these feelings have reference, or from which they may have their derivation; but in the more glorious appearances of this kind that are revealed to us, the soul is swallowed up, entranced, and lost in the consciousness of its mere beholding.

By the various Cultivation of the Mind in other kinds of Beauty, advancing in high and refined Intellectual Perception, exercising itself in the pure delight of Moral contemplation, and conversant with all the forms of beauty which the happiest spirits of men have snatched from decay, and preserved in the works of their inspired and delightful Arts, by all this various Cultivation, the Mind seems to have opened up in itself new Capacities of admiration and love:—and when it returns to contemplate that Nature on which it once looked in simple and untutored joy, it now finds a world spread out in infinite adaptation for its passionate feeling, and for its earnest, solemn Meditation. In the mighty forms that tower up from the surface of the Earth, guarding and enclosing the regions of human habitation, in the rivers that embrace and divide the land, in seas that flow around it, in all the variations and adornings of the Earth, vale, and champaign, and wide-skirting woods, and in the overhanging Sky,—he now sees a world over which a spirit may range in the might of its joy, gathering heavenly thought from terrestrial scenes, and drawing in from all appearances and voices around, the breath of adoration. Delight and love now come to him no longer unmingled with intelligence. He sees in all the forms of things characters that speak to him of Wisdom, Goodness, and Power. It is not that in every moment of delight breathed from the beauty of nature there is a conscious reference to the design of its benign Creator,—But this conviction is habitual and pervading: and the mysterious principle of life in all things around us is not more universally present to the human mind than the delighted gratitude with which it is recognised. When Milton describes the sorrow of our first Parents at the thought of leaving Paradise, he makes the lamentation of Adam sublime, by the regret that he must no more inhabit scenes hallowed by the immediate presence of God.

"This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared, under this tree
Stood visible—among these pines his voice
I heard—here with him at this fountain talked;
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums and fruits and flowers;
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?"

But in this nether world these bright appearances are to be traced now, as they were in the happy youth of the Earth: And if the beauty of the material world is then most beautiful, when such footsteps are seen by the human soul, the Earth now with all the fierce agencies that have been let loose to trample over it, it is a Paradise still, to those whose spirit knows how to enjoy it.

LE CARRE DES MORTS.

The horrors of war have been detailed in almost infinite variety—affording themes of inexhaustible abundance for the moralist, the poet, the historian and the romancer. Yet it may well be conceived that the whole is, as yet, very far from being told; that the capabilities of the subject have, by no means been worked out in all their frightful and wonderful extent. Much there must be of suffering—of mortal anguish on the battle-field—which never has been and never can be told, because the sufferers have found relief from their torments only in death. I can imagine such, among the wounded wretches left to perish on the plain of some great contest, when the tide of strife has swept far from the spot where it commenced; when the flight for life and the hot pursuit have whirled away the surviving thousands, and the silence of the war-field is broken only by the shrieks and groans of those who have been struck down, and who cast around their dying eyes in vain for the approach of succour, with hope that struggles against disappointment to the last, nor yields until the life is yielded too. I can imagine agonies of mind and body, at such a time and place, the like of which has never been recorded; and for the record of which, words are wanting to human speech. Their terrible reality can be conveyed only by the looks and tones of actual suffering, and mocks the feeble efforts of the pen to give them utterance.

Abundant in such detail of suffering must have been the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia, or rather, the most disastrous portion of that campaign, the retreat from Moscow. The published narratives of the retreat are full of them; but how many and more horrible incidents must have occurred, and found no chronicler! Of the thousands and tens of thousands who miserably perished on those icy plains, there was not one, perhaps, who, if he had survived, might not have described some peculiarity of misery the voice of which is now stilled forever.

I have been led into these reflections, by conversing, not long ago, with a highly-intelligent French gentleman who served in that dreadful campaign, and had large personal knowledge of the horrors that attended the retreat. Of these he described to me a great number, surpassing, in painful interest, all that I had ever heard or read, and some of so appalling a nature, that I should be reluctant even to repeat them among friends—much more to give them publicity in the columns of a periodical, which aims chiefly to give pleasure to its readers. There was one, however, not less remarkable than any of the others, yet so much less strongly marked by the purely horrible, as to create no painful sensation in the mind of the reader, more acute than that which always accompanies the knowledge of human suffering and death, when we have no personal interest in, or relation to, the sufferers.

It is known to all who have read of the campaign in Russia, that the ordinary disasters of a retreat through an enemy's country were, in this instance, fearfully aggravated by the intense severity of the cold; and that of the multitudes who perished, there were thousands who sank beneath its rigour, for hundreds that fell beneath the lances of the Cossacks. Yet the assaults of these roving warriors of the desert were fearfully destructive. Hovering in small bands around the divisions of the retreating Frenchmen, and never failing to strike whenever a small party of the enemy became separated from the main body, on its march—and such separations were daily becoming more frequent, through the relaxation of discipline, and the increasing want of provisions—there was no possibility of either resisting or escaping their attacks. Well mounted on their fleet and hardy coursers of the Ukraine, such was the rapidity of their movements that they seemed to spring up from the earth—always appearing when least expected, and, if repulsed, scouring away with a celerity that defied pursuit, even if the worn and harrassed Frenchmen had been able to attempt it. For them, indeed, there was but one resource. To keep as closely as possible together—when attacked by the Cossacks to form in solid squares, and meet the shock—and above all, to pursue their march with the least possible intermission; for those who halted died.

Thus were the remains of Napoleon's great army toiling back across the frightful wastes of that inhospitable region, but daily leaving thousands of their number stiffening on its snows; the troops of Cossacks sweeping around them, and bringing up their rear, ready to pick up every straggler, whom fatigue or the hope of greater safety in isolated progress had separated from his fellows.

The main body had passed on; and there was solitude on the vast and naked *steppe* which they had traversed. The cold was dreadful; and a driving storm of snow was whitening the ground, to which that intense frost had given the rigidity of marble. Afar off, in the remotest verge of the horizon, a dark object might be seen, dimly, through the snow; and from another quarter comes whirling up a troop of Cossacks, with many a wild hurrah. Their leader points to the dark object in the distance, and away they scour across the plain in the direction of his spear. As they approach, they see with grim delight that a band of Frenchmen is before them—but these, it seems, are prepared for the attack. The square is formed—the bayonets at charge. The Cossacks gallop round and round, as if seeking for a point of vantage to attack—the Frenchmen stand firm, presenting everywhere a bold and steady front, which seems to dash the courage of the assailants. Meantime the snow comes down in wreaths, and is fast gathering in white masses on the dark uniforms of the brave Frenchmen. Round and round the Cossacks wheel, approaching nearer every moment—yet not a hand is stirred in that human citadel; not a musket is fired, although every shot might tell. At length the leader of the Cossacks shouts "forward to the charge;" and with a rush they fling themselves upon the—dead. At the first shock, the foremost rank of Frenchmen falls, a row of stiffened corses on the plain. They had been frozen to death, where they stood; and there, perhaps, they would have stood, until the next summer's heat had given relaxation to their rigid muscles, but for the wild attack of the fierce desert warriors.

