

LITERATURE.

SONGS OF THE SQUATTERS.

(No. 4.)

THE CIGALA.

Jolly insect, happy thing,
Sipping dew drops like a king,
Feeling in thy burning veins
Drunkness, without its pains,
Needing no noctic fume
To dispel thy murky gloom.
Drinking from yon blazing sun
Mirth and madness blent in one:
Chorister whose thrilling voice
Bids the wilderness rejoice,
Tenant of the quivering bough,
Hail the shepherd's minstrel thou.—

Sweet Aurora, faintly cried,
Old Tithonus to his bride,
Thou art fair and rosy still,
As when first from Ida's hill,
In thy blushing clouds ascending,
Round my brow thy radiance beaming,
Thou didst bear me to be blest
In thy everlasting rest:
Quenchless is thy glorious eye,
Mine is dimmed with age and sorrow,
Thou shalt bid the darkness fly
From the portals of tomorrow,
Fresh as when thy beauties first
On primeval chaos burst,
Startling from their foul abodes
Monsters hate of men and gods.
Listen to my sad complaint!
I am old and wan and faint,
Year by year, and day by day,
Shrink my waning powers away,
Still undying, still I fade,
Half a mortal half a shade;
Grant, oh, Goddess! grant release,
Let thy lover sleep in peace.

Peaceful sleep, the Goddess cried,
Hast thou to thyself denied;
Endless life is toil and ruth
If thou ask not endless truth:
Darling of the years gone by,
Man, I cannot bid thee die,
Cannot break the golden chain
That so sweetly linked us twain;
But the miseries to assuage
Of thy sad immortal age,
Poor Tithonus, thou shalt change
Into somewhat new and strange:
All the life that fills thy breast,
Now by fainting old oppress,
Still may animate and warm
The Cigala's tiny form,
And thy blood that still remains
May inform his little veins.

Spoke the Goddess, and he flew
A Cigala, blithe and new,
Monument of love and truth,
Beaming in eternal youth,
From Scamander's classic groves
To the land Aurora loves;
Land with every good increased—
Far beyond the boundless east:
Land where first her blushes streak
Swarthy midnight's paling cheek,
Newest fruit of teeming time,
Land of healthful balmy clime,
There the immortal sits and sings
Tales of Ilium's ancient kings,
Happy loves and battles bold
Of Dardanus and Ius old:
Nothing knows he of the tale
Ilium's fall and Ilium's bale—
Still he deems in other lands
Firm the race of Priam stands:
Therefore is he doubly blest,
Knowing nought to break his rest.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS,

(No. 1.)

THE OLD WARRIOR TO HIS SON.*

(From the German of Gleim.)

Contempt alight on him who, when his country's pining
'Neath foeman's yoke, on couch reclining
Dallies, while indignation's frown
From Heaven's high arch peers down.

Therefore, O hardy youth, prepare to check the stranger,
Who dares thy country threat with danger;
Our oft-proved heroes lead the way
To honour's brightest ray.

And thou, my son, speed hence to mix in war's alarms,
Go, boldly join thy friends in arms,
Thy country from oppression's grave
And tyranny to save.

We weak old men must bide inert in native dwelling,
And should the foe, with vengeance swelling,
Draw nigh, in vain shall we appeal
To his high brandish'd steel.

Our foe rules half the world, it now is his endeavour
To conquer us, he vows it ever,
With blood stain'd hands, in lawless plight,
Exulting in his might.

Though scornful be his vaunt, with long success elated,
His thick lined ranks with pride inflated,
Fear we him not—with cause so just,
In God place we our trust.

God is the scorner's foe, his heav'nly aid and blessing
Await ye—slay the foe oppressing,
Return then a triumphant band
Back to thy Fatherland.

With wreaths of laurel then we'll deck thy brows in greeting,
At ev'ry feast and social meeting
Thy deeds the song shall proudly tell,
First shall ye rank—Farewell!

* Written during the French War in Germany.

(No. 2.)

THE ADULTRESS.

A SACRED SONNET.

