

## LITERATURE.

### TO MRS. CHISHOLM.

The guardian angel of her helpless sex,  
Whom no fatigue could daunt, no crosses vex;  
With manly reason and with spirit pure,  
Crown'd with the blessings of the grateful poor.  
For them with unrepining love she bore  
The boarded cottage and the earthen floor.  
The sultry day in tedious labour spent,  
The endless tale of whining discontent;  
Bore noonday's burning sun, and midnight's chill,  
The scanty meal, the journey lengthening still;  
Lavished her scanty store on their distress,  
And sought no other guerdon than success.  
Say ye who hold the balance and the sword,  
Into your lap the wealth of nations poured,  
What have ye done, with all your birching brood,  
Compared with her, the generous and the good?  
Much ye receive and little ye dispense,  
Your alms are paltry, and your debts immense;  
Your toil's reluctant—freely hers is given;  
You toil for Earth, she labours still for Heaven.

### SWISS SKETCHES.

(No. 7.)

BY ROBERT LOWE.

#### THE CHAMOIS.

I gambol o'er the granite frow,  
And feed on the lichen gray:  
No pinions are mine, but I never repine,  
For my foot is as light as they.  
The sun's deadly white, and the sky black as night,  
There where I love to be;  
And the keen piercing air, which no mortal can bear,  
Is the breath of life to me.  
And oft as I quaff'd that icy draught  
I have thought in my gladsome soul—  
Can the generous wine of the storied Rhine  
Compare with my airy bowl!

My limbs I throw on the latest snow  
That the teeming clouds have cast,  
And wrap myself warm mid the wintry storm  
In the cloak of the searching blast.  
Oh! the day is bright, and short is the night,  
To the happy dwellers on high—  
The sun has set in the valley, but yet  
For me he is still in the sky.  
And ere night grows pale to the drowsy vale,  
The boundless horizon I scan,  
From Strasburg's pile to the milk-white aisle  
That glitters in far Milan.

The treacherous dint of my light foot print  
Has drawn the hunter near;  
On my ear the note of the carbine smote—  
I sprang from the sound of fear.  
I lit on the edge of a slippery ledge,  
Where footing for other is none,  
They may rage and chafe but their victim is safe  
From the range of the murderer's gun;  
And I laugh as they shrink from the hideous brink  
Of the chasm so void and blue.  
Which the careless fling of a single spring  
Has carried me harmlessly through.

I once looked down from Rosenberg's crown,  
On a lake and valley fair,  
The flowers were in bloom, and their rich perfume  
Freighted the summer air.  
The harvest of gold o'er the plain was roll'd,  
Like the waves of an eastern sea,  
And the solemn swell of the holy bell  
Ascended even to me.  
Earth's thunder peals, the mountain reels  
Beneath my staggering tread;  
Well served my need, my bounding speed,  
Else had I never fled.

That valley fair, it was not there—  
The brimming lake was choked,  
Like blighted sod, by the curse of God,  
The ruins reeked and smoked!  
Fell altar and priest, fell man and beast,  
Fair child and lovely wife;  
Of all that did breathe in the glad world beneath,  
Remained not a single life!  
Oh! I sad was my path from that land of wrath  
To the heights of my own domain;  
But I had not forgot the hunters' shot,  
So my spirit grew light again.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Colonial and Home Library.*—*Mary Schweidler, The Amber Witch.* London: Murray.

THAT many truly benevolent men are of opinion that mankind is accelerating in physical and moral degeneracy, we believe; and being aware of their suppositions on this subject we dared not to differ from them, until, by anxious thought and long deliberation, we felt convinced that the depravity of modern times, speaking more forcibly than the language of history and tradition, deafened these philanthropists to the voice of truth. Mankind, then, we maintain, has advanced, morally at least, instead of receding: and though no Utopians, we hope that when the blessings of education shall be more universally enjoyed, that the mists which knowledge has already partially cleared, will then be less apparent, and reason and religion will make us rank worthily as beings made in the image of our Creator.