Fashionable Belles.—'How superior,' thought I, 'is the love of this young girl, unaccustomed to the world, to that of the heartless and false doll of dress, whose every word is for effect, and every thought a desire for admiration; who can sacrifice all domestic pleasures, and follow fashion and vice—vice of thought; who lives only in crowds, and is miserable alone; who loves self supremely, and takes a husband for his carriage and house, and enters into matrimony for the liberties it allows her.' There are such women; the idols of the ball room, and the belles of watering-places. They enjoy a butterfly celebrity, and then decay early, in mind and body; the victims to fashion, or worse. What thoughts must linger around the bosoms of such women, on their dying beds, as they think of their neglected children, their neglected God! Young men know not what they follow, as they glide on in the wake of the plumed syren of the dance. They are the false lights which meteors hold out to draw the tumbling ships upon the rocks. They lure us on with music, and the pattering of tiny feet, and their jewelled fingers, and false smiles, and falser hearts; and when the victim is caught, like the veiled prophet, they display their awful hideousness. No, no! Love is found in gentle hearts. It dwells not amid the riots of pleasure; it dies in the glare of splendor, and cannot live in the heart devoted to dress, and weak follies. It is more nurtured in quietness, than in loud applause, or the world's praise. Give me the hardly defined feelings of a young and timid girl, and I leave to you the confessions of the gaudy coquette. Give me the beaming glance of a liquid eye, and I yield the bright and flashing blaze of the proud beauty to others. I would not trust a *belle* nor a *blue*. They are each too philosophical in their own way.—*Knickerbocker.*

A Woman of Taste.—A female of cultivated taste, has an influence upon society wherever she moves. She carries with her that secret attractive charm which operates like magic upon the beholder—fixes the attention and softens the feelings of the heart like those benign influences over which we have no control. It is impossible to be long in her presence without feeling the superiority of that intellectual acquirement which so dignifies her mind and person. Her words and actions are dictated by its power, and give ease and grace to her motions. The cultivation of a correct taste is so joined in affinity with the social affections, that it is almost impossible to improve the one, without affecting the other. For it is seldom that we see this resplendent qualification attached to minds under the influence of moral principles, neglectful of those social feelings which cement society together, and preserve it from jarring innovations. It is needful in every department of life; and more of our happiness is derived from this source than we are often aware of.

Look at domestic scenes with a discerning eye, and see the movements of a woman of taste. If she is the head of a family, order appears to be the first law which governs and controls her actions. All her affairs are planned with wisdom; confusion and discord never disturb her mind. Her house is the seat of social happiness, where the stranger and friend can repose with delight, for neatness and order are the inmates of her habitation.

Perversion of Religion.—How much of injury has been done to the cause of true religion, by the austere and gloomy associations which have been connected with it by bigots and enthusiasts! How often do we see children brought up to discover nothing but what is harsh and repulsive in a faith, which is essentially the source of a divine and constant cheerfulness. Is it not natural that, under such circumstances, they should imbibe a distaste for what, rightly understood, would be their joy and their refuge? Instead of teaching us to regard our Creator as that benignant and gracious Being, which natural and revealed religion assures us that he is, how many would set up the phantom of their own diseased, or frightened fancy, and have us bow down to it as the only true God? Oh, human frailty and human inconsistency! that, professing to hate idolatry, art subject, unconsciously, to a more degrading idolatry than that which prostrates itself before images of wood and stone! Let no man argue against religion from its abuses; for truly has it been said, that "religion and priests have the same connexion with each other, as justice and attorneys."

The Archbishop delivered a prayer in the prescribed form. The Regalia was laid on the altar by the Archbishop. The Great Officers of State, except the Lord Chamberlain, retired to their respective places; and the Bishops of Worcester and St. David's read the Litany. Then followed the Communion service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Rochester and Carlisle. The Bishop of London preached the sermon from the following text, in the Second Book of Chronicles, chapter xxxiv. v. 31:—

"And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments and his testimonies and his statutes, and with all his heart and with all his soul to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

In the course of his sermon from this text, the Bishop lauded the late king for his "unfeigned religion," and exhorted his youthful successor to follow in his footsteps.

At the conclusion of the sermon, "the Oath" was administered to the Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The form of swearing was as follows:—The Archbishop put certain questions which the Queen answered in the affirmative, relative to the maintenance of the law and the Established religion; and then, her Majesty with the Lord Chamberlain and other officers, the sword of state being carried before her, went to the altar, and laying her right hand upon the Gospels in the Bible carried in the procession, and now brought to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, said, kneeling,—

"The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep. So help me God."

The Queen kissed the book, and signed a transcript of the oath presented to her by the Archbishop. She then kneeled upon her "faldstool," and the choir sang "Veni, Creator, Spiritus."

"The Anointing" was the next part of the ceremony. The Queen sat in King Edward's chair; four Knights of the Garter, the Dukes of Buccleuch and Rutland, and the Marquisses of Anglesea and Exeter, held a rich cloth of gold over her head; the Dean of Westminster took the "ampulla" from the altar, and poured some of the oil it contained into the "anointing-spoon;" then the Archbishop anointed the head and hands of the Queen, marking them in the form of a cross, pronouncing the words,

"Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Archbishop then "said his prayer or blessing over her."

The "Spurs" were presented by the Lord Chamberlain; and the "Sword of State" by Viscount Melbourne; who, however, "redeemed it with a hundred shillings," and carried it during the rest of the ceremony. Then followed the investing with the "Royal Robe and the delivery of the Orb," and the "Investiture per annulum et baculum"—the ring and sceptre. In all this part of the ceremony there was nothing interesting or striking.

The Coronation followed. The Archbishop of Canterbury took the crown from the altar, and put it down again. He then delivered a prayer to God to "bless her Majesty, and crown her with all princely virtues." The Dean of Westminster took the crown from the altar; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Archbishops of York and Armagh, and Bishops of London, Durham, and other Prelates, advanced towards the Queen, and the Archbishop taking the crown from the Dean, "reverentially placed it on the Queen's head." "This was no sooner done, than from ever party of the crowded edifice arose a loud and enthusiastic cry of 'God save the Queen!' mingled with lusty cheers, and accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. At this moment, too, the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets, the Bishops their caps, and the Kings of Arms their crowns; the trumpets sounding, the drums beating, and the Tower and Park guns firing by signal."

The Bible was presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Queen; who delivered it again to the Archbishop; and it was replaced on the altar by the Dean of Westminister.

"The Benediction" was delivered by the Archbishop; and the *Te Deum* sung by the choir. At the commencement of the *Te Deum*, the Queen went to the chair which she first occupied, supported by two bishops. She was then "enthroned" or "lifted," as the formulary states, into the chair of homage, by archbishops, bishops, and peers surrounding her Majesty. Her Majesty deliverd the sceptre with the cross to the Lord of the Manor of Worksop (the Duke of Norfolk), and the sceptre with the dove to the Duke of Richmond, to hold during the performance of the ceremony of homage. The Archbishop of Canterbury knelt and did homage for himself and other Lords Spiritual, who all kissed the Queen's hand. The Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, removing their coronets, did homage in these words.—"I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, and live and die, against all manner of folks. So help me God."