(From the German of Körner.)

Into the Temple where our Lord declaim'd,
A sinning woman once the people brought,
And on th' offender punishment loud sought,
"Stoning to death the law is," they exclaim'd.
With placid mien our Saviour look'd around,
And spake, "Let him whose heart is pure alone
Cast at the sad Adultress the first stone,"
And his decree wrote silent on the ground.
Lo! from the Temple one by one they steal,
Mute and rebuk'd, as thus the Lord decreed,
The sacred hall soon silence it reign'd o'er.
Then Jesus spake, "Will none thy doom then seal?
I will not hurt thee for thy sinful deed,
Woman depart in peace, and sin no more."

Eothen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East.

Ollivier.
A free and easy book with a hard title, signifying "from the early dawn," or "from the East." The author seeks rather to give the statement of his impressions, than a strict account of the places visited; and to estimate things not by their general relative importance, but by the degree in which, whether by disposition or accident, they interested himself. Here, then, we have a companion, not a teacher; and an agreeable fellow-traveller he is; one from whom we shall not hastily or willingly part. The kind of amusement obtainable from this book may be judged of by the following clever scene:—

In the Ottoman dominions there is scarcely any hereditary influence except that which belongs to the family of the Sultan, and wealth, too, is a highly volatile blessing, not easily transmitted to the descendants of the owner. From these causes it results, that the people standing in the place of nobles and gentry, are official personages, and though many (indeed the greater number) of these potentates are humbly born and bred, you will seldom, I think, find them wanting in that polished smoothness of manner, and those well modulating tones which belong to the best Osmanlees. The truth is, that most of the men in authority have risen from their humble stations by the arts of the courtier, and they preserve in their high estate, those gentle powers of fascination to which they owe their success. Yet unless you can contrive to learn a little of the language, you will be rather bored by your visits of ceremony; the intervention of the interpreter, or Dragoman as he is called, is fatal to the spirit of conversation. I think I should mislead you, if I were to attempt to give the substance of any particular conversation with Orientals. A traveller may write and say that, "the Pasha of So and So was particularly interested in the vast progress which has been made in the application of steam, and appeared to understand the structure of our machinery—that he remarked upon the gigantic results of our manufacturing industry—showed that he possessed considerable knowledge of our Indian affairs, and of the constitution of the Company, and expressed a lively admiration of the many sterling qualities for which the people of England are distinguished." But the heap of common-places thus quietly attributed to the Pasha, will have been founded perhaps on some such talking as this:—

Pasha.—The Englishman is welcome; most blessed among hours is this, the hour of his coming.

Dragoman.—(to the Traveller.)—The Pasha pays you his compliments.

Traveller.—Give him my best compliments in return, and say I'm delighted to have the honour of seeing him.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—His Lordship, this Englishman, Lord of London, Scornor of Ireland, Suppressor of France, has quitted his governments, and left his enemies to breathe for a moment, and has crossed the broad waters in strict disguise, with a small but eternally faithful retinue of followers, in order that he might look upon the bright countenance of the Pashas—the Pasha of the everlasting Pashalik of Karaghoolkoldour.

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—What on earth have you been saying about London? The Pasha will be taking me for a mere cockney. Have not I told you *always* to say that I am from a branch of the family of Mudcombe Park, and that I am to be a magistrate for the county of Bedfordshire, only I've not qualified, and that I should have been a Deputy-Lieutenant, if it had not been for the extraordinary conduct of Lord Mountpromise, and that I was a candidate for Goldborough at the last election, and that I would have won easy, if my committee had not been bought. I wish to heaven that if you *do* say anything about me, you'd tell the simple truth.

Dragoman.—[is silent.]

Pasha.—What says the friendly Lord of London? Is there aught that I can grant him within the Pashalik of Karaghoolkoldour.

Dragoman (growing sulky and literal).—This friendly Englishman—this branch of Mudcombe—this head-purveyor of Goldborough—this possible policeman of Bedfordshire is recounting his achievements and the number of his titles.

