

LONDON CHURCHES.

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church door,
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score—
From one outstepp'd a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,—
But above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly as up a ball-room
Her footsteps seemed to glide—
There might be good thoughts in her
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array—
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

Old Heathendom's vast Temples
Held men of every fate;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of St. Sophia
Confounds all human state.

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year!
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear—
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England,
Where this disgrace I saw—
England where no one crouches
In tyranny's base law.—
England where all are equal
Beneath the eye of law.

Yet there, too, each cathedral
Contracts its ample room—
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom—
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb!

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

THE ARABIAN EMPIRE.

[Concluded.]

We must now turn from regarding the rise and greatness of the Arabian empire to the more melancholy tale of its decline, fall, and influence. We have seen a nation of shepherds and robbers, suddenly bursting from obscurity and contempt, spring up into an attitude of vigour and majesty. We have traced them marching onward over desolated and vanquished countries, attacking principalities and powers, establishing an unequalled authority, and adding to the religions of the earth a moral-debasing superstition. We have seen them crushing Africa and swaying Asia, prostrating the energies of Gothic Spain, and emulating with no doubtful success the strength of Augustus and the wisdom of those he fostered. When we hear casually in history of the Arabian empire, we think of some wide-spread dominion existing only in the pages of romance or in the visions of the fancy; but we look more closely,

And that which did appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Doth rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation.

Our enthusiasm becomes excited, admiration of the realities we contemplate becomes proportioned to our former incredulity of their existence, so that we overlook each symptom of imbecility, and deny, even to ourselves, the belief that the whole is subject to decay; we fondly hope that some things may be exempted from the rule of instability, and that there may be some indulgence accorded to the objects which charm the senses, and engage the affections of the heart. And when at last the conviction is forced upon us that all is vanity, that all must fade and fall; when we watch till we see ruin stealing on, and fate compelling beauty to own its imperious dominion, we reflect upon the spectacle, like the poet who has described so touchingly "cold obstruction's apathy," and we doubt with him if, indeed, we view only the spectre of loveliness and the signs of vanished vitality. We gaze and scrutinize more deeply, and then we observe, though unwillingly, many things reason deploras, and still more that morality censures, but we cannot pause to analyse or attack them; we are overpowered by the force of misplaced sympathies, and though living in the full lustre of gospel light, and the ample enjoyment of Christian knowledge, we yet concede admiration to victorious force, and yield our praise to superstition. Though the hearts impregnated with revelation's spirit may revolt against the reverence paid to such valueless and degrading things; though in the calmness of ritual reflection, in solitude—man's sweetest slumber—we may scrutinize successfully the evils of the Mahomedan system, yet we possess no innate and independent

power enabling us to estimate at once, with truth and justice, the merits presented to our view. Doubtless had the Arabians when they erected their empire rejected with Spartan indifference the claims of learning, and discouraged each lofty and arousing aspiration of the mind, the admiration awarded would be infinitely less than it is at present, when we associate the name of Arabian authority with ideas of civilisation, knowledge and refinement. The subject of Lacedæmon's power defies the pen to enwrap it in interest or romance; there is in it so little of mental, so much of the grosser kind of physical exertion, that it checks all attempts to adorn it and damps the ardour of all who investigate or describe it. But it is because we can think of some Arabian philosophers as burning and shining lights, and because we can consider the eclipse of their effulgence as operating powerfully on the interests of universal man; it is because the irradiating beams of early speculation could not cease to shine without darkening the mind and causing a deep moral and intellectual gloom, that we can properly contemplate the days when Bagdad rivalled the seat of the Emperors, and the palaces of Cordova, like the realms of enchantment, astonished the visions they delighted.