They touched the crown on the Queen's head, kissed her left cheek, and then retired. It was observed that her Majesty's bearing towards her uncles was very kind and affectionate. The Dukes and other Peers then performed their homage, the senior of each rank pronouncing the words. As they retired, each Peer kissed her Majesty's hand. The Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and Lord Melbourne, were loudly cheered as they ascended the steps of the throne. Lord Rolle, who is upwards of eighty, stumbled and fell on going up the steps. The Queen immediately stepped forwards and held out her hand to assist him, amidst the loudly-expressed admiration of the entire assembly.

While the Lords were doing homage, the Earl of Surrey, Treasurer of the Household, threw coronation medals about the choir and lower galleries; for which venerable Judges, Privy Councillors, Peers, Knights, General Officers, and Aldermen, scrambled with eagerness. The medals are silver, neither massive nor elegant.

At the conclusion of the homage, the choir sung the anthem, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." The Queen received the two sceptres from the Dukes of Norfolk and Richmond; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, and the assembly cried out "God save Queen Victoria! long live Queen Victoria! may the Queen live for ever!

The Archbishop of Canterbury went to the altar. The Queen followed him, and giving the Lord Chamberlain her crown to hold, knelt down at the altar, the Gospel and Epistle of the Communion service having been read by two Bishops. The Queen made her "offerings" of the chalice and patina, and a purse of gold; which were laid on the altar. Her Majesty received the sacrament, kneeling on her faldstool by the chair. Afterwards she put on her crown, and, with her sceptres in her hands, took her seat again upon her throne. The Archbishop of Canterbury, proceeded with the communion service, and pronounced the final blessing. The choir sung the anthem, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The Queen then left the throne, and, attended by two Bishops and noblemen bearing the regalia and swords of state, passed into King Edward's Chapel, the organ playing. The Queen delivered the sceptre with the dove to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who laid it on the altar. She was then disrobed of her imperial robe of state, and arrayed in her royal robe of purple velvet, by the Lord Chamberlain. The Archbishop placed 'the Orb' in her left hand. The Gold Spurs and St. Edward's Staff were delivered by the noblemen who bore them to the Dean of Westminster, who placed them on the altar. The Queen then went to the west door of the Abbey, wearing her crown, the "sceptre with the cross" being in the right, and "orb" in the left hand. The swords and regalia were delivered to gentlemen who attended to receive them from the jewel-office. It was about a quarter to four o'clock when the royal procession passed through the nave, in the same order as before, at the conclusion of the ceremony in the Abbey.

The return of the procession, though the line was much broken, presented a more striking appearance, from the circumstance of the royal and noble personages wearing their coronets and the Queen her crown. It is unusually elegant: the mass of brilliants, relieved here and there by a large coloured stone, and the purple velvet cap, had a very superb and chaste effect: it became her Majesty extremely well—or rather she became it. The jewelled coronets of the Royal Family were very splendid; and both Peers and Peeresses looked well.

After the ceremony, and before the procession set out on its return, the line of route was traversed by parties of official persons and spectators coming from the Abbey on foot; and the motley groups and odd appearance of some individuals created much amusement. Many Peers, among them the Duke of Wellington, walked through the street to their carriages in their robes and coronets; some covered their robes with a cloak, and wore a hat. Ladies in full dress, wrapped in a cloak or veil, or only screened by a parasol, were escorted by gentlemen in uniform or court dress—a most ugly fashion, making men look like embroidered Quakers: now and then a chorister in his white surplice, and a clergyman in his black canonicals, relieved the prevailing scarlet and blue. Joseph Hume would not wear the court livery, and was hissed by some on that account, and by others for his Whiggishness; however, he was pretty well cheered, too, and took the hissing good-humouredly. Mr. Bulwer, in his snuff-coloured court livery and dress hat, was not recognised; O'Connell, similarly disguised, was alternately hissed and cheered by Tories and Liberals.

The sight of the streets paved with heads, and the houses alive with spectators, was the most impressive and amusing. Shop-windows never looked so attractive set out with their most costly wares. The balconies and galleries seemed bursting with the full blow of beauty. The coup d'œil certainly bore out the claim of our fair country-women to the palm of loveliness.

During the morning, Mrs. Graham's balloon was filled in the Green Park, near the Ranger's house, in order to its ascending at the moment the crown was put on the head of the Queen. On its ascent, which was delayed a few minutes beyond the proper time, it was evident that it was not sufficiently inflated; and, notwithstanding Mrs. Graham kept throwing out ballast, the balloon was evidently falling, and it soon fell in Marylebone-lane, near Wigmore-street. The descent was perilous; but neither Mrs. Graham nor her companion, Captain Currie, were hurt.

The fair in Hyde Park was the most novel, if the least dazzling part of the amusement of the day; and the preparations were more attractive than the thing itself. Hundreds of carts and waggons laden with scaffolding and tarpauling—scores of those little ambulatory caravans, the locomotive dens of human animals and biped monsters, such as one sees located on spots of waste ground in the suburbs—and the advanced guard of beer-barrels and other stores of the victualling department—were assembled round the entrances of Hyde Park on Monday morning, waiting the opening of gates at five; and till noon they continued to arrive in one continuous line. The ground having been previously alloted, nearly the whole space on the south-east corner of the Park—the outer point being the guard-house, the Achilles, and the Grosvenor Gate—was quickly covered with parties of working-men, actively assisted by women and boys, unloading vehicles and driving in posts; and by the afternoon many of the marquees were pitched, and some booths covered in. At this time till the next day, the scene was extremely picturesque and animated: capital groups for the pencil presented themselves on every side; and viewed from a little distance, the aspect of the tents, the swarms of busy people, and the piles of baggage, reminded one of the encampment of some wandering tribe, or the halt of a migrating nation. It was not pleasant, however, to see the turf ploughed up so ruthlessly by wheel-tracks, with the prospect of its being trampled into mud.

The space appropriated to the fair is several acres; and the plan is a hollow square, formed by shows and booths for refreshments and dancing, with several rows of toy and gingerbread stalls in the interior. The spaces, between the booths, were ample; but the exits and entrances, excepting only the one from Grosvenor Gate, were few, narrow, and inconvenient, and occasioned a great deal of unnecessary crowding and confusion.

The display was by no means splendid; Richardson's and Scowton's being the only ones with any pretension to grandeur; and the supply of giants and dwarfs, spotted boys, Albini girls and corpulent women, very limited. Beasts there were none—but those on two legs; the Zoological Gardens have cut out Pidcock and Wombwell.