Even a slight glance upon the past must convince the reader of the truth of our assertion. Whatever crimes we still perpetrate in common with our ancestors, we are nevertheless free from many of the atrocities which characterised the age of feudalism. We have no longer the blood-stained baron, whose mind, bent on acquisition, was reckless of the means by which its desires could be accomplished: nor do we still see hereditary revenge, transmitted through generations of murderers. Are we any longer witnesses of the beast-like profligacy of the middle ages? when, notwithstanding the well known gloss which the courtesy of the times attempted to throw over the acts of the period, female virtue was not, under the safe protection of a woman's kindred, but became the transmissible privilege of the belted knight, whose fortunes her family were forced to follow.—Thank God, such days are passed!

Let us come nearer our own times, when the trial by ordeal had already fallen into disuse,—and when the dissent of the reformers had well nigh shook the throne of St. Peter.—Did these changes render men less sanguinary,—more rational? No. The wars between Charles V. and the German Protestants was not less bloody than those of the preceding age. There was not less want of faith, less depravity and cunning in the belligerents.—Did they resign the use of the torture, which the mercy of more recent times could not tolerate?

No. Were they less sceptical of the existence and power of witchcraft? We shall see whether or not our author, himself a German Doctor of Theology, thinks so.

It was not (he says in his preface) until very soon before the Reformation, that Innocent VIII. lamented that the complaints of universal Christendom against the evil practice of these women had become so general and so loud, that the most vigorous measures must be taken against them; and towards the end of the year 1489, he caused the notorious Hammer for Witches (*Malleus Maleficarum*) to be published, according to which proceedings were set on foot, with the most fanatic zeal, not only in Catholic, but, strange to say, in Protestant Christendom, which, in other respects, abhorred every thing belonging to Catholicism. Indeed, the Protestants far outdid the Catholics in cruelty, until among the latter, the noble minded Jesuit, J. Spee, and among the former, but not until 70 years later, the excellent Thomasius by degrees put a stop to these horrors.

Another period elapses, and the slave-trade calls up the philanthropy of man; it will no longer be tolerated by the English; it is made even penal for a British subject to engage in it, and after another lapse of years we abolish the name and existence of slavery all over our dominions; other nations follow our noble example, and we claim this as a moral superiority over the past. We have grown more tolerant of those who differ from us in religion; we no longer draw to the stake, and make martyrs of those who think that another form of belief or Church Government is superior to that to which our consciences direct us to give our support. In this too, do we think ourself not inferior to our fathers, and we may claim finally, that we do not so wantonly destroy human life, as the laws of our statute book, but a few years back so mercilessly directed.

But it will be alleged on the other hand that we are careless of religious observances, more given to infidelity than our predecessors, and that our tolerance arises from indifference. We deny it. We have no opportunity now of comparing the amount of unbelief with that which may have existed at a former time, but when it does display itself, it is infrequent. We can only judge of the tree by its fruit, and we therefore maintain, that we being more moral, have more belief amongst us—than even the religious enthusiasts of the reformation.

It is true we meet, but seldom with the patriarchal simplicity, in which Dr. Meinhold, has so beautifully clothed Mary Schweidler's father. But it is a question, which requires a little reflection; whether society would be benefited by a constant communication with so much innocence? There is too strong a temptation to deceive such characters, to make us wish to have them exposed to sneers of the scorner,—to the snares of the wicked. We would rather leave them to the quiet retirement to which their sympathies are so suited, and within the sphere of their unobtrusive virtues.

