

## SWISS SKETCHES.

(No. 8.)

BY ROBERT LOWE.

## CONCLUSION.

MAN! Who canst see in Nature's face  
Nought but the frame of self-enforcing laws—  
Man! Who canst view the universe; nor trace  
The plastic hand of one Almighty cause—  
Approach this mountain land with awful fear,  
All Atheist as thou art, for God is here!

He reigns in power—He spoke! And where they lay,  
Tossing on beds of subterranean fire,  
Uprung the mighty mountains into day;  
With voluted mass, long ridge, and tapering spire,  
A vast cathedral of abiding stone—  
An altar to His praise—a footstool to His throne.

He reigns in terror. Spring with thundering feet,  
Ye crouching avalanches, from your lair!  
Before you lies the valley, calm and sweet;  
Behind, a desert, stony, lone and bare.  
Heaven's red artillery smites, but whelms not: they  
Whom ye o'ertake ye bury where ye slay.

He reigns in beauty—in its icy rest,  
The glacier glitters like an emerald throne.  
In burning glory o'er the mountain's breast,  
His own, His spotless robe of snow is thrown.  
He wings the cataract, and bids it break  
The dreamy stillness of the winding lake.

Oh, not alone through ministering priests,  
Or pompous ritual, is His presence known;  
There's Revelation in the birds and beasts,  
In earth and sky, in wood, and wave and stone—  
He speaks in thunder, avalanche and fall;  
All know his voice—for it appeals to all.

Science with abstract argument may cope,  
Wring cold conviction from the tree or flower,  
Point to the wonders of her microscope,  
And boast the last discovery of the hour;  
But Priest, Philosopher, and Peasant here,  
All know—all feel—all see—that God is near.

Read in the tablets of thy heart, and scan  
The mighty truths that He has graven there:  
Read the glad tidings of the Son of Man,  
Truth still the same, though yet more full and fair:  
Read well thy Bible and thy heart—and then  
Come here, and learn that lesson o'er again!

## A FAREWELL.

[IN IMITATION OF MRS. HEMANS.]

FAREWELL, my heart's divinity!—to kiss  
Thy sweet lip into smiles of tenderness,  
To worship at that stainless shrine of bliss,  
To meet th' ecstasies of thy warm caress,  
To be the prisoner of thy smiles, to bless  
Thy soft eyes' weeping passion and to hear  
The word, or sigh, soul-ton'd or accentless,  
Murmur for one who holds thy love so dear,  
Alas, 'tis not for me! A dark mirage is near!

Sweetest, I depart,  
Oh, dear and beautiful lady, fare thee well,  
Will not one sigh from thy young bosom swell  
For my lone breaking heart!

Will thou not breathe one tone  
Of tenderness for me, one murmur low;  
Will not thy sisters from your sad tears know  
That I, your love, am gone!

No, thy voice, glad and free,  
Must have no sounds a grief like mine to tell,  
Thou must not now, e'en wait one sigh for me—  
Oh, life and love farewell!

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY.—*Western Barbary. Its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals.* By John H. Drummond Hay, Esq. London: Murray. 1844.

As the political eye of Europe is now fixedly intent upon the empire of Morocco, any insight, however slight, into the institutions of that country is certain to attract attention commensurate with the interest at present evinced in its existence and position as a nation. The knowledge that there is an anxiety for information relative to the Moors made us more cautious in forming our opinion of the merits of Mr. Hay's *Western Barbary*; for we too often find, when our diplomatists and statesmen, by making any subject paramount for the moment, introduce a new topic for general discussion, that speculating publishers seem instantaneously supplied with an author ready to gratify the eager with minute particulars, and ample details, and that in thus pandering to the public appetite, they are by no means particular as to the veracity of the resources from which their information is derived, being alone solicitous about the pecuniary returns of the undertaking. We confess however, that we have too high an opinion of Mr. Murray—the *prestige* in his favor is too strong, to make us prejudiced against this work, which deserves more than ephemeral reputation. We accordingly do him and our author, the justice to add, that when we laid down the book after finishing it, notwithstanding our unprejudiced caution, we could not trace one single expression to which a suspicion of sycophancy could attach.