The business of eating and drinking was going on with a devotion worthy of a beef-eating and beer-drinking people. The progress of teetotalism was also exhibited by several booths where hot-coloured liquids, complimentarily designated "tea" and "coffee," were served up. The array of crowned sovereigns in gilded gingerbread was dazzling: their majesties were mostly, as it appeared to us, of the masculine sex, the king wearing his hand in his breeches-pockets, as a hint to his subjects to be liberal. There were one or two stalls where the impertinencies of French confectionary and iced champagne were announced; but the majority displayed the venerable toys and cakes that delighted our ancestors in their days of childhood. The boiled-beef booth of Williams, of the Old Bailey, was decorated with a sideboard of plate that would have done honour to a French restaurant; but this was thought to be, in the vernacular phrase "cutting it too fat." The votaries of sickness were invited by rotary air-sailing ships, that carried a man to each sail, and combined the advantages of the movement of a boat at sea without the danger of drowning. These seemed very popular; but the swings were not forsaken, as they added the pleasure of danger to the qualmish sensation.

The illuminations were very general, and in a few instances particularly splendid; but in most cases it was the effect of light rather than the taste of the devices that told. "V. R." and crowns and stars, with wreaths and festoons, and an occasional motto, formed the staple: ingenuity and fancy were very lightly taxed. The opposition of gas and lamps produced the greatest variety by the contrast, the gas dazzling white like brilliants, the lamps of more rich and sober splendour like gold and coloured gems. The old-fashioned mode of illumination never supported its pretensions against the unearthly lustre of gas better than on Thursday night. Most of the clubs use gas, and their devices are well known: one bad effect of gas is to stereotype the devices, so that all illuminations are alike. This was particularly observable in the quarter of clubs, Pall Mall and St. James's Street; the only difference there being, the additions of the new Club-houses, the United University and the Navy. The Reform Club, to be sure, had changed its locality. At this last we remarked an instance of frequent occurrence in gas illumination, especially in blowing weather—the almost total vanishment of the flame; the jets emitting only a dull blue light, or none at all, and the blaze flickering in gusts,—a very pretty effect, once and away, but not when too often repeated: the crown surmounting the wreaths below was by some accident nearly deprived of its light; which gave occasion to a cynical spectator to taunt the "Reformers" with despoiling the crown of its lustre. The "Victoria Regina" in lamps over the entrance of Downing Street, was gloomy and illegible. The gorgeous effect of coloured lamps in large masses was conspicuous in the "V. R." and crowns on Northumberland and Stafford Houses, and the lustrous mosaic in front of Cambridge House, but above all, in the superb displays in front of the Admiralty and the Ordnance Office: at the latter building, shields and trophies and guns were added to the customary symbols, and the whole of the extensive front was a blaze of rich coloured light. The effect of metal ground to reflect the light, and gas to supply the flame instead of oil, was much admired at the Horse Guards and Somerset House. But the most elegant and brilliant mode of employing lamps was exhibited at the portico of the National Gallery, and the residence of the Russian Ambassador Extraordinary, in Carlton Gardens; where the building was outlined with rows of lamps. The portico of the National Gallery looked brilliant. The fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, as well as the pediment, stood out in burnished gold against the dark sky, throwing the long low wings into shade. Its appearance from the extreme distance was enchanting. So with the similar display at the Park front of Count Strogonoff's, which glittered through the foliage like a fairy palace. The Travellers' Club first revived this pretty fashion of lighting up. Stafford House was also adorned in this manner; the roof, moreover, being edged with lanterns; and their effect, viewed from the Bird-cage-walk, to the eye of fancy, was like that of a carcanet of gems round the brow of some young beauty. The "God bless the Queen" over the pavilion of Devonshire House was simple and apt; it elicited many a hearty response. The aristocratic mansion in St. James's-square exhibited the old formal style of illumination—wax flambeaux tied to the rails; but they are not effective. Our personal observation did not extend eastward of Somerset House; but the gas festoons round the Bank, connected by stars raised on the lamp-posts, and the rich scroll-work and festoons of the India House, had a pleasing effect. The Guildhall and the Goldsmiths Hall, the Post Office, Mansion House, and other public buildings, were handsomely decorated. The Monument should have been lighted up; it seems made on purpose. The various embassies, of course, were resplendent with lamps. "Her Majesty's Theatre" exhibited a beautifully painted transparency—a sort of emblematical coronation, very well designed—set in an architectural framework of lamps, composed of a pediment supported by four pilasters, wreathed with laurel. It was the only good transparency that we saw: one in front of Ackermann's in Regent street, representing John Bull in ecstacies, with beef, pudding, and ale dancing around him, was the most applicable. At the Hudson's Bay Company's fur-warehouse, late the Argyle-rooms, a waxen effigy of the Queen in real robes of state, checking the fury of a stuffed lion, was exhibited early in the evening. Flags were pretty numerous—their effect is very gay; and numbers of private houses set lamps and candles in the windows.

The streets were crowded till long past midnight with pedestrians and all possible kinds of vehicles, from the cab and the pony-chaise to the crowded coach and the laden van.

The Parks were thronged with people to see the Fireworks; and as the hour originally appointed was postponed, and half past ten, the time last named, became eleven, numbers of the weary multitudes who had been afoot early, and many on their legs all day, stretched themselves on the grass, waiting the signal of commencement. There were two displays—that in the Green Park, facing Buckingham Palace, was by D. Earnest; and that in Hyde Park, towards Cumberland Gate, by Southby. Both were extremely grand; but the one in the Green Park, for the especial gratification of the Queen, was a more choice selection, and exhibited with greater rapidity than that in Hyde Park, which was tiresomely protracted by long intervals between each discharge; and was perhaps more remarkable for noise and quantity than its rival. Explosions of the maroons like cannonading, blazes of blue and red fire, and *pots de feu* encircling the enclosure, and seeming like a hundred altars burning to Ashtaroth, were succeeded by vollies of rockets and serpents; the rush and explosions of which, and the vivid lights they threw over the countless thousands round, was most startling. To describe the fashion of the devices would convey no idea of them: one might fancy the flights of rockets sending up trails of fire and opening into clusters of stars—dropping heaps of golden ingots, shedding myriads of

lamp-like balls of red, blue, amber, green of intense brilliancy, or dissolving in showers of fiery tears—to be bouquets of the flowers of Pandemonium shooting up into momentary existnce, then vanishing like exhalations. One sort of revolting rockets, like a comet whirling in a state of distraction, was more curious than effective. As for the fixed devices, nothing could exceed their brilliancy: to pursue our infernal simile, they might be compared to a bijouterie, "diamonds by rubies and by sapphires fired," the product of Lucifer's ingenuity for the adornment of Satanic beauties. The nests of serpents reminded one of the fabled tresses from Medusa's head, as if she had been tearing her hissing hair off by handfulls, and flinging it abroad in despair.