Without entering fully into any wearisome details of the events and causes which led to the fall of the Arabian empire, it will be useful to notice briefly each dynasty separately, from its rise to its fall, as it will appear that there was a want of cohesion in the system, a want of some ruling mind and principle throughout. When Alexander died, his vast schemes were divided with the heirs of his several possessions, and both frittered away; and then, in later times, when the Arabs separated and formed in various parts of the world portions rather of a great confederacy than provinces of one mighty dominion, the want of strength that union imparts was deeply felt, and the result was the gradual extinction of the whole combination. Mecca was the first seat of Government, the Omniades the first governors. When their power increased and a more central or a more accessible capital was necessary, they removed to Damascus. But there no hope existed of security, for jealousies had been kindled, selfishness was working; personal ambition had usurped the place of religious fanaticism; schism was extending; and all these elements of discord were evidences in the perils impending from the Abbases. On the one hand, as the descendants of Mahommed's uncle, and the Fatimites on the other, as the posterity of his daughter, both of which had assumed the character of bold and desperate factions. In 750, Abdallah the Abbaside conquered the feeble and enervated Kaliph of Damascus; and as if to show that Arabian hospitality had departed with the augmentation of power, and that the appearance of luxury had banished the simple feelings of his ancestry, he invited the whole kindred of the conquered to a banquet, and slew them on the spot, as the sacrifice to his ambition, as the completion of his crimes. One solitary representative of the race escaped to Spain, which then was ripe and ready for a revolt, where he established his power and authority, and reigned in undisturbed supremacy. The example of one part of the empire was speedily imitated by another, so that the Fatimites succeeded in founding at Cairo another powerful Government. At the history of each division it will be therefore necessary to glance.

Regarding Europe, first we find that the fugitive to Spain consolidated his strength there, without being able to extend it. The Pyrenees bounded his territory, though they could not discourage his ambition. He formed a sovereignty that existed fully two hundred and fifty years. He defeated and he persecuted, but he could not extinguish his foes. The Christians had retreated to the mountains of Asturias, when, in the earlier part of the 8th century, the timidity of Roderic and the treachery of Count Julian rendered their country a prey to Moslem invasion. From 712 to 1492, nearly eight centuries, the Moors, as they were called, retained their footing, and during the greater part of the time reigned paramount, though never undisturbed. At length, when Ferdinand and Isabella, having united the power of Aragon and Castile, conquered Granada and demolished the kingdom of their foes, the long series of wars was closed, and a termination put to that succession of contests which continued from generation to generation, and included, as the chroniclers assert, "three thousand seven hundred battles;" then closed to the page of Spanish glory; then died the fame which had shone so brightly, and whose memory must live so long; then came, indeed, the discoveries of Columbus and the conquests consummated by the gigantic genius of Cortez (deeds destined to be rewarded by the ingratitude of a court); then followed the foreign accessions of Charles, the miserable tyranny of Philip, the atrocities of the Inquisition, and the final expulsion from the land of the subjugated Moors—a harmless and industrious people—who at the mandate of bigotry were compelled to depart in search of a home in the wilderness or on the coasts, whence their gallant fathers emerged, nearly a thousand years before, to dazzle the world by the heroic glory of their deeds. But the tale of Christian opposition to the Mauritanian empire in Spain cannot be cast utterly in the shade by the weakness or the wickedness that followed. The days when the Gothic nobility, animated by the purest patriotism, refined into the spirit of incipient chivalry, came forth from the mountains, like their ancestors from the northern wilds, to resist the encroachments of enemies to their faith and conquerors of their country are not days to be forgotten, still less to be robbed of their merited reward. They proved the truth of the conviction, that there is something in a good cause which adds to the success and insures it as a final result; they constitute an instance invaluable, memorable and renowned.

That freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

And at the present time, when we think of grand and glorious events—when we desire a specimen of the strength of man, as displayed in honorable strife—when we recall the remembrance of periods distinguished in the history of the world—in the first rank (not behind the struggles of Greece, or the triumphant vindication of American independence) is the era when the Moors and Christians fought, year by year, for rights lost; and power usurped—the era when the heart was braced to the height of resolution, and when life was consecrated to the cause of freedom, or valued as an opportunity of national revenge. We are accustomed to think of the Spanish revolutions as emanations