In this age of book-making, another onus devolves upon us, when in the faithful discharge of our duty, we record our opinion of any new work. We feel it necessary to examine into the author's opportunities, his talents, and means of acquiring information of a kind, which is called for in connexion with the matter of which he treats. The only exception to this rule, is in cases, where the imagination alone comes into play as in romances, and poetry. But where the power of observation, as well as the reasoning faculties, are called into action, we like to be satisfied of a man's ability to make unbiassed—untinctured observations; while if he travel in a foreign country, he must be intimate with the language, the dialect even of the people, whose manners and customs he notes, and have acquired the pliability of manner and temper, which will enable him to pass on his route, without jarring on peculiar prejudices. The author is the son of the Honorable Drummond Hay, our Consul-General, at Tangier, where he has resided for many years, and has consequently been enabled to speak with facility and fluency the dialect of the Arabic used in that district; having a natural taste for

field sports and horses, he soon acquired friendships with many of the inland inhabitants; among whom we have remarked with pleasure an enthusiastic attachment to the domesticated animals which serve so materially to lessen the danger and fatigues of savage life. Having thus become familiarized with the native population he was admirably suited to the office which he undertook of selecting a barb of Moorish blood for Her Majesty. The details of his journey from Tangier to Larache are the fruits of his expedition, and although, unfortunate in the object of his visit, we must congratulate him on his success in writing a very amusing and instructing work. Desultory and unpretending, it is philosophical, without entering into statistical minutiae, or scientific disquisitions. He seems capable of reading the language of nature, his eye with hasty glance observes the physical aspect of the country, its varied scenery, its capabilities, its productions and its people, while his ear is not less attentive to the tales of the wayfarer, who follows the Eastern custom of whiling away the tedium of the journey by his narrations.

The language of the East, glowing with poetic imagery, is well preserved in those stories, which appears to us to be the romance of reality. The agile Alee of the Six Fingers stands before us as an entity; the kind-hearted murderer, the charitable robber. He is unlike all other highwaymen—he is not, however, the less a highwayman. A spirit of contradiction to himself, as if the better feelings of his nature were alternately in abeyance and in supreme command over his mind, gives him a doubleness of character—a duality of existence, which is perhaps much more common than is supposed. We do not intend to make a psychological disquisition on this subject to elucidate our meaning, but the reader must have often observed that, as a compensation for detestable crimes, eminent virtues are often conspicuous in persons, who at first sight appear beyond the pale of humanity. The vices of mankind are more frequently generated by custom, by association, by idleness and want of consideration, than by depravity or by bad-mindedness. The evil influence of habit will occasionally be ineffective, when the quiet impulse of the heart suggests to the sensorium a train of benevolent and virtuous ideas. During these moments, though they be few and rare, gleam forth vivid flashes of good, that the recording angel renders imperishable in the annals of life, while the happy tear of gladness that starts from her heavenly eye obliterates, as it drops upon the book of fate, bloody deeds, that deserve condemnation. Such was Alee; though fierce he was not the less tender. The hand, that perpetrated its deadly revenge on Kador, could soothe the pillow of his Rahmana. If he could hate, he could love. He displayed the power of a lion, the helplessness of a lamb. His misdeeds, which cannot be justified, may be attributed to ill-directed government. In a country like Morocco, where justice is so often left to private vengeance—a vengeance that public opinion demands as retribution, and where no other punishment can easily be obtained, the mind becomes hereditarily tinged with a disregard for human life. The influence of society is to demoralise and debase. No education, no moral-training, no inculcation of principle is attempted to counteract the selfishness of our nature. Disregard to truth, to the rights of property, will speedily be followed by deeds of a darker die. The population being thinly scattered, police cannot so readily be supported, and detection becomes of consequence more difficult. A fatal lure is held out, therefore, to follow a wild career of vice, and it is but too often followed.

The frequent allusion to the name of the divinity, which is observable in Mahometan conversation, might seem to imply that thoughts of God more frequently occupied them than we are inclined to admit. The constant introduction of His name is, we apprehend, rather calculated to turn it into a conventional expression. How often do the most intelligent, the most thoughtful, reflect on the meaning of several expressions which custom has entailed on us? Who reflects when he says "Adieu," that he calls upon his Maker? Which is it, habit or sincerity that makes the Spaniard use the valediction of "*Vaia con dios*?" We do not like to hear these expressions abused—we abhor the practice—and as we do not give a more enlightened people the credit of religion for using them, we must in justice extend our mode of reasoning to the Arab; and when he goes through the ceremony of saying "*Bismillah*," (in the name of God,) we but give him the credit of performing an outward show. To those, however, unaccustomed to the language of the East, these frequent references to the Almighty, couched in unusual phrases, seem to indicate a deep religious feeling in the mind of the Moor.

