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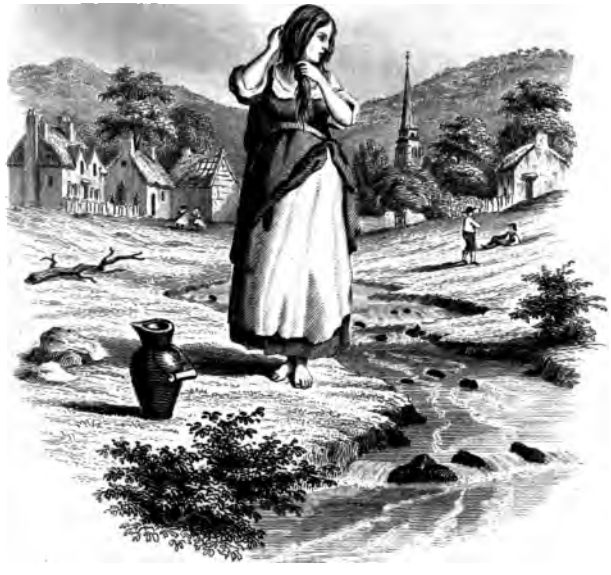

Cheltenham in the Olden Time.

THE

CHELTENHAM LITERARY

ANNUAL.

A GIFT-BOOK AND REMEMBRANCER.

"A covenant 'twixt those who stay
And those who must depart;
An envoy from the far-away,
To keep them in the heart."

—T. K. Hervey.

CHELTENHAM:

NORMAN, "EXAMINER" OFFICE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

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PREFACE.

When the Editors of this volume first thought of its publication, they must confess to anxiety for its reception by the Public; but when the writers, whose names grace its pages, kindly promised contributions, and allowed the use of their names; they felt assured of literary success at least.

Expression of pleasure at having kept faith with the reader, to whom they promised literature of a high character, will perhaps be pardoned. Like Southey, they wish all Editors would "abstain from informing the reader what he is to admire, and what he is not;" and therefore name no portion of the volume, but call attention to the whole. As, however, they are stringers of other people's pearls, and only claim for their own articles the honour of association with the productions of abler pens; they may say without breach of modesty that the following pages can hardly fail to secure merited admiration.

To the Authors who have aided them they return heartfelt thanks. Without such aid the volume could not have been published; and conscious of the value of services rendered, they have endeavoured to mark their appreciation in the careful production of the book.

They venture to indulge the hope that the year 1858 will find all their kind helpers once more connected in a LITERARY ANNUAL.

CONTENTS.

INFLUENCE AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES;

OR,

The Swiss Pastor and the Young Englishman.

A SKETCH, BY MRS. W. FISON,

Author of "Hints for the Earnest Student," "Theoretical Science and its Practical Results," &c.

PART I.

"Influence, whether derived from money, talents, or connections is power. There is no person so insignificant, but he has much of this power.—Whoever neglects or misapplies it, is an unprofitable servant, and even men of feeble public talents may acquire much influence by kindness and consistency of character."—Cecil.

It was a cold winter's evening in December, 1845, and the howling of the wind through the leafless trees bespoke a tempestuous night. A heavy fall of snow, which had descended without intermission for some days, had not, however, prevented the assemblage of a large party under the hospitable roof of Monsieur le Comte de S———.

The spacious saloon of the old chateau presented a scene at once animating and striking to Sydney Grey, a young Englishman who happened to be one of the guests. He had wandered from one group to another, now listening to the sound of music and song, or taking part in the animated conversation of young friends of his own age, when his attention was arrested by the venerable appearance of an aged Swiss Pastor, who was the centre of a little coterie at one end of the saloon. Attracted by the interest with which the Comte de S———and other gentlemen and ladies listened, or occasionally took part in the discussion, Sydney Grey drew near

the Pastor Monsieur D ——, and the first words that fell on his ear, were destined to strike deeply into his mind, and exercise a remarkable influence upon his future life.

"How then," said Madame Gaberel, (an elegant Parisian lady) after a pause apparently occasioned by the deep feeling of those who formed the group around the old minister, "How then, would you answer my question and enable each man or woman to find their appropriate *mission?* You say, that to each of us the Creator has given a certain work to fulfil. I feel the importance of your words, but it is a new idea to me I confess; I have lived nearly thirty years, and it has hitherto never entered into my mind; I am very anxious" she continued with deep seriousness "to hear your reply."

"Your question," answered the Pastor, "is one involving so many subjects of the highest importance, that it would be difficult for me to answer it without taking up too much of your time, but I will give you Madame, a few indications of my views. M. le Comte and my other friends will assist me I am well assured.

Were it another season of the year, I should take you to the balcony of the chateau, or the shores of our lake below, and ask you to view for one moment the distant chain of snowy mountains which form so glorious a feature in our Swiss scenery. I would then in my turn, ask you a question, which would be:—do those snowy peaks answer no other end in the economy of the creation than to excite our feelings of wonder and admiration? Do not those icy glaciers which crown the summit of those stupendous Alps fulfil some wise purpose of their Creator commensurate with their grandeur?"

"Certainly," said the Comte de S——who was aware of the train of thought that his friend Monsieur D—— wished to awaken in those around him. "Those immense fields of ice, which appear to us to prolong the reign of winter throughout the genial season of summer, are in truth, the sources of life, the sealed-up fountains, which supply and sustain the vast rivers that traverse our continents. The glaciers perform a most important service, and when other sources of water are exhausted, the summer heat opens out their bountiful supplies. Our Swiss rivers and lakes are always most replenished in the hot months of July and August,

because it is then that the torrents of the Alps rush down from their mountain recesses. During my summer excursions, when crossing the glaciers, I have often stopped to listen and wonder at the rustling sound of the plenteous streams that gushed forth from their icy beds."

"But what has this to do with the question of Madame Gaberel?" asked Sydney Grey.

"Perhaps you will see its bearing," answered the Comte with animation, "if I ask you to follow the course of these mountain streams. These living waters are destined to fructify and refresh far distant countries. Their mission ends not, when unfettered, they thus descend to the plains below, from their Alpine home; but they hasten on, at their Maker's supreme decree, to bear blessing and plenty to distant lands in their onward course to the ocean.

Your English author, Paley, will give you the application, my dear Sydney, which is that throughout His visible creation, the Great Creator acts not without design; the same universal law prevails, and from our Alps to the meanest worm in your path, their place and end are determined by the Maker of all things."

"And can you believe," said the Pastor, with a look of kindly interest at the young Englishman as he marked his thoughtful expression "that man, the noblest of God's creatures on earth, is exempt from this law? No, my friends, the Book of Truth unfolds to us the end of our existence, and it is only within its sacred pages, that the thoughtful enquirer will find an answer to those anxious questions which must arise in the human breast. Do you ask why were you created? What work have you to do? You will find a solution of every difficulty in this revelation of God's will. These sacred oracles," continued the Pastor as he drew forth his little pocket bible "which, unlike those of Delphi, can never mislead you by error, or falsehood. You will here find that while 'the heavens proclaim the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork'—while all the works of creation attest that the hand which made them is Divine, and harmoniously fulfil the purposes for which they have been formed, to man, created in the image of God, is reserved the proud consciousness of the object of his existence. Yes, Madame Gaberel, '*the end of all*

things is the Glory of God,' and unless we search the Scriptures as for hid treasure, and make them our guide, we cannot attain to a knowledge of the way in which we are each called to fulfil the part allotted to us, for the furtherance of this great object of our creation."

"Yes, but Monsieur le Pasteur," said, with an expressive shrug of the shoulder, a young French officer who had hitherto been silent, "how could my cousin, Madame Gaberel, with her numerous Parisian engagements, ever find time to pore over that book, and seek out for herself the mission of which you speak; such things do not belong to the life of a fashionable lady or gentleman either," said he with a gay smile, as he cast a satisfied glance at his own figure in an opposite mirror. "It would, sir, be quite incompatible with Madame's remaining the brightest ornament of the fashionable saloons in Paris. Giving and receiving visits, going to the opera, theatre, and ball-room, the thousand cares of her exquisite toilet, in fact the engagements that such an enviable and brilliant existence entail, must entirely monopolize every moment, without taking into consideration the two children of my cousin, Henri and Justine, who, of course, sometimes expect to be noticed by their mamma. We should not now be favoured with Madame Gaberel's company, had not her physician insisted upon her leaving the capital for one season, to recruit her health, and it is worth taking some pains my cousin," said the young officer, "for the gay world of fashion could ill afford to lose you from its circles."

"Not a word more, dear Victor," said Madame Gaberel, as with a countenance in which mortification and grief were strongly expressed, she turned to the old minister and continued, with a voice trembling with emotion. "Do not fear, Sir, to offend me by saying the truth. My cousin has unconsciously added tenfold to the conviction that oppresses my conscience. Will you continue your reply to my question, even though it should seem to condemn the life of dissipation I have hitherto led."?

"I perfectly agree with your cousin," replied the Pastor, with a solemnity of manner which seemed to impress even the young officer. "Such a life is not only incompatible with a diligent study of this sacred Book, because of the time it must consume, but also for another reason of no less importance.

We will hear the judgment pronounced on this subject by the oracles of God," and opening his Bible, Monsieur D—— read the following verses:—"*Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*"* And again, the Saviour's own words are—"*No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other, ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*"† "*For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul.*"‡

"In your experience of Parisian life, Madame Gaberel, you must often have seen proofs of the insufficiency of earthly objects to give true happiness. When the votaries of worldly greatness or fashion, have attained the highest summit of their wishes, you will still find them speak of a void that is felt, and why is this, but because of the disparity between the lofty capacity of the human soul, and the objects upon which it is occupied? It is only when a knowledge of the true end of life is attained, that we find lasting peace and repose. 'The heart is restless till it finds rest in Thee,' was the language of one who had like yourself tried worldly pleasures; may you, like him, one day find *true* happiness in a life of Christian devotedness.'

"But," said Sydney Grey, "would it not require some all powerful principle to enable a person to give up these pleasures and devote himself to the service of God?"

"The Bible shall answer your question my young friend," said the Pastor as he handed him the open volume, and pointed to the 1 Cor. vi. c. 20 v., "*Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which are God's.*"

"It is not a hard taskmaster we serve, my dear Sydney," said Monsieur le Comte, who had for some time listened in silence to the conversation. "It is a loving and tender Father,

* 1 John 2 chap. v. 15, 16, 17. † Matthew 6 chap. 24 v.
‡ Matthew 16 chap. 26 v.

reconciled to us through the the blood of His Son. '*We love Him because He first loved us*,' and when this animating principle of grateful filial love becomes the rule of our lives, we bring to the Cross all we possess. We feel that we have an aim in our pursuits and employments, for all are made subservient to the one great end of life, the glory of God."

"Your family motto, dear Papa," said, in a low voice, Eugenie de S——, the eldest daughter of the Comte, "always appears to me to embody the principle by which our stubborn wills are thus brought to delight in Christian obedience;—'amor vincit omnia,' are words full of meaning to me."*

"But will it not be difficult," said Madame Gaberel, "to find out the particular work appointed to each of us? How shall I know where to seek it?"

"You will be mistaken" answered Monsieur D——, "if you look far away for your mission, for in the wise order of Providence it is to be found, in the duty that lies nearest to you; and here I must again refer you to this inspired book. Read the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, and you will in the words of our Master Himself, find a complete exposition of the work given to each man or woman, whatever may be their position.

"Taking this volume as our guide, and asking by earnest prayer for the gift of God's Holy Spirit, light will soon shine upon our path, for the sincere seeker after heavenly wisdom will never be disappointed. If, with such assistance, we examine carefully the bearings of our position in life, on those around us, we shall soon see in the influence, time, wealth, intellect, and health we possess, talents of the highest value, and of which we are but the stewards. Thus, to my friend the Comte de S——, as a master and landed proprietor, how large a sphere of influence is committed. To you, Madame Gaberel, as a wife and parent, a mission of peculiar importance is given; while you, my young friend," continued Monsieur D——, turning to Sydney Grey, "as a son and an elder brother, soon to assume new responsibilities, have important duties which you cannot neglect, without failing in the end of your existence. To every man according to his several ability, has the Master said, '*Occupy till I come.*'"

* 2 Cor., v. chap, 14th verse.

The approach of a servant with refreshments interrupted further conversation at this time. Sydney Grey remained for some moments fixed in thought. Madame Gaberel took an opportunity quietly to leave the saloon, and retire to her own apartment.

The hour was late and the company shortly separated, not however before the Pastor had invited Sydney Grey to pay him a visit at his parsonage, an invitation cordially accepted by the young Englishman.

PART II.

"Surely it is in the power of all to do something in the service of their Master, and surely I among the rest, if I were now to begin and endeavour to the best of my capacity to serve him, might be the means of good to some of my fellow creatures. This capacity is I feel no mean talent, and attended with no inconsiderable responsibility. I must pray that I may at length stir myself up, and be enabled to feel somewhat the real spirit of a missionary, and that I may devote myself, my influence, my time, and above all my affections, to the honour of God and the happiness of man. My mission is evidently not abroad, but it is no less a mission on that account. I feel that I may journey through life by two very different paths, and that the time is now come for choosing which I will pursue."—SIR FOWELL BUXTON.

It was a fine dry frosty morning, when Sydney Grey left the Chateau to pay his promised visit to the Pastor. The last words of the venerable old man, in the evening's conversation, still rang in his ear; and his desire fully to understand their import had been quickened, by letters he had received that morning, from his widowed mother, urging his immediate return to England, to take possession of the estate, which had recently devolved upon him through the death of a distant relative.

Sydney's path led along the side of the lake for some distance, and as his eye caught the snowy summits of Mont Blanc, and its attendant Alps, he vividly retraced the conversation, which had first aroused in his mind, a perception of the true end of his existence.

Absorbed in thought, the young Englishman did not perceive that he was approaching the school of the village, till the sound of children's voices reached his ear; and a minute afterwards he received a kindly greeting from his friend, the Pastor, who had been paying his accustomed visit to the regent and his charge.*

"May I ask," said Monsieur D———, "what was the subject

* Regent or Schoolmaster.

that so engaged your thoughts during your walk. It must have been one of superior interest, for you did not appear conscious of my approach, till we were almost in contact. With your eyes fixed upon our mountains, you were almost in danger of making a false step into the water," continued the old minister with a smile.

A flush passed over the fine countenance of Sydney Grey, as with an effort to conquer his natural reserve he said "you will remember, sir, the conversation when we last met at the Chateau, and the words with which it concluded. I must confess to you that they have never left me, and my mind has been anxiously engaged in finding the right solution. It is strange, but this morning, when my mother's letter was read by me, in which she recalls to my mind the importance of my return home, because of the obligations I am under, to consult the best interests of the tenantry, and poor of my estate, and the duties that are now mine as a landed proprietor, these words that a few weeks' back would have conveyed no deep meaning to me, now made so great an impression on my mind, that it was as if a voice sounded in my ears with every sentence.—'*Occupy till I come.*' So vivid was this feeling, that I almost gladly turned to the letters of my young sister and brother, but when I found their expressions of pleasure, at the thought of soon seeing me again, and anticipations of happiness in my society, your words on my influence as an elder brother, came to my memory and '*Occupy till I come*' again was before my mental vision. Even the business letter of the lawyer, who wrote to tell me the income I should now possess, appears but to embody the same idea; and I confess my mind is overwhelmed with the fear, lest I should fail in the mission, that is now so evidently placed before me."

It was with no slight emotion that Monsieur D—— listened to Sydney Grey, and for one moment, his lips moved in silence, while his upturned eye bespoke an offering of praise and thanksgiving to the Master he served. "You may well ask, my dear young friend," he at last said, "who is sufficient for these things? You must remember that 'there is One who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.' Ask, then, and you will receive. If you have taken as your aim, the great end of life, viz., to do all things to the glory of God, this will become to you as the guiding

clue through all the perplexities that may befall you. It will be as the pole star to the mariner, leading you to your heavenly home. The words that have dwelt with such power on your mind are of no slight import. They are those that would be addressed by a Master to his steward, and I shall be thankful indeed, if I can assist you to understand fully the teachings they are intended to convey; but we are now arrived at my house. In my study, we shall find the quiet we need for the right consideration of this subject."

The pastor entered the modest parsonage and led the way to a small but comfortable library, which, while furnished with genuine Swiss simplicity, gave evidence in its well filled bookshelves of the intellectual character of its owner's mind. A large bow-window at one end of the room commanded an extensive view of the lake, while in the distance on the receding shores, the eye caught a glimpse of small towns, hamlets, and campagnes* surrounded by vineyards, now, however, stript of their summer luxuriance.

Monsieur D—— placed a seat for Sydney Grey near the stove which stood at the opposite end of the room, and drawing his own chair nearer to its comfortable warmth, said, "I am as yet unacquainted, Mr. Grey, with your early history and present; position will you give me some few particulars that I may be able better to advise you."

"It is indeed kind of you to take such an interest in me," was the young Englishman's reply, "and I shall be most grateful if you will allow me to place my confidence in you as a counsellor. I am, Monsieur D——, but as a little child, and know not how to commence my work, in entering upon the sphere of duty before me. You are perhaps aware that my father died when I was very young. I was sent to a public-school by my guardians, who, satisfied with my progress because I was always at the head of my class, and no complaints were made by my masters, took but little trouble in the formation of my moral character. At school I found that the ideas of right and wrong, given me by my dear mother, were strangely reversed, and I was soon brought under the influence of some elder boys, who thought it noble to deceive our instructors, to mock at religion and the Bible, to join in robbing orchards, or any other scheme of iniquity that promised a reward.

* Country houses.