The grand finale—the capo d'opera of Southby—in Hyde Park, was announced by vollies of maroons and a circle of *pots de feu*; and preceded by fans of Roman candles tossing up coloured balls, as if some jugglers of the "salamandrine race" were exhibiting their feats; a tremendous *jet de feu*, like the eruption of a volcano, with showers of sparks, stars, and coloured lamps insteed of ashes, seeming to fill the firmament with its brilliancy, ushered in the temple enclosing a transparency of the Queen—a most tasteful design. The glittering points of its outline dropped away about one o'clock; and the immense mass of people dispersed as they could find egress—some to the Fair, but most to their homes.

The Queen and her distinguished guests viewed the Fireworks from the Palace, which was covered with gazers. The assembled multitude in and round the Parks must have been a picturesque background to the dazzling display.

The peaceable and orderly behaviour of hundreds of thousands of people, in the middle and lower ranks of life, during a long day of excitement, with the crowding and waiting that create confusion and collision, and also produce thirst that is not always moderately quenched, was not the least striking characteristic of the proceedings. It was a sight that drew forth the admiration of foreigners especially. Great praise is due to the temper and firmness with which the police did their duty; the soldiers, especially the household troops, were patient and forbearing, as they usually are on such occasions. The arrangements were in general excellent; and scarcely a single accident occurred the whole day and night, great as was the pressure on many points of the line. The Queen is said to have expressed a wish, natural to an amiable spirit, that no accident would mar the festivities of the day. Her Majesty's sensibilities were somewhat excited by the formidable-seeming use made by some of her escort, of their swords, in beating back the crowd who pressed on the state coach in Pall Mall East, and the too free exercise of the truncheons of the police near the Admiralty; but, excepting these unpleasantries, and the trivial accident of the breaking of one of the traces in the state carriage in Pall Mall, nothing otherwise than pleasurable occurred to disturb her equanimity during the long route to and from the Abbey.

The Queen bore the fatigues and excitement of the day—no slight demand upon the nerves of a delicately nurtured young lady—without exhibiting very visible signs of exhaustion, and was no worse next day than many of her more robust but still more tired subjects.

All the Theatres, the Italian Opera-house excepted, were open gratuitously. Vauxhall Gardens were closed: the proprietors outstood their market, by asking 750*l.* for the night—an exorbitant sum, considering the price of admission is now only a shilling.

The inmates of the prisons, and of most workhouses, were regaled with beef and pudding and ale; and even the patients at the hospitals had extra diet: and the charity and Sunday-schools had either feasts, or the children are to have a holiday.

In the country, the event was celebrated as a gala day, by public feasting at the expense of the townfolk of the principal cities and boroughs: in short, English hospitality was liberally exercised throughout the country, both privately and publicly.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1838.

As a suitable appendix to the interesting account of the Coronation spectacle which will be found in our present number, we copy the following remarks from the *London Christian Advocate* of July 2.

"Never perhaps, in any age, or in any land, has the Crown first encircled a sovereign's brow under circumstances of such deep and delightful interest, or auspices so gladdening and full of hope, as those in which the glittering diadem has been placed upon the royal head of VICTORIA THE FIRST. Her youth awakens our generous sympathies, and suggests indulgent thoughts; her sex enlists our tenderest regards: while the earlier developments of her character animate our hearts with the lively anticipation of future excellence. A glorious course lies open to her view; and every circumstance and incentive that can arouse a benign ambition, conspires to urge her on a career of illustrious patriotism and virtue. Committed to no party politics, she is free to choose her counsellors from the wisest and most virtuous of the land. Bound by no veteran prejudices, her ingenuous and enlightened mind is open to those views which will best promote a nation's welfare. No foreign wars impoverish our treasury; no civil discord endangers our repose. The rage of party violence is allayed; the power of parties is fairly balanced in the State. It has gone forth that slavery shall shortly be no more. Equal and righteous laws are in progress. The prospects of agriculture and commerce brighten. Education, under the auspices of religion, is everywhere rapidly on the advance. Science, with lavish hand, now scatters abroad her blessings, unknown before. The stream of Christian truth is deepening its channel and widening its banks, and sending forth its pure and precious waters by ten thousand rivulets, to the remotest districts of the land. Abroad, the strong-holds of superstition are crumbling into dust; civilization is gradually extending her dominion over the most savage tribes. There is a universal awakening to the rights of humanity, and the homage due to truth, amongst all the nations of the earth. At such an era our youthful Queen is called to wear the crown and wield the sceptre over the mightiest empire on the globe. It is a high-born destiny. May she be faithful to her illustrious trust, and wise to discern the signs of the times! May she seek her people's happiness, and live in her people's heart! May her dignities stimulate her activity and enkindle her devotion! May her reign be long and prosperous—distinguished by the triumphs of virtue, science, and peace, the overthrow of rampant vice, the mitigation of every evil, the spread and sway of practical religion, the progress of universal improvement—the harbinger of millenial glory! For her may prayer continually be made; and in the spirit, not of Bacchanalian conviviality, but of glad and grateful piety, may all the people, as with one heart, exclaim—'*The Queen, God bless her!*'"

HER MAJESTY'S CROWN.—The following is an estimate of the value of the different jewels contained in the late magnificent diadem, the "Queen's rich Crown," and from which the present one, manufactured by Messrs. Rundle and Bridge, is composed, and which her Majesty wore on Thursday:—

Twenty diamonds round the circle, 1,500*l.* each	£30,000
Two large centre diamonds, 2,000 each	4,000
Fifty-four smaller diamonds placed at the angles of the former	100
Four Crosses each composed of twenty-five diamonds	12,000
Four large diamons on the tops of the crosses	40,000
Twelve diamonds contained in the *fleur de lis*	10,000
Eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same	2,000
Pearls, diamonds, etc. on the arches and crosses	10,000
One hundred and forty-one diamonds on the mound.	500
Twenty-six diamonds on the upper cross	3,000
Two circlets of pearls about the rim	300
	£111,900

Notwithstanding such an uncommon mass of jewellery, independent of the gold-velvet cap, ermine, etc., this crown weighed only nineteen ounces ten pennyweights; it measured seven inches in height from the gold circle to the upper cross, and its diameter at the rim was five inches,

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BERMUDA, July 28.—Her Majesty's Ship Vestal, Capt. Carter, in 22 days from Quebec, anchored at Murray's anchorage, on Tuesday evening last.—The following persons, under exile by an Ordinance from Lord Durham and the special Council of Canada, have arrived in the Vestal:—Wolfred Nelson; Robert Shore; Milnes Bouchette; Bonaventure Viger; Simeon Marchessault; Henri Alphonse Gauvin; Touissant Goddu; Rodolphe Des Rivieres; Luc Hyacinthe Masson.

They will, we understand, be landed to-day—and we are happy to hear, that the same enlightened spirit which seems tempering justice with mercy in the administeration of the law in Canada, has influenced the authorities here, in their dealings with these misguided gentlemen. We hear they are admitted on their *parole of honour*, to a residence in the main island, and will experience no interruption in their excursions to any part of it—Ireland Island and St. George's not being included within these limits.—*Bermudian.*

FIRE AT NEW YORK.—A fire broke out in New York about half-past three o'clock of the morning of Aug. 1, in the Soap Factory of Bauermeister & Schepelin, situated in the rear of 160 Hammond street, and before the progress of the conflagration could be checked, the major part of the block, bounded by Hammond, Washington, Perry, and West Streets, were destroyed. About 50 houses were wholly or partially destroyed, and at least, 100 families have been losers upon the occasion. An aged man, called Samuel Kilpatrick, residing in one of the buildings, who was in bed at the time the fire commenced, was burnt to death.