The truth of the matter is, indeed, that the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco are nearly the most abject of any people on whom the blessings of civilization have once been bestowed. Were it not for the importance which it is to us as a granary for Gibraltar, and which we are therefore anxious to retain in the possession of a neutral power, we should be rejoiced to see the French take this magnificent empire into their charge. Even as it is, we doubt whether we should be so much injured, or they so much benefited by their being masters of the country, while the spirit of improvement that the Franks would necessarily introduce into this new conquest, the commerce and the arts that must follow their military occupation of the territory, would benefit their Arab subjects by example. This occupation would rather fetter the masters, and while it gave vent to their martial spirit, and their love of glory, would prevent them from engaging in European warfare. Sorry are we that it should be deemed prudent for our government to interfere thus against the interests of humanity. We must then only hope for a slow and gradual advancement of this people. Their prejudices and their pride oppose their receiving any benefit from their converse with strangers. Their form of government, though oppressive, though inefficient and insecure, is not so intolerable as to be swept away by a revolution. The submission of the Mahometan to fate makes us despair of so important an occurrence, their laws being a portion of their religious code, ever endeared to an ignorant and superstitious people, the mass of whom are not treated with rigour: for it is a fact, that the Moorish executive is not blood-thirsty, although venal, and if the poor have not always justice done them, the hand of the tyrant grasps more eagerly at the wealth of the rich.

Yet this land, desecrated as it is by the degradation of despotism, and the indolence of predestination, was once

hallowed by the tread of heroes, whose enthusiasm and fervour made them masters of a land still fairer, still more fertile. We can picture to ourselves the chivalry of Arab careering on the plains of Morocco, gorgeous with jewels, their scimitars flashing in the glowing sunshine of Africa; their steeds of blood, caparisoned in trappings of rich velvet, and brocaded silk, sparkling with shining steel and glittering silver; adorned in the magnificence of the East, but still not effeminated by such luxury. Great in the consciousness of power, and elated at the thought of victory which was soon to be achieved, they were still nobler in their expectations of introducing refinement and science into the land of their invasion. They now set foot on the Iberian shores, to leave monuments of their greatness and intellectual advancement. The Spanish Romances and Ballads still record their deeds of prowess, while the Alhambra rears her head as a monument of Moorish magnificence. The walls of the Peninsula universities, founded by infidels, once resounded with their wisdom—a wisdom then unknown to Christendom, which had sunk into barbarity and ignorance.

They were the same people as those who opposed the best and most valorous blood of Christendom, when warring for the land, holy alike to the Jew, the Christian and the Moslem. They were no contemptible enemy. They fought bravely. A portion of this empire nurtured the young Jugurtha, the bastard scion of a royal house, who had all the talents of a self-made king, all the vices of an usurper. Men arose here who opposed the Roman name, long strenuously and bravely. They were headed by the most intelligent of her Generals, Marius and Sylla, who have made this ground classic, but they have done more, they have proved us, that the climate of North Africa was naturally peopled by a race, neither easily crushed nor quickly subdued. Victory often vacillated in the scale; the Roman and the Numidian were nearly on a par. If we regard them again, after a lapse of ages: these, once the fear of mankind are now their scorn, and the object of their contempt. But let us not join in this uncharitable feeling, let us try to advance—a nation which has proved its capabilities; commerce, not the grasping vaingloriousness of territorial aggrandisement, must in future be the means by which our object will be attained. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Arab—before long we hope to repay him with interest.

We must not neglect to notice in Mr. Hay's work, a true and faithful description of the aspect of the country as well as the savage denizens which encroach upon the habitations of man. We have tales from him of the lordly lion, the Sultan of the forest, and the infidel boar, who rips up the true believer with his ivory tusks. His descriptions are vivid, and possess many oriental charms of style which recommend them to the reader who admires the *prose-poetic*.

We regret that our space does not enable us to give a few extracts from this work as an exemplar of its imagery.

*The Jilt.* A Novel. By the author of "*Cousin Geoffery*," &c. 3 vols. Bentley. London: 1844.