of a vigorous and noble spirit; we fondly dwell on the history of periods so honorable to the land liberated by native valour from foreign aggression; but few duly appreciate the sufferings of the oppressed, or the power of the Moorish oppressors—few form a just and adequate idea of the character of the contending parties, the refined and polished genius of the one, and the unconquerable vigour of the other. While the Arabs were in Spain, that nation was the residence of two classes of inhabitants, both eminent in history, and revered in memory—both adopted into the family of the poet, covered with romantic interest, and associated with heart-stirring and most ennobling recollections. But when, at last, the Christians were the victors, and the Moorish might was shattered, the conquered departed to sink again into contempt, and have scarcely, with all their nobility of feeling, escaped oblivion; the vanquishers, as if they could not exist but in the stormy times of national convulsion or in connexion with an alien population, sunk also in character and respect; just as, in nature, the oak, stripped of its encumbering ivy, totters alone, strangely falling a victim to the loss of that which could continue only to corrode. It would be thought, in the moral case, that the moment the necessity of force being exerted for protection was obviated, the energies of the people would be directed to hallowed purposes and useful ends, and that the destructive operation of an encompassing, contaminating faith would only cease to elevate the character of those no longer subject to its sway; and so, in the natural incident, we would imagine that the king of the forest, emancipated from the encircling tendrils which, like the death-impregnate robe of Hercules, infused poison through every fibre of the quivering frame, would flourish in renovated health, and in the vigour of renewed vitality, instead of sinking from exhaustion and decay—an evidence that its attendant evil afforded also an artificial support. But history records that the fall of the Arabian empire in Spain was at once the cause of that nation's independence, and the commencement of its moral debasement. The Omniades fell; the Gothic character, after being grafted on the aboriginal Iberian spirit, had expended all its greatness in the contests against them, or, as if it were destined to shine only when opposition aroused its fire, became degraded; and no sooner was victory won than nobility sunk into meanness, and courage into fraud. Every right, defended against infidel encroachments, was conceded to civil tyranny or ecclesiastical demands; every vestige vanished of that which the patriotic in every age and country will honor; and so sudden was the change, that it seemed as though "light did but counterfeit a gloom."

To turn to Asia, and the Arabian empire there, we observe, that from the time when the Abbaside Kaliphs established themselves at Bagdad, there was one continued series of crimes in public life, scarcely gilded by the refinement of private station and the honorable patronage of learning. When we arrive at the early part of the ninth century, and see Haroun claiming the proud title of Al-Raschid, sanctioning science, and allying himself with Charlemagne and the Christians, we cannot forget that we read of the assassin of the Barmecides, and that our sympathies are claimed on behalf of a despot, celebrated merely as less despotic than his successors. We hear of the Tartars coming forth from the frozen forests, and pouring down upon the regions of civilisation, and we can scarcely find any cause for regret in the catastrophe, except from a comparison, suggesting that the tribe of Seljuks was worse even than the Arabs in their worst moments; that the former wanted the knowledge that dignified the latter, and were influenced only by the grosser portions of Mahomedan creed—ignorant altogether of its better spirit and doctrines. Bagdad was founded in 762; the Turks wrested Syria from the Kaliphs in the commencement of the eleventh century, and the Arab dynasty finally fell before the Tartar conqueror in 1258. Thus, for more than five centuries, with very slight interruptions, the Abbases reigned at the head of a vast empire, in their magnificent and costly capital on the banks of the Tigris. That period was employed by the citizens in literary exertion and scientific speculation; it was coincident with an era as dark elsewhere as any in the history of man. It is celebrated as a time when the enterprising genius of an extraordinary people was exerted, and it will be remembered with admiration and astonishment so long as the majestic ruins of their temples remain to extort our eulogy, and to command our praise. Unfortunately for the security of the Arabian power, it depended for its security more on the forbearance of its foes than its own independent capacity and vigour. Directly the faith of Mahommed animated with fanaticism some furious inhabitants of the desert, and sent them forth on a lawless expedition against the peaceful regions of the globe, the Kaliph's empire, as most obnoxious to the attack, decayed, and at length was completely destroyed. The Turks came upon the populated and fertile regions of the south with all their ancestral fierceness; they rushed forth armed against every realm which invited invasion from the sensual and ambitious. The first torrent from Tartary would most probably have overwhelmed and swept away every vestige of the Arabian empire ere its strength was expended, had the Christians not been aroused by the tale of pilgrims from Palestine, who, having experienced from its new possessors a reception different to that given by the Arabs, called loudly on the professors of their faith to rescue the holy city from the spoliating and contaminating grasp of the new tyrant and invaders. The Crusaders delayed the fall of the Arabian empire by throwing themselves in the path before the reeking and maddening Osmanli; but when the Saracens became also opponents of the Christians, and were, in turn, reduced in strength by the conflict, they became easy victims, as well as tempting objects, of Bactrian aggression. The issue was the extinction of that Asiatic empire which had reared its head on the banks of the Ganges, and had stretched to the confines of Egypt, and which, during a long period and a prosperous reign, contained much of what was honorable on the earth. Bagdad fell, and the majestic Kaliphate departed; the Arabian institutions faded and sunk; the regions which had been adorned by the imperial strength of the Abbases became subject to a despotism which has ever since continued its demoralizing and desolating influence, reducing the scene of bygone glories to one wretched and miserable district—a wilderness whose woes accumulate, and appear more dismal from the absence of all just anticipation of relief and resuscitation. The remaining dynasty of the Arabs was not more firm or lasting. Cairo, like Bagdad, at length yielded to the Turks,