Of this mental temper was the Reverend Abraham Schweidler, the pastor of a country parish, in the island of Usedom, at the breaking out of the 30 years war. He is the father of our heroine, and is compelled on the advance of Imperialists to his district, to recede into the mountains with his spiritual flock, accompanied by his daughter. She is here represented to the reader, as an artless, affectionate girl, without a shade of selfishness, and submits to the privations to which she in common with the other fugitives, is exposed with more than Christian fortitude—for I must refer to the work itself for a description of these sufferings. Among her father's parishioners, we become acquainted with Lizzie Kolken, the wife of Heinrich Seden, of whom her father remarks, "Methought when I married them, that it would not turn out over well, seeing that she was in common repute of having long lived in unchastity with Wittich Von Appelman, who had ever been an arch rogue." This woman, whose ideas of morality with regard to her own sex, we are thus prepared to appreciate, cherishes the notion of satisfying the sensual appetite of her former master, Von Appelman, who is Sheriff of the district, at the expense of the chaste Mary, now but budding into womanhood. Proposals are accordingly tendered to her to become his housekeeper which she declines, and persists in her determination notwithstanding his alternate persuasions and threats. As he is resolved to gratify his passion he insidiously induces the woman Lizzie Kolken, to involve poor Mary in the performances of witchcraft. She accordingly, to gratify the superstition of her neighbours, goes through the mystery of plucking three hairs from a sick cow's tail, and by this powerful remedy recovers the dying cow. However, it afterwards appears that the poor animal was but suffering from some drugs given to it by Seden's old squint-eyed wife. By such means is Mary entrapped from one case to another—until at last the "odour of sanctity" has departed from her in the estimation of the public.

We find her about this time form an acquaintance with a young nobleman, whose opinions on witchcraft her father looks on with most religious horror. We shall quote his own words.

It befel that the young *nobilis* Rüdiger Von Nienkerken came riding one day to gather news of the terrible witchcraft that went on in the village. When I had told him all about it he shook his head doubtfully, and said he believed all witchcraft was nothing but lies and deceit; thereat I was struck with great horror, inasmuch as I had hitherto held the young lord to be a wiser man, and now could not see that he was an Atheist. He guessed what my thoughts were, and with a smile he answered me, by asking whether I ever read Johannes Wierus, who would hear nothing of witchcraft, and who argued that all witches were melancholy persons, who only imagined to themselves that they had a pactum with the devil; and that to him they seemed more worthy of pity than of punishment. Hereupon I answered that I had not indeed read any such book (for say, who can read all that fools write?) but that the appearances here, and in all other places proved, that it is a monstrous error to deny the reality of witchcraft, inasmuch as people might then likewise deny that there were such things as murder, adultery, and theft.

He further on observes—

By reason of this speech I liked not the young nobleman from that hour forward, believing him to be an Atheist.

But fathers and daughters sometimes look with different eyes on young men. Mary appears to have thought better of Rüdiger, and she unreservedly bestows her young heart, and all her warm affections upon him with modest but unreserved frankness, yet scarcely exhibiting, but to the eyes of the interested, the true feelings of her bosom.

She becomes so deeply entangled by the machinations of the artful Lizzie Kolken that she is formally apprehended as a witch; her father accompanies her to prison; the noble firmness, and true Christian submission of Mary call forth our warmest approbation. She has not only to submit to the scorn of the judges, the ignominy of imprisonment, but what must be still more distressing to a girl of her feelings, the approach and insults of Wittich Von Appelman. All these, however, are not sufficient sufferings for her, without the additional cruelty of the torture. When she has refused to acknowledge her holding communication with the devil, and admonished for her contumacy, she is introduced to the torture chamber. Having described this gloomy vault, lighted with the sombre glare of torches, and in every respect in keeping with the abominable purposes to which it was applied, her reverend father continues—

And now that hell-hound the constable stepped forward, and first showed my poor child the ladder, saying with savage glee, "see here, first of all thou wilt be laid on that, and thy hands and feet will be tied. Next the thumb-screw here will be put upon thee, which straightway will make the blood to spurt out at the tips of the fingers; thou mayest see that they are still red with the blood of old Gussy Biehlke, who was burnt last year, and who, like thee, would not confess at first. If thou wilt not confess I shall next put these Spanish boots on thee, and should they be too large, I shall just drive in a wedge, so that thy calf which is now at the back of thy leg, will be driven to the front, and the blood will shoot out of thy feet, as when thou squeezeest blackberries in a bag."