Pasha.—The end of his honours is more distant than the ends of the Earth, and the catalogue of his glorious deeds is brighter than the firmament of Heaven!

Dragoman (to the Traveller).—The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? The duece he does!—but I want to get at his views, in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire; tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a Speech from the throne, pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan's dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam—wonderful chair! wonderful houses! wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by that whizzing? he does not mean to say, does he, that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency, but he says the English talk by wheels, and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really have carried machinery to great perfection; tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with that), that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action, in a few hours.

Dragoman (recovering his temper and freedom of speech).—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, or the French, or the Indians, rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers, and brigades of artillery, are dropped into a mighty chasm called Euston-square, and in the biting of a cartridge they arise up again in Manchester, or Dublin, or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives. The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to his Dragoman).—I wish to have the opinion of an unprejudiced Ottoman gentleman, as to the prospects of our English commerce and manufactures; just ask the Pasha to give me his views on the subject.

Pasha (after having received the communication of the Dragoman).—The ships of the English swarm like flies; their printed calicoes cover the whole earth, and by the side of their swords the blades of Damascus are blades of grass. All India is but an

item in the Ledger-books of the Merchants, whose lumber-rooms are filled with ancient thrones!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the cutlery of England, and also the East India Company.

Traveller.—The Pasha's right about the cutlery, (I tried my scimitar with the common officers' swords belonging to our fellows at Malta, and they cut it like the leaf of a novel). Well, (to the Dragoman,) tell the Pasha I am exceedingly gratified to find that he entertains such a high opinion of our manufacturing energy, but I should like him to know, though, that we have got something in England besides that. These foreigners are always fancying that we have nothing but ships and railways, and East India Companies; do just tell the Pasha, that our rural districts deserve his attention, and that even within the last two hundred years, there has been an evident improvement in the culture of the turnip, and if he does not take any interest about that, at all events, you can explain that we have our virtues in the country—that the British yeoman is still, thank God! the British yeoman! Oh! and, by the by, whilst you are about it, you may as well say that we are a truth-telling people, and like the Osmanlees, are faithful in the performance of our promises.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman).—It is true, it is true:—through all Feringhistan the English are foremost, and best; for the Russians are drilled swine, and the Germans are sleeping babes, and the Italians are the servants of songs, and the French are the sons of newspapers, and the Greeks they are weavers of lies, but the English, and the Osmanlees are brothers together in righteousness; for the Osmanlees believe in one only God, and cleave to the Koran, and destroy idols, so do the English worship one God, and abominate graven images, and tell the truth, and believe in a book, and though they drink the juice of the grape, yet to say that they worship their prophet as a God, or to say that they are eaters of pork, these are lies,—lies born of Greeks, and nursed by Jews!

Dragoman.—The Pasha compliments the English.

Traveller (rising).—Well I've had enough of this. Tell the Pasha, I am greatly obliged to him for his hospitality, and still more for his kindness in furnishing me with horses, and say that now I must be off.

Pasha (after hearing the Dragoman, and standing up on his Divan).—Proud are the sires, and blessed are the dams of the horses that shall carry his Excellency to the end of his prosperous journey.—May the saddle beneath him glide down to the gates of the happy city, like a boat swimming on the third river of Paradise.—May he sleep the sleep of a child, when his friends are around him, and the while that his enemies are abroad, may his eyes flame red through the darkness—more red than the eyes of ten tigers!—farewell!

Dragoman.—The Pasha wishes your Excellency a pleasant journey.

So ends the visit.