and is still included in their territories. The African empire departed from the effect of the same causes, and its final overthrow was procrastinated by the same agency. It fell, too, with a reputation as high for genius, enterprise, and learning. The Fatimites surrendered to the barbarous hordes from the North, after having more than once struggled for universal dominion; they disappeared from among the rulers of nations to become tributary to a petty uncivilised people. Had Cairo continued the state of an intelligent and industrious government, the interior of Africa might now have presented us a far more cheering aspect than the few straggled travellers who have explored it can report; there might have been in the great continent something more than a mere vast amphitheatre wherein man and beast dispute the mastery. But it was not so ordered. The whole of Egypt has been ever since beneath the paralyzing yoke of tyrants who themselves are slaves; it has been trodden by the lustful "children of the sun," spoiled to minister to their pleasure, ruined to satisfy caprice. Its ample ancient granaries, its pompous mausoleums, its pyramids, and its natural adornments, were all marred by the brutalising temperaments of the second Mahomedan invaders; and now it is a mean and miserable district, parched, valueless, and polluted, like the masters who call it their own. It had fallen successively beneath Greek, Roman, and Arab; and, lastly, it has bowed beneath a burden more galling than any, the destructive influence of the Turks. Nothing but domestic treachery or jealousies could have doomed a land so powerful to a destiny so degrading; and these, unhappily, were not wanting. Sectarian envy had awakened the professors of the Mahomedan faith; they agreed only, to use the historian's words, in considering a sectarian opponent worse than an unbeliever. One Kaliph endeavoured to raise up a new religion, another encouraged and maintained the ascendancy of the old profession; and our British wars of the Roses were never more rancorous or bloody than the contests between the green and the white bannered factions. Foreign hostility, added to domestic treason, completed their ruin, and speedily Arabia itself alone remained the possession of the Prophet's descendants. Mecca attracted pilgrims from every land, Medina, and its fabulous magnetic tomb, teemed with votaries and worshippers, but every other sign of that mighty empire, which had extended so widely and was elevated so high, was sought in vain throughout the vast territories which had owned the authority of fanatical rulers, and had fallen beneath the force of a popular impulse no power sufficed to resist.

Thus fell the Arabian empire. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Three thousand years had elapsed since Ishmael, a friendless wanderer, left his parent's home, and owed his preservation in the desert to a miracle. More than six centuries had passed since Mahommed, like the great ancestor of his people, was expelled from the place of his birth, and was banished from the city of his fathers. The polished Arab now yielded to the ferocious Bactrian; and as the great Roman empire had fallen beneath the inundating torrents from the European north, so the great Arab power was overwhelmed by impetuous invasions from the Asiatic deserts. Similar in grandeur, it was similar in fate; it had risen more rapidly, its ruin was as hasty, not more complete. It left behind a moral and a memory of desolation; its scattered vestiges of magnificence are a standing evidence of temporary pride; its recollection is suggestive of mournful and chastening feelings. The Arabic heroes are forgotten by name; their monuments are admired for their architectural beauty, not for the nobility of the spirit they were erected to honour; the bones deposited within them, to employ the eloquent elegiac language of Sir Thomas Browne, "have now rested quietly in the grave beneath the drums and trappings of three conquests." The field of Tours has been whitened by them, but even tradition there bears no record of the event; Jerusalem has seen them laid side by side with prophets and with kings, and the tombs of all are forgotten together. Ishmael and Isaac, foes on earth, rest peacefully in alliance in the same grave. Spain has been beautified by their memorials, but degraded by the practical negation of their independent heroic spirit; and if there is truth, as we would desire to believe, in the tale of the Cid's funeral, when death reassumed vitality to protect nobility from profanation, surely there has been enough in that land of degradation to arouse alike Christian and Moorish warriors from the sepulchre, to vindicate the character of the nation. Every where

Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.