If this novel possessed no other recommendation than that of detailing in forcible language the miseries originating from the superficial style of education adopted in "young ladies' seminaries," it would be entitled to a high degree of praise, but it stands upon far more elevated grounds, and shows throughout bold design and original thought. Every class of society is sketched with the same vigorous and faithful pencil; the peer, the tradesman, and the peasant, are alike known to the author; while palace, shop, and hovel seem with him to have been familiar resting places. There is no absence of middle tint, or want of light and shade; the actors are all skilfully grouped; and an everyday representation of life is laid before us, so true, that eye and heart instantaneously acknowledge its authenticity.

The pervading character of the tale rests, however, with *Melicent Luttrell the Jilt*; pupil of *Mrs. de Belton*, the designer, mover, governess of (*par excellence*) a "fashionable boarding school;" into whose Circean garden, where the snake lurks beneath every flower, a few only of the highest Aristocratic Scions are allowed to enter; there to be initiated into every art that can debase the youthful mind; and tinge the green romance of springtide with the jaundiced hue of autumn. With such a directress, heart, soul, and affection are remorselessly sacrificed for a glittering establishment and golden misery. Men are looked upon by her as fishes, for which women angle with hooks baited with beauty and accomplishments: for this last is the conventional term for a smattering of modern languages, and frippery evanescences, as showy as they are useless. From such a system of tutelage what issue could arise? only this. After fitting through a butterfly career of folly and dissipation; with hopes shipwrecked, fortune blasted, and beauty withered, *Melicent Luttrell* wanders a wretched, abject thing, despised by those whom she had sacrificed and deceived; and mourning all too late, the substance of life which she had so recklessly squandered in pursuit of a golden shadow.

Let not this great truth be rejected because it comes in the shape of fiction; for it is unfortunately too apparent with what avidity the world bends at those educational shrines where fashion has set her seal, and how ready parents are to immolate their children upon the altar of their own vanity. It is not difficult to comprehend that the very first requisites of a teacher, should be soundness of mind, an enlightened view of the boundaries of good and evil, and general habits and principles which are worthy of imitation, and which religion and experience show to be the only true policy to obtain. Yet this simple proposition though often pompously talked of is but little followed; and from the inattention or inability of parents, children are committed to the care of teachers utterly incompetent from intellectual incapacity, if not by arrogance to undertake the task; and on account of this guilty negligence, many a *Melicent Luttrell* wanders broken-hearted through the world; who might have become by proper direction, and even common care, an ornament and blessing to society.

We will however leave these reflections upon the vices of the great, and turn to some of the humbler scenes of the novel which represent a virtuous family struggling for existence through the cloud of poverty. The darkness of the detail is somewhat relieved by the introduction of a perfect little gem, the drudge of the house, who indulges in the quaint sobriquet of *Mouser*; and is a duplicate image, in miniature, of his

mistress, the pompous, but well disposed, Mrs. Brown. Let some of these personages thus introduce themselves:—

In a mean lodging in the worst part of Norton Street, a girl, or to judge from her graceful attitude and cultivated expression of countenance, a young lady, was seated close to a window from which she had drawn aside blinds and curtains; and intently engrossed by a drawing before her, seemed anxious not to lose one ray of the dim and fast-departing light. The interior of the apartment was comfortless enough; a youth was sitting at another table copying a manuscript, and a middle-aged gentlewoman sat in an old arm-chair by a poor fire, which a dirty little servant-boy was blowing, while his mistress was noting down the items of a miserable pittance which she had given him to go to market with. "Mother," said the youth, after a long discussion between the lady and the boy about a half-penny not thoroughly accounted for, "I wish you would let Mouser tell you about it another time. I must finish this directly, and I cannot write while there is such a noise; when this is done, I shall be paid a sovereign, so do not trouble yourself about the halfpenny, mother dear!" "Do not attempt to dictate to me, sir," said the lady angrily; "rich or poor, I shall not put up with that; and if you do, you may keep your sovereign to yourself. I shall not deign to touch it." "Oh, do not say so, dearest mamma!" said the boy. "I am irritable, I know. I have been writing all day, ever since four this morning, and I am tired and giddy; but I did not mean to dictate, dearest mother; and if you refuse the money I have been toiling for—for you—it is all in vain." "Come to me, my poor Edgar," said the mother; "or rather haste and finish your tasks, both you and Geraldine, and by that time Mouser and I will have tea ready for you." "Tea!" laughed Edgar, "why we have not dined." "Never mind, you shall have dinner and tea all in one." And the lady bent down to Mouser, the little male-servant of all work, and commenced a series of whispered instructions. How he was to lay out a handful of pence. This brought her back to the missing halfpenny, and ended in a lively discussion between her and Mouser, which, however, Edgar did not dare to interrupt; but quietly taking up his task, he left the dark and dreary sitting-room for his own dormitory, which was darker and drearier still. The mother would probably have remarked on this, but that a cab drove up to the door, and a thundering knock startled Geraldine; who, looking for a moment at the cab, quitted the table, took a seat near her mother, and said: "It is Mr. Smith, mamma; he is come for the drawing. How fortunate I have finished it at last; but oh! how shall I take any money for it?" "I suspect, my love, the difficulty will be to get anything from that screw; however, it is fairly earned, so don't be silly: there are no coals or potatoes left."