"Again, if thou wilt not confess—holla!" shouted he, and kicked open a door behind him, so that the whole vault shook, and my poor child fell upon her knees for fright. Before long two women brought in a bubbling caldron, full of boiling pitch and brimstone. This caldron the hell-hound ordered them to set down on the ground, and drew forth from under the red cloak he wore a goose's wing, wherefrom he plucked five or six quills, which he dipped into the boiling brimstone. After he had held them awhile in the caldron, he threw them upon the earth, where they twisted about, and spirted the brimstone on all sides. And then he called upon my poor child again—"See! these quills I shall throw upon thy white loins, and the burning brimstone will eat into thy flesh to the very bones, so that thou wilt thereby have a foretaste of the joys that await thee in hell."

This hell-hound went on to speak to my child, without heeding me, save that he laughed in my face. "Look here! When thou hast been well shorn, ho, ho, ho! I shall pull thee up by means of these two rings in the floor and the roof, stretch thy arms above thy head, and bind thee fast to the ceiling; whereupon I shall take these two torches, and hold them between thy shoulders, till thy skin will presently become like the rind of a smoked ham. Then thy hellish paramour will help thee no longer, and thou wilt confess the truth. And now thou hast seen and heard all that I shall do to thee in the name of God and by order of the Magistrates."

To this ordeal poor Mary is exposed, and, to get rid of these sufferings, she confesses her guilt in any crimes they may choose to lay to her charge, and is condemned to the stake; and would have perished but for the interposition of the young nobleman, our former friend, Rüdiger, who comes forward just in time to save her. She ultimately rewards him with the possession of her hand, and with it her heart, chastened with sorrow, if a creature like her, still endowed with baptismal innocence, can be made purer than she had been by misfortune.

This little work constitutes the first half of the 6th volume of this series (*Home and Colonial Library*), and has been very creditably, as far as we can judge, translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon. We are sorry we cannot procure a copy in the original language; but we feel convinced that if we could, we should find the comparison favorable to the English version. It bears the impress of truth, and even the quaint style of the period is completely carried out by our fair countrywoman. We know of no work of fiction, retaining as it does the simplicity of manner, plot, and scenery, at all comparable to this little volume, while the moral influence which such works possess over the young of both sexes, gives it an advantage which few works of the imagination can claim.

*Poems.* By Frances Anne Butler. Wiley and Putnam. London: 1844.

ON the talent of Mrs. Butler, or Frances Kemble (for we like this name far better), as an actress, opinions are divided: of her capabilities as a poetess, let the present volume be the test. To her earlier effort, the tragedy of "Francis the First," we feel a diffidence in referring, so large a portion of the literary world having claimed the merit of that production for her brother John, the present Examiner of Plays, and who, by the way, has lately rendered his odious office even more offensive to the free and enlightened spirit of Englishmen, by an unjust and offensive exercise of its power, in expunging certain passages from the burlesque of "Aladdin," which reflected slightly on the conduct of the Post-office authorities, in their reckless violation of public faith. The words themselves are as harmless as the office of Censor is useless in the present day; and in its insignificance, that would be entirely overlooked, were it not in the possession of a dormant power which may, at some future period, waken up to the exercise of sweeping acts of tyranny and despotism. The Press rose en masse, and read Mr. Kemble a lecture so severe, that it is likely to repress his captious and overstrained zeal for the future. That an attack upon the "Stage" should have originated with one of a family, whose name has been so closely identified with the histrionic art for the last century, renders the circumstance even more unaccountable; but it is fortunate that the folly (to use no harsher term) of one descendant is utterly powerless to obliterate the pleasant remembrances of the parent stem of Kemble. The proud nobility of the elder John—the graceful form and mellow tones of Siddons—the buoyant step and hilarious glee of Charles—are a part of our very existence, and can never pass away. Some are dead, and all are changed—actors and auditors: the dreams of boyhood, like its own air-blown bubbles, are dissolved: age and its cares have taken the blue from the sky, the bloom from the flower, and made life's once warm, swift pulses run coldly and slowly; yet there are circumstances which no lapse of time can affect: visions which, like the first beam of passion on the face of beauty, leave a magic seal, equally inca-

pable of renewal or forgetfulness. Our recollections of the Kemble family are of these.