I may say to you, Sir, that this want of a proper moral influence appears to me the great evil in our public schools. Surely if all instructors were truly Christian men, and were anxious to bring their influence to bear upon their pupils, there would be a change in this respect. If a boy hear an oath from his master, or see religion lightly esteemed, what must the effect be on his mind? Should not religion be made the foundation of all education, and like leaven, pervade every part of it?

Another point which strikes me in looking back over my school life, is the false estimate of earthly honour and glory, that was given us. These were placed before us, not as the means to fit us for greater usefulness in the service of God, but as the highest points at which we were to aim. Success in this world alone was made the object of our ambition. Now, that my eyes have been opened, I see the heavy responsibility which rests upon those who possess influence of any description over the young, whether it be as a master, brother, or school-fellow, and in placing out my young brother Reginald. I shall endeavour to find for him a school where he will have a different moral atmosphere to that which surrounded me at E—.

My life at the University, was one of thoughtless enjoyment. Truly was I without God in the world, no man caring for my soul; and I should most probably have continued in this unhappy condition, had I not received from Monsieur le Comte de S——, an old friend of my father's, an invitation to spend some time with him in Switzerland. His conversation and still more the weight of his example first led me to reflection and intercourse with you has further deepened the impression.

And now I would ask you, dear Sir, in taking possession of my estate, what do you consider are the duties to which I ought first to direct my attention. A living of some value is in my gift, and the last week has brought me several applications for it, one being from a master at E—— under whose instruction I was for some time. I have made no promise to any one, till I had consulted you and Monsieur le Comte. The poor on my estate have also been much neglected. Their cottages are in a deplorable condition, and their children run wild, without education except such as has been afforded by an old deaf schoolmistress, who has been in that situation from time immemorial, no one liking to displace her, though all were

aware how incapable she was of fulfilling the duties of her office."

"In the changes you are now called upon to make, my dear Sir," said the old pastor, "you must remember that it is a principle of the highest importance never to allow the good of the many, to be sacrificed for the benefit of one person. Thus in selecting a rector, vicar, or schoolmaster for your parish, your first object must be to find the man most fitted for the post, and here you will require much judgment, for it is not every man who possesses the requisites for such a position.

Monsieur le Comte also informs me that you have a prospect of representing your county in Parliament. Your responsibilities are indeed great, my dear young friend," continued Monsieur D——, "and you must consider the influence you will possess in all its bearings, on your equals in social and political life, and your inferiors, the tenantry and labourers on your estate. You have had, in your English senate, some noble examples of Christian philanthropists, of rightly directed influence. Take your Wilberforce, Buxton, and such men, as your models. Wilberforce 'who united in himself' (as an English author observes) 'the various influences of the orator, statesman, and christian.' Buxton, his beloved friend and coadjutor, whose energy and power of mind still dwell in the memories of those who knew him.

Place yourself, my dear Sydney, in the ranks of the *good* in the British senate. Be not ashamed to identify yourself with God-fearing men, remember, 'they that honour me I will honour,' are words of sure and certain fulfilment. Take your part as a Christian statesman in the great questions of the day, that are so intimately connected with national progression of the highest kind,—such as the vital one of education—the reformation of the lost—and the thousand charities that belong to right legislation for the lower classes.

Do not, as a politician, ever let expediency subvert your sense of moral wrong. If this golden rule had been observed, how many abuses would never have sprung into existence!

Nor can I think as a public man, that you will be doing your duty, if you do not examine for yourself a much agitated question which is slowly, but surely making progress, simultaneously with the modern discoveries of science, and the rapidly enlarging sphere of Christian enterprize.

Holy Scripture points, my dear Sydney, to a time when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep, when there shall be war no more, but men '*shall beat their swords into plough shares, and their spears into pruning hooks.*'*

Watching the signs of the times in which we live, we see that however the evil passions of man may rage, and the enemies of truth apparently triumph, they are ultimately made subservient to the purposes of God; and thus amidst the tumult of earthly conflict, the wheels of Divine Providence move on to the accomplishment of this great consummation.

You will ask 'in what way can I forward the coming of the happy period, when wars shall cease on this earth?' I will not," continued Monsieur D——, "give you my views now on this subject, because I wish to bring before you the opinions of some of your highest Christian authorities, as suggestive to your mind, and when you have fully considered the question, I should like at a future time to know, if any duties in connection with it are brought before you.

Your celebrated Dr. Chalmers thus writes with relation to the subject of peace and war,—

The prophecy of a peace as universal as the spread of the human race, and as enduring as the moon in the firmament, will meet its accomplishment: but it will be brought about by the activity of men. It will be done by the philanthropy of thinking and intelligent Christians. The subject will be brought to the test of Christian principle, and many will unite to spread a growing sense of its follies, and its enormities over the countries of the world, and the public will be enlightened by the mild dissemination of gospel sentiment through the land, and the prophecy contained in this book will pass into effect and accomplishment, by no other influences than the influence of its ordinary lessons on the hearts and consciences of individuals, and the measure will first be carried in one country

* Contrast the objects of earthly glory and ambition, the triumph of the warrior, wading through seas of blood, with this prophetic picture. Mark, that the Glory of God is but another name for the happiness of His creatures. "*Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit.*" And "*The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness.*"

by the control of general opinion, and the sacred fire of good will to the children of men, will spread itself through all climes, and through all latitudes—and thus by scriptural truth, conveyed with power from one people to another, and taking its ample round among all the tribes and families of the earth, shall we arrive at the magnificent result of peace throughout all its provinces, and security in all its dwelling places.'

And in another passage occur the following remarks on the same question.

'I can look to nothing, but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be turned by the treachery of no delusion whatever, from its simple but sublime enterprizes for the good of the species. Then the reign of truth and quietness will be ushered into the world, and war, cruel, atrocious, unrelenting war, will be stripped of its many and bewildering fascinations.'"

"If these things be true," said Sydney, "there is indeed a weighty responsibility resting on those who have a voice in their country's counsels. By whatever means such a consummation is attained, the idea is one of peculiar beauty, and it seems to me as if Longfellow, the American poet, had a glimpse of it, when he wrote,—

'Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear, once more, the voice of Christ say peace!
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.'

But Monsieur D——, the deductions from these views are wholly new to me," continued Sydney, after a moment of thought, "I have never before even heard a doubt expressed as to the legitimacy and necessity of war."

"Remember," said the Pastor with a smile, "I am not expressing any opinion myself, because I wish you to be unbiassed in the one you form, but I shall now turn to the life of Sir Fowell Buxton, and read you an extract from a letter written by him from Calais, in 1817.

When marking the large sums spent in mutual hostility, he says,—'I do verily believe that the true, genuine, valorous, military spirit, is the true and genuine spirit inspired by the enemy of man, and I hope that I shall never refuse or be ashamed to avow these strange and extraordinary sentiments.'

In 1813, another English author thus wrote, when speaking of the miseries entailed by war, 'One would be glad to see some suspicion arise that it was not consistent with the spirit of the gospel, but this you do not see even in good people.'

But I must lastly refer you to Robert Hall," said the Pastor as he reached down from his bookshelf a volume of that writer's works. "This eloquent author speaks in these terms of the responsibility of those engaged in war. 'The time is coming when it will be seen to be just as really an act of murder, to shoot down a fellow man, at the command of a colonel or captain, as to play the part of an assassin, and stab him at midnight. What matter is it to the victim, whether his life, so dear to him and his family, be taken in one way or the other?'"

"You have given me, dear Sir, much matter for serious consideration," said Sydney, "can it be possible that wars shall cease on the earth? The thoughts you have suggested are so new and strange to me, I will gladly examine the subject for myself."

"The reign of universal peace is to dawn upon this world we know, from the pages of inspiration," said the Pastor. "Be it ours to employ all we possess in its advancement.

We have spoken, my dear sir, of your duties as a senator, let us now for one moment view your position, with regard to your own people on your estate.

If your household be one ruled on Christian principles, you may expect to see much good result, from the simple force of example. Even in our Switzerland, we occasionally hear of the evil caused in a retired village, by the unruly and ill-conducted servants of men of fortune, but here you will not err, my dear young friend, if you say with one of old, 'as for me

and my house we will serve the Lord,' and take the word of God as the rule of your family life.

You are, I am aware, to be united, ere many months, to the eldest daughter of Monsieur le Comte, and in Eugenie de S—— you will find one, who has been from childhood accustomed to minister to the wants of the poor on her father's estate. She will, I am assured, be a blessing to you, and together you will be able to carry out many plans for the good of your people. With such agencies as you will possess, in your own family, and the assistance of a devoted clergyman and schoolmaster or mistress, how much with God's blessing may you not accomplish. My prayers will be with you, that you may be enabled to be faithful to the trust committed to you.

Only take as your motto for every circumstance of life, and bind it about your heart, the words of the Great Master, '*Occupy till I come.*'"

A few days more, and Sydney Grey was on his journey to England. He had bid farewell to his Swiss friends with deep regret, but his heart was full of hopes and aspirations, in which they had a large share.

Some months were occupied in the diligent realization of the plans formed, for the benefit of those over whom the young Englishman's influence extended, but before the spring had fully ripened into summer, he again visited Switzerland, to bring back Eugenie de S—— as his bride, to his English home.

We cannot attempt to delineate the career of extended usefulness which awaited Sydney Grey, entering upon public and private life, with the views we have endeavoured to portray.

Do any of our readers think that because their sphere of influence is more limited, they have no responsibility—no power to do good,—no mission to fulfil? we would ask them to remember that if they possess but the one talent, and are faithless in its employment, they will fall under the condemnation of their Master, as unprofitable servants.

The responsibility of Influence is possessed by all, in a greater or less degree, from the nobleman who adds a fresh lustre to his coronet, by his efforts to do good, to the little school-boy, who can perhaps lead a young companion to act uprightly, and by word or deed, precept or example, be the means of strengthening the growth of principle.

Each and all may take to themselves the words of Holy Scripture:—

"*If any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.*" And to each and all are the solemn words addressed by our Lord and Master, "*Occupy till I come.*"

SONNET.

TO CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

Christmas, thou festive, mirthful season,—hail!
I bid thee welcome though my heart is sad,—
For pleasant faces that with joy are glad
Pass by my window in the moonlight pale!
The bells ring madly in the distant vale;
And round the logfire's warm and cheerful glow
Friends that have long been parted meet! and oh!
There's told about thee many a merry tale!
And yet O Christmas! thou dost call to birth
Sad mournful memories; I gaze through tears
Down the long vista of departed years
To happy meetings round *our* household hearth
When not one face was missing! *Now* alas!
How few are left above the churchyard-grass!

THOUGHTS AT EVENTIDE.

(By the Rural Postman.)

[The following beautiful Poem was written expressly for this work by Edward Capern, of Bideford, Devon. His published volume is perhaps familiar to most of our readers; a large edition having been disposed of in a few weeks. To criticise the book is not our work, neither is it necessary, since WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has spoken of it with deserved praise. —EDS.]

1.

Sweet the busy town to leave
Distant at the close of day,
Wand'ring where the billows heave,
Restless, in the rolling bay;

2.

List'ning to the mellow voice
Of the milkmaid on the air,—
Smiling—as her early choice
Runs her burden home to bear.

3.

Sweet the pale moon's face to see,
Cover'd with a veil of gold,
Looking through a distant tree
Fearing to be over bold!

4.

O! to see her lift her head
Just above some towering hill,
Blushing like the miller's maid,
In the waters of the mill.

5.

Sweet to see the queen of night,
Peeping thus to see the sun,
Daring not to shew her light
Till his bright career is run.

6.

See the angry king of day,
Fraught with jealousy and ire,
Shoot his burning darts away,
Till the west is all on fire.

7.

Now enthroned in majesty,
See him ride upon the flood,
Mark his red-tipt arrows fly,
Till he stains the moon with blood.

8.

Now the royal rage is o'er,
See him lay his weapons down,
And upon a bed of gore,
Die with glory and a crown!

9.

See those colours manifold,
Shades of every hue and dye,
Streaks of light and burnished gold,
Skirt the curtains of the sky.

10.

Emerald, melting into blue,
Orange, ting'd with browny shade,
Purple, scarlet, crimson too,
Brightly gleam, and quickly fade.

11.

So the dolphin as she lies,
Stretch'd upon the sand-ribb'd shore,
Shows such beauty when she dies,
As she ne'er revealed before.

12.

Now the moon ascending high,
Marches to her midnight throne,
Flinging o'er the jewell'd sky,
Azure, of the softest tone.

13.

Grateful her departed sire,
Left her still a modest grace,
E'en the semblance of his fire,
Pictur'd on her silver face.

14.

Mournful that she ever gaz'd
On his exit from the throne,
Nature with her stands amaz'd,
And the plaintive waters moan.

15

See! her sable robe is wrought,
Thickly set the diamond's gleam:
Night has just the mantle brought,
And her mirror is a stream.

16.

Now, behind a giant cloud,
Lone and pensive mark her weep:—
Sorrow e'er must leave the crowd,
Would she hush her woes to sleep.

17.

Yonder see a courtier stand,
Here a sad and dazzling train,
There another weeping hand,
Zephyrs sigh a soft amen.

18.

Hark! the royal mandate's given,
Darkness dire, and shadow's fly,
Bright's the vast expanse of heaven,
Blue is the ethereal sky.

19.

Life is so, the sages say,
Though of sorrow we complain;
Pain, a traveller calls to day,
Pleasure follows fast on pain.

MUSIC.

By Rev. J. D. Hull, B.A.,

Author of "Lays of Many Years," &c.

1.

The concord profound
  Of those liquid tones meeting!
The heart at the sound,
  Is with ecstacy beating.
Care slackens the chain
  Which his captive encumbers,
And, pleased with the strain,
  Like a charm'd adder slumbers.

2.

Oh! 'tis amid care
  Music truly entrances;
As tropical air
  The spring's coolness enhances.
When life gaily glides,
  And no solace is needed,
Like rain on the tides,
  Fall the sweet notes, unheeded.

3.

When dark is the breast
  With some trouble that rends it,
A soother how blest
  Gentle melody lends it!
Within the heart's well
  The soft dulcet notes falling,
The musical spell
  The whole soul is enthralling.

4.

As fast as each tone
  From the instrument breaketh,
An answering one
  In the bosom awaketh.
As the harp-string replies
  To the hand o'er it sweeping,
Soul-harmonies rise,
  A fine under-tune keeping.

5.

Oh! if we are here
  So by Music enchanted,
That earth may appear
  Still by angels' songs haunted;
What transport remains
  To the soul. hence ascending,
When all Heaven's strains
  To her ear shall come blending!

AT HOME.

By S. H. Bradbury, (Quallon.)

I love to sit at evening's close,
  Within my quiet home;
When storms about the leafless woods,
  Like loosened lions roam;
The sky all dark, with not a star,
  Earth's vast and mighty dome.

Then memory opes her fairy halls,
  And shows me pleasures past;
Like figures by the moonlight wrought,
  In palace chamber cast;
When childhood's beauty filled the mind,
  Too beautiful to last.

For there is joy when day has fled,
  At home when all is dear;
Where sisters, like to angel-guests,
  Before our eyes appear;
Their voices sweet as silver bells,
  Rung in a heavenly sphere.

And when the fire plays on the wall,
  And days close wet and cold;
I seem to live in some great realm,
  Of lightly painted gold;—
Young Alice in her mother's arms,
  Like lamb within its fold.

And oh! our sisters' brightened eyes,
  Flash beauty on my face;
Like stars that sparkle o'er a cloud,
  In night's wide azure space;
Their smiles as sweet as sunny waves,
  That run a crowded race.

I think on days for ever dead,
  When youth's gay moments shone;
When all we saw was like a dream,
  And flowers were called our own;
Ere sorrow carved upon my heart,
  Like sculptor on a stone!

Yet in my home I hear the voice,
  Of nature calm and low;
I feel God's glory like a sky,
  About my fancy glow;
And hear the whispers of the flowers,
  The storm's grand organ blow!

I hear the harmonies of night,
  When human discord jars;
While in my home no angry word,
  My fireside musing mars;
But walking on celestial steps,
  I pass beyond the stars!

VOICES OF SPRING.

BY MRS. M. A. WESTBROOK,

Author of "Memorial of Emma Tatham," &c:

"What wakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou, that givest back so many a buried thing;—
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art;
What wakest thou in the heart?"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE INVOCATION.

"The first day of Spring!" What longings arise in the heart at the sound of these words, uttered in the midst of winter; when biting frost, accompanied, as it sometimes is, by dreary mist, renders us unwilling to glance from our window at the naked trees and desolate garden.

Notwithstanding, winter has attractions; and delightful it is to gaze on him when clothed in his warm snow-garment, or adorned with his diamonds of rime-frost, sparkling in the sunbeams. Each season has its peculiar charms, for "HE hath made everything beautiful in its time," and on all is inscribed, "O praise the Lord for HE is good."

But the first day of Spring gives birth to emotions for the most part joyous and genial. With what gladness,—when its balmy air invites,—do we traverse our rural lanes, and search on their banks for early violets; and with what glee is the first tiny bud of our fragrant favourite hailed!

"The first!—how many a memory bright, that one sweet word can bring,
Of hope that blossom'd, bloom'd, and died, in life's delightful spring;
Of fervid feelings passed away; those early seeds of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world as this."

To the young, who can freely roam abroad where rural beauty reigns, and who have sought and found the tangible "poetry of earth," in earth's exquisite wild flowers, no season is more attractive than spring. Some little hearts around *our* social hearth yearned for this lovliest season; and one especially, in the midst of "books, or work, or healthful play," frequently exclaimed with fervour, "Come lovely Spring!"