Everywhere Saracenic glory and power have faded away; the Arabian aspiring blood has sunk into the ground, and not to vegetate there. Shorn of strength, the Arabs have lost also the moral splendour that adorned them. Their sciences, their refinement, their valour have decayed, or been wasted; their hand once more is against every man, and every man's hand against them; the Turk is their master and the desert is their home! Their fathers—where are they? Departed from memory as their nation has faded from fame, their history is a blank, their boasted empire has vanished and gone for ever! The standard of Islâm no longer is the banner carrying terror and dismay along the confines of Christendom: the pale despots that rear it are defeated, despite its sacred and inspiring renown; fanaticism, pointing to heaven as a conqueror's reward, utters a feeble sound unechoed in the regions it formerly startled from torpor; the deluge of Mahomedanism having at length subsided from the ark of Christianity, the dove has gone forth to show every nation that the olive branch of peace now tranquilly and triumphantly waves this globe to add a pure and moral loveliness to those fields of nature designed as the dwelling-place of man!

Our remaining consideration is the influence of the Arabian empire on the world. That it must have operated powerfully few will deny, for a mighty dominion could not have been raised and then fall, without leaving traits of influence on every land once stamped by the powerful ensigns of its transient authority.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?

Still we must not hope to find evidences of direct effects very perspicuously displayed in history. The fall of an empire chiefly operates on the mind: with a force which can scarcely be calculated, and yet which is sensibly felt. When a thralldom is shaken off, and the restraints that tinged the sentiments with a particular color, and directed the energies of the population in a particular direction, are suddenly loosened, the reaction, like that of the fabled oak, may be destructive, and must be severe.

Its extent and precise power remain more matters of speculation than of certainty; the equilibrium of the mind, once disturbed, may speedily settle again, or, once shaken, may, like the pendulum, under regulated laws, continue vibration. We know that shortly after the Arabian empire departed, mankind commenced those strides which since have incessantly been taken, leading onward to ends as yet dimly developed, opening constantly, fresh hopes of advancement, and expanding the horizon which recedes from our approach, and tempts us by its resplendent brilliancy still farther in the search. But we cannot positively determine the value of the impulse afforded by the stirring events we have considered—the crash of thrones, the destined fall of dynasties—we can merely admit them into the catalogue of causes, and acknowledge their united power, without attributing to each individual agency a definite relative importance. When we see civilisation creeping into a country once the residence only of the barbarous and the bold—

Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea;