If, then, the name can half excuse the error of its son, how graceful a mantle does it throw over the efforts of a daughter, and how much does it tend to disarm the harshness of criticism!—presuming it were necessary to be severe. But Mrs. Butler fortunately does not need protection: her work can fairly rely upon its own merits; it requires not adventitious aid, and will stand the fiercest test of the most fiery philological furnace. The only drawback we perceive is a species of jaundiced unhealthiness pervading it, which is very far removed from the pure wells of poetry and truth;—in quaffing whose waters the heart invariably imbibes buoyancy and elasticity. Moodiness and morbidness are the very antipodes of true poetry; and the pilgrim-bard who travels to their shrine has evidently mistaken his mission.

How eloquently and passionately has Shelley defined the spirit of poetry; and with what exquisite keenness and delicate perception has he laid open its golden origin through the dull mists of earthliness which envelope it! These are his words:—

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that, even in the desire and regret they leave, there cannot but be a pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of the wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences, as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch an enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world. It arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. Poetry turns all things to loveliness: it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it marries exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes; its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms. All things exist as they are perceived,—at least in relation to the percipient. "The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." But Poetry defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions. And whether it spreads its own figured curtain, or withdraws life's dark veil from before the scene of things, it equally creates for us a being within our being. It makes us the inhabitant of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It re-produces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe, after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration. It justifies the bold and true words of Tasso,—"*Non merita nome di creatore se non Idio ed il Poeta.*"

We will now return to the volume from which we have been thus irresistibly led; and are proud to say that its contents are of the highest character, with the exception of the one fault we have named; but this is almost hidden by the beauties clustered round it, even as the sternness of the rock is softened by the leafy trellis-work that smiles above it. The following lines, though partaking of the character of melancholy, are extremely beautiful:—

TO MRS. —

Oh lady! thou, who in the olden time  
Hast been the star of many a poet's dream!  
Thou, who unto a mind of mould sublime,  
Weddest the gentle graces that beseech  
Fair woman best forgive the daring line  
That falters forth thy praise: nor let thine eye  
Glance o'er the vain attempt so scornfully;  
But, as thou read'st, think what a love was mine,  
That made me venture on a theme, that none  
Can know thee, and not feel a helpless one.  
Thou art most fair, though sorrow's chastening wing  
Hath past, and left its shadow on thy brow;  
And solemn thoughts are gently mellowing  
The splendour of thy beauty's summer now.  
Thou art most fair! but thine is loveliness  
That dwells not only on the lip, or eye;  
Thy beauty is thy pure heart's holiness;  
Thy grace, thy lofty spirit's majesty.  
While thus I gaze on thee, and watch thee glide,  
Like some calm spirit, o'er life's troubled stream,  
With thy twin buds of beauty by thy side,  
Together blossoming; I almost deem  
That I behold the loveliness and truth  
That like fair visions hovered round my youth,  
Long sought—and then forgotten as a dream.

We extract the following sonnet, as breathing the purest feeling and most perfect resignation to the will of Providence. Here the Authoress seems to have contemplated the losses of life, without being deprived of the wisdom of hope; she appears to be thoroughly imbued with those sublime and glorious aspirations which true religion alone can inspire,—clasp, as in a zone, the whole universe, and bathing it in one dazzling glow of inexpressible loveliness:—

Blaspheme not thou thy sacred life, nor turn  
O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,  
Perchance to try thy spirit, and its beat,  
Effeminate soul and base! weakly to mourn.  
There lies no desert in the land of life,  
For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,  
Labour'd of thee in faith and hope, shall teem  
With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings, rife.

Haply no more, music and mirth and love,  
And glorious things of old and younger art,  
Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast,  
But when these bright companions shall depart,  
Lay thou thy head upon the ample breast  
Of Hope, and thou shalt hear the angels sing above.