"Night is the time for rest" the poet sings; but, oh! how often amidst its "watches" is the mind more busy than at any other period:—and in vain do we sometimes strive to woo nature's capricious, though "sweet restorer, balmy sleep." But, waking dreams are not always to be despised;—and one such, influenced by the soft, balmy breath of infant-spring's gentle zephyr, brought before my eyes our little daughter; again I seemed to hear her voice—"Come lovely spring;" and echo answered thus:—

THE RESPONSE.

"Come lovely Spring!"—Behold dear child, I am already here,
Arrayed in all the beauty of my fresh and verdant gear;
With sunny smiles, and balmy breath, and velvet 'neath my feet;
The songs of birds right merrily my first light footsteps greet.

I come, with fond and duteous love, to close my parent's eyes,
And to embalm his hoary head and icy limbs with sighs;—
Then I must haste with zephyrs soft, and gently falling showers,
To whisper o'er the sleeping earth, and waken up its flowers.

The winter-rose and aconite, with laurustinus bold,
I'll plant upon my father's tomb;—they, fearless of the cold,
Have prov'd themselves true winter-friends, not born for sunny hours;—
'Twere well if sunshine-friends would learn a lesson from these flowers.

The flow'rets I shall summon first, are snowdrops pure and pale,
Who soon will bend to call their friends from garden, wood, and vale;
Then a myriad little daisies,—their eyelids fringed with red,
I shall arouse to look like stars upon their grassy bed.

The crocus bright, and primrose mild, with violets white and blue,
Must also from their pillows peep, and sip the morning dew;—
All, all, will form a coronet, both fragrant, fresh, and fair,
To decorate my youthful brow, and grace my flowing hair.

THE LESSON.

Dear little maiden! shall not I be wondrous, spruce, and gay?
But, oh! 'tis sad indeed to think that all will soon decay;—
To know that all, tho' beautiful, on earth, must fade and die,
Amidst the brightest, happiest scenes, will make the spirit sigh.

Unsparing Time, with ruthless scythe, speeds onward in his way;
He cuts down every lovely thing,—no tears his hand can stay:
The choicest, fairest, he will blight, by his consuming breath;
He bows the proudest, strongest, low, in ruin, or in death.

Beyond this world there is a land of pure and perfect joy;
There time nor death can enter in, to blight or to destroy:—
Immortal are the flowers that grow in its celestial air,
And I, with all my thousand charms, shall reign for ever there.

Oh! strive to seek this better land, this changeless happy clime;
To meeten for this blissful state, the Saviour gives us *Time*:—
Eternity alone will tell, how much we ought to prize,
And pray, and strive to use aright, each moment as it flies.

Spring had but just decked herself with her earliest flowers, when the birthday of the author of the foregoing arrived; and with it the following stanzas—entitled

SPRING'S RESPONSE TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "RESPONSE OF SPRING."

BY "JOHN HOPEFUL."

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

A song in season!—yes, 'twas meet that thou, O child of Spring,
Should'st take thy lyre, and, blithely thus thy Parent's praises sing;
For thou, O favour'd one, wast born, at that glad time of year,
When she with buoyant hope resumes her first "fresh verdant gear."

Though many seasons now have pass'd, since thy first natal morn,
Her brow appears as "youthful" still, as when her child was born;—
Her form as "fresh and beautiful;"—her footsteps are as "light;"
As "fragrant" is her "coronet;"—her countenance as bright.

As "merrily," the "songs of birds," her "first light footsteps greet;"
As "red" the "daisy's" eyelid now; the "violet" as sweet;
As "pale" the snowdrop, and as "pure;"—I know of nothing new,
Save that the "crocus" has assumed a *variegated* hue.

THE BIRTHDAY WELCOME.

Thou hast with so much truthfulness thy Mother's portrait
drawn,
That she has bid me welcome thus her offspring's natal morn:—
And, oh! I have not words to tell, how charmingly she smiled,
At finding the continued love of such a worthy child.

'My gifted daughter,' (so she spake,) 'thou could'st not thus
have sung,
Were not thy spirit, like my own, still lively, "fresh and
young;"
And now 'twould seem that Heav'n thy lot,—in mem'ry of the
past,—
'Midst sylvan scenes and rural haunts, in later days has cast:—

For e'en in London's gloom and smoke, and uncongenial air,
The brilliant flower and fragrant shrub would oft reward thy
care:—
Come then, my child, and sally forth;—take daily walks with
me,
And I will show what I can do, when uncontrolled and free.

Full well hast thou portray'd the fruits of my "awakening"
powers,
But things more beauteous shall arise from April's gentle
showers;—
And while I *silently* adore,—more favour'd, thou can'st raise
Thy *voice* in union with thy heart to their Creator's praise.

THE INVITATION TO NATURE'S REVEL.

Come, ere the May and Hawthorn sweet, their snowy buds unfold,
And view the tufts of furze that bend beneath their weight of gold;
'Admire but touch not,' though they cry,—not so the fragrant palm,
Which, bending o'er thee, seems to say, 'Pluck *me*, and fear no harm.

Come revel in the cowslip-fields; then by the hedge-rows roam,
Where e'en the violets look bold, they feel so much at home;—
Then thou can'st hie away to greet, by yonder primrose-dell,
With wiser, if not sweeter note, thy fav'rite Philomel.

But while we thus, in merry mood, pass "leisure hours" away,
The cherry and the apple-bloom tell we have pass'd May day;
The gnats are sporting in the sun, all nature seems in glee;
The butterflies from buttercups are sipping nectar tea.

See lady-birds in lady's-frocks,* and bees tuck'd up in clover;
While giddy-gadflies whizzing past, soon hill and dale hie over;
'Wag-Wantons'† in incessant whirl, with 'Ragged-Robins'‡ dance;
And 'Lords and Ladies'§ looking on, do the glad scene enhance.

---

* THE "LADY'S-FROCK." (*Cardamine pratensis*).—This plant is perennial; flowers early in May, and is termed by some the Cuckoo-flower, from the season at which it appears; while all country children recognise it by the name of "Lady's-Frock," which it derives from the delicate white color of its flowers.

† THE "WAG-WANTON." (*Briza Media*, or Totter-grass.)—This is one of the loose-headed grasses, and is styled Quaking-grass, or more commonly still "Wag-Wanton," from the spikelets which terminate its long hair-like branches being always in motion, on account of its extremely delicate construction. It flowers in June and July.

‡ THE "RAGGED-ROBIN." (*Lychnis flos-cuculi.*)—The flowers of this plant are of a fine red color; which, combined with the peculiar construction of its petals—namely, deeply cut, each into four or six narrow strips, giving the flower, therefore, a tattered appearanee—has led to its common designation. It flourishes most in damp, marshy situations, and flowers in June.

THE INVITATION TO NATURE'S CONCERT.

Come, let us now a concert raise, and usher in the Summer,
The grasshopper shall fifer prove,—the humble-bee the drummer;—
Nature will play the symphony,—for she is always ready,—
Her tones, though varied, ne'er are false;—her hands are ever steady.

She bids the breeze wave forest trees, soft zephyrs sweep the plain,
She stirs the rills, and echoing hills return these sounds again;
She dashes waves 'gainst rocky caves; she drives the waterfall;
And to *His* praise, whose are *her* ways, brings music from them all.

And now, behold the feather'd tribes for a glad song prepare,
Some, more melodious throats possess; some. brighter plumage wear;
(But all *alike*, His goodness speak, who keeps them ev'ry hour
As yonder sun *reflects* his *rays*, while storms *declare* His *power*.)

---

† "LORDS-AND-LADIES." (*Arum maculatum.*) — Called by some the Cuckoo-pint or Wake-Robin. Those who have seen—as most persons probably have done—the fine plant of this species, known ordinarily as the garden or greenhouse Arum, will need little more than to be reminded of the peculiar structure of that species of this plant. The leaves of the wild Arum are, for the most part, spotted; and, about the latter end of April, or beginning of May, a long upright green sheath rises from the midst of its spotted, arrow-like leaves. This sheath is closely rolled up, and its lower part swelled out. Gradually this sheath or petal—the interior of which resembles the hare's ear—unfolds and displays a most curious velvety stigma. Some of these are of a pink, and, as they advance in age, deep mulberry color; and others of a pale yellow, ultimately becomiug a deep orange. The one is designated a "lord," the other as her "ladyship." The fructification of this plant is equally singular; forming those tufts of well-known beautiful but poisonous red berries which appear on our hedge-banks in the autumn.

The woodpecker will beat the time; the Blackbird set the tune;*
The skylark gladly take the *air*;—the rook the deep bassoon;
The tom-tit choose the *minor* parts; the ring-doves the duet;
And just in time the cuckoo come, the *solo* first to get:—

The Misses Finch;† four cousins they,—Gold, Chaff, and Green, and Bull,
Most ably a quartette perform, with voices rich and full:
And if with these it should be thought we have not force enough,
The Mesdames Red and Black-cap‡ soon will join with Widow-Ruff:—§

A charming trio they will make; but Mister Yellow-hammer‖
Must be excluded from the choir, lest he, perchance should stammer,
Nor to the sparrow, can, I fear, be greater favor shown,
Not that his garb is deem'd too mean, but oh! his monotone!

---

* The "*Blackbird* set the tune."—This bird is too well-known to need description. It is a species of thrush (*tardus merullus*), and its note—not only very fine but very loud—led to its selection as leader of "Nature's concert:" as the fact of the "Woodpecker's" noted tapping with his powerful beak against the bark of trees, pointed him out as specially fitted to "beat the time."

† The "Misses FINCH, four cousins they," &c.—There are nine species of Finch (*Fringillæ*); but the four enlisted for the concert (the "GREEN"-finch, "*Gold*"-finch, "*Chaff*"-finch, and "*Bull*"-finch) are those most commonly known.

‡ The "BLACK-*cap*," so called from its black crown, is the *Motacilla atricapilla*, or Mock-nightingale; while the genuine nightingale, that favorite songster of the night, derives its name of "Philomel," from Philomela, daughter of Pandion, King of Athens, who, according to the tales of heathen mythology, was changed into a nightingale.

§ "WIDOW RUFF."—The Ruff is one of the *Tringa* species, about the size of the common jackdaw; and is remarkable for the large tuft of feathers which surrounds its neck, looking much like a deeply-plaited frill, such as that worn by females in deep mourning.

‖ The "*Yellow-hammer*," or Yellow-bunting, is too well known to need description. The peculiar notes of the male bird induced the playful allusion to his "stammering," and consequent exclusion from the concert; as did the *monotonous* chirp of the common "sparrow."

And now,—for chorus, see a host of willing warblers rush,
Here, the retiring Redbreast;—there, (he knows his powers) the thrush;
While lind-like Linnets, soft yet clear; and starlings, bold and strong,
And many more, I cannot name, make up the merry throng.

Come, then, fair daughter, gaze and list;—and while thy raptur'd ear
Is fill'd with *Nature's* melodies, *above* them thou shalt hear
That voice, which, though so "small and still," can reach the Christian soul,—
The voice of HIM—thy father, GOD,—who reigns throughout the whole!

CONCLUSION.

Such Spring's "Response!"—then hie thee quick;—(hie all who can away,)
Nor let thy many household cares prevail to thy delay;—
For thou shalt find, as I have done,—who oft with sweet spring roam,—
Thyself more fitted to fulfil the duties of thy home.

For future works of charity it doth the soul prepare
Thus to discern, in all around, a *loving* God is there;
Devotion's flame the brighter burns, as every step is trod,
And nature's Picture-Bible, thus, endears the Book of God!

WILLIAM PENN.

BY W. M. TARTT, ESQ.

The following lines are from an epistle in verse, which I addressed while travelling in America, to a friend in England. They refer to scenery near Philadelphia where formerly stood the Elm-tree under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians.

I was the bearer of a small portion of this tree presented as a relic by the venerable Dr. Rush to Mr. Roscoe the historian of the Medici; and it was given and received as the memorial of a great man; but, in a later generation, it has been attempted to strike the name of Penn from the place it occupied.

Had Mr. Macaulay possessed unquestionable evidence of William Penn's complicity in the affair of the Maids of Taunton, still it would have been reasonable—and would certainly have been charitable—to have supposed that he acted as a mediator, and not as an extortioner of the ransoms that were imposed. From subsequent investigations it appears that he had no more to do with them than Mr. Macaulay himself; of other charges against him the grounds were either exaggerated or equivocal; and, as regards his connexion with the Court, it was but a natural consequence of his having been placed by his father under the guardianship of the King; and of the interests which he had to cultivate for the promotion of his views in Pennsylvania.

I should not feel indebted to any one—however eloquently his task might have been accomplished—who had lessened my feelings of respect for the memory of William Penn. Our moral tone is lowered by seeing those, whom we have been accustomed to venerate, degraded.

But our great historian himself says of PENN — "*He will always be mentioned with honor as a founder of a Colony who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a law-giver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the corner stone of a polity.*"

Let those only who have done a greater amount of good condemn even his faults.

We cannot tread unmoved the hallowed ground
Where persecuted faith a refuge found;
Where PENN—who bowed before no earthly throne,
Nor asked for homage but to God alone—
Gave each the freedom by his Maker given,
And sought, for earth, the attributes of heaven.

For what were man amid the gloomy night
Which guilt and error spread before his sight,
But that a few their loftier stations keep,
Like watch-towers beaming o'er the troubled deep?
Such PENN! wert thou; and thine the purer mind
That strove to elevate and bless mankind!

Mild were thy laws, no blood-stained precept there
Appall'd the wise, and made the bad despair:
Thou deemedst that, where sovereign power was lent,
Justice had nobler ends than punishment;
And loftier means of aiding virtue's cause
Than murder'd victims or entangled laws.
In Education it was thine to seek
Curbs for the wrong, assistance for the weak;
To raise and succour man by means like these,
Not slay him, as the brute that perishes.

And, wandering where the Elm still spreads its shade
Beneath whose boughs thy covenants were made,
I praise thee where the Indian throng'd around,
While peace and virtue sanctified the ground;

Where, awed by kindness, warriors cast aside
Their quiver'd strength, their fierceness and their pride;
And the pale settler, as he gazed on thee,
Beheld the patriarch that had made him free.
No pride of pow'r was thine, no pomp that drains
The last faint life-drop from exhausted veins;
Nor helm, nor diadem upon thy brow,
The Christian father, not th' oppressor, thou!
And, register'd by angel-pens, *thy* name
Shall live beyond the conqueror's guilty fame;
His the red meteor of the gloomy night,—
Thine the mild star, in cloudless beauty bright!

SONNET,

BY WALTER R. CASSELS.

DATUR HORA QUIETI.

The sun is slowly sinking in the west;
The plough lies idle, and the weary team,
Cool'd with the freshness of the shallow stream,
Over the meadows hasten to their rest;
The breeze is hush'd, and no more turns the mill,
With its light sails upon yon rising crest;
Its busy music now awhile is still,
And not a sound heaves up from Nature's breast;
The barks upon the river smoothly ride,
With sails all furl'd, and flags that listless fall,
Unrock'd, unshaken by the flowing tide;
The cattle lazy lie within the stall;
And thus the time-stream on doth sweetly glide,
Bearing repose and slumber unto all.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA,

AN HISTORICAL ESSAY,

BY

E. R. HUMPHREYS, L.LD.,

Head Master of Cheltenham Grammar School;

REVISED BY THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE T. B. MACAULAY, P.C.

[*In addition to the valuable assistance afforded me in this Essay by Mr. Macaulay, I must also gratefully acknowledge a similar obligation conferred by two friends resident in Cheltenham, Dr. Lamb and Dr. R. Brown, both of whom, from their long residence in India, have been able to supply much valuable information. It is also right to add that, though Mr. Macaulay has kindly revised the Essay for me, I alone am answerable for the statements and opinions which it contains.* E. R. H.]

The position of the East India Company has always been regarded by its historians as a great political anomaly. A company of merchants, originally intent only upon the peaceful pursuits of mercantile profit, have become the possessors, in little more than a century and a half, of an empire larger and more valuable than the better half of Europe, lying at a distance of 12,000 miles from home, and containing a population of at least one hundred and twenty millions of human beings. This territory they have subdued by means of troops and treasure raised—the former principally and the latter exclusively—from itself; and the greater portion of it is governed by them in the name of native princes, whom they pension and maintain in titular sovereignty, only in order to conciliate the deeply-rooted national prejudices of their subjects. This must appear the more extraordinary, when it is remembered that, originally, and at subsequent intervals during the growth of their supremacy, the Directors at home disclaimed the design of territorial aggrandizement, and even, on some occasions, remonstrated with a governor for having pursued that policy too far.

The history of those transactions, however, suggests the conclusion that it was impossible for them—consistently with the course on which they had entered—to have acted differently. The jealousy and hatred of the native powers—the fanatical contempt of Christians entertained by Brahmins and Mohammedans alike—and their natural treachery and cruelty, rendered the Indian Princes so dangerous as neighbours and allies, and still more as protectors, that self-preservation made it necessary to play them against each other; to preserve a balance of power between them; to convince them of the value of British support; and eventually, when it was found that their attachments were only co-existent with their political exigences, and that no form that could be devised of oath or treaty was binding on their consciences—to disarm them altogether of the means of injury.

There were other causes also tending to the assumption of that military and political character which the company has ever since retained; these were, the great distance of the foreign settlements, which therefore, as well as the means of transit, required the protection of some armed force; and more particularly, the war between France and England in 1744; because as the rival English and French companies were then both established on the Coromandel coast, they were naturally protected by their respective governments, and afforded the strange spectacle of two European powers carrying on war at the opposite side of the globe. But it cannot after all fail to be perceived that a company of merchants was the association most likely to succeed in such an attempt, because they would be received in some degree with the encouragement usually extended to mercantile speculators, instead of the jealousy and opposition which a body of armed invaders would have encountered.