This extract will show our readers, that we have introduced them to a traveller, who can at least write a fine roman hand, legible, and delightful to read. Nay, he has wit and humour, that shed an illustrative gleam on every object which he describes, placing it in the happiest relief. He is never at a loss for his joke. Both savage and civil come in equally for their share. Thus he tells his correspondent, that—

It used to be said, that a good man, struggling with adversity, was a spectacle worthy of the gods:—a Tartar attempting to run would have been a sight worthy of you. But put him in his stirrups, and then is the Tartar himself again: there you see him at his ease, reposing in the tranquility of that true home, (the home of his ancestors,) which the saddle seems to afford him, and drawing from his pipe the calm pleasures of his "own fireside," or else dashing sudden over the earth, as though for a moment he were borne by the steed of a Turkman chief, with the plains of central Asia before him. * * The Suridgees are the fellows employed to lead the baggage horses. They are most of them Gipsies. Poor devils! their lot is an unhappy one—they are the last of the human race, and all the sins of their superiors (including the horses) can safely be visited on them. But the wretched look often more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look down upon these poor Suridgees, their tawny skins, and their grisly beards, will gain them honourable standing in the foreground of a landscape. We had a couple of these fellows with us, each leading a baggage horse, to the tail of which last, another baggage horse was attached. There was a world of trouble in persuading the stiff angular portmanteaus of Europe to adapt themselves to their new condition, and sit quietly on pack-saddles, but all was right at last, and it gladdened my eyes to see our little troop file off through the winding lanes of the city, and show down brightly in the plain beneath; the one of our party that seemed to be most out of keeping with the rest of the scene, was Methley's Yorkshire servant, who rode doggedly on his pantry jacket, looking out for "gentlemen's seats." * * The first night of your first campaign (though you be but a mere peaceful campaigner) is a glorious time in your life. It is so sweet to find oneself free from the stale civilization of Europe! Oh my dear ally! when first you spread your carpet in the midst of these eastern scens, do think for a moment of those your fellow creatures that dwell in squares, and streets, and even (for such is the fate of many!) in actual country houses; think of the people that are "presenting their compliments," and "requesting the honour," and "much regretting,"—of those that are pinioned at dinner tables, or stuck up in ball-rooms, or cruelly planted in pews—ay, think of these, and so remembering how many poor devils are living in a state of utter respectability, you will glory the more in your own delightful escape.

Even the plague at Constantinople presents itself to him in more than one agreeable aspect:

All the while that I stayed at Constantinople, the Plague was prevailing, but not with any degree of violence; its presence, however, lent a mysterious, and exciting, though not very pleasant interest to my first knowledge of a great Oriental city; it gave tone, and colour to all I saw, and all I felt—a tone, and a colour sombre enough, but true, and well befitting the dreary monuments of past power and splendour. With all that is most truly oriental in its character, the Plague is associated: it dwells with the faithful in the holiest quarters in their city: the coats and the hats of Pera, are held to be nearly as innocent of infection, as they are ugly in shape, and fashion; but the rich furs, and the costly shawls, the brodered slippers, and the golden-laden saddle-cloths—the fragrance of burning aloes, and the rich aroma, of patchouli—these are the signs which mark the familiar home of Plague. You go out from your living London—the centre of the greatest, and strongest amongst all earthly dominions—you go out thence, and travel on to the capital of an Eastern Prince—you find but a waning power, and a faded splendour, that inclines you to laugh, and mock, but let the infernal Angel of Plague be at hand, and he, more mighty than armies—more terrible than Suleyman in his glory, can restore such pomp, and majesty to the weakness