The following lines so tenderly depict the sorrowful remembrances of parting, and so truly does the soul, breathing through them, seem to throw back the very form, desires, hopes, and occupations of a dearly-loved friend, blended with the natural objects around, that we unconsciously acknowledge the fanciful theory of the existence of a moral mirror in our hearts, which reflects the images of those we love, and the things around us; and assures us, that every change which comes over nature's face is mingled sweetly with the feelings engendered by other causes:—

A PROMISE.

By the pure spring, whose haunted waters flow  
Thro' thy sequester'd dell into the sea,  
At sunny noon I will appear to thee:  
Not troubling the still fount with drops of we,  
As when I last took leave of it, and thee:  
But gazing up at thee with tranquil brow,  
And eyes full of life's early happiness,  
Of strength, of hope, of joy, of tenderness.  
Beneath the shadowy tree, where thou and I  
Were wont to sit, studying the harmony  
Of gentle Shakspeare, and of Milton high,  
At sunny noon I will be heard by thee:  
Not sobbing forth each oft-repeated sound,  
As when I last faulted them o'er to thee:  
But uttering them in the air around,  
With youth's clear, laughing voice of melody.  
On the wild shore of the eternal deep,  
Where we have stray'd so oft, and stood so long  
Watching the mighty water's conquering sweep,  
And listening to their loud triumphant song,  
At sunny noon, dearest! I'll be with thee:  
Not as when last I linger'd on the strand,  
Tracing our names on the incognate sand;  
But in each bright thing that around shall be:  
My voice shall call thee from the ocean's breast,  
Thou'lt see my hair in its bright showery crest,  
In its dark, rocky depths thou'lt see my eyes,  
My form shall be the light cloud in the skies,  
My spirit shall be with thee, warm and bright,  
And food thee o'er with love, and life, and light.

Here are two gems—the one in simple, the other in price-less, setting:—

Oh! turn those eyes away from me!  
Though sweet, yet fearful are their rays;  
And though they beam so tenderly,  
I feel I tremble 'neath their gaze.  
Oh! turn those eyes away! for though  
To meet their glance I may not dare,  
I know their light is on my brow,  
By the warm blood that mantles there.

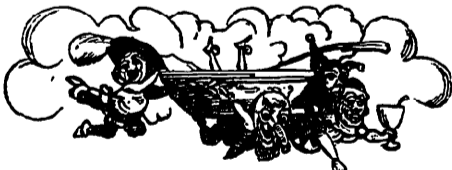
A WISE.

Let me not die for ever, when I'm gone  
To the cold earth! but let my memory  
Live like the gorgeous western light that shone  
O'er the clouds where sank day's majesty.  
Let me not be forgotten! though the grave  
Has clasped its hideous arms around my brow,  
Let me not be forgotten! though the wave  
Of time's dark current rolls above me now.  
Yet not in tears remembered be my name.  
Weep o'er those ye loved; for me, for me,  
Give me the wreath of glory, and let fame  
Over my tomb spread immortality!

With these extracts we must take our leave of Mrs. Butler and her book, in the earnest hope that the cloud which has shadowed her existence—that melancholy haze which has dimmed the brightness of her mind—long ere this may have passed away. We would fain, however, remind her at parting, that the volcanic elements of diseased passion are as distant, on the one side, from the broad medium line of truth, as the apathetic frigidity of the Stoic is from it on the other. While the former disturb the bosom, and throw the frame from its equipoise, the latter, seeking moral freedom, without composing its spirit to piety, is only wise by halves. The Stoics of the world may tutor their feelings to callosity, and by that means still the wild lusts and tyrannous impulses of passion; but they cannot find the soul of peace: their bosoms are one vast sterile desert, without a single spring, or solitary oasis, to refresh their arid pathway: they are, in fact, but breathing statutes, the very hypocrites of life. It were better for Mrs. Butler, therefore, to look upon the world with more kindly ideas; let her, in a word, eschew her present motto, and adopt that of the good old Frenchman,—

De l'univers observant la machine,  
J'y vois du mal, et n'aime que le bien;

and in her change of spirit she will find her best account.