The plan of operations which necessity imposed upon the several governors of India, was this—the Indian Princes, in their internal quarrels and difficulties, were glad to avail themselves of the aid of European troops, or of native troops (Sepoys or Spahis) trained by European officers: the consequent success of their arms induced them to admit European subsidiary forces within their frontiers, according to the terms of defensive treaties: these troops, they were, in all cases, obliged to pay. The next step was the cession of a territory equivalent to the subsidy, in

order to avoid the inconvenience of periodical payments; and, at last, on the appearance of any hostile disposition, which invariably showed itself at the first favourable opportunity, a regard to permanent security suggested that the Prince in question should be deprived of all the reality of power, and compensated by a pension from the Company. This course of subsidiary alliance and final subjection has been pursued in all cases where the dynasty has not been altogether extinguished; the most distinguished of such royal pensioners at present existing being the family of Tippoo Sultan, the Peishwa, Dhuleep Singh, and henceforth, most probably, the Royal Family of Oude.*

The events which have resulted in the consolidation of this vast Empire may be thus briefly stated:—

To trace the history of India† back to very ancient times, even if the existence of authentic records rendered it possible, would be beside the purpose of this essay. It will be sufficient to state that the Indians were partially known to those nations of antiquity with which we are more familiar, as a wealthy, luxurious and refined, if not civilized, people. Independently of the few notices occurring in the Greek and Latin classics, the rock-temples and other works of art, existing from an ante-historic era, as they are described by Colonel Tod and other modern visitors; and the ruins of Delhi‡ occupying a larger space than the area of London and Westminster, and suggesting a degree of costly magnificence never witnessed in Europe, would present sufficient evidence of the natives having attained that state of cultivation, the result of long prosperity, in which public works on an imposing scale, of a high artistic excellence, are generally produced. If no other monument remained, the Sanscrit language alone, without exception the most philosophically constructed, and harmonious and flexible of all forms

*These arrangments cannot be regarded otherwise than as most beneficial both to the princes, whom they placed in security: and to their subjects who were relieved from an intense and unmitigated despotism.

†*India* is the classical name of the country. *Hindoostan* in the Persian language is, "the country of the blacks." The Aboriginal name was *Maharata.*

‡The present inhabited city, called Shah-Jehan-abad, *i.e.*, "The City of Shah Jehan," is about seven miles round.

of speech, and transmitted in a state of perfection, which proves that it must have been long used for literary purposes, would abundantly testify to their intellectual advancement.

After a long enjoyment of peace and prosperity, for which an antiquity rivalling that of the Chinese chronology is claimed, the Government was overthrown by a Mohammedan invasion about the year A.D. 1000, and continued under the dynasty then established until 1389, when the Mogul Tartars, under Timur (or Tamerlane) undertook a conquest, which was completed after a struggle of 136 years, by his descendant BABER, who established at Delhi and Agra the monarchy known as that of the GREAT MOGUL. It was his grandson, *Jehanghire*, who received the first English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, sent in 1610 by Queen Elizabeth, to beg permission for her subjects to trade with his Majesty's dominions.

At an early period in modern history, Indian manufactures in jewellery, silk and cotton, some of which—for instance *calico* and *muslin*—still bear names of oriental origin,* were prized as articles of trade, and brought overland and across the Caspian and Black Seas by the adventurous merchants of Constantinople, Venice, Amalfi, and Marseilles; until the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama in 1497, when the first European ship, after various trials and adventures, landed her crew at CALICUT, on the Malabar coast. Soon after this the principal Portuguese station in India was established at GOA by the celebrated Alphonso de Albuquerque.

The first English navigator, who sailed round the Cape, was Sir Francis Drake, who crossed the Pacific in 1579: and, ten years afterwards, was formed the nucleus of a company, which, headed by the Earl of Cumberland, contributed a capital of £70,000 for the purpose of oriental trade, and, after considerable opposition from the Portuguese, effected their first settlement at Surat. In this character they continued to trade under a charter renewed in 1609, until 1635, when a rival company was formed by Sir W. Courten, under the sanction of James I., which was soon after incorporated with the old, and was again separated from it by the command of Cromwell, only, however, to be once more consolidated.

*These names are not known to the natives, but were suggested to early European settlers by the names of the places from which they were obviously taken.

In 1698 a more formidable opposition was offered by another company which obtained an Act of Parliament in consideration of some pecuniary accommodation afforded to the Government, but which found itself ultimately obliged, after a series of violent recriminations, to incorporate itself with the elder association under the title of "THE UNITED COMPANY OF MERCHANTS TRADING TO THE EAST INDIES." They instituted a Court of Proprietors, from which was chosen a Committee of twenty-four, called the COUNCIL OF DIRECTORS, with a Chairman presiding; and in this form they conducted business till 1744, when they appear as the proprietors of some small territories around their three fortified stations or Presidencies, BOMBAY,* MADRAS,† and CALCUTTA.‡

About this time the MOGUL EMPIRE, which had been declining ever since the death of Aurungzebe in 1770, was virtually dismembered by the assumption of independent sovereignty on the part of its numerous viceroys, and their deputies, the NABOBS (or NAWABS), and presented an appearance similar to that of the Roman Empire under some of the late Byzantine Emperors, who were content with a merely nominal submission in exchange for titles bestowed upon the chief magistrates of the Italian republics; or, as Mr. Macaulay observes, to that of the Empire constructed by Charlemagne, in its dissolution under its feeble successors. Their collisions with these princes now began to convince the officers of the Company of the necessity of acquiring territory, and of adding revenue to their income.

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* *Bombay* was originally a Portuguese station (*Bom-bahia*, "the good harbour"): it was ceded to Charles II. as part of the marriage portion of his Queen, and given by him to the Company, who removed thither from Surat.

† *Madras* was originally called *Fort St. George*. Its apparently favourable position is counterbalanced by the furious surf rolling along the Coromandel coast, which renders the shore unapproachable except by a *catamaran* or raft. It was taken by the French in 1746, and restored at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

‡ This station, now the seat of the Indian Government, dates its origin from 1690, when it was built by permission of the Great Mogul Aurungzebe, and called *Fort William*. The Hindu name signifies "*the temple of Kalee*," one of the native deities. The names Fort William, and Fort St. George properly indicated those fortresses originally erected for the protection of the respective stations, and are still used in some official documents.

The idea of establishing a European Empire in the East, by the ancient system of subsidiary alliances, appears to have been first entertained by M. Dupleix, the governor of the French settlement at PONDICHERRY, who had so far realised that conception as to have made himself, in the name of the Nizam or Viceroy of the Carnatic, the virtual ruler of the most valuable part of the Peninsula, when there appeared on the scene of Indian politics the remarkable individual afterwards known as LORD CLIVE. This man, originally a writer in the Company's service, rose by a series of the most daring and seemingly reckless exploits, to the position of the wealthiest and most formidable European in India, besides annexing an extent of territory larger than France, of which Mr. Macaulay observes "that such an amount of revenue, such a multitude of subjects, was never added to the dominions of Rome by the most successful Proconsul." Of his services, the most remarkable were—the memorable victory of PLASSEY; the deposition of the hereditary NABOB of BENGAL, BAHAR, and ORISSA, in retaliation of his inhuman and murderous imprisonment of the British merchants in the "Black Hole" at CALCUTTA; the elevation to the Nabob's forfeited dignity of MEER JAFFIER, in whose name he henceforth ruled those rich provinces, receiving on that occasion from his protegè about £300,000, together with the quit-rent payable by the Company for the DELTA of the GANGES, amounting to £27,000 a-year; and his defeat of a Dutch armament on the HOOGLEY.

The consequence of these successes was that Indian stocks rose to 263, and a dividend of 12½ per cent. was declared. These symptoms of prosperity, however, were unfortunately delusive; as the Company, notwithstanding their having stipulated for the *duance*, or right to collect the revenues or rents of the NIZAM'S dominions, found themselves in debt to the amount of a million and a quarter. This circumstance obliged them in 1772 to solicit a loan from the Home Government, which they obtained in consideration of receiving at the same time a new charter, by which Parliament made some important changes in their constitution. These were the appointment of a Governor-General with a salary of £25,000, who was to reside at Calcutta, to control the Governors of the other two Presidencies, and be assisted by four Councillors, each receiving a salary of

£8,000; and the appointment of a Chief Justice with a salary of £8,000, and three subordinate judges with salaries of £6,000 each. It was also arranged that the law-officers should be nominated by the CROWN; and the Governors and Military Commander-in-chief by the Directors, subject to the approval of the CROWN, with an absolute power of re-call vested in the Directors: and that the qualification for admittance into the Court of Proprietors, by whose ballot the Directors are elected, should be raised from £500 to £1,000 in stock. This last change was effected, not on the principle that more intelligence necessarily accompanied the possession of the larger sum, but because it was found that the larger Proprietors were generally less exacting.

In the meantime, since the return of LORD CLIVE, the affairs of the Company had been falling into disorder, and three Commissioners were consequently sent out to institute inquiries; but they never arrived at their destination, nor was any intelligence ever received of the fate of the ship in which they embarked.

The first Governor-General appointed under the new Act was Mr. WARREN HASTINGS, who resided thirteen years in India, and was subsequently impeached on a variety of charges, upon which, after a suspense of seven years, the House of Commons pronounced a verdict of *not guilty*. The principal counts of the indictment were, that he had hired English troops to the VICEROY of OUDE for an expedition, in which a whole nation was exterminated; that he had sold to the same Prince the provinces of CORAH and ALLAHABAD, previously assigned by LORD CLIVE to the MOGUL; that he had withdrawn from the latter the annuity guaranteed by the Company; and that he had violently plundered the Rajah of Benares, an ally of the Company, as well as the Begums or Princesses of Bengal, whose servants he tortured. For all these exactions, however, the urgent necessity of relieving the pecuniary embarrassment of the Company was accepted as a sufficient excuse.

In 1784 was passed the legislative measure known as Pitt's Bill. The most prominent feature of this Act was the institution of the Board of Control, and the connexion, by that medium, of the Indian Government with the Crown. This Committee was made to consist of six members, and a President or

Secretary of State for India, who should assume and lay down his office with the rest of the ministry. But the whole power of the Board, and of course the supreme government of India, has always been vested in the President and the three members of "The Secret Committee," which consists of the Chairman, Deputy-Chairman, and the senior member of the Board of Directors. The peculiar constitution of this Committee and Board invests the President, for the time being, with a power more unlimited than that of any constitutional sovereign in Europe. The relation existing at present between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors may be said to resemble, in its general features, that which the ministry of a country bears to its legislature.

As it was reasonably supposed that the financial difficulties of the Company were caused by their incessant military operations, it was now earnestly recommended that all schemes of conquest be abandoned; and, in order to carry out these views, the choice of a Governor-General fell upon Lord Cornwallis. His instructions, however, were so unsuitable to the political position * of the Company, that he was compelled immediately on his arrival, to engage in hostilities with Tippoo Saib, the Sultan of Mysore, † and son of Hyder Ali, with whom a protracted contest, marked by many vicissitudes, had been maintained during the administration of Warren Hastings. The temporary submission of Tippoo, and the surrender of his sons as hostages to Lord Cornwallis, with the cession of half his territory, after the walls of Seringapatam had been invested by the Company's troops, formed the closing scene of that nobleman's government.

The next Governor-General was Sir John Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), whose policy was altogether and successfully pacific. He was succeeded in 1798 by the Earl of

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* In a minute of 12th February, 1852, Lord Dalhousie says, "The Government of India cannot, consistently with its own safety, appear, even for one day, in an attitude of inferiority."

† Hyder Ali rose from a servile station, and, though altogether uneducated, raised himself to sovereign power and deposed his master and employer, the Rajah. Mysore is an extensive table-land on the Malabar coast, not far from Cape Comorin, in some parts more than 4,000 feet above the sea-level. The present capital of the district, Mysore, stands about ten miles from the site of Seringapatam.

Mornington (afterwards Marquis of Wellesley), who set out with the same instructions as his predecessors, but concluded his administration by placing the Company in possession, either directly or indirectly, of all the territories from the Himmaleh Mountains to Cape Comorin. The discovery of a correspondence between Tippoo and the French Governor of the Mauritius, coupled with some demonstrations on that Island in favour of the Sultan, and the occurrence at the same time of the French expedition to Egypt, appeared to the Governor a sufficient provocation to a renewal of hostilities. The war ended in the capture of Seringapatam on the 4th of May, 1799, by Generals Harris, Stewart, and Baird, assisted by Colonel Wellesley (Duke of Wellington). The territory of Mysore was partitioned between the Company and the Allies who had assisted them in the campaign, the Mahratta chiefs and the Nizam of the Deccan; except a central district which was nominally erected into a separate kingdom, under the representative of the ancient Rajahs, then a child of five years of age. Tippoo fell in the assault on the city, and his family was pensioned by the Company.

The Mahrattas, a fierce and predatory aboriginal nation, had been long established on the west of the peninsula at Poonah, about 100 miles S.E. of Bombay. The reigning dynasty at this time was that of the Peishwa (or Commander-in-chief), which had treacherously supplanted the original line of the Rajahs. Being Brahmins, they had been naturally jealous of the Mohammedan Sultans of Mysore, and, although occasionally combining with them against the common enemy, maintained only that species of alliance usual among the native princes, who might be seen to-day associating in the closest intercourse, and to-morrow devising each other's destruction.

Of the entire struggle for British supremacy it may be said that the predominant feelings of every native competitor were an intense hatred of the foreigners, an ill-disguised impatience of the restraint which they imposed and the protection which they extended; and an inordinate passion for power, which neither the anxieties nor the dangers incidental to a state of perpetual rivalry could suppress. It may be added that, if they had only combined sincerely against foreign aggression, the establishment of a European Empire in India would have been impossible.

It is difficult to imagine what attraction royalty, under circumstances of so much mutual jealousy and treachery, can present to any human being, when one reflects that, even under its most favourable aspect, amid peace and civilization and constitutional defences, it is infinitely less conducive to personal happiness and rational freedom, than the position of any private individual, enjoying moderate wealth and a cultivated mind.

The Mahratta power, after having been more or less indirectly engaged in previous hostilities, became now in its turn the principal antagonist of the Company. It was at this time divided into three rival interests, represented by the Peishwa and two chieftains, named Sindia and Holkar; and, after a long succession of negociations and alliances, it was considered necessary to interfere in order to support the pretensions of the first, and, if possible, to obtain possession of the person of the Mogul, who was virtually a prisoner in the hands of the second. This war was concluded by the defeat of Sindia at Assaye, by Colonel (at this time General) Wellesley, in August, 1803, at the same time that General Lake, in the north-east of the Peninsula, defeated Holkar, took Delhi and Agra, the two ancient capitals of the Mogul, and, after a siege of one hundred days, reduced the fortress of Bhurtpore to a capitulation, thereby securing the Rajah in the full possession of his hereditary dominions. These victories terminated the most important war in which the Company had yet engaged, and placed them in undisputed possession of the whole sea coast.

Lord Wellesley was succeeded in 1805 by Lord Cornwallis, who died immediately on his arrival, and whose place was filled by Sir George Barlow, the senior member of the Council, until the coming of Lord Minto, in 1807. The conquests of the Wellesleys having created some sensation at home, mingled with serious apprehensions of a state of perpetual warfare, the new governor maintained for some time a policy of non-intervention, which he was at length compelled to exchange for a more active resistance to the designs of the Mahratta Chiefs, whose subjection was erroneously supposed to have been completed. The form in which their restless hostility now manifested itself was a secret co-operation with the chiefs of the Pindarees and Nepaulese, roving tribes of plunderers, whose

forces, like those of the Mahrattas, were almost exclusively cavalry. The movements of their principal leader, Ameer Sing, were becoming suspicious, and Lord Minto was entering upon negociations preparatory to hostilities, when he retired from the Government, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Hastings, an experienced soldier, who arrived in 1813. After several engagements of doubtful success, a comprehensive and decisive plan of operations was adopted. Separate bodies of troops, commanded by the Governor, Sir John Malcolm, Generals Hislop, Doveton, and Smith, and other officers, formed a circle round the enemy and closed in upon them, after the manner of a battue.*

The bands of the Pindarees, whose usual mode of fighting was the guerilla, were thus cut off in detail, and the Governor was congratulating himself on his success, when hostilities were once more openly resumed by the Peishwa. This insurrection ended, not as usual in the establishment of another royal pensioner, but in the final extinction of the name and authority of the Peishwa, together with the final subjection of the Rajah of Nagpore,† another ally of the Company, who had adopted the policy of the former. These measures of course involved a considerable accession of territories, which were duly annexed in 1815 and 1817. In the meantime, the Nepaulese, who had maintained a separate and obstinate resistance, were signally subdued, in 1816, by General Ochterlony.

Peace continued from the latter year to 1824, when the arduous and successful struggle with the Burmese Empire began. The causes of this war had been for a long time

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* The Pindarees and Mahrattas may not improperly be classified under one denomination; but the Nepaulese are a distinct race, exhibiting the characteristics of a *Tartar* origin. It was during this expedition that the Asiatic cholera or *Sitanga*, so fatal on several subsequent occasions, made its first appearance among the European troops.