of the Imperial walls, that if when HE is there, you must still go prying amongst the shades of this dead Empire, at least you will tread the path with seemly reverence, and awe. * * And perhaps as you make your difficult way, through a steep, and narrow alley, which winds between blank walls, and it is little frequented by passers, you meet one of those coffin-shaped bundles of white linen which implies an Ottoman lady. Painfully struggling against the obstacles to progression which are interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her big mud boots, and especially by her two pairs of slippers, she waddles along full awkwardly enough, but yet there is something of womanly consciousness in the very labour and effort with which she tugs, and lifts the burthen of her charms; she is close followed by her women slaves. Of her very self you see nothing, except the dark, luminous eyes that stare against your face, and the tips of the painted fingers depending like rosebuds from out the blank bastions of the fortress. She turns, and turns again, and carefully glances around her on all sides, to see that she is safe from the eyes of Mussulmans, and then suddenly withdrawing the yashmak, she shines upon your heart and soul with all the pomp and might of her beauty. And this which so dizzies your brain, is not the light, changeful grace, which leaves you to doubt whether you have fallen in love with a body, or only a soul; it is the beauty that dwells secure in the perfectness of hard downright outlines, and in the glow of generous colour. There is fire, though, too—high courage, and fire enough in the untamed mind, or spirit, or whatever it is, which drives the breath of pride through those scarcely parted lips. You smile at pretty women—you turn pale before the beauty that is great enough to have dominion over you. She sees, and exults in your giddiness; she sees and smiles; then presently, with a sudden movement, she lays her blushing fingers upon your arm, and cries out, "Yumourdjak!" (Plague!) meaning "there is a present of the Plague for you!" This is her notion of a witticism: it is a very old piece of fun, no doubt—quite an oriental Joe Miller; but the Turks are fondly attached, not only to the institutions, but also to the jokes of their ancestors; so, the lady's silvery laugh rings joyously in your ears, and the mirth of her women is boisterous, and fresh, as though the bright idea of giving the Plague to a Christian had newly lit upon the earth.

Our traveller is very fierce against Hellenic rites and ceremonies, and particularly so against their saint days and fast days:—

The fasts, too, of the Greek Church, produce an ill effect upon the character of the people, for they are carried to such an extent as to bring about a bona fide mortification of the flesh; the febrile irritation of the frame operating in conjunction with the depression of spirits occasioned by abstinence, will so far answer the objects of the rite, as to engender some religious excitement, but this is of a morbid character, and it seems to be certain, that along with the increase of sanctity, there comes a fiercer desire for the perpetration of dark crimes. The number of murders committed during Lent, is greater, I am told, than at any other time of the year. A man under the influence of a bean dietary (for this is the principal food of the Greeks during their fasts) will be in an apt humour for enriching the shrine of his Saint, and passing a knife through his next door neighbour. The monies deposited upon the shrines are appropriated by priests; the priests are married men and have families to provide for; they "take the good with the bad," and continue to recommend fasts. Then, too, the Greek Church enjoins her followers to keep holy such a vast number of Saints' days, as practically to shorten the lives of the people very materially. I believe that one third out of the number of the days in the year are "kept holy," or rather, *kept stupid*, in honour of the Saints; no great portion of the time thus set apart is spent in religious exercises, and the people don't betake themselves to any animating pastimes, which might serve to strengthen the frame, or invigorate the mind, or exalt the taste. On the contrary, the Saints' days of the Greeks in Smyrna, are passed in the same manner as the Sabbaths of well-behaved Protestant housemaids in London—that is to say, in a steady, and serious contemplation of street scenery. The men perform this duty at the doors of their houses,—the women at the windows, which the custom of Greek towns has so decidedly appropriated to them as the proper station of their sex, that a man would be looked upon as utterly effeminate if he ventured to choose that situation for keeping of the Saints' days. I was present one day at a treaty for the hire of some apartments at Smyrna, which was carried on between Carrigaholt, and the Greek woman to whom the rooms belonged. Carrigaholt objected that the windows commanded no view of the street; immediately the brow of the majestic matron was clouded, and with all the scorn of a Spartan mother she coolly asked Carrigaholt and said, "Art thou a tender damsel that thou wouldst sit, and gaze from windows?" The man whom she addressed, however, had not gone to Greece with any intention of placing himself under the laws of Lycurgus, and was not to be diverted from his views by a Spartan rebuke, so he took care to find himself windows after his own heart, and there, I believe, for many a month, he kept the Saints' days, and all the days intervening, after the fashion of Grecian women."