and in the rising state of society, observe the intellect more asserting its sovereignty over matter, and controlling the passions, the sword and the spear resting on the walls, the national phalanx disappearing altogether; the posterity of heroes seeking the glories of peace, and adorning by mental triumphs the bright land of their nativity, consecrating every effort to mental improvement, and speculating with sublimated affections, yet not resisting the force of those patriotic emotions which burned in the bosoms of their fathers, we can recognise the effect of some great causes without distinguishing with exactitude their nature, or the force of each; we see knowledge increase, and refinement influence the heart, and we marvel whence they came. But when, as in the case of the Arabian empire, we know that there was a degree of learning, a latent moral influence which could not be entirely lost, we can appreciate the operation in subsequent events, and trace it in future changes. We know that we owe to the Arabs the use of the numerical character, the manufacture of paper, of cotton, and perhaps of gunpowder; we know that we are indebted to them for much of that spirit of scientific and experimental enquiry which for a time was abused indeed by the alchemists, but which afterwards was visible in the pursuits of Lavoisier and Black. In mechanics, too, and in medicine, we experience the advantage of Arabian researches; and still more have we felt that advantage in earlier and less cultivated times. In some things, however, the immediate contemporaries of the Arabs or the generations living directly after them, have experienced benefits which we should not have enjoyed, had they not handed down to us a tradition of their knowledge. Our acquaintance with the sublime truths of astronomy would, for instance, have been as deep had Eastern philosophers never turned their eyes to the realms of illimitable space, gazed enraptured on the canopy above, and watched with enraptured and admiring minds the harmonious movements of the countless worlds that career along in unrivalled beauty, adorning the firmament they people. "The moment," says Sir John Herschell, "astronomy became a branch of mechanics, a science essentially experimental (that is to say, one in which any principle laid down can be subjected to immediate and decisive trial, and where experience does not require to be waited for) its progress suddenly acquired a tenfold acceleration, nay to such a degree, that it has been asserted, and we believe with truth, that were the results of all the observations from the earliest ages annihilated, leaving only those made in Greenwich Observatory during the single lifetime of Maskelyne, the whole of this most perfect of sciences might, from those data, and as to the objects included in them, be at once reconstructed, and appear precisely as it stood at their conclusion. The operation, indeed, of Arabian knowledge of astronomy in the early ages, was perhaps principally to lend a plausibility to astrology. The observers of stars, like Columbus predicting the eclipse, had the power of astonishing, when they prepared to delude. We must not, however, underrate the debt we owe the Arabians. If it be true that they have added nothing to our astronomical lore, they have at least been greatly influential in imparting to us the bold spirit of enquiry by which alone that lore can be collected. We do in some measure owe it to those early philosophers that we know have reached a noble enlightenment, and live in days when Galileo is no longer heretical, and Kepler no longer mad; for surely we must frankly acknowledge that we can trace the enterprising spirit of the present time to no source but the example of Arabian speculators; and therefore it is to them we should feel indebted, if not for our stores of learning, at least for the energy that dictates their discovery, and the spirit that directs their use. If we have in some cases improved on the legacy they left us, in some we remain listless, without any efforts to increase the value of our possession; and in others we have, it must be feared, degenerated. Heraldry may have been expanded in its uses, but it can scarcely be considered improved; and when we regard the gorgeous relics of the olden time, the architectural adornments of the East; when we contemplate the delicate fretwork, and the ingenious combination of their ornaments, the boldness of their designs, their gigantic proportions, we must admit, that though other lands may possess attractions derived from noble exertions of art, yet that our country is covered with few modern evidences that we can despise the graceful power of the Saracenic artists. Generally we have benefitted greatly by Arabian examples. Universally the influence of that empire has not only been good, but lasting. It aroused that European genius from the lethargy of inactivity which since has wrought such marvels in moulding matter and in elevating mind, which has shone in the conceptions of our poets and our statesmen, in the daring schemes of the foes of tyranny and wrong. That influence, though slow in its operation, though for a time lost in the darkness of the ages succeeding the Arabian fall, now operates with powerful effect; it has cast round the western nations an electric chain, that conveys a mysterious emotion to the very core, and touches the nerves and the springs of action; it has awakened the populations to an ennobling and still-improving appreciation of their destinies and hopes; it has penetrated the most humble ranks from which oftentimes since the greatest of our intellectual nobility have sprung. So long as the spirit shall live which is not content with first impressions or casual observations, which dives into the recesses of nature for accumulating evidences of a great first cause, which traverses the regions of space, and dignifies earth by making it the receptacle of knowledge, shall

the empire and the men whence so much of that spirit was derived live in the memory, and be cherished there. Ay, and when the recollection of Arabian conquests has departed, the remembrance of their nobler deeds shall not perish. Arabia, a desert, shall be venerated as the birth-place of wisdom; and once the shrine of the wise, though desolate, it shall not be despised. And Arabian power, a name, shall yet be revered, because used to exalt the sentiments, and to advance the interests of every tribe of man. The vanquishers of the world shall be remembered long after their temporal ambition is forgotten, from a just admiration of their mental triumphs, and of the impulse they imparted to its people.

Burch.

YOUNG ENGLAND ON GOVERNMENT.

The following views on Government are selected from the unpublished MS. of a young gentleman in a white waistcoat. They were probably intended for publication somewhere, but as they have not yet attained the honours of type, we award them a place in our columns without in any way committing ourselves to the opinions of the writer—

"If we had the formation of a ministry, it should be a ministry, of the pen, not of the portfolio. We would have a cabinet of authors: our Premier should be a novelist, and our Lord Chancellor should be a poet. The world might smile at this suggestion; but what can be more beautiful than the idea of wedding law to the lyre, thus softening the asperities of the one by the sweetness of the other? Is not poetry the very foundation of our legal system? for is it not all law blended with fiction?"