† Appa Sahib, the Rajah of Nagpore (or, more properly of Berar. the name of his territory), was taken prisoner; but, having effected his escape, and never afterwards appearing, was formally deposed. One of the reigning family, a boy of ten years of age, was declared Rajah; and the government was administered in his name by a European officer during his minority, after which his hereditary dominions, with some trifling deduction, were given up to his control as a subsidiary sovereign.

accumulating and fermenting. An oppressed section of the subjects of the King of Ava had been emigrating in large numbers, and taking sanctuary in Chittagong or Chergong, one of the north-eastern dependencies of the Company. As the King had repeatedly demanded their extradition, and there existed no wish to quarrel with him, troops had been sent by Lord Hastings to dislodge them, when they declared that they would, if necessary, stand to be cut or shot down by the English soldiers, but that they would never return to the slavery from which they had escaped. Such an appeal as this it would have been inhuman to resist, and the refugees were suffered to remain. In the course of the ensuing negociations, the King of Ava sent a letter to Lord Hastings, in which he demanded a cession of territory as compensation: this letter the Governor, with considerable address, affected to regard as a forgery, and sent back with an intimation that it was returned to his Majesty, to afford him an opportunity of punishing the writer. Though the demand was not repeated, the Company became so far involved in the quarrel between the King and the refugees, that it was deemed necessary to reduce his pretensions by an invasion; and, accordingly, but not until after a Birman army had crossed the frontier between Arracan and Bengal, and successfully attacked a regiment of the Company's native infantry, a force under the command of Sir Archibald Campbell proceeded to assault Rangoon, on the Delta of the Irrawadi; and having taken it without resistance proceeded, in the face of a harassing guerilla, up the river, which all accounts of the expedition agree in describing as flowing through scenery of singular beauty. When they had approached within about 100 miles of his capital, the King requested leave to negociate, and agreed to the payment of a pecuniary compensation, and to cede the valuable territories of Assam and Arracan in the north, together with a line of coast on the east of the Gulf of Martaban, extending south to Mergui. These annexations were made in 1826 under the administration of Lord Amherst. During this campaign, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, taking advantage of the absence of the Bengal army, murdered several of his relatives, and committed other outrages, in consequence of which Bhurtpore, which had previously been considered impregnable, was assaulted and taken by Lord Combermere.

In addition to the territories obtained from the native powers, Trincomalee, originally a French settlement on the coast of Ceylon, was taken from the Dutch in 1796, and in 1815, on the deposition of the King by his own subjects, the whole island was annexed. This colony, however, does not belong to the Company, but is a direct dependency of the Crown. It may be interesting to mention also, that the Island of St. Helena, which has since acquired so much historic notoriety, was originally a Dutch settlement, and, having been ceded to the Company in 1651, was taken from them in 1815 by the Crown, in order to provide more effectually for the safe custody of its illustrious prisoner.

The second Burmese war, terminated by the cession of Pegu, was the last of the great contests in which the Company can be said to have been involved; because the Affghan war, which broke out after a peace of seventeen years, though intimately affecting their interests and entailing a heavy expenditure, did not arise out of any situation of circumstances produced by their own act. The causes of the invasion of that district, which took place without the knowledge, or, at least, the sanction, of the Company, are to be found in the policy of the Home Government. For some time before the eruption of the war the Russian Cabinet had been maintaining a suspicious correspondence with the Court of Persia. The Shah of Persia had invaded Herat, which is separated from the north-west frontier of the Company's territory only by Affghanistan, Scinde, and the Punjab; and apprehensions were entertained then, as now, that, by means of an alliance with Persia, Russian influence might extend itself to India. It was, therefore, considered advisable to attach that intervening territory to the British influence by removing the existing dynasty, and substituting a prince who should feel that he owed his position to our support. The expedition, it is unnecessary to add, was unsuccessful. The Affghans persisted in their adherence to a prince of their own choosing, and the retreat was pre-eminently disastrous. Major-General Elphinstone, an old Waterloo officer, who commanded the Bengal army, at a time when he was incapacitated by ill-health, was rather too severely held responsible for the result, and would have been tried by Court-martial, had not his death averted so painful an ordeal.

The honour of the British arms, however, was in some degree vindicated by the successes of Sir W. Nott in Candahar, and the skill with which he effected his return; some memorable services were also performed by General Pollock and Sir Robert Sale. Of these officers, the former commanded the force that made its way through the Khyber Pass, defeated Akhbar Khan, and took possession of Cabul. The latter, who had passed all his previous life in Indian warfare, led the assault on Ghuznee under Lord Keane; drove Dost Mohammed to surrender, stormed the Khoord Pass, and the fortress of Mamoo Kail, raised the siege of Jellalabad, when it had been invested by the Affghans for seven months, and was at last killed on the Sutlej.

During the early operations of this campaign, the Sikhs evinced their hostility, arising apparently from dread of invasion, by intercepting the passage of our troops through their territory, and thus necessitating a circuitous route through Shikarpore and the Bolan Pass. This feeling eventually urged them to an invasion of our territory across the Sutlej, in 1844-5. This movement resulted in the battles of Moodkhee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and, finally, of Goojerat, which was fought near the Chenâb and Thelum (*anc.* Hydaspes), on the scene of Alexander's encounter with Porus, twenty-one centuries before. In this battle the Sikhs were signally defeated by Lord Gough, and the Punjab annexed to the Company's dominions. In the meantime the Affghan War had given occasion also for the invasion of Scinde, by Sir Charles Napier, in 1842, for the purpose of keeping open a communication with the invading army in Cabul. The result was the annexation of that country, and the appointment of Sir Charles to the office of Governor, which he held for a short time. After returning home, and publishing a work on "The Misgovernment of India," he was sent out a second time to supersede Lord Gough, but only arrived in time to find the Sikh War successfully concluded by that General.

By these campaigns, extensive districts in the north were annexed, which it was afterwards considered imprudent to append to an empire already so unwieldy that its existing military force could scarcely be relied on for its protection. The

dangers of such extensions notwithstanding,* it would appear from events just now in progress, that the permanent tranquillity of the empire can only be secured by the subjection and reformation of all those its neighbours and dependents, who still retain the will and the power to annoy. Of all our neighbours in Asia, the Chinese alone seem indisposed to quarrel with foreigners. Our war with them, it will be remembered, originated in a determination to enforce the protection of the opium trade with India, and may so far be regarded as an Indian war. It terminated in the cession of the Island of Hong-kong, a licence for free trade with five Chinese ports, and a pecuniary compensation for the expenses of the contest.

As the wars incidental to the foundation of our Indian Empire may be regarded as at an end, with the probable exception of an occasional insurrection on the frontiers, and as those wars have left a stern memento in the form of a public debt, our duty henceforth will be to organize and assimilate the discordant elements of that Empire in such a way as, by developing its moral and physical capabilities, to improve upon its ancient prosperity, and render our dominion a political and social blessing to all its subjects.

The changes that have totally divested the Company of that mercantile character, which alone they originally assumed, were effected by their successive Charters. The authority under which they first assumed any political privileges was the Charter of 1624, which permitted them to punish their servants abroad by civil and military law. By that of 1661 was conferred the power of making peace or waging war with any nations "not being Christians." Previously to this, in 1652, a license had been obtained from the Mogul, at the trifling cost of 3,000 rupees,† and by the mediation of an English physician, whose skill had commanded some influence at the Court of Delhi, granting the privilege of an untaxed and unlimited trade through the district of Bengal. The cession of Bombay, in

* These dangers, however, cannot exist anywhere but in the absence of a comprehensive and uniform Government.

† A *rupee* is a silver coin, value 2s. 6d. A lac of rupees is 100,000 equal to £12,500.

1688, was accompanied by a permission to exercise on that island all the functions of a government. In 1814, in consequeuce of many and earnest remonstrances, their monopoly of the Indian trade was abolished in favour of British merchants in general, under the restriction that only ships of not less than 350 tons burden, might visit the ports of Calcutta, Madras, and Bengal, on obtaining the Company's license; but even this limitation was relaxed to some extent in 1825. Under this competition, the Company's commercial profits disappeared, except those arising from their trade with China, of which they retained the monopoly till 1833; when, on the renewal of their Charter, all commercial enterprises were interdicted. Since then their revenue has been raised exclusively from the *rents of Crown lands, and the monopolies of salt and opium, the Mint* and *Post-office*, and some *customs' duties*,* diminished of course by the expenses of maintaining their civil and military establishments. Of these the latter consists of about 265,000 soldiers, either native or enlisted at home, in addition to whom they employ about 30,000 of Her Majesty's troops, who receive double pay, at the Company's expense, while abroad.

On the abolition of their mercantile character were also abolished the arbitrary privilege of the Company to grant licenses for immigration from the home country, and the differential duty upon East India sugar for the benefit of the West India exporters. Since the opening of the trade by these relaxations, it has increased on the whole about 150 per cent.; in some special instances three and four fold, and in other cases a totally new traffic has been created, while the prices of all imports from India have fallen in very nearly an equal proportion; and the value of the exports of English manufactures doubled. *These facts alone would suffice to prove the error of the principle upon which all artificial restrictions of commerce are founded—the idea that whatever is gained by one party must be lost by some other.* The commerce of India may be carrried indefinitely beyond its present limits by following up the *projects of improved modes of communication and locomotion*;† and the

* The Post-office yields scarcely any profit revenue; nor does the Mint, except some small profit on copper coinage. The most profitable imposts are those on spirits and stamps.

† It is calculated by Mr. Porter (Progress of the Nation) that the expense of transport on the backs of oxen in India is seven times that on common roads.

revenues of the Company may be thereby proportionally increased. This would enable them to pay off the large debt; amounting to about 40 millions, which they have necessarily incurred in their incessant wars. Their income under present circumstances, if relieved from this debt, even without any accessions from extended commerce, would be about 22 millions, subject to the expenses of the civil and military establishments: and the difference to any community between the absence and the pressure of a public debt may be illustrated by the fact, that in England the *average taxation on every individual is about £14, and in America about nine shillings.*

In right of the non-residence of its government, India must be regarded as a colony, *but it differs in some prominent features from other colonial dependencies*; maintaining its exceptional character in having a federal * government, which rules, not on the scene of its operations, but at home: and in not being colonized by permanent settlers from the parent country.† The nature of its government, consisting principally of men whose local experience (civil or military) has qualified them for the office, is considered so favourable to the development of its resources, and to the adaptation of measures to its requirements, that it has been suggested that the other colonies would derive considerable advantage from the appointment of a similarly-constructed council to superintend them all.

The great benefit of such an administration, if not too conservative, would be its *continuous identity*—for corporations live longer than individuals—and the removal of those disadvantages which must result from *the frequent changes* of the heads of the Colonial Office, as at present constituted.

Secondly, although the most wealthy of the colonies, *it has never been occupied, to any appreciable extent, as a field for emigration.* The English residents, being exclusively the servants of the Company, merely set out with the intention of spending 20 or 30 years abroad, and returning wealthy, or at least inde-

* *A federal government* implies a local legislature and executive, controlled by and connected with the central government at home; such is, for instance, the government of Canada, and such was the government of Ireland before the union.

† It was not until the abolition of the Company's mercantile monopolies, that British-born subjects were permitted to purchase and hold lands in India in their own names.

pendent. This practice, it may be observed, involves *a drain upon the resources of India*, from which other colonies are almost entirely exempt; and of course *a pecuniary advantage to the United Kingdom*, where all fortunes accumulated in India are eventually distributed. It is calculated that very nearly three millions annually flow from India into these islands; while most other foreign dependencies possess merely the negative value of being favourable positions to hold in time of war, or of affording situations and employments for the patronage of the government.*

Whoever has studied the history of India must be convinced that whatever tends to retard the assimilation of the European and Asiatic races, must perpetuate the insecurity of the British power, and render it liable, at any moment, to an explosion of the mine of jealousy and disaffection upon which it stands. It is true that, with all its defects, the present Government of India is better than any ever known to have existed under the native dynasties, and much superior to any that the natives could even now organize, if left to themselves; but the higher classes of Hindus feel only that they are protected in a subordinate position; and the lower classes that they are the oppressed creators of wealth which is wrested from them by strangers.†

The late Sir Robert Peel's theory of Colonial Government was centralisation, that is, a political assimilation of all the citizens of the empire under one comprehensive system, which should not regard any provincial subject as an alien, treating the Canadas and the Ionian Isles, for instance, as Lancashire and Warwickshire. Such a system would obviously tend to preserve the integrity of the Empire more certainly than that of local and affiliated Governments, which must, sooner or later, incline towards dismemberment.

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* This remark applies especially to the North American Colonies, the Canadas, Nova Scotia (the chief value of which consists in the position and accommodation of its harbours) Prince Edward Island, the Bermudas, &c.

† The Directors recognise as the possessors of the lands not the Ryots, or agriculturists, to whom they really and originally belong, but the Zemindars, an intermediate class, who act as *quæstors* and collect the rents, which are so heavy an impost as to leave but little in many instances for those who pay them.

Applying this theory to India, and remembering that the moral influence of a Government, by which alone it can be permanently upheld, is exclusively derived from a conviction on the part of its subjects that they are benefited by their subjection, we must perceive that *by identifying the interests of the natives with our own, by extending to them such mental illumination as shall enable them to appreciate, and participate in, our administration, and above all, by exhibiting to them the practical superiority of Christianity in its social influences*, we shall most effectually perpetuate our dominion and fulfil the legitimate functions of a Government. It is a recognized principle in the science of Government that the chief object and motive of colonization should be the happiness of the colonists; and, in general, that the proper functions of a Government (by transgressing which it must degenerate into tyranny) are, to ensure the safety of person, property, and reputation, without imposing any further personal constraint than may be necessary to secure those ends.

Many efforts have been made, even with the co-operation of intelligent natives,* towards the diffusion of education in India; principally by Lord Wellesley, Lord Metcalfe, and Lord William Bentinck. Of these benefactors, the first founded a college in Calcutta; the second spent a long and useful portion of his life in the India Service, (from 1801 to 1838), and was so far in advance of his own time, that his views of Colonial Government, education, and the freedom of the press were then considered dangerous. He felt that his theory of moral, and consequently of political improvment, was merely a recognition of what common justice demands from power; and to those who represented the danger of a more cultivated intelligence on the part of the natives, he used to reply, that we should do our duty and leave the result to Providence; and that if our dominion were to be upheld only by ignorance, it had better fall at once. Lord

* Many wealthy Hindus are intelligent gentlemen. Some have attained, and worthily kept a position in the most intellectual society in Calcutta; such as Dwarkanauth Tagore, who visited England in 1845, and Kam Komul Sen, who was a member of the Calcutta Schoolbook Society, a promoter of the Hindu College, the compiler of an English and Bengali Dictionary, one of the committee of the Asiatic Society, the personal friend of Dr. Wilson, Sanscrit Professor at Oxford, and, it may be added, the architect of a fortune of £120,000.

(then Sir Charles) Metcalfe can scarcely be said to have been actually Governor of India. Having acted in that capacity, as Deputy for a short time, between the departure of Lord William Bentinck and the arrival of Lord Auckland, he was removed to America, and died Governor of the Canadas. The third, who governed India till 1835, was a nobleman of similarly enlightened and benevolent views, and introduced many reformatory measures, for which his name is still revered in India.

But any intellectual advancement, thus created, can only aggravate feelings of national jealousy, unless progressively accompanied by the removal of disabilities; for, in proportion as a community improves in intelligence, their tendency towards progressive measures and a constitutional form of government increases. Towards the conversion of the Hindus much laudable energy and perseverance have been devoted; but they are not a people easily converted. The Hindus have in the original (Sanscrit) language their *Vedas* and *Shastras*, (respectively analogous, in a certain sense, to our Scripture and Commentaries), in which the existence of one Supreme God is inculcated, and they consider an appeal to the authority of these writings a sufficient answer to all argument. The prevailing superstitions are, that of the ancient Hindu Trinity, or the religion of Brahma, whose allegorical types of the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer, found their way, in some ante-historic period, into the older mythology of the Greeks, under the names and forms of the Chimæra, Briareus, Argus, Minotaur, &c.; secondly, the Mohammedan Faith, which extends over about one-eighth of the population; and thirdly, the dark and cruel idolatries to the Buddhists and Jains. There is also a small settlement of descendants of the ancient Jews, who have resided there so long as to have lost all record of the immigration of their ancestors.

The savage institution known as the Suttee, a voluntary sacrifice of wives upon the pyres of their husbands, dates from a very remote antiquity, and is sometimes supposed to have originated in an expedient for suppressing a then prevalent custom of husband poisoning. The attachment of the natives to this form of suicide is so strong and so artfully sustained by the priests, who receive large presents on these occasions, that, when its suppression was first contemplated by the resident

government, with the concurrence of some of the most liberal and intelligent Hindus, a vigorous and formidable opposition against the reform was organized. It has been recently ascertained, however, from an examination of the Vedas by Professor Wilson, of Oxford, that such a ceremony is not enjoined anywhere in those writings: and the knowledge of this fact, aided by the light of a comparison with Christianity, cannot fail eventually to dissolve whatever trace of this wretched infatuation still lingers in the minds of the Hindus.

The custom of female infanticide, now considerably abated, was encouraged by the heavy expenses attending the marriages of daughters, which rendered it burdensome for persons of humble means to rear more than one. This expenditure consisted, not in the payment of a dowry, or the splendour of an entertainment, but in providing presents to gratify the rapacity of the mendicant *Brahmins*. It is remarkable that this sacerdotal caste, conventionally regarded as the superiors of the rest of the community, possess no property, and live exclusively upon the contributions extorted from superstitious reverence: while *the mercantile class*, the most respectable and intelligent, as well as the wealthiest of the natives, holds an inferior rank. The other castes are the *military* and the *agricultural*. The occupations of these several sections are hereditary and unchangeable; and the loss of caste, which is the penalty of intermarriage or any other unconventional act, involves degradation to the rank of *Pariah* or social outlaw. It is evident that such an institution must perpetuate a disparity of civilisation and mental development, for an ignorant class will ever be weak and oppressed; it is equally clear that its abolition must be one of the first and most beneficial results of the dissemination of Christianity. Bishop Heber designates the system as "destructive of the feelings of general benevolence, and tending to render nine tenths of the people, the hopeless slaves of the remainder."