The cue being given, enters Mr. Smith; decidedly one of the mysterious school.

Mouser, who on hearing the knock had rushed down to open the door, now pompously ushered in Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who had arrived in a street cab, was so muffled up in a Spanish cloak, that one could only decide that he was an elegant middle-aged man, and wore a pair of green spectacles. His hat was pulled over his brows, and he begged leave to keep it on; as he announced that he was suffering from a severe cold. "It is such a disagreeable day!" timidly observed Geraldine, naturally shrinking, as the unaccustomed always do, from the dreadful operation of being paid—for the first time. "Will you take a seat sir," said her mother; "Geraldine, I dare say Mr. Smith is in a hurry: where is the album? I am sure you need not be ashamed of your performance, you have had great success. Get the book child," Geraldine coloured violently, and rose with her head drooping on her throbbing breast to seek the album. Her mother had no such feelings; she had lived thirty years longer in the world than poor Geraldine, and each successive year had done something towards blunting those useless sensibilities which put it in the power of every one to torture and humble one. Mrs. Brown was still a handsome and somewhat imperious-looking woman. Her black hair streaked with grey was parted on her high forehead, she wore a towering very white muslin cap, and was dressed in a dimity wrapper and large shawl. She sat very erect in her old arm-chair, and waved her hand in speaking, in an authoritative manner, although it wore a very old worsted mitten. "You must be very proud of Miss Brown's talents, madam," said the stranger. "I trust they will bring her forward in the world, sir. It is very hard on her to exert them; such expectations as we had once—I am sure our story—Is it not strange that, whatever our expectations people resign, they never give up the most absurd of all, namely, that strangers will patiently listen to their bewailings, and condole with them on their ruined hopes? Mr. Smith rose impatiently, and took the album out of Miss Brown's hand. As he looked at the picture, for a moment his countenance expressed surprise and pleasure; the next he remembered he was the patron, the purchaser. He said, "Very fair! very tolerable indeed! I take it that will do; a little, a very little out of drawing that eye, is it not?" "Not very likely, sir," said Mrs. Brown. "My daughter has a most correct eye; several eminent artists have said they quite envied her the correctness of her eye. Who was it, Geraldine—who was it that was so struck with your wonderful exactness? who was it, child?" "Vernet, mamma." "Ah so it was; Vernet, the first judge in the world." "Oh! I dare say I am wrong," said the stranger; "it may be all right, but the colouring is a little high, I think. Is it not a little—?" "Not for Hebe, surely," said Geraldine; "from the picture and description you gave me, I should think it was right." "My daughter," said the mother, "has a wonderful eye for colour. Who was it, Geraldine, said you were a second Lely for colouring?" "Dubois, mamma." "Ah, so it was, the best colourist in France. No, sir, my daughter has executed a very difficult commission in a very wonderful manner. You bring her a profile and a description, and out of that you request her to paint a Hebe caressing an eagle. Miss Brown has made a beautiful picture of a most awkward subject; and I hope you are satisfied." "If not, I can make any alteration," said Geraldine, timidly. "Oh! by no means! It will do, I dare say." "Indeed, I should think so, sir," said Mrs. Brown. "And the hearts-eases, did you dash them off?" "She has not dashed them off, sir, but she has finished them up." Geraldine turned to a little graceful *corbeille* of heart-ease most beautifully finished; and what seemed impossible with so formal a flower, most tastefully and variedly grouped. "And the lines did you hit them off?" said Mr. Smith. "You remember the subject, I have engaged you to do this for a young friend of mine, who is too ill to draw herself; during her illness a French family of influence (though but recent friends) have paid her great attention, and sent her several pots of hearts-ease immortalised by a clever pencil, and a few lively careless lines complimenting the father (who, by the by, was, or says he was, at the burning of Moscow). The mother is a Frenchwoman, and the daughter Eugénie a beauty and a songstress." "You gave me those directions, sir; I have not forgotten them." "Then you have hit of the lines?" "I have tried to do so." "May I hear them?" "Sit down, my dear," said the mother, "and take your time; you