### A Bowl of Punch.

SYDNEY INGREDIENTS.

THE LAMENT OF THE SUITORS.

Tityrus hinc aberat. Ipsa te, Tityre, pinus,  
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbuto vocabant.

VIR. PAST.

THERE was moaning, there was pining, in the "Courts of little-go;"  
And every heart seemed stricken down amath some fatal blow:  
Sage sutors who had gotten time looked out alone for rue,  
And Mandarin-like shook their heads, quite puzzled what to do.

"Ah! Roger," thus their anguish broke, "where's now that glassy eye,  
Which through thy Dolland's pebbles the whole truth could swiftly spy?  
Where is that voice, whose sharpness so oft cut long stories short;  
That grave, contemptuous eloquence, which crushed contempt of Court?"

Methought I heard this answer, soft as creak of loaded wain:  
"Sweet sutors change that mourning suit; those tears like April rain:  
I asked if not—requested not—and yet, He sends me hence:  
Aye, summons me from conscience-courts, to sleep upon a Bench!"

But, hush! come hither plainers all, a word within your ear—  
Your'e better serv'd than Camden's fools;—nay, check that doubtful sneer:  
For once I'll drop the Sophist's art, and prove that truth I speak;  
From them I've ta'en all countenance—to you, I've left A Cheese!"  
KROKODILO.

"Why is Bradley's Head like a Subaltern?" (according to Dr. Johnson's definition of the word.) "Because it commands and is discomanded."

### FLAT-HEADS AND EMPTY-HEADS.

A grand discovery lately made by Captain Belcher, H.M.S. "Sulphur."

BOLD Belcher in voyaging the universe round,  
Amongst other marvels, this strange custom found,  
That Indian sires always flattened each pate  
Of infants, ere reaching man's froward estate:  
They gave as a reason (and dreamt not of sin),  
That the heads of their children should "have nothing in."  
If this be the case, 'tis as clear as the morn,  
That our Government Heads are all India born.  
—and O

### AN UNPLEASANT THOUGHT.

Suggested by the late discovery of "Petri-fied Forests" in Texas.

In Texas as Kennedy wandered alone,  
He found all her forests were turned into stone;  
A far greater wonder he'd meet in these parts,  
(By no means uncommon, though,) "petrified hearts!"  
LITROS.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLAND.

The Times Essay.—The Monster Mammoth, Behemoth, or Leviathan of the Press, "the Times," offered a large sum of money, to wit, half-a-crown, for the best essay "on grinding" in all its branches; no grindstone, whether English or Colonial to be excluded. There were several hundred Candidates, but Lord Stanley, (now Baron Devil's-Peak, the family estate,) from his superior knowledge of, and extensive practice in, "Colonial Grinding," shot far a-head of all his striving co-mates. On receiving the prize, half-crown Devil's-Peak, who is known to be ambitious, was evidently displeased, and muttered to himself that nothing but the whole crown would satisfy him. Lord Glenelg, who was amongst the unlucky ones, on seeing the Baron stalk off with the prize, was heard to ejaculate, "By Saint Andrew! had they required an essay upon "doziness" I would have defied all the Lords and Barons in the world to be "wide awake" enough for me.