To console him, however, there were the ladies at the windows, and these in due time compel him to palinode: see too with what evident *gusto* he portrays the women of Cyprus:—

The bewitching power attributed at this day to the women of Cyprus, is curious in connection with the worship of the sweet goddess who called their isle her own; the Cypriote is not, I think, so beautiful in face as the Ionian queens of Izmir, but she is tall and slightly formed—there is a high-souled meaning and expression—a seeming consciousness of gentle empire that speaks in the wavy lines of the shoulder, and winds itself like Cytherea's own certus around the slender waist—then the richly abounding hair (not enviously gathered together under the head dress) descends the neck, and passes the waist in sumptuous braids; of all other women with Grecian blood in their veins, the costume is graciously beautiful, but these, the maidens of Limesol—their robes are more gently, more sweetly imagined, and fall, like Julia's Cashmere, in soft, luxurious folds. The common voice of the Levant allows that in face the women of Cyprus are less beautiful than their brilliant sisters of Smyrna, and yet, says the Greek, he may trust himself to one and all of the bright cities of the Ægean, and may yet weigh anchor with a heart entire, but that so surely as he ventures upon the enchanted Isle of Cyprus, so surely will he know the rapture, or the bitterness of love. The charm, they say, owes its power to that which the people call the astonishing "politics" (πολιτικη) of the women, meaning, I fancy, their tact, and their witching ways; the word, however, plainly fails to express one half of that which the speakers would say; I have smiled to hear the Greek, with all his plenteousness of fancy, and all the wealth of his generous language, yet vainly endeavouring to describe the ineffable spell which the Parisians dispose of in their own smart way, by a summary "Je ne sçai quoi."

This is followed by an account of Lady Hester Stanhope; as, however, it contains nothing new on an old topic, we pass on to less known, and more attractive metal. We visit "the sanctuary" and could linger there with the writer, but mistrust the vein in which he treats his subject. His satire likewise upon "the monks of the Holy land," is perhaps somewhat too buoyant, and his account of their ignorance a little exaggerated. As, however, he advises us "not to reason" on it, but to take it as it stands, we think it prudent to obey. Part of it may amuse:—

Christianity permits, and sanctions the drinking of wine, and of all the holy brethren in Palestine, there are none who hold fast to this gladsome rite so strenuously as the monks of Damascus; not that they are more zealous Christians than the rest of their fellows in the Holy Land, but that they have better wine. Whilst I was at Damascus, I had my quarters at the Franciscan convent there, and very soon after my arrival I asked one of the monks to let me know something of the spots which deserved to be seen; I made my inquiry in reference to the associations with which the city had been hallowed by the sojourn, and adventures of St. Paul. "There is nothing in all Damascus," said the good man, "half so well worth seeing as our cellars," and forthwith he invited me to go, see, and admire the long ranges of liquid treasure which he and his brethren had laid up for themselves on earth. And these, I soon found, were not as the treasures of the miser that lie in unprofitable disuse, for day by day, and hour by hour, the golden juice ascended from the dark recesses of the cellar to the uppermost brains of the monks; dear old fellows! in the midst of that solemn land, their christian laughter rang loudly, and merrily—their eyes flashed with unceasing bonfires, and their heavy woollen petticoats could no more weigh down the springiness of their paces, than the nominal gauze of a danseuse can clog her bounding step.

These monks have not always such a pleasant life of it:—

It was about three months after the time of my leaving Jerusalem, that the plague set his spot on the Holy City. The monks felt great alarm; they did not shrink from their duty, but for its performance they chose a plan most sadly well fitted for bringing down upon them the very death which they were striving to ward off. They imagined themselves almost safe, so long as they remained within their walls; but then it was quite needful that the Catholic Christians of the place, who had always looked to the convent for the supply of their spiritual wants, should receive the aids of religion in the hour of death. A single monk, therefore, was chosen either by lot, or by some other fair appeal to Destiny; being thus singled out, he was to go forth into the plague-stricken city, and to perform with exactness his priestly duties; then he was to return, not to the interior of the Convent, for fear of infecting his brethren, but to a detached building, (which I remember) belonging to the establishment, but at some little distance from the inhabited rooms; he was provided with a bell, and at a certain hour in the morning he was ordered to ring it, if he could; but if no sound was heard at the appointed time, then knew his brethren that he was either delirious, or dead, and another martyr was sent forth to take his place. In this way twenty-one of the monks were carried off. One cannot well fail to admire the steadiness with which the dismal scheme was carried through; but if there be any truth in the notion, that disease may be invited by a frightening imagination, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous plan than that which was chosen by these poor fellows. The anxiety with which they must have expected each day the sound of the bell—the silence that reigned instead of it, and then the drawing of the lots (the odds against death being one point lower than yesterday) and the going forth of the newly doomed man—all this must have widened the gulf that opens to the shades below: when his victim had already suffered so much of mental torture, it was but easy work for big, bullying Pestilence to follow a forlorn monk from the beds of the dying, and wrench away his life from him, as he lay all alone in an outhouse.