"To show how easily the poet and the lawyer may be combined, we subjoin a forensic judgment, which has been allied to one of the most charming pieces of fancy that ever emanated from the genius of the author of the 'Irish Melodies.' It is a decision on a point of pleading—one of the driest subjects that can be conceived; but still capable by the treatment Young England would suggest, of being graced with poetic elegance. The judge, sitting in banco, is supposed to be delivering his judgment on a demurrer to the

"AIR.—Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

"Believe me if all those elaborate pleas,
You've argued so ably to-day,
Could all be demolished with infinite ease,
Like the sums which the law melts away;
There would still be a point which this moment I see,
Let your eloquence urge what it will;
And though with your case I might wish to agree,
My duty's more absolute still.

"It is not while Stephens and Chitty you cite,
And away from the cases you steer,
That I can determine that black shall be white,—
If I could I ought not to sit here.
The judge that is upright all favour forgets,
He no partiality knows;
As Dennman will turn on the silk-toga'd pets
The same look that he gives the back rows."

THE PECULIAR BURDENS UPON LAND.

Mr. Ward has lately brought forward an unsuccessful motion for an inquiry into this subject. We quite agree with the majority that rejected it—there is no reason for any inquiry into the matter. We can save the house a blue-book (so called from its effect upon the looks of honourable members while engaged in its perusal) by a succinct account of these "peculiar burdens" for each of the three divisions of the United Kingdom.

ENGLAND.

Imprimis, We should say a very peculiar burden upon the land in England is—

1. A sporting landlord, in whose eyes partridges are of more consequence than paupers, and who in all his schemes of amelioration spells "peasant" with a "ph."
2. An ill-paid overworked labourer, with a mind as bare as his body, a dog-hole for a dwelling, and an union-house for a refuge.
3. An ignorant tenantry, with a confidence in Sir Robert Peel and a blind dependence on protection and the landlord.
4. A non-resident rector, with a taste for Cheltenham waters, and a notion that the working clergy are composed of curates at £80 per annum.

IRELAND.

1. An absentee proprietor, who considers hedge-shooting the natural amusement of the Irish peasantry; believes the only "genteel" residence for a man of taste to be an English watering-place, and holds the duties of property to be all on the side of the tenant.
2. A Protestant ascendancy parson, who looks on Orange Lodges as a development of the Christian church; "Boyne water" as a hymn; and a National School as a favourite parade-ground for the Evil One.
3. A rack-renting agent, whose favourite argument is a policeman's bayonet.

SCOTLAND.

1. A Highland landholder, with a preference for sheep-walks over small holdings, and a tendency to promote Emigration on a large scale by driving out forty families in one clearing.
 2. A population of paupers depending on what the heritors like to give them.
- Let England, Ireland, and Scotland, rid themselves of these burdens respectively, and we should not despair of even more wonderful results than a Repeal of the Corn-Laws, a millennium in which the Duke of Buckingham should play in Mr. Cobden's drying-grounds, and Villiers sport over Sir John Tyrell's preserves; when Sibthorpe should exchange the kiss of peace with Bowring; and Hume and Herbert sit cheek-by-jowl on the Treasury Bench, with the smile of brotherly love upon their faces, and their arms round one another's necks.

The Drama.

Although we have not recently taken special notice of the proceedings at the Victoria, we have not been unobservant of what was passing, nor uninterested in the result.

We are ardent admirers of the drama in its pure legitimate form, and anxiously desire that it should find favor among the intelligent, and educated of this colony.

We are by no means insensible to the difficulties connected with the judicious administration of the dramatic department here, still they are difficulties to be successfully overcome by perseverance and decision of character.

With the bulk of our play-goers, the standard of dramatic taste is not remarkable for being either elevated or refined. On the contrary, it has a decided downward tendency. It should, therefore, be the especial care of those who preside over the dramatic business to prevent its further degeneracy. To pander to vitiated tastes in scenic representations, is assuredly the most expeditious mode of utterly extinguishing the drama's noblest functions. It