The Hindus are generally considered interior to Europeans in physical development and energy: and by some philosophers the smaller size of their heads is supposed to indicate a corresponding deficiency of intellect, which they are said to compensate by a proficiency in fraud and dissimulation, the natural resource of the feeble. This is true of the *Bengalese* especially, of whom

Mr. Macaulay says that no possible form of oath is binding on their consciences; and the assertion is borne out by the fact that known criminals are frequently acquitted by the legal tribunals, from the impossibility of believing the evidence against them. The accounts given by all residents of the character of the *low-caste Hindus* are unfavourable, except that of Bishop Heber, who, although he finds them tainted with "all the vices of the slave and the robber," still represents them as susceptible of a high moral cultivation. Of him it may perhaps be said that his own amiability of character was calculated to elicit whatever good qualities existed in those with whom he came in contact; but, as such qualities, in order to be perceptible, must have some existence, there is reason to believe that his anticipations for the great mass of the people may be realised.

A glance over the map of Asia will be sufficient to demonstrate the importance to England of her Indian Empire, and the necessity of attaching it by stronger ties than the treacherous bonds of fear. It will be seen that Russia, with her dangerously aggressive policy, occupies all Northern Asia from the mountains to the sea, and stands in suspicious proximity to the northern limit of the British territory, from which she is separated only by the kindred race of the Tartars.

Russia has always been desirous of maintaining a friendly understanding with Persia, where, if opportunity should offer, a dependency scarcely inferior to ours in natural resources might be annexed, and form a basis for future operations. Not less evident is it that our trade with China, protected and promoted by our vicinity in India, must be imperilled or curtailed by the dominion of a rival, or enemy, over any of our present Indian possessions. In the absence, therefore, of motives of duty and benevolence, policy alone would suggest that our position should be fortified by *the only true means—namely, by elevating the natives to a footing of citizenship and fraternity.*

"It is true, that the government of a country like India by a small number of Europeans, is something anomalous, and will naturally be beset with difficulties. But it should be the object of legislation, particularly when a new system is to be inaugurated, to do all that can be done towards diminishing

these difficulties, and preparing the way for that mutual understanding between the governing and the governed without which the British empire in India can be considered only as a temporary and accidental possession of this country.

"Very little has as yet been done in this respect, and this rather by Hindus than by the English. The Hindus, at least in the larger towns, have studied not only the language and literature, but also the prejudices and weaknesses of their rulers; but they have done so mostly from selfish and sordid motives. It is the duty of the English, conscious as they must feel of their intellectual, moral, and political superiority, to do the same, only from higher motives and from a feeling of duty. The civil servants of India should not be mute machines for collecting taxes and distributing justice; they ought to be the moral rulers of India, and, without being obtrusive or magisterial, they ought to stretch out their hands to those who require their help and guidance. Providence, by granting to England the conquest of India, has called upon her to fulfil a duty, which is to infuse new life into the decaying body of the Indian nation, the most gifted of all the nations of Asia, and full of promise for the future history of that continent." *

The influence by which Hindustan is to be Anglicised must of course be sought only in the local Government, of which the following is the present constitution. The Presidencies are now four, Agra having recently been raised to that rank. Each of these Presidencies has its own army, its own Governor and Judical Establishment, subject to the control of the Central Government at Calcutta. There the Governor-General is assisted by a *council of five*, of whom the military Commander-in-Chief is one; while each of the Governors of the other Presidencies is assisted by *three councillors*. For a seat in any of these councils a *residence of ten years* is an indispensable qualification.

The Judicial Establishment consists of the *Chief Justice* and two *Puisne Judges* of Calcutta, where, in addition to the High Court of Appeal (*Sudder Adawbut*) and the Civil and Criminal Court, (*Nizamut Adawbut*), justice is also administered by subordinate tribunals, called *Zillah Courts*. In the two former,

* *Times*, October 18, 1855.

which are under the Home Government, Hindu and Mohammedan officers are employed. and intelligent natives are now considered competent to serve on the *punctayets* or arbitration juries, while in the latter, which belong to the Company, natives are eligible to sit as Judges. The other Presidencies have each a Chief-Justice and one Puisne Judge, whose duties are also lightened by the jurisdiction of inferior courts. The supreme courts are intended especially for the administration of justice to British residents: and the others to adjudicate between natives, and between natives and Europeans.

The ecclesiastical establishment consists of a Bishop and three Archdeacons in each of the old Presidencies, and seventy-six Chaplains of subordinate rank. In addition to these, who represent the Church of England, there are, of course, numerous pastors and missionaries of other Christian sects.

The education of India is provided by the colleges, of which Calcutta contains three; the Anglo-Indian, founded by Lord Wellesley, and the Mohammedan, in both of which the higher departments of knowledge are cultivated; and that for the study of Sanscrit literature and the modern native languages: the cities of Delhi and Agra also possess one college each. These colleges are assisted and fed by a large number of schools of various grades, both religious and secular; and constitute altogether an agency of the most beneficial character,

It may probably be supposed by many that the diffusion of Christianity throughout a community would be sufficient of itself to effect a complete social reformation: the truth, however, is that, although this must ever be the most effectual of all *single* means, it requires, for the establishment of its full and legitimate influence, the assistance of general scientific and secular knowledge. Dogmatic, apart from natural, theology must ever present to educated heathens the appearance of an arbitrary system; and, in general, men believe the more readily and more firmly in proportion as they perceive more clearly the reasons of their faith and its conformity to the other ordinances of God. To prove this it will be only necessary to consider the condition of nations which profess Christianity, but are at the same time ignorant of all physical and mental science; among such nations or communities it will be found that religion has degenerated into superstition, with

all its characteristic cruelties. Scientifically educated Christians would never have tolerated such an institution as the Inquisition, or such irrational cruelties as the burning of witches and heretics: let us add that the more enlightened the recipients of Christianity are, the better hope is there for its purity and permanence.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that among the reformatory measures demanded by the interests of India, *none is likely to conduce more effectually to its advancement than the recent change in the mode of nomination to its civil offices*; because, while candidates on the one hand are relieved from the hopeless discouragements of partiality and neglect, the colony itself is benefited by the greater amount of talent and competency secured to its service. It would be beside our purpose to enter into the merits of the discussion at present so warmly maintained as to the comparative merits of different plans of examination, any further than to express our deep conviction *of the importance of attaching a higher value to the study of Sanscrit.* This point has been most ably discussed in two recent articles in "The Times," from which we will quote two passages.

"Sanscrit supplies the dictionary of all the spoken languages of India, even of those which, like Telugu and Tamil, belong in ther grammatical system to another family of speech. The proportion of Sanscrit words in Hindostanee, Bengalee, Hindee, Punjabee, Mahrattee, Guzeratee, Scindee, &c., has been variously stated at between three-fourths and nine-tenths of the vocabularies of each of these dialects. It is in reality impossible to fix it exactly, because every day new Sanscrit words, whether by derivation or composition, are added to the stores of modern dialects. 'Every person acquainted with the spoken speech of India knows perfectly well that its elevation to the dignity and usefulness of written speech has depended, and must still depend, upon its borrowing largely from its parent or kindred stock; that no man who is ignorant of Sanscrit can write Hindostanee or Bengalee with elegance, purity, or precision.' New ideas which are brought before the Hindoo mind by the intercourse with Europeans must invariably be expressed by Sanscrit derivatives; and all expressions relating to religion, and Christianity in particular, can be obtained from that source alone.

"Sanscrit, again, offers the key to the grammatical system

of all Indian dialects, with the exception of the Deccan languages, such as Tamil, Telugu, &c. Although the grammar of the modern vernaculars of India is by no means perplexing, yet it becomes far easier and more intelligible if we know the original Sanscrit, from which all the grammatical forms of the modern dialects are derived by means of abbreviation, corruption, and composition. The grammar of French is not difficult; yet it is embarrassing to explain some of its peculiarities to persons ignorant of Latin, and there are certain mistakes to which persons are liable in speaking French or Italian, which a Latin scholar would avoid as if by instinct. The same applies to the modern languages of India. What can be more puzzling to a person unacquainted with the origin of the grammar of Hindostanee and Mahrattee than to find that in them the genitive of every substantive takes the signs of the masculine, feminine, and neuter genders; that if we say the King of England, England must take the masculine gender, while, if we speak of the Queen of England, the genitive takes the feminine sign of the genitive! To a Sanscrit scholar this peculiarity has nothing strange or irregular, because he recognizes in what is called the termination of the genitive the same syllables by which Sanscrit adjectives are formed, and which are liable to the changes of gender on the same principle as adjectives in Latin, where we may say *Rex Romanus* and *Regina Romana* in the sense of *Rex Romæ*.

"In spite of the respect which the Hindoos cannot help feeling for the achievements of European civilization and science, and for the military superiority of their rulers, they have not yet been taught to look upon the English as their friends and benefactors, and they still listen with implicit faith to their spiritual instructors, who tell them that all Europeans are *mlechas*, or out-casts, sent to govern the twice-born race of India during the Kaliyuga, by way of punishment for national iniquity. How easy would it be to remove these prejudices if it were done in a kindly and respectful spirit! But this can only be expected from men who take a lively interest in the people of India, and this living interest, unless it is roused by Christian charity, is best awakened and kept up by a carefnl study of Indian—that is, Sanscrit literature.

"It is in human nature that we take an interest in matters

to which we have devoted much of our time and about which we know something. A student of art will learn to admire pictures which to the unschooled eye are simply repulsive. A student of history will spend many days in searching for a document which to others might seem valueless. It will be the same with those who have paid some attention to the study of the Sanscrit language and literature. As a classical scholar is moved when he sees the unchanged shores of Greece rising on the horizon—as he feels an interest in hearing for the first time the spoken Greek, with its living accent—as he is pleased, when reminded by what passes before his eyes of the customs, the legends, and the poetry of the classical past—nay, as he cannot altogether withdraw his sympathy even from the degenerate descendants of an ancient and noble race, the Sanscrit scholar also will look to the shores of India and its dark inhabitants with an interest unknown to those who go there unprepared or full of prejudices, and are wont to speak of the natives as "a parcel of black fellows." A study of Sanscrit and an acquaintance with the classical works of the Brahmins nerve and tune the mind for the most important part of a civilian's duty—that of gaining the goodwill, the confidence, and ready co-operation of those whom he is sent to govern. He will be anxious to meet those who still speak the language to which he has devoted so many hours; he will have questions to ask, and his hours of leisure will not be hours of idleness. Conversation with the natives will soon become a pleasure to him, because his knowledge of Sanscrit will make him feel at home in almost any dialect of India. At present, 'it is notorious that many of the Company's servants, familiar with the jargon of the courts, are quite incompetent to carry on conversation with a native of respectability and education,' and this arises from their ignorance of Sanscrit. 'Every student who has gone to India with a respectable knowledge of Sanscrit has shown himself at home among the people, and displayed a warm interest in their welfare and improvement.

There are, of course, other instances where men who possessed no knowledge whatever of either Sanscrit or the modern dialects have yet rendered signal service to the Government of India. But this could be as little used as an argument against Sanscrit as the fact of many eminent divines possessing no

knowledge of Hebrew could be construed into an argument against the advantage which a knowledge of Hebrew holds out to every theologian. Those gentlemen who have gone through a splendid career in India without a knowledge of Sanscrit, and who, in some instances, have spoken so loudly and authoritatively against the study of that language, are, it would seem, not the most competent judges on this subject. They cannot judge of the advantages which others have derived from Sanscrit, nor of the pains they might have spared themselves, if to their other eminent qualifications they had added this one, which they profess at the same time to despise and ignore.

"The want of men capable of guiding the native population in their endeavours after social, moral, and religious reforms becomes more urgent every year. Although there has been hitherto a passive resistance against everything foreign, and although the progress of European civilization among the natives has been slow, yet all accounts of careful observers seem to agree that the gradual attrition produced by the contact between Oriental and European ideas, between Hindoo and Christian life, has prepared everything in India for a great, and, perhaps, sudden change. There exists among the natives a liberal party, anxious for reform and striving to be relieved from the weight of superstitious observances. Their number is small, and their attempts have been invariably frustrated by the obstructive power of the Brahminical hierarchy. The sympathy of a few of the influential and earnest-minded members of the Civil Service would lend weight to this small party, 'and might guide their efforts to much higher objects than they have themselves in view. A crisis in the social, moral, and religious state of India may not be far distant, and it will depend on the position which the Europeans scattered over that immense country may be able to take in controlling and directing that movement, whether it is to lead to violent concussions or to a healthy regeneration. It is difficult to prove mathematically how so small a matter as the study of Sanscrit could have any bearing on the solution of such mighty problems; and those who look upon it as a kind of lightning-rod, and point to the clouds rising on the political and social horizon of India, expose themselves to be treated as alarmists, who exaggerate the danger in order to raise the importance of the remedy which they recommend.

"But let us ask, what reason can there be for disregarding their suggestions, and for rejecting on a sudden the study of Sanscrit which, though it may not be a panacea for all the evils of the Government of India, will at all events prove useful in many respects, and has been recommended by the most competent authorities as an essential part of that preparatory education which a civilian ought to possess for the proper discharge of his duties in India?

"It is impossible to teach in England all the spoken languages of India; they can be learnt better abroad; nay, by carrying their study too far in this country, an Englishman might actually acquire what he would have to unlearn in India—a bad pronunciation and an unidiomatic style. Nor is there much in the literature of these modern dialects which would be of use by supplying a knowledge of India and its inhabitants. None of these objections apply to Sanscrit. It can be better taught in this country than abroad; it will prove equally useful in all the Presidencies of India, it will give an insight into the character of the Indian nation, and change very general prejudices against the natives into an interest in their past, and a sympathy for their present condition. Sanscrit, therefore, should be made an obligatory study for all probationers without any exception, and nobody should be allowed to proceed to India, who could not at least construe the laws of Manu."*

Whatever plan may eventually be decided upon, it is at least a great cause for congratulation that the demoralising influences of personal favour and nepotism are banished from this service, and may soon be expected after this example to disappear from every other profession. *Such a change will be the best safeguard of British Power, and of British Freedom.*†

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* *Times* of the 18th and 20th October, 1855.

† It is, perhaps, necessary to mention that it is nearly a year since the first rough draught of this essay was written, but there appears no reason to alter the views expressed.—E. R.H.

December 12*th*, 1856.

DORA HERBERT.

BY CRADOCK NEWTON.

Sweet Dora Herbert, flow'ret nurst
By nature, fed with sun and shower
Till like an Eden-blossom burst
The bright bud into brighter flower;
She seemed by angels brought to earth
From some remote and happy star
Or claiming for her place of birth
A clime of summers fairer far.

I loved to mark her life's young spring;
From day to day, from week to week,
Each new-born morning seem'd to bring
A richer bloom upon her cheek;
Her eyes of tender hazel—Oh!
To watch them was a dear delight—
Now moist with tears they seemed to glow—
Now crowded full of soul-born light.

What note, where birds of Eastern wing
Bright-plumaged, to the rose rejoice—
Or falling waters in the spring,
Had half the music of her voice?
Now light with laughter, now with speed
To sweet and solemn changed from gay
At some old tale of knightly deed,
Or some high-thoughted poet's lay.

Most vain is love, hard sages preach,
When we the wish'd-for guerdon wear,
But what is love when love must teach
The lesson of its own despair?
So every thought that robed with state—
That crowned her brow with light divine—
But served to show the space more great
'Twixt her and any hope of mine.

In vain I strove my thought to turn
From that false dream of joy and pain,
Departed—passion to unlearn
Returned—to learn it all again;
Till wearied in my soul I swore
It ill became a man to shun
His fate, so ere the day was o'er
Sweet Dora should be lost or won.

That hour the birds of air were glad,
Their summer store of song and glee
Was all unspent, the roses had
Bright noons of beauty yet to be;
And richer far, myself 'twas plain
Had love to last the longest life,
And lives beyond it could I gain
Sweet Dora Herbert for my wife.

Below her garden's terraced crest,
All urns and palisades, lay hid
A leafy glen, her wonted rest
Through which a singing streamlet slid;
As onward 'neath the murmurous shade
She moved in stateliness and grace,
I deemed her queen of glen and glade—
The young Egeria of the place.

From lawn and garden came the breeze—
Scent-laden through the umbrage blew,
Made music 'mid the murm'ring trees
And from the violet shook the dew;
Then ceased. So all my secret sweet
I told her—how my passion dawned,
And strengthened, casting at her feet
Love, hope, life. Gracious Heavens!—she—*yawned!*

THE MOONLIT RIVER.

BY THE REV. F. J. PERRY.

The climbing moon has scaled the cloud-built wall
That fell from heaven with descending night;
And, soaring o'er the scenes it bathes in light,
Its rays upon the river softly fall.
River! I saw thee when the struggling moon
Was hidden from my vision; and I caught
The gloom which robed thy bosom. Every thought
Made darker the dark hours of life. But soon
The prospects brighten'd: I behold thee now
Rich in the thousand rays that fall to meet
Thy undulating breast, whose music sweet
Soothes troubled thought with its melodious flow.
Hush, anxious heart! No life without its cares,
Nor one so sad that pleasure never cheers.

JUBILEE OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. A. MORTON BROWN, LL.D.

Shout it from the caverns deep,
Shout it from the mountains high;
Truth shall not in dungeons sleep,
Or in thrall for ever lie.

She will rise an Angel bright,
Full of beauty, grace, and power;
Turning darkness into light,
In her own appointed hour.

Bursting fetters—setting free
Nations long in darkness bound;
Till the cry of liberty
Through the heavens and earth resound.

Then shall error cease to reign,
Then shall freedom cease to bleed;
Man by man no more be slain—
All be men in word and deed.