MOST DISTRESSING CATASTROPHE.—*Nineteen Persons Drowned.*—It is our painful duty to record one of the most distressing events which it is presumed ever happened in our immediate vicinity.—This morning as a boat containing 24 or 25 persons was passing through the little falls, it struck upon *Hunt's rock* and immediately filled, and melancholy to relate, nineteen persons including children, were drowned. The following are the names of the sufferers—all of whom resided in Portlandor at York Point, viz.:—Mrs. Maniton, (wife of Mr. Sampson Maniton) and 4 children—Mrs. Richard Haynes and 4 children—Mrs. Triniman, (wife of Captain Robert Triniman,) and 2 daughters—Miss Maria Hale, (sister to Mrs. Triniman and Mrs. Maniton)—Miss Sarah Adams, daughter of the late Mr. Josiah Adams—Mrs. Osborne, (widow) and son—Miss King, an aged woman, a native of England—and Thomas Stevenson. Miss King was brought to the shore alive, but was so exhausted that she expired.—None of the bodies had been found when we obtained our information, except that of one of Mr. Haynes's children.—*St. John, N. B. City Gazette, August 2.*

MARRIED,

On Monday evening last, by Rev. Thomas Taylor, Mr. John Baker to Susan Harvey.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. J. Scott, R. Cassels, Esq. Manager of the Bank of British North America, Miramichi, to Mary Gibbons, second daughter of James McNab, Esquire.

DIED,

On Saturday morning, Mrs. Ann Fraser, wife of Mr. A. Fraser, Upper Water Street, aged 38 years, a native of Inverness. N. B.

At Montreal, on the 19th inst. Sarah Fagan, of Halifax, N. S. wife of Mr. Robert Smith, stone cutter, aged 41 years.

Yesterday morning, after a lingering illness, William, son of the late Mr. George Power, of this town, aged 22 years. Funeral on Sunday next, at two o'clock, from the residence of his mother, in Upper Water Street, nearly opposite Cunard's wharf, when the friends and acquaintance of the family are requested to attend.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Friday August 3d.—Schrs Adelaide, Sydney—coal; Venus, Miramichi, 6 days—lumber, shingles and alewives, to J & M Tobin; Marie, Paspebic, 5 days—shingles, staves and 250 qtls. dry fish, to Creighton & Grassie and W. Donaldson—10 passengers; Angelique, Arichat—400 qtls. dry fish; brigt President, Crumb, Kingston, Jam. 25 days—ballast, to M. Richardson; schrs Matilda, P. E. Island—oatmeal and dry fish; Swallow, Canso—dry and pickled fish; Mary, Prospect—dry fish.

Saturday,—H. M. Packet brig Reynard, Lieut. Coghlan, Falmouth, 28 days; schrs Nancy and Esperance, Sydney—coal; Dove, Marmaud, Boston, 5 days—ballast; Am. brig Ajax, Smith, Philadelphin, 64 days—cotton, etc. dismasted. On the 17th June, lat. 43 15, long. 29, was fallen in with by the brig Rome, from Gottenburg to New York, the crew of which with Mr. Smith, the mate, exchanged vessels, as the crew of the A. were too disheartened to continue in her, and, as already reported, was afterwards relieved by the James of this port; brigt. Alva, McLean, St. Lucea, 20 days, sugar and molasses to J & M Tobin,—brig Mermaid from Liverpool, N. S. called at St. Lucea and sailed for St. Vincent.

Sunday,—Schrs Pincher, Stacker, Ragged Isles; Caledonia, do do; Am. packet brig Acadian, Jones, Boston, 4 days—flour, to J Clark, and D & E Starr, & Co.

Monday,—Mailpackets Lady Ogle, Stairs, Bermuda, 7 days; Roseway, Burney, Boston, 4 days; schrs Union, Margaret's Bay, dry fish; Rosemary and Superb, Barrington, do; brig Lottery, Hurson, Mayagues, 19 and Bermuda, 8 days—rum, sugar and molasses, to J & M Tobin; brigt Pictou, Clark, St. John, N. F. 8 days—wine, oil, etc. to W Donaldson and J & M Tobin; schr Eurotus, Snow, Philadelphia, 8 days—meal, to J Clark and R Noble; schrs Lively, Prospect, dry fish; Swan, Manideau, do; Margaret, do, dry fish and coals; Good Intent, Torbay, dry and pickled fish; barque Wm. Ward, Morrison, Cadiz, 51 days—salt, fruit, wine, etc. to Fairbanks and Allison.

Tuesday,—H. M. Steamer, Meden, Capt. Nott, Quebec, 5 days;—left H. M. S. Cornwallis, to sail in 2 days for Halifax; the Madagascar had sailed for Jamaica; saw on the 2d inst off Bic, H. M. ship Malabar, hence, bound up; the Meden landed the company of the 93d Regt. which were taken to Quebec in the Madagascar, at P. E. Island. Schr Adeona, Patten, Guyama, 17 and Bermuda 8 days—rum, sugar and molasses, to Frith, Smith, & Co—left at Guyama brigt Heron, Smith, to sail in 8 days. Barge Omphale, Savage, Quebec, 7 days—flour, to Fairbanks & Allison and S Binney; schrs Springbird and Susan, Manidieu, dry fish, coals; Elizabeth, Guysboro, fish; Sovereign, Canso, do; barge Hessione, Michie, Quebec, 15 days—flour, glass, pork, staves, etc. to S Binney.

Wednesday, 8th—schr Venus, Country Harbour, dry fish; Diligence, Canso, do; Eliza Ann, Canso, do; Mermaid, Cape Breton, do; Hawk, Maubou, do; Queen Angelique, Sydney, coal; Margaret, Mary and William, Sydney, coal; brigt Hypolite, Flockhart, Cunfuegos (Cuba) 16 days, sugar and molasses to M B Almon; schr James, Kerr, Cape Breton, 3 days, fish and oil; Rival, Anderson, Liverpool, N.S; Speculator, Young, Lunenburg, 12 hours.

Thursday, 9th—Mary, Manadieu, dry fish; Broke, Cann, Yarmouth, 3 days, fish; Thorn, Canso, fish; Concord, Barrington, fish; Margaret, M'Daniel, Labrador via St, Mary's, 13 days, salmon, oil, etc. to master; Emperor, Gray, Philadelphia, flour to H Braine; Govt. schr Victory, Darby, from a cruise; Brigt Bee, Adams, Guyama, Bermuda 8 days, sugar to Frith, Smith & Co.; brig Matilda, Ganyson, Grenada, 35 days and Nevis 10—rum and molasses to D & E Starr & Co, Capt. Bowden and two men died at Nevis.