have nothing to fear, they are very pretty and all wonderfully brought in—a very difficult task too."

Mouser once more makes his appearance upon the stage; but the missing half-penny still preys upon his mistress' mind, and casts the densest gloom upon all his prospects. Mouser as he is, he seems about to be swallowed by his irritable, cat-like mistress.

"Little abominable horror!" said the mother; "I sent him down stairs to cook the sausages, to make some toast and some coffee, and to boil some eggs. Ring, my love; I must give that little wretch warning." Geraldine turned away to hide a smile: the idea of giving Mouser warning was too absurd. Mouser, who had no wages, whom they had brought up, and who, with all his faults, was so attached to the destitute family, that, had he been sent away, he would probably have returned like a poor faithful dog to die at their door! "He could scarcely be ready yet, mamma," she said, if he has so much important cookery to achieve; we must wait patiently." Her mother rang the bell violently. No notice was taken. She rang again, and yet again; at last Mouser's small and dingy form appeared at the door. His burning cheeks shewed that he had been cooking with a vengeance; his eyes flashed fire. "It's no use you a ringing in that way, mum; as soon as all is cooked, I'll bring it up; I can't afore; I've all them things to do at once, and scarcely a handful of fire; I declare it's too bad," and he slammed the door. "I shall discharge that insolent varlet," said the lady. Again Geraldine smiled, and, to hide her merriment, began to arrange the room. "Send Mouser for coals," said her mother; "the fire is going out; he must run round the corner directly." "Yes, mamma, directly he has done cooking." At this moment in came Mouser. In spite of all physical impediments, Mouser—one of those geniuses which can surmount all obstacles—one of those artists who can turn any materials to account—had made some excellent coffee, and a plate of inviting toast; he had boiled the eggs, and fried the sausages; and then having, in common with other geniuses, the organ of love of approbation immensely developed, and just praise being with him, as with them, a nutriment essential to his being, he stood eyeing the wonders he had achieved; and perceiving that no one took any notice of his triumphs, he said, "Mum, you never had such good toast and coffee as that ere, nor such a beautiful sausage." "Silence!" said his mistress, "no domestic of mine must speak, save when he is spoken to." "Well, mum, I was a waiting for you to speak first." "Impertinent little scoundrel!" cried the irritated lady; "leave the apartment this moment, and go to the greengrocer's for a shilling's-worth of coals." "I thought you'd have praised the coffee, and the toast, and the eggs, and the sausages, that I did," and the disappointed genius burst into tears, such as older and wiser geniuses forbear to shed before the ingrates they have benefitted and the unjust judges of which the world is full. "Oh, how have I blowed and blowed at that vile little kitchen fire, and ferreted in the dust-hole for paper and bits of wood to make it burn, and got it up again when it went out, and stopped up the holes in the saucepan, and mended the gridiron, and counted four sixties, to boil the eggs right, and now you not to say nothing, but to call me scoundrel,—oh! oh!" The hideous catalogue of his wrongs ended in the convulsive sobs in which, perhaps, an author, if not restrained by pride, might indulge, when, tearing open an expected review of a first work, he finds it coldly neglected or insultingly condemned. "There, be a good boy," said his mistress, touched by his acute disappointment and violent grief; "you have done wonders, Mouser (Mouser's sobs ceased); you are a very clever domestic (a smile struggled with Mouser's tear and obtained the victory), and here is a penny for you." "I don't want the penny, mum; I only want you to notice what I've done." "There take the penny, Mouser, and get the coals." Mouser took the penny, and departed radiant with joy. He had scarcely closed the door when he opened it again to say, "Do take the coffee while it's hot, mum and miss. Don't you trouble yourself with the fire, miss; you can't make it burn—I'll be back directly." "That boy's conceit and love of praise will be his ruin," said Mrs. Brown. "Unless we can subdue the one and direct the other," said Geraldine, as she poured out the coffee, which proved to be excellent, in spite of all the disadvantages under which it was made.