Dungeons shall to temples rise,
To unfold God's mighty plan;
That great lesson of the skies—
The brotherhood of man.

Not a spot on earth shall be,
Unredeem'd—uncultured then;
Free as light shall men be free,
All the earth a school for men.

Thought shall rise to welcome thought,
'Mong the noble and the poor;
Truth shall be the gold most sought
In all parts—the wide world o'er.

Every house shall be a home,
Of large heart and lib'ral mind;
For that era shall have come—
Long predicted to mankind.

Yes! the day is in its birth,
When the nations shall be free;
Yield thine increase—mother earth!
Give thy children—Jubilee.

THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WALTER R. CASSELS.

O ! well I mind the olden time,
The sweet, sweet olden time;
When I did long for eve all day,
And watch'd upon the new mown grass
The shadows slowly eastward pass,
And o'er the meadows glide away,
Till I could steal, with heart elate,
Unto the little cottage gate,
In the sweet, sweet olden time.

O! well I mind the olden time,
The sweet, sweet olden time;
For all the night I long'd for morn,
And bless'd the thrush whose early note
The silver chords of silence smote
With greetings to the day new born;
For then again, with heart elate,
I hoped to meet her at the gate,
In the sweet, sweet olden time.

But now hath pass'd the olden time,
That sweet, sweet olden time;
And there is neither morn nor night
That bears a freight of hopes and fears,
To bless my soul in coming years
With any harvest of delight;
For never more, with heart elate,
Can I behold her at the gate,
As in the sweet, sweet olden time.—

For the sake of that dear olden time,
That sweet, sweet olden time,
I look forth ever sadly still,
And hope the time may come again,
When life hath borne its mead of pain,
And stoutly struggled up the hill,
When I once more, with heart elate,
May meet her at *another* gate,
Beyond the blighting breath of fate
That chill'd the sweet, sweet olden time.

SONNET.

TO MY SISTER.

BY THE REV. F. J. PERRY.

How many links are broken of the chain
That bound our hearts around the household hearth!
Our weary feet now tread a separate path;
And in the grave are some whom hope was fain
To picture meeting many times again.
Gone are the buoyant hopes of bygone years;
And present hopes—half quenched by anxious fears—
Are faint as watchfires dimmed by chilling rain!
And yet my sister, tho' for us no more
The thrilling joys of childhood can return;
AFFECTION wears the garb which then she wore,
Her fires within our breasts as brightly burn:
We love each other!—this, at least, remains
To calm our hearts, and soothe their varied pains.

ON THE DEATH OF SHELLEY.

BY MISS E. R. BAILEY.

Author of "Lady Jane Grey and other Poems."

[His yacht foundered in a storm in the voyage between Leghorn and Lerici, on the Italian coast. Two others perished with him: His wife (who was prevented by illness from accompanying him) daily expected his return; but at lenght the fatal uews reached her that he was no more. The quarantine laws of the coast were that everything cast on shore was to be burnt for fear of infection; his body was consumed, the ashes placed in an urn, and deposited in one of his favourite haunts, the cemetery at Rome, where also rest the remains of Keats, whose death was equally melancholy.]

Fond eyes were watching o'er the deep,
To track amid the eddying foam,
His vessel gaily scudding home,
Long did those eyes their vigil keep.

And Hope still whisper'd, "wait awhile,
Lady, thy lov'd one will return,
Altho' thou can'st no tidings learn,"
Her answer was a faint sad smile.

The storm came on—wave after wave,
With fury struck the lonely shore,
She listen'd to the deaf'ning roar,
And thought, how soon an ocean grave

Might whelm beneath, that fragile bark
And with it all her soul held dear,
She trembled with instinctive fear
Amid the tempest—Oh'! how dark

Those clouds hung like a gloomy veil,
And lo! as if foreboding ill,
The sea bird's note, so wild and shrill,
Swept o'er the deep like sorrow's wail.

"Cease thy wild note, my heart will break!
Hope's last faint gleam within me dies,
Ne'er will he gladden these sad eyes,
Or Poesy's sweet strains awake.

"Go, faithful friends, upon the shore,
Amid the eddying breakers try,
His well-known signal to descry,
If not—we ne'er shall view him more!

"Great God, preserve his precious life,
From the wild fury of the storm,
In mercy shield that well lov'd form,
From the mad billows fearful strife."

Thro' days and nights they watch'd in vain,
The storm was o'er—the moon shone bright,
The tranquil billows slept in light,
At length the fearful tidings came

That he, who had so loved to lie,
Cradled upon the swelling sea,
Making sweet strains of minstrelsy,
Was doom'd upon those waves to die.

A sudden, and a fearful doom!—
And did the spirit take its flight
To realms of darkness, or of light,
When down he sunk in life's bright noon?

An awful question!—who shall say,
Shall mortal judgment rashly dare,
A secret none below declare,
'Till the last great accounting day?

His was a gentle nature, fraught
With tender pity for mankind,
In sympathy he strove to bind
The human race—for peace he sought.

Nature, he loved in all her moods,
Described her beautiful, or wild,
With wondrous skill—he was her child,
The woods—the mighty water floods

Fill'd him with rapture and delight,
And tun'd to music every thought,
As he with roving impulse sought,
Scenes which o'er fancy scatter'd light.

Oh! who shall tell the speechless woe,
Of the lone heart that mourn'd him dead,
With him, her joy in life had fled,
And ceaseless tears for him would flow.

How dark seem'd Italy's fair sky,
Its azure hue could charm no more,
The echoing caves upon the shore
Bemoan'd him with a ceaseless sigh.

In a dear haunt belov'd in life,
  Where calmly all the dead repose,
  Near which the ancient Tiber flows,
His ashes rest—no earthly strife

Can now disturb that spirit flown,
  To realms where mortals cannot go,
  'Till this sad pilgrimage below
Is ended—then that land unknown,

For weal or woe, immortal eyes
  Shall view with rapture, or with awe,
Oh! would that all to joy might rise!

OUR CHARLIE,

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. F. J. PERRY.

I.

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

"Where no shadow shall bewilder
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more.
Where the bond is never severed—
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done.
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear familes are gathered,
That were scattered on the wild."

H. BONAR.

It was Christmas Eve. The morning had been clear, and very cold, but heavy threatening clouds came in the afternoon and everybody said snow would fall. And the snow did fall. It fell upon the meadows, and hid the short green grass. It fell upon trees and hedges till the loaded branches could bear no more, and so shook their fleecy burdens to the earth. It fell upon the ice, adding spotlessness to the level surface that crusted stagnant ditch and pool. It fell upon every roof in the village, and drifted beneath every window. There was an old building at the end of the street, called Holly House, because a large holly tree grew in the garden, and it fell there. How it piled itself upon the doorstep. How it fringed every gable, and lodged in every angle of the queer old roof. How it crept, with a slight rustle, between the leaves of the green ivy that

clung to the wall, and crowned the green holly tree in the garden with a silver crown. Rapidly at fell. Silently it fell; as silently as the snows of time fall upon, and blanche, the head of age.

Many people were abroad in spite of the snow, for it was Christmas Eve, and preparation must be made for the festivities of the morrow. Children gaily sped to the village shop, chaunting joyously snatches of Christmas Carols. Men and women went to exchange their hard earnings for the annual luxuries of spices and raisins for the Christmas pudding. Gaily they laughed and chattered; yet when any approached Holly House their tongues were noiseless as their steps upon the snow. They spoke not because they thought death hovered near the house—perhaps had already entered. Mr. Henry Martin, the kind old man with silvery hair, was dead, or dying. A light was seen in an upper room, but the lower part of the house was dark. No foot had disturbed the snow by crossing the threshold. White flakes had even accumulated upon the old fashioned knocker of the door.

The old church clock struck ten. One by one the lights of the village were extinguished, but still there was a light in the chamber at Holly House. The snow had ceased to fall, and that which had fallen was sparkling like frosted silver beneath the moon and stars, when a gig was driven rapidly through the street. It was stopped at Holly House, and one of its passengers alighted. He did not knock at the door, but opened it and entered: a light step descended the stairs as he did so; for the first time that evening there was a light in the parlour; and the young girl who had brought it hid her face upon the shoulder of the expected traveller. "Dear brother," she said, and could say no more. He soothed her with low and hurried words, as she wept half aloud; and, supporting her with his arm, they ascended the stairs together, and were at the door of the sick chamber.

It was that chamber from which the light had gleamed through the darkness. It was that chamber in which the young girl had sat with a dying father, and in which a wife, who had shared his joys and sorrows for thirty years, must part with him till they met in heaven. The minister sat there with God's book upon his knees, from which he had read sweet

words of comfort and assurance for the dying. Tears were upon the dying man's cheeks, but no sign of terror: there were even smiles upon the wasted face, surrounded by the few white locks, scarcely distinguishable from the pillow on which they rested.

Feebly, yet eagerly, the head was turned when the door was opened, and the son whom he had long expected entered.

"Thou art come in time Charlie," said the old man, brokenly, "I prayed that God would spare me to see thee once more, and bless thee. Come hither, my boy." The son needed not the invitation, he was at his side; and his voice was low as a child's as he told how he had hastened there, and how he hoped his father would be well again.

"No, no, Charlie. The hand of death is upon me. But I know in whom I have believed, and do not fear to die." There was a solemn silence for a minute, for his weak voice failed. When it was heard again, it summoned all around the bed, that the pastor might once more pray. Short was the prayer, for the minister knew upon how slender a thread hung the old man's life. There were sobs when it was finished, but the dying man was calm, and only said—"Read;" and as the man of God was about to turn the leaves of the open Bible, he added—"the *same*."

It was the twenty-third Psalm at which the Bible was open. He had heard it many times that night, but would hear it again; and with a low and solemn voice the pastor read, or rather quoted, for his eyes wandered to his dying friend's face:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

The dying man waved his hand. "The Lord is my shepherd," he said, "I shall not want. I have not wanted. Thou hearest Charlie, my boy. Is He thy shepherd? He has guided me by His counsel, and will soon receive me into glory.

I tread the dark valley of the shadow of death, but I fear no evil: He is with me—my Shepherd, my Redeemer! Charlie, dost thou love *Him*?"

"Father ———" but the voice was choked by emotion, and the son could not answer. The father clasped his thin hands and his lips moved as in prayer. Then again he spoke—"I am pardoned and accepted," he said; "I go from earth to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. I cannot come back again; but you can come to me. You, dear wife, and our darling Mary, and our Charlie." Again he was silent, but not for long. He turned to his son and blessed him, and then directed him to the Saviour through whom alone true blessing could come. "Thou seest the mercy of God made manifest in me," he added; "thou seest how I can trust in a loving Saviour. Don't forget Him my son. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. And the Bible—let it be a lamp unto thy feet and a light unto thy path." They had all leant over him to hear these words, for his voice had broken till he only faintly murmured. Suddenly his dim eye was lighted up, his hollow cheeks flushed, he raised both his hands, and essayed to speak. It was the last effort of expiring nature. As suddenly the light of the eyes was quenched, the cheek grew deathly pallid, the arm dropt nerveless upon the coverlid, and the words were indistinct and broken. Another minute and "the spirit had returned to God that gave it;" the earthly tabernacle had fallen, and the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, had received a redeemed soul.

* * * * *

The voices of children, singing Christmas carols, rang through the clear frosty air of Christmas morning, and broke the stillness of the chamber in which knelt Charles Martin. Thoughtful and pale was the youthful face that bent over the Bible, upon which tears were dropping. None but God knew the meditations and resolutions of that sleepless night.

II.

SIN AND SORROW.

My mother's voice! how often creep
Its accents on my lonely hours;
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
While leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by—
And years, and sin, and folly flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

N. P. WILLIS.

The next snow fell upon a fresh grave in the churchyard.

The old easy chair in the parlour of Holly House was vacant, and the venerable widow and her daughter conversed of the dead with glistening eyes. Charlie had left them to return to his desk in the great city by day, and to his lonely room by night.

Charles Martin was the only surviving son of his parents, and Mary was his only sister. They had grown together, and loved each other dearly. As little children they were both instructed by their father, who led them on the Sabbath to the same school, in which he himself was a teacher. How fast Mary's tears fell, when, at a more advanced age, he was sent to a neighbouring town to school, and they were parted. How glad she was when the holidays came; and how sorry again when the time for his return to school was come.

But Charlie's school days were over. He must seek to earn his bread; and so, with much anxiety, his father sought occupation for him in London, and success attended his efforts. The last evening at home came. His mother packed his trunk, placing uppermost her own Bible, upon which fell many tears. His sister clung to his arm, walked with him in the garden, and vainly struggled to hide her sorrow; yet smiled through tears as she pictured his return in happy times. His father took him aside to counsel him, and warn him of the

dangers of the mighty city in which he would be a stranger. It was an evening never to be forgotten; and when, by the household hearth, the white-haired father prayed that his God would bless and guide his boy, all wept aloud. The next morning his father accompanied him to London, and introduced him to the merchant's counting-house in Thames-street.

The parents of Charlie were pious. Their Christianity was no mere name, and example had been consistently shewn to enforce precept continually given. Yet Charles was an example that piety is no hereditary thing: like very many who enjoy the privileges of pious parents, he attended its outward duties with regularity; but beyond this there was nothing. He would shrink from the lie, or Sabbath violation, with abhorrence; but rather from the effects of education, than because such things were an abomination in God's sight. He had *read* his Bible, but had never *searched* it; and only knew historically the story of the Cross.

It was, therefore, with deep anxiety his father left him. He knew that in such breasts passions too frequently only slumbered; and there was danger that, like the slumbering fires of Vesuvius, they would burst forth at a future time. He trembled for his boy, removed from home comforts and home influence; yet, in the midst of his anxiety, he remembered the injunction, and accompanying promise:—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." He had in this case acknowledged God, and, therefore, believing God had directed him, could leave his son in the mammoth city, carefully warning him with tears of its dangers.

Months passed away, and the country lad was initiated into the mysteries of London life. His weekly letters home were cheerful and satisfactory. "Home was as dear as ever, perhaps dearer," he said, "but he was not unhappy; far from it, he was more comfortable in London than he had previously thought he could be." He did not tell his father that *occasionally* his place was vacant at public worship on Sabbath evenings; nor that he had once yielded to the solicitations of a fellow-clerk, and visited the theatre.

Winter came, and with it pleasing anticipations of a cheerful Christmas visit home; but, although man appoints, God

disappoints, Mr. Martin was attacked with illness, at first not serious enough to summons Charlie home, but he grew worse: and the day before Christmas — the very day upon which Charlie had thought to pay a cheerful visit—brought him intelligence of his father's danger, As we have seen he was home in time to see his father die; and, as we have also seen, he returned to London.

And, as he sat in his small room the first evening after his return, he could not keep back his tears. His mother's Bible was on the table. His dying father's injunction seemed to sound in his ears— "Let the Bible be a light unto thy feet and a lamp unto thy path."

Alas! the Bible had been superficially read, and latterly almost entirely neglected. He had resolved upon the night his father died to search it more diligently, and now repeated his resolutions; but they were not made in humble dependence upon Him from whom must come strength to keep them, and he had yet to learn his own perfect weakness.

* * * * *

Three months passed away, and although Charlie had not forgotten his father, he was cheerful again. Unfortunately, the convictions of his sins had passed away with his sadness; and the mother's Bible, which would have reminded him of his promised amendment, was again neglected. Gay companions had tempted his willing heart to err, and it had yielded to temptation.

Shall we trace his downward path? The fascinations of the theatre, and ball room, in time attracted and enchained him; and were followed by the gaming table, and the sparkling wine cup. The aching head, the trembling hand, and late attendance at the office, too frequently betrayed the follies of a sleepless night. Grave looks and words from his employers produced but temporary reformation. Irregularities, repeatedly pardoned, became in time unpardonable, and he was dismissed.

Shame kept him from communicating the sad intelligence to his mother. For weeks he vainly sought employment, which, when obtained, only placed him in an inferior position among clerks of an inferior firm. For a few weeks only he retained this, for his employers failed, and he was thrown again upon

the world. Another situation was obtained with difficulty, but soon lost by irregularity. Men have a strange way of calling their faults misfortunes; and Charlie, not exempt from the infirmity, called himself unfortunate, when his errors had involved him in distress. At times, when his own blameableness was too apparent, he determined upon reformation; but his good resolutions vanished as the "early dew and the morning cloud," because he sought not the help of God to "keep his heart with all diligence."

His mother and sister were saddened by long intervals of silence, to which they frequently alluded in letters; yet they knew nothing of the changes of which we have briefly written. One October morning, when the yellow leaves of autumn were falling, the postman conveyed a letter to Holly House. It was from Charlie. "He had been long without employment," he said; "his endeavours to obtain more were fruitless. He would not be burdensome to his mother, with her small means; so he had changed his name and enlisted for a soldier."

There had been sorrow when Charlie left his home; there had been mourning when he returned to see his father die; but no grief like this had ever wrung the widow's heart before: the blow was more terrible, because entirely unexpected. It was well for her that after the first anguish she could bow before Him who knew all things, and could say—"Thy will be done!" It was well that she could pray from the depths of her distress, and ask *her* God that the wanderer might return—the lost one be found.

* * * * *

It was the 14th of September, 1854. Twenty thousand Englishmen for the first time trod the shores of the Crimea, and among them was Charlie Martin. Nearly a year had fled since he rashly enlisted, and in that time war had succeeded peace.

Torrents of rain descended with the night, and yet the bare earth was the only bed of the army. Wrapped in rugs and blankets, soldiers of every rank, from the royal duke to the peasant, lay them down. How few could sleep! How many thought of the cheerful hearth at HOME!—of the prattle of little ones, who in happy times had climbed the knee! How many striplings, like our hero, pictured a weeping widowed

mother beyond the ocean; and a sister whose infancy had been nestled on her bosom!