CLEARED,

August 3d, Brig Neptune, Clarke, Miramichi—part of inward cargo, from London; brig Belfast, Nelmes, B. W. *Indies*—fish and shingles, by J & M Tobin; schrs Gaspe Packet, Brulotte, Quebec—sugar and tea, by J & M Tobin and S Cunard & Co.; Favourite, Helm, St. Stephen, N. B.—flour and chocolate, by W A Black & Son and John Ferguson; Arctic, Philips, Liverpool, N. S. 4th,—barque Jean Hastie, Dickson, B. W. Indies—fish and lumber, by J Leishman, & Co; brig Mary Ann, Cockerel, Peterhead, Scotland, timber, etc. by McNab Cochran, & Co; schrs Bee, Mortimer, B.W. Indies, fish and shingles, by W Full; Transcendant, Kimble, Harbour Grace, N. F. rum and bread, by D & E Starr & Co.; Glasgow, Graham, Carbonear, N. F. assorted cargo, by S Binney. 6th,—brig Nancy, Bichan, B. W. Indies—fish and lumber, by J Strachan; Humming Bird, Godfrey, do. do. by Saltus & Wainwright; brigt Quadruple, Swain, do. do. by Frith, Smith & Co; schr Two Friends, Godwin, Quebec, sugar and molasses, by Saltus & Wainwright, S Cunard & Co. and others. 7th—James Clark, Beck, St. John, N.B, sugar, flour, etc. by S.S. B Smith, S. Cunard & Co. and others. 8th—Barbet, Richards, Montreal, sugar and molasses by J. Binney; Eight Sons, Jacobs, Gibraltar, Coffee, logwood, by J. Fairbanks; Abeona, Enman, P. E. I; Anastatia, Power, Burin, flour, bread, by H. Roche—passenger, Mr. M'Phee; Packet Industry, Simpson, Boston, iron, copper, etc. and 16 passengers, by W. Long, H. Fay and others; brigt Daphne, Young, B.W. Indies, fish by D & E Starr & Co. 9th—Bermudian, Newbold, by J. & M. Tobin; schr Alert, Scott, Nassau, lumber, etc. by E. Lawson.

ANECDOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

We are indebted to D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" for the following extraordinary calculation of the number of books printed from the first invention of the art. A curious arithmetician has discovered that the four ages of typography have produced no less than 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning each impression to consist of only three hundred copies, which is a very moderate supposition, the actual amount of volumes which have issued from the presses of Europe, up to the year 1816, appears to be 3,277,640,000! And if we suppose each of the volumes to be an inch in thickness, they would, if placed in a line, cover 6,060 leagues! Leibnitz facetiously maintained that such would be the increase of literature, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. "We are, however, indebted," says this entertaining writer, "to the patriotic endeavour of our grocers and trunk-makers, the alchemists of literature; they annihilate the gross bodies without injuring the finer spirits."

Drelincourt on Death.—When Drelincourt first published his work on Death, he was so totally disappointed in its sale, that he complained to Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," of the injury he was likely to sustain by it. Daniel asked him if he had blended any thing marvellous with his advice; he replied that he had not. "If you wish to have your book sell," said Defoe, "I will put you in a way;" he then sat down and wrote the story of the Apparition, which is to be found at the end of the book, and which is alleged as a proof of the appearance of ghosts.

Locke's Essay.—We are not aware that any writer, not excepting Lord King, the recent biographer of Locke, has noticed one of the most curious particulars in the history of the studies of our philosopher. It appears that his memorable discovery or developement of that new system of the "Association of Ideas" was an after-thought. It did not appear in the first edition of the "Essay on the Human Understanding;" and when he sent it forth to the world, Locke certainly was not aware of the surprising novelty which has immortalized his name. We learn this from a manuscript letter which accompanied the new edition on its presentation to Sir Hans Sloane.

Oates Dec. 2, 1669.

"I took the liberty to send you, just before I left the town, the last edition of my Essay. I do not intend you should have it gratis. There are two new chapters in it: one of the 'Association of Ideas,' and another of 'Enthusiasm.' These two I expect you should read, and give me your opinion frankly upon. Though I have made other large additions, yet it would be to make you pay too dear to expect you should be at the task to find them out and read them. You will do very friendly by me if you forgive me *the wasting your time on these two chapters.*

Pamphlets of George III.—In the year 1762, the British Museum was enriched, by the munificence of George III., with a most valuable collection of thirty thousand tracts and pamphlets, relative to the history of England during the civil wars. The whole are bound in two thousand volumes, of which one hundred, chiefly on the royal side, were printed, but never published. This collection was commenced for the use of Charles I. by a clergyman of the name of Thompson, and was carried about England as the parliamentary army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses, disguised as tables covered with canvass; and at length lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterwards bishop of Lincoln. These tracts were subsequently offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II. by his stationer, Samuel Mearke, whose widow endeavoured to dispose of them, by leave of the said king, in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till George the Third bought them of Mearke's representatives. In a printed paper it is said, that the collector had refused four thousand pounds for them.

Translations.—It has been said that a translation, in general, exhibits the same sort of resemblance to the original as the *wrong* side of the tapestry does to the right. In some cases it does not even do that. Sir John Pringle published a medical book, wherein he says he cured a soldier of a violent scurvy, by prescribing two quarts of the Dog-and-Duck water, to be drank every morning before dinner. In a translation of this book by a French physician, this remedy is specified to be two quarts of *broth* made of a *duck* and a *dog!*

Wakefield's Pope.—One of the grossest literary blunders of modern times is that of the late Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope. He there takes the well-known "Song, by a Person of Quality," which is a piece of ridicule on the glittering tuneful nonsense of certain poets, as a serious composition. In a most copious commentary, he proves that every line seems unconnected with its brothers, and that the whole reflects disgrace on its author! A circumstance which too evidently shows how necessary the knowledge of modern literary history is to a modern commentator, and that those who are profound in verbal Greek are not the best critics in English writers.

Burns.—Burns, in his autobiography, informs us, that a life of Hannibal, which he read when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and he adds, with his own fervid expression, that "the life of Sir William Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, which would boil along them till the flood-gates of life were shut in eternal rest." He adds, speaking of his retired life in early youth, "this kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the toil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, *when love made me a poet.*"

Delrius.—Amongst the various instances of literary precocity, perhaps that of the learned Delrius is the most extraordinary. At the early age of nineteen he published a work illustrative of Seneca, quoting 100,000 different authors.

Pascal.—Pascal, when only eleven years of age, wrote a treatise on sounds. At twelve he had made himself master of Euclid's Elements without the aid of a teacher. When only sixteen he published a treatise on Conic Sections, which Descartes was unwilling to believe could have been produced by a boy of his age. When only nineteen he invented the arithmetical instrument, or *scale* for making calculations.