Here, for the present, we must pause.

THE CONNEXION OF THE SCIENCES.

WHEN an infant first opens its eyes upon this beautiful universe, it must appear like one blaze of light and glory. The unaccustomed eye cannot perceive the character of surrounding objects, their distances, dimensions, and configurations, or even their separate existence; but as the powers of vision strengthen and expand, the indistinctness of the primary impression is removed. The child then observes that the visible creation comprehends an infinite variety of objects; the earth and the heavens exhibit wonderful forms and combinations; trees, mountains, rivers, oceans open to view, and over his head ten thousand brilliant orbs sparkle from afar in the depths of space. Were it not for their gradual development the scene would fill him with overwhelming astonishment. These are at first observed in their masses, but the next process is that of contemplating them in their distinctive forms, and by comparison arriving at the conclusion that they are small or large, square or round, fixed or fleeting; in short, ascertaining their respective qualities, so as to identify them in the mind, and to describe them in appropriate language. Then the various relations of things to the whole visible panorama and to each other individually, begins to be perceived; till by degrees their connexion is traced. This, so far as relates to the general observation of mankind, is but very superficial and imperfect, though still sufficient to guide their ordinary actions and to provide for common necessities.

There is a discernable analogy between the physical and mental developments of our nature; and then between the progress of infancy and the advance of science. In the earliest period of the history of our world, in its infancy and the infancy of man, we may readily conceive of the contemplative shepherd watching not only his flocks by day or by night, but employing his otherwise unoccupied hours in ruminating upon the wonderful scenes around him, which in the starry heavens and the outspread earth compelled his attention. He saw the sun rising and setting, the seasons going and returning, the worlds of light beaming through the darkness, and the moon pursuing her tranquil course; and thus he would become an astronomer and philosopher *per force*. The man of greater refinement or deeper research would extend these more general and superficial notices, to an exacter and more curious inquiry into the particular objects or classes of objects brought under his observation. He would then observe their characters, forms, and relations, and, as we find at a very ancient date in the history of scientific investigation, begin to bring them into system and arrangement. He would consider them separately, then compare and combine. Thus the infant eye of philosophy opened gradu-

ally upon the universe; but years and ages were required for the correction of errors, the adjustment and classification of facts, and the discovery of universal laws. Systems were invented, and by the progress of knowledge destroyed and replaced by others; so that what was merely apparent or conjectural came to be established in its reality, or set aside in its illusions. So that, as Bonnycastle has beautifully expressed it, with regard to one of those processes of discovery—that is, the establishment of the true solar system by Copernicus after the Pythagorean doctrine of the planetary motions—"Seized with a daring enthusiasm, he (Copernicus) laid his hands on the cycles and crystal orbs of Ptolemy, and dashed them to pieces. And with the same noble frenzy, took the unwieldy earth and sent her far from the centre of the system, to move round the sun with the rest of the planets; so that of all the celestial equipage with which she had been formerly dignified, there only remained the moon to attend and accompany her in her journey."

The discovery, therefore of the connexion and rotation of objects to each in the same system of classification bespeaks the progress of knowledge. First they are viewed in their individual forms and characters, then in their remote or proximate relations, which are most obvious and common, then in their more minute peculiarities. By combining and sifting a vast accumulation of observations, outlines of systems are obtained, and at length the general discoveries within those respective limits are themselves systematized and reduced to rule or probability. At length science ascends a higher pinnacle and takes a more vast and comprehensive view. These individual systems are seen from this new height, first probably attained by some commanding genius, not only in their separate and individual character, but in their connecting links. What had previously appeared distinct and sole is then seen in union with other systems and combinations, till the golden chain which binds the universe of matter is perceived encircling, pervading, and winding along through all the regions of the mighty whole, and fastened to the throne of Deity!