Mouser next tries his diplomatic skill upon a fashionable publisher with a ms. novel of his young mistress; and comes home with an imaginative laurel crown; which turns out after all but a foolscap. Poor little Mouser! who can help pitying you? One moment seated on the very throne of certainty, grasping a golden sceptre; and, the next grovelling in the cellar—nay, the very dust-hole of disappointment.

"I've got you an answer at last, miss," he cried, rushing triumphantly in with a note and a parcel. "They wanted to put me off again, with their compliments, and they'd send by and by; and Messrs. Grinder and Grasper weren't in; and so on. But I saw through them, as well I might, this being the ninth interview I have had with that false, smiling, abominable horror (this expression was copied from his mistress,) with the pen behind his ear. If Messrs. Grasper and Grinder is out, says I, in a terrible passion, my young missus's manuscript of that invaluable novel of hers aint out, I'm sure: a work, as my missus says, which 'll be an area in the illiterate world—one she wurked at night and day. I told you before, said he, they're not in; and then he began a whistling. So says I, miss, I aint the only boy as has found them out. There's Mr. Plagiar's boy, in our street, says he had just the same plague w'r em for his master. Their character don't stand so high, I can tell you. However, my young missus wrote a capital note; missus said it was asking them to get her brother a ms. to copy, or a work to translate; perhaps they've had the manners to attend to her request, unless they're bears into the bargain, as Plagiar's boy says they is." "Oh, Mouser," said Geraldine, in great dismay, "how could you be so imprudent?" "Why, miss, for the last six weeks I've tried servility, and all in vain; asked after Mr. Grasper's health, and Mr. Grinder's; spoke about the weather, and a great deal of it, and all to no purpose; but I've had better luck this time. For, as I said that ere, he came forward and said, grinding his teeth, and grinning like a dog, I'd give you a good thrashing, my boy, if I didn't fear to touch such a dirty ragamuffin. "Don't fear," said I, "two can play at that game. Some's dirty one way, some another. I'd rather wear a shabby coat than do a shabby trick, or be like you, man to those that do. Here your employers have kept my young lady's novel till the season's over, as missus says." "You young scoundrel," said he, flinging me that parcel, "there's a ms. for your mistress to copy, or translate, or do what she will with, or Mr. Plagiar either; and now be off. But wait a minute, I'll write a note." This he did, as fast as can be, and then said, "Mind, boy, you never shew yourself here again." And drawing himself up like a play-actor, added, "I'm Mr. Grinder himself." I made off by the parcel, miss, fearing he might change his mind; but when I was fairly out, I peeped in at the door and said, "You can tell lies with an uncommon cool face, then, Mr. Grinder; but you've heard

the truth for once, and may be that 'll teach you how to tell it." And so I made off. By this time Geraldine had opened the parcel: it was, as her heart foretold, her own ill-fated ms. returned. The note ran thus: "Messrs. Grasper and Grinder beg, with many thanks, to return Miss Brown's ms., the work being of a kind, in their opinion, quite unavailable for publication. Messrs. G. and G. request Miss Brown not again to send her servant to their house, as he has been guilty of great impertinence and disrespect to Mr. Grinder." A feeling of intense disappointment at the downfall of many a glittering fabric Hope's active workmen had built, in spite of the sneers and even buffets of old Reason and his foreman Experience, sank into Geraldine's heart; and her colour rose at the cold insolence of the note, and the thought of the ridicule brought upon her and hers by the well-meant but ludicrous championship of Mouser in his faded tattered livery, and withered cockade on his battered hat. "Why, if that ere abominable horror, Mr. Grinder, hasn't made a mistake, miss, and sent your own manuscript back again. I aint afraid, miss, to take it back, and have another encounter with him." "No, no, Mouser, it is no mistake. He declines it—he will have nothing to do with it:" and the tears that had been long slowly gathering, burst forth. "Never your mind, miss, there's plenty more better printers by far than Messrs. Grasper and Grinder. Plagiar's boy knows of a sight of 'em. He's always on foot, going from one to tother with his master's works, who often can't come to terms with none. They're refused all round." "A common case, I doubt not, Mouser." "Mouser! little reprobate!" cried Mrs. Brown from above; "where have you been during this immense interval of time? Bring me my mode and my fan, and prepare the evening repast."