A French Youth.—The French newspapers of August, 1760, gave an account of a boy only five years of age, whose precocity of talent exceeded even that of Pascal himself. He was introduced to the assembly of the academy of Montpelier, where a great number of questions were put to him on the Latin language, on sacred and profane history, ancient and modern, on mythology, geography, chronology, and even philosophy, and the elements of the mathematics; all which he answered with so much accuracy, that the academy gave him a most honourable certificate.

Spanish and French Literature.—Books were so scarce in Spain in the tenth century, that several monasteries had among them only one copy of a Bible, one of Jerome's Epistles, and one of several other religious books. There are some curious instances given by Lupus, abbot of Ferrieris, of the extreme scarcity of classical manuscripts in the middle of the ninth century. He was much devoted to literature; and from his letters, appears to have been indefatigable in his endeavours to find out such manuscripts, in order to borrow and copy them. In a letter to the pope, he earnestly requests of him a copy of Quintilian, and of a treatise of Cicero: "For," he adds, "though we have some fragments of them, a complete copy is not to be found in France." In two other of his letters, he requests of a brother abbot the loan of several manuscripts, which he assures him shall be copied, and returned as soon as possible by a faithful messenger. Another time he sent a special messenger to borrow a manuscript, promising that he would take very great care of it, and return it by a safe opportunity, and requesting the person who lent it to him, if he were asked to whom he had lent it, to reply, to some near relations of his own, who had been very urgent to borrow it. Another manuscript, which he seems to have prized much, and a loan of which had been so frequently requested, that he thought of *banishing* it somewhere, that it might not be destroyed or lost, he tells a friend he may, perhaps, lend him when he comes to see him, but that he will not trust it to the messenger who had been sent for it, though a monk, and trustworthy, because he was travelling on foot.

Ingenuity.—A man presented to Queen Elizabeth a bit of paper, of the size of a finger-nail containing the ten commandments, the creed, and the Lord's prayer; together with her name, and the date of the year. The whole could be read with spectacles, which he had himself made.

Doctor Faustus.—The whole library of the Scilly Isles consisted about a century ago, of the Bible and the History of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous; and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that, as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began, in order to ascertain what those books should be; and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus!*

German Second Editions.—The London Quarterly Review states a curious custom among the German literati; the second edition of a German work is generally much altered from the first, and admits not only variations of statement, but often direct contradictions to its former self. "We have heard," says the reviewer, "that Jacobi, no inconsiderable man, published a book turning much on a distinction, unknown in this country, between the *reason* and the *understanding*; but the second had appended to it this important erratum for the benefit of those readers who might still wish to make use of their original copies, 'Wherever you find *understanding* read *reason*, and wherever you find *reason* read *understanding*.'" This is as bad as the erratum of a military dictionary which said, for "*artillery* read *men*," and for '*mounted rangers* read *drum and fife*."

Value of Books.—Anthony Panormita, a learned Sicilian, in the fifteenth century, sold an estate that he might be able to purchase a copy of Livy. Of this circumstance we have a curious account in a letter written by Panormita himself, to Alphonsus, king of Naples, to whom he was secretary. It is as follows: "Sir,—You have informed me from Florence that the books of Livy, written in a fair hand, are to be sold, and that they ask for them 120 crowns. I beseech your majesty to cause to be sent to me this king of books, and I will not fail to send the money for it. And I entreat your prudence to let me know whether Poggius or I does better; he who, to purchase a farm near Florence, sesll Livy, or I who, to purchase the book written with his own hand, sell my land? Your goodness and modesty induce me to put this familiar question to you. Farewell, and triumph!" It is to be hoped that the king sent him Livy, without subjecting him to the necessity of parting with his land for the book.

Biblio Maniacs.—Among other follies of the age of paper, which took place in England at the end of the reign of George III., a set of book-fanciers, who had more money than wit, formed themselves into a club, and appropriately designated themselves the *Biblio-Maniacs.* Dr. Dibdin was their organ; and among the club were several noblemen, who, in other respects, were esteemed men of sense. Their rage was, not to estimate books according to their intrinsic worth, but for their rarity. Hence, any volume of the vilest trash, which was scarce, merely because it never had any sale, fetched fifty or a hundred pounds; but if it were but one of two or three known copies, no limits could be set to the price. Books altered in the title-page, or in a leaf, or any trivial circumstance which varied a few copies, were bought by these *soi-disant* maniacs, at one, two, or three hundred pounds, though the copies were not really worth more than threepence per pound. A trumpery edition of Boccacio, said to be one of two known copies, was thus bought by a noble marquis for 1475*l.*, though, in two or three years afterwards, he resold it for 500*l.* First editions of all authors, and editions by the first clumsy printers, were never sold for less than 50*l.*, 100*l.*, or 200*l.*

To keep each other in countenance, those persons formed themselves into a club, and, after a duke, one of their fraternity, called themselves the *Roxburghe Club.* To gratify them, facsimile copies of clumsy editions of trumpery books were reprinted; and, in some cases, it became worth the while of more ingenious persons to play off forgeries upon them. This mania is considerably abated; and in future ages it will be ranked with the tulip and picture mania, during which estates were given for single flowers and pictures.

Icon. Libellorum.—The celebrated Myles Davies, in his "Icon Libellorum, or a Critical History of Pamphlets," has a strange medley of remarks in reference to Pope the poet, which we copy for the amusement of our readers:—"Another class of pamphlets, writ by Roman Catholics, is that of *poems*, written chiefly by A Pope, himself a gentleman of that name. He passed always among most of his acquaintance for what is commonly called a Whig; for it seems the Romish politicians are divided, as well as Popish missionaries. However, one *Esdras*, an apothecary, as he qualifies himself, has published a piping-hot pamphlet against Mr. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' which he entitles, 'A Key to the Lock,' wherewith he pretends to unlock nothing less than a *plot* in that poem against the last and this present ministry and government."

A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen when their ignorance was so dense. A rector going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter: "*Paveam illi, non paveam ego,*" which he construed, "They are to pave the church, not I." This was allowed to be good law by the judge, himself an ecclesiastic too!

Convenient Arrangement.—The Paisley (Eng.) Advertiser states that a white hen belonging to Mr. Woodrow, of the Railway Wharf Inn, has lately taken a great liking for railway travelling, and for some time has been a daily passenger to Paisley. She has no money, of course, to pay her fare, but she scorns to impose upon the guard. She therefore works her passage faithfully, and pays him in kind by laying him an egg every day she comes to town, an arrangement deemed perfectly satisfactory to both parties.

He who foresees calamities, suffers them twice over.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe,
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
Bridgetown, Thomas Spurr, Esq.
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.
Parrsboro', C. E. Ratchford, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. J. W. Anderson.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.
River John, William Blair, Esq.
Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq
Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Sackville, Joseph Allison, and J. C. Black, Esqrs.
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Woodstock, John Bedell, jr. Esq.
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Carleton, &c., Jos. Meagher, Esq.
Bathurst, William End, Esq.
St. Andrews, R. M. Andrews, Esq.
St. Stephens, Messrs. Pengree & Chipman.

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