It has been truly remarked, that astronomy affords the most extensive example of the connexion of the physical sciences; or rather, perhaps, it should have been said, that it presents at present the most obvious and striking example. After all the discoveries that have been made, the progress of general knowledge has been slow, and the field of observation is still very limited; but as every day shows the apparent barriers not to be impassable, but only like the seeming ridges of lands that loom along the horizon of the mariner even in the centre of the ocean, it may be anticipated that futurity will disclose equal if not more of nature's hidden links of associated or correlative sciences. As, however, gravitation holds its place, or moves in its orbit every luminary of heaven, and every particle of earth, astronomy appears to conduct us to a general law, and to disclose the principal facts of the physical universe in relation to rest and motion, as well as number and quantity. The discoveries, however, which are peculiarly astronomical have an intimate relation to the planetary and terrestrial phenomena, and to the electric, galvanic, and magnetic fluids that traverse the regions of air, or pervade the other portions of nature and of matter. In following the golden thread of creation, we perceive that the magnitude of the earth affords the materials for ascertaining the extent of the solar system, and provides a foundation for a system of weights and measures; we see that the figures of planets depend on their rotation, and their motions affect the forms of their satellites; that the reciprocal attractions of the celestial bodies disturb the fluids at their surfaces, and they suggest a theory of atmospherical tides and oscillations; that the effects of temperature lead to the doctrine of the barometer, and the laws of capillary attraction; and that by detecting the undulations of the aerial medium we find the basis of acoustics and all that relates to sound. We discover, also, in connexion with this department of knowledge, the method by which light is propagated, and are led to ascertain its nature, its properties, and its velocity; which, in the aberration of the fixed stars, conducts to the direct evidence of the earth's real motion. The effects of invisible rays are connected with chemical action, and thence research pursues its unwearied way through all the mazes of the operations of heat, in the interior and on the surface of our globe. Thus chemistry, geology, electricity, with their dependent facts and systems, spring into view, and open to the mental vision, enlarged and ever enlarging conceptions of the mighty whole. And what can we say, but "Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!" X.

Punch.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM SYDNEY MORNING HÉRALD
ESQ., TO PUNCH.

RESPECTED SIR—I dare say you saw a certain leading article, published in my name, on Saturday last, touching "Australian Geography." In that article, there appears the following paragraph:—"The indiscriminate fulsomeness of the Editorial pages of its published journal, the marked partiality perceptible in its annual addresses, and, above all, the mawkish twaddle with which it bespatters all whom it affects to patronise, disgusts, as we have good reason to know, almost every real traveller whom it invites under its wing." My object in now addressing you, Sir, is to assure you, and to beg that you will make the assurance public, that that article is a *base forgery*. No sentiments are more opposed to mine than those I have just quoted. I am sure, Sir, from what you know of me, you will readily believe me when I say, that I am, and always have been, a firm and enthusiastic admirer of the most "indiscriminate fulsomeness."—in testimony of which I need only refer to the various panegyrics which I have written on Sir George, the Legislative Council, and myself. You will also, I have no doubt, well recollect how frequently I have applied the epithets "able," "talented," "statesmanlike," and "eloquent," to poor witless creatures, too ignorant and thick-headed, even to mind the pigs about which I occasionally write. As for "marked partiality," where is there any one who knows so well as I do how to act the sycophant to those "placed in authority." But, Sir, honestly as I can place my hand upon my heart, and boast of my uniform adherence to these two estimable practices of "partiality," and "fulsomeness," I can yet more truly and sincerely pride myself upon my "mawkish twaddle." In this branch, I flatter myself, I reign without a rival; and it is rather too bad to make