The Queen in Scotland.—On Wednesday Evening Her Majesty had rather a noisy discussion with Prince Albert, respecting a "sheep's-eye" which he had cast at a rosy-looking, plaided lassie; but this difference having been satisfactorily arranged, on Thursday she enjoyed perfect quiet, and went to a "sheep-shearing," to prove that she had entirely forgiven the offence; and which, as Mr. Samivel Veller very properly observes, "vos uncommon-ly kind on her part, consid'rin there vas nothin votever to forgive." As Her Majesty had never seen any specimens of the woolly tribe before, with the exception of hashed and harricoed mutton, which do not afford the very best idea of the animal with its hide on, she was both enraptured and astonished at the process; although she was observed to shudder when the shears were introduced; her maternal fears having in all probability conjured up a vision of Atropos with the shears of Fate amongst her own little pet lambs. On Sunday the Queen went to Church; and, in honor of the occasion, the day was all "rain." After the service, some thin poles (emigrant Poles perhaps) with wooden boxes attached to them, called "Spooneys," were fixed against the pews, for receiving donations; and these excited the royal curiosity; but as they were only intended for the "widow's mite," and not for "regal might," of course Her Majesty did not become a subscriber. As the Queen ascended the throne at an early age, she still continues the habit of early rising. At seven o'clock in the morning, Peter, the piper, does not pick a peck of pepper, but plays the pibroch in preference; and if that do not wake her, what will? Her Majesty rubs her eyes once; yawns twice; and sneezes three times, as an invocation to the divinity of good luck; then jumps out of bed; whereupon every body follows her example, except such as get up earlier, and these are not a few in the North. Her Majesty orders a cart-load of fresh heather, and a bucket of spring water to be placed in her room every morning: the latter, we believe, is much in request, as Her Majesty indulges overnight pretty considerably in Athol brose, a very pleasant composition, *ad libitum*—honey, to palate—pump-water, two teaspoonsful to a gallon. In addition to her great musical accomplishments, Her Majesty has acquired considerable proficiency on the Scotch fiddle, in which she is ably assisted by the Prince, who is not, however, supposed to be passionately fond of the instrument, as he was heard one day to wish it at "Old Scratch."—*Court Journal, or Tea-Table Tittle-Tattler.*

The Factory Act.—The New Factory Act came into operation on the 1st October last. Amongst other solemn and solemn-like clauses, are the following:—"That the word 'child' is meant for, and shall be taken and stand for a 'child' and not for a 'man or woman.'"—That a "young person" shall be deemed a "young person," and not an "old person."—That all factories shall be continually limewashed for the benefit of the workers; and the proprietors occasionally whitewashed for the benefit of themselves.—That a clock shall be kept in each factory, which shall be wound up only once a week; and that none shall be allowed to strike in the factory, but the clock; and that only at certain times.—That a moveable board shall sit in every factory, and shall be hung up at the end of its sittings, as a reward for its services.—That old women shall not be looked upon as "old women," but shall very politely be deemed "young persons."—That no child, or young person shall be allowed to run about for pastime, or to make up for lost time. That every child and young person shall go to school when it likes, and have the power of making its own holidays.—That all female children shall be provided with dolls, and male ditto with tops and marbles, not to mention hoops, at the expence of the owners of the factories; and that proper persons shall be continually kept to teach the children the best method of using such toys or mental relaxers.—That old women—that is, young persons with infants at the bosom,—shall be allowed two pots of porter, and a drop of summat short and comfortable, per diem; and that all males shall be at liberty to choose their own working hours, and be furnished with Dawes's patent reclining chairs when over fatigued with doing nothing."—*Trades Union Gazette, or Tin-Pottery Intelligencer.*

Mutual Visitation.—The King of the French is about to visit England, as his own representative; and Palmerston is about to visit the King of the French, as the representative of England. This is extremely well arranged, and we earnestly hope that they will not cross each other on the journey. "A rolling stone, they say, gathers no moss"; but perhaps Palmerston hopes to find the Philosopher's stone at the French Court. It is about time he did something to renew his youth and pocket; his "way of life has fallen into the sear and withered leaf." Let him, therefore, turn over a new one.

MOROCCO.

The Prince de Joinville has again put his foot in it. He had very carefully arranged a trifling amount of indemnity from the Emperor of Morocco, to the tune of some 12 or 40 millions of francs; (papers are not particular to a crown) but Louis Philippe would not recognise the imposition. Consequently, instead of "binding Morocco" in that amount, Joinville scarcely gained a "Morocco binding" for an edition of his own calligraphic gasconade. In other words he has not been one whit more fortunate in "privateering" than in "pamphleteering."