One other extract which shews the misery of "hope deferred;" the breaking of the string stretched beyond its tension; and we have done.

"So, my Geraldine (cries her mother,) those insolent miscreants have declined your novel! They did not deserve the honour of publishing it. They could not appreciate it, my daughter! For shame, my Geraldine, tears! what at the fiat of two insolent booksellers? Alas?" fanning herself, and striding up and down the narrow room, "now I do indeed feel I have fallen into a deep abyss of shame and misery now that Grasper and Grinder can make my daughter weep!" "No, no, dear mother! It is not they who cause these tears. It is the long and dreary hopelessness of my career. It is, that, toil as I will, aspire as I will, urge myself on as I will, nothing seems to prosper with me. Oh! mother, dear!" and as the lady had seated herself in great majesty in the old arm-chair, poor Geraldine, for once roused by disappointment out of her habitual composure, threw herself on the ground beside her mother, and buried her face in her mother's lap. "Mother! tell me, mother! have I not overrated my own talents? See, even as a poor sempstress I could procure you a more certain support. Nothing prospers with me! Yet, indeed, I do so endeavour to deserve success, but not for my own sake; for oh! I often wish I were at rest in some remote and rural churchyard, mother, not among the crowded graves of this great metropolis of the cold, the cruel, and the selfish, but far among the green hills, the waving trees, the flowery fields, where some white rustic church throws its holy and protecting shadow on the lowly dead around, where a cool blue river steals by a rural bank, reminding us of Jordan, a baptised Redeemer, and sin and sorrow washed away; where a dear old yew-tree would shade you and Edgar when you visited my grave; and sweet violets and snow-drops would spring up a perennial monument."

The author's style of writing may be readily gathered from the extracts we have given; and, if the composition appear at times ungraceful, it never fails in terseness and vigour; whilst the moral of the story is just and unexceptionable.

*Correspondence of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke; between the year 1744 and the period of his decease 1797.* Edited by Charles William, Earl Fitzwilliam, and Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B., 4 vols. Rivingtons, 1844.

Apart from the historical value of this work, the name of Sir Richard Bourke, who has assisted in editing these precious records of his illustrious kinsman, will attach an additional interest to it in New South Wales. The circumstances under which Sir Richard undertook this duty are these. All who know the works of Burke are aware that death interrupted the labors of the editor, and Burke's chief executor, when about to enrich them with the *Life and Correspondence*. The letters passed into the hands of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, on Mrs. Burke's death: and the present Lord obeys the instructions of her will in presenting them to the world. In this duty he sought the assistance of Sir Richard Bourke, and we need scarcely say that the duties of editorship are ably discharged. The notes are written in a style which will be immediately recognised by Sir Richard's friends.

We, ourselves, have as yet been prevented from giving that personal attention to these volumes which their importance demands, and therefore in bringing them under the notice of the Australian public, we prefer giving the commentary of our able London cotemporary, *The Examiner*, to doing them injustice by any hasty and necessarily imperfect remarks of our own:—

It is a great test of the decline of party violence in this country, that few are now found to dispute the greatness of Edmund Burke. His defects were those of greatness: a vehemence of will and sharp impetuosity of temper: and as well after his death, as while he lived, they severally tried his character. But it rises far above them. There is this peculiarity in his writings and speeches, that while what is given to Party lies upon the surface, what is meant for Mankind generally lurks below. His party, whatever it was, had the benefit of its eloquence: but, as Fox finely and generously said, his eloquence was but veil to his wisdom, and by his wisdom all parties profited. These volumes show that many of his unreasonable hatreds were against Words: there were few good, substantial Things, that he did not cherish and stand by to the last. All his life he was in a false position: he was his own "courser of the sun" yoked to a mud cart: and what he did should rather excite our wonder, than what he fell short of, or left half done. Even in the vital question of Popular Resistance, it is not difficult to separate his passing violence and asperity from those enduring views of larger application with which he has corrected both. The pursuit of arguments for tyranny will find no help or favour in even the latter half of his speeches and writings.

Here is a remark which reads oddly, when its date is compared with the closing incidents of his life. It was written in 1771.

"My principles are all settled, arranged, and indeed, at my time