Six days after was the battle of the Alma. A week's dreary bivouac upon the muddy earth had ill fitted men for the encounter, yet they marched bravely to the fight.

The evening sun gleamed upon the hill-side. It gleamed upon the mangled forms and ghastly faces of friend and foe, lying dead side by side. It did not sink till graves were dug for the slain, and many of the wounded were borne by the unhurt from the field. Among the unhurt was Charles Martin.

Nearly five weeks more of misery, and the hills of Balaklava rang with the din of war. During these five terrible weeks the soldiers were ill-fed and half-clothed; had died by hundreds of cholera and fever, and found graves a few inches below the soil!

But the 25th of October came, and the scene was changed. Enthusiasm seemed to infuse new life. Privation was forgotten in the hope for victory. Who shall describe the terrors of that day—the din of war, the clash of arms, the thunder of cannon, the groans of the dying, the shouts of maddened men who rushed to the battle! O fatal day! by some called glorious! Thou didst take the son from his father's home, and lay him in the dust! Thou didst tear the husband from the wife to make his children fatherless.

Hundreds lay dead upon the battle field when the fight was over. Many had been crushed to death by the hoofs of maddened horses. Charlie had been in the thickest of the fight, but was not among the dead; yet he did not escape unhurt, as at the Alma. A shot had broken his arm, and he had fallen senseless among the dead and dying.

A hospital had been established for the wounded, and thither Charlie was carried. But alas! how inadequate was the provision to supply the need. The medical staff was small, and there were no competent nurses. Men stiffened in their blood before they could gain admission, and such as gained admission were wretchedly bedded—if bedded at all—and left without nutritious food, or comfort of any kind. Charlie, with his broken arm, lay there amidst privation, and filth, and wretchedness. He thought of his sicknesses in past years, when a mother's voice soothed him, and a mother's hand smoothed his

pillow. Was that hand stilled in the grave, that voice silent? and had his mother's last moments been embittered by the knowledge of his transgressions? Sorrow had succeeded sin, and during the dark night Charlie wept, even aloud; but all were too intent upon their own misery to heed his.

The wretched condition of the sick was soon known in England. Money was liberally supplied; and more, Florence Nightingale, a Christian woman of noble birth, and nobler heart, resigned the comforts of home that she might aid the poor soldier, and, with thirty-eight devoted followers, she journeyed to the scene of his sufferings.

Cleanliness and order soon replaced filth and disorder. Men shed tears, and blessed the kind women who had left dear England to add to their comfort. The cooling draught was given, the dewy forehead bathed, and the letter written and sent across the sea to some loved one at home.

Charlie shared the kind attention of these noble women. They reminded him of those at Holly House, dearer to him than ever, until very often his pillow was wet with tears. One day his nurse, as usual, smoothed his pillow; she had before noticed his manner, implying respectable antecedents of life; perhaps she fancied, in part, his history; as, upon this day, she lingered a little longer with him. "Is there no one to whom I can write for you," she said, touching his bandaged arm. A pang shot through his heart, but he did not speak. Tears forced themselves from his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. A glance at his youthful face suggested the next question—"Have you a mother?"—A MOTHER!—Ah Charlie! speak now! —But Charlie could not speak. He sobbed aloud. His left hand was raised to the pillow, and from beneath it was drawn a small Bible with a silver clasp, which he gave to his questioner. She opened it, and saw written, "Sarah Martin," and beneath the name was added "to her dear boy Charlie." Under this was written Christ's injunction: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Yes, it was his mother's Bible—the one over which she had wept as she placed it in his trunk when he left home. In all his wanderings he had kept it, and day after day it had been placed in his knapsack. After he was wounded he procured it as soon as he could and placed it beneath his pillow.

Gently the kind nurse soothed him, and soon became acquainted with his sad history. She did not with false kindness speak slightingly of his errors, but she told him they might be forgiven. She read the history of the Prodigal Son, and told him God was as willing to receive a repenting sinner, as the father in the parable was to receive his erring one. It was an important hour for Charlie. There passed briefly before his mind the events of his life. He once more was a child and climbed his father's knee. He once more was the playmate of a loving sister. He again felt his mother's kiss, and knelt beside her to repeat his evening prayer. He had grown up amidst daily proofs of her love, and had repaid it by filling her cup with sorrow. She had given him her Bible, and he had scorned its precepts.

And now he was a wounded soldier in a foreign land. The mother's Bible was there, and a woman's soft voice was reading the messages of mercy it contained.

The rocky heart could not withstand the hammer of the Gospel. The pardon of an offended God was sought through an interceding Saviour; and Charlie was led to rely on the great truth of the Bible: "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The widow had not prayed in vain. There was a ship upon the sea, containing a letter for her village home. It was not written by Charlie, for his arm was not restored, but by the nurse. It told of his sorrow for the anguish he had caused her. More; that he had sorrowed for it as sin in God's sight; and, as he humbly believed, with a "Godly sorrow" working "repentance not to be repented of."

III.

AT HOME AGAIN.

"As some tired bird that long hath vainly striven,
With the bleak tempests of a stormy heaven,
Sinks down at eve upon its shelter'd nest,
Smooths its wet wing, and sings itself to rest;
So many a spirit, long condemn'd to roam,
Seeks the calm haven of a smiling home.
Recalls the wanderings of the troubled past,
And blesses heaven for happiness at last."

REV. J. ANDERSON.

Very sad had been the widow's heart when she heard war was proclaimed. Gladly would she have purchased the discharge of her misguided boy, and at first hoped he would make known to her the name in which he had enlisted; but this hope faded, and in time expired when she received no letter.

Autumn came with its yellow corn and ripe fruit; later still, with the golden drapery that curtained the trees before the dead leaves fell. News came of the victory of the Alma, and men rejoiced, while pealing bells gladdened the air with merry melody; but the widow did not rejoice; how could she, when, perhaps, the war had cost her an only son.

November, with its long dark nights, heralded approaching winter. The wind roared down spacious village chimneys, and met the roar of the wood-log that crackled and blazed on the ample hearth. The fog crept stealthily over the meadows at nightfall, and the rain tapped against the casement, as if to remind men of the cheerlessness without, and of the comforts of the household room.

Upon one such night, very dark, and longer than any of its predecessors, the village pastor wended his way to Holly House. He didn't heed the mud and rain, but walked cheerfully, and as briskly as he could. A knock at the door was met by sundry growls and barks from an old house-dog, followed by a chiding voice, which bade "Dash" be silent, and then the door was opened. A blazing fire cheered the room into which the cold old man was ushered, and by it sat Widow Martin knitting, while Mary was employed upon work requiring younger eyes.

They were glad to see their minister, yet wondered at the hour he had chosen to pay his visit. What could have brought him from home through the rain? Was his wife ill? Both questions were asked, and before he had time to reply, Mary had placed an elbow chair in front of the fire, to which she affectionately led him.

There was an odd expression in the good man's face. It was hard to say whether he intended to smile or weep. He did not say he came for anything in particular; and tried to commence a conversation on general topics, but the most superficial observer must have seen that some weighty matter, still unspoken, lay at his heart.

And why had he walked nearly half a mile upon that dreary night? Because he had news of the widow's son. The hospital nurse had, with admirable forethought, suggested that the letter should be sent to *him*, and he had come to break its contents to the mother and sister. It was a joyful, yet painful task, and he knew not where to begin.

But the thing must be done. He commenced, rather abruptly after all his inward resolves to be cautious by speaking of the war. The widow's knitting left her fingers and fell unheeded within the fender. She looked wonderingly at the old man, who only stammered, and spoke a few unconnected words about her son. What! had he come to speak of Charlie? The widow clasped together her withered hands, and eagerly asked —"Have you heard of my boy?" The wasted lips of the aged man trembled as he tried to speak, but a mother's fears spared for a time his answer. A thought struck her that Charlie was dead, and she cried out—"Oh! I know it all; he was killed in the war, and you have heard it, and are come to tell me." Mary started to her mother's side as she sank back; the pastor was roused by the action, and he almost shouted: "No, no! not dead. My friend, you cried in your distress unto the Lord, and He 'relieveth the fatherless and widow.' Be composed, you asked for your boy's life, and your prayer is granted."

Then he told of the arrival of the letter, and its contents.

"And you have had the letter all day!" said the widow half reproachfully, smiling through tears. "No," said her old friend; "it awaited me on my return from market, and after a few minutes' thought I hastened here."

There was rejoicing at Holly House that night. The old servant was called to hear the news. Gratefully did all thank God, upon whom they had called "in the day of trouble" for He had delivered them. The grey-headed pastor knelt by the household hearth, and prayed simply and earnestly; all wept for very gladness. Truly the Lord had "made the widow's heart to sing for joy"

A month after another letter was brought. It was from Charlie himself this time. His health was broken by the rigours of the climate, and the privations he had undergone, and he was to be sent home and discharged.

* * * * *

Once more it was Christmas Eve. Green holly boughs, with bright red berries, were used to decorate every house, and in some the milk white mistletoe was suspended from the ceiling. Old winter had come in earnest, whistling through keyholes, growling down chimneys, and rattling shutters; but nobody seemed to care for him.

Again, the wild sweet child-music of little choristers reminded householders that Christmas would come on the morrow, and levied a tax upon their generosity, in the shape of apples, nuts, and half-pence.

The next day a snug party was assembled at Holly House. There was hale old farmer Wilson, with his pleasant jokes, and his wife with her valuable store of domestic knowledge, and especially of that knowledge so much in request when Christmas festivities are thought of. There was the pastor, and his kind wife who had a "touch of the rheumatism," and who had been fetched in farmer Wilson's covered cart. Mary bustled about with a lighter step than had characterized her for two years. The widow herself looked happier than she had done for many a day, and well she might, for by her side sat CHARLIE! Yes, Charlie was there: he had come the day before. The season of tears was past, and now they were spending happy hours. True Charlie was pale, but they all said it was the effects of his journey, and that he would soon be well with a little nursing. The ruddy firelight added to the sparkle of his eye, and convinced them their hopes were prophetic.

Need we tell how pleasantly the evening was spent? How, at its close, the big Bible was placed before the pastor, and how

he pushed it to Charlie, and said, with a tearful smile "instead of the fathers shall be the children." And need we say how Charlie placed his hand upon the book, and then, as if struck with a second thought, drew from his pocket a little Bible with a silver clasp—his MOTHER'S Bible—and read from its pages the words of life.

Perhaps our readers have guessed these things; but one thing they may not have guessed, and therefore with it we close our story. Charlie's history had gained the sympathy of a gentleman who had known his father, and he had procured him the situation of lay Missionary in the neighbouring town; and upon this *now* congenial occupation he would enter with the new year.

AMY'S SONG.*

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

The years they come, and the years they go,
Like winds that blow from sea to sea;
From dark to dark they come and go,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Down by the stream there be two sweet willows,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
One hale, one blighted, two wedded willows
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

* From the Author's Poem of "Balder."

She is blighted, the fair young willow,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
She hears the spring-blood beat in the bark:
She hears the spring-leaf bud on the bough:
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

The stream runs sparkling under the willow,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The summer rose-leaves drop in the stream:
The winter oak-leaves drop in the stream:
But she bends blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.

Sometimes the wind lifts the bright stream to her,
—Hush thee, babe, while the wild winds blow,—
The false stream sinks, and her tears fall faster;
Because she touched it her tears fall faster:
Over the stream her tears fall faster,
All in the sunshine or the rain.

The years they come, and the years they go;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
And under mine eyes shines the bright life-river;
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
Sweet sounds the spring in the hale green willow,
The goodly green willow, the green waving willow;
Sweet in the willow, the wind whispering willow:
Sing well-away, sing well-away!
But I bend blighted, the wan weeping willow,
All in the sun, and the dew, and the rain.

LIFE'S WINTER.

BY E. R. H.

Can we call back the feeling
Of the sunny days of Youth—
Of the phantom, Hope, revealing
Promise fair of love and truth?
When so brightly smiled the morning
From her throne of tinted gold,
That the vision brought no warning
Of a winter grey and cold?—
When the rosy light shone round us
Bathing in is own rich hue
The weird Fancy-Chain that bound us,—
And we deemed the promise true?

No!—Cold Winter now awakes us
From that summer morning dream;
Musing Memory only takes us
Backward up the sunlit stream;
Up the wave once lightly gleaming,
By the bowers on either shore—
By the green banks gently streaming
Dews of joys—that cheer no more!
No! the snowstorm fast is falling
With a chill on heart and head—
All are gone!—There's no recalling
From their winding sheet the Dead!

AUTUMN.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON.)

High up the beamy blazed morn,
  A lark sprang from a wood;
And o'er the fields of ripened corn,
  His notes fell in a flood.
Old Autumn, like a sun-brown'd queen,
  Blessed earth with kisses cold;
Hedges had lost their glossy green,
  And looked like paths of Gold!

Ripe berries hung in rubied crowds,
  On loose and graceful stems;
The nights came forth, unmarred by clouds,
  Most luminous with gems.
The moon in her blue palace stood,
  And silvered hill and plain;
The trees dim shadows from the wood,
  Lay down like giants slain!

I love old Autumn's lustrous eves,
  Its cold and keen bright hours,
Its loads of brown and fallen leaves,
  Its midnight splendour-showers.
Its crimson pathways in the west,
  Its blaze on sea and land;
Its proud sun—Heaven's gorgeous guest—
  Its round fruits juiced and tanned.

A DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

1.

The Spring—the blue-eyed laughing Spring!—
  That came to strew our path with flowers,
And the bright Summer that did bring
  Such days of hope, such sunny hours;
  And Autumn with its fruitful bowers
    And nodding sheaves of grain,—
      Have pass'd away—have passs'd away!—
      And left us but the winter day
    With cold and sleet and rain,
  And angry winds that wail aloud,
  And moaning sea, and pall-like cloud!

2.

The days of childhood, when we dream'd
  That we could naught but pleasure know,—
When we were strange to care nor deem'd
  How cold this world of ours could grow!—
  And youth's warm hours that came to show
    How love was fraught with pain!—
      Have pass'd away—have pass'd away!
      And left us in our Sorrow's day
    With hot and wearied brain,
  And head by disappointment bow'd
  And heart that yearns but for a shroud!

SODOM.

BY REV. F. J. PERRY.

I.—EVENING.

The calm of evening clothed the peaceful vale
With chasten'd beauty—sweeter than the glare
Of brilliant day.
All things were beautiful:—
The flowers that flung their fragrance from the ground,
The quivering aspen bending o'er the brook,
The olive—green with leaves and white with bloom,
The mantling vine that fringed the lofty hill,
The palm—a woodland monarch crowned with leaves—
In graceful state, presiding, motionless.
Sweet sounds were there:—the melody of streams,
The singing-birds, the cooing turtle-doves,
The thrilling sound of childhood's careless laugh;
And, over all, Æolus softly swept,
As when he breathes upon the stringéd harp,
And melts us, by his gentleness, to tears.
A scarcely-noticed star came trembling forth
As strangers trod this vale where SODOM stood—
A city great in wealth, and great in sin.

II.—NIGHT.

Day for a moment grasped the hand of night—
Then sought reluctantly her western bed.
Dews wept, as Earth drew off her robe of ligh
That hid her wondrous beauty from the stars.

The bright moon wander'd in a cloudless sky,
Scattering jewels on the rippling stream,
And lending to the waveless lake her form.
Beautiful night! And this was SODOM's last!
Why came it not with clouds of tenfold gloom,
To hide alike the city and its crimes?
The child was there—yet not the artless child;
The youth of uncheck'd passion, old in crime;
The man with hoary, but unhonour'd head,
And shrivell'd face, whose gabbling, toothless mouth
Blotted the night with oaths and blasphemy.
These were assembled round the house of Lot—
The friendly man who housed the stranger guests.
"Bring out the men," they cried. Then Lot came forth
To turn them from their purpose. Vain attempt
That might have cost his life, had not a hand
Withdrawn him from their rage, and from their eyes
Hid in an instant sky, and earth, and men!
Portentous token of the deepening gloom—
An advent of a hopeless, endless night,
For ever sever'd from a ray of morn!

III.—MORNING.

Morn came with foot of light to crush the stars,
And shadows vanished as she trod the sky.
From the warm wing the bird withdrew its head,
And left its leaf-hid nest with mellow song.
The bounding roe leapt gladly up the hill,
Dislodging pearly dew and waking flowers
To dry their moisten'd petals at the sun,
Whose light Earth's myriad eyes would soon behold.
The sun arose; but scarcely had he gazed
Before his face was thickly masked with clouds—

Cloud upon cloud, till more than midnight gloom
Thrust every ray of sunlight from the vale.
Beasts howled and hid themselves; and every bird,
Suspending flight dropt songless to the ground;
Whilst half-unfolded flowers closed again.
Moment of terrible uncertainty!
Another—and the bright blades of the storm
Hack'd through the clouds.
SODOM, thy doom was sealed!
Flame after flame shot up. Earth groaned, and gaped,
And hid thy ruins in her trembling breast.

* * * * * *

The sunbeams fell upon the smoking plain,
And upon Lot, the weary man who stood
Trembling—but *safe*—within the gates of ZOAR.

JOHN CLARE:

A REMINISCENCE.

BY REV. J. C. WESTBROOK, (JOHN HOPEFUL.)

The subjoined memento of John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, will not, perhaps, prove less interesting to the reader, if it be prefaced by one or two brief extracts from the sketch prefixed to the specimens of his poetry, given by the Messrs. Chambers, in their "Cyclopœdia of English Literature."

After furnishing some interesting particulars of his early history, they continue thus:—

"Most of his poems, says the writer of a memoir prefixed to his first volume, were composed under the immediate impression of his feelings in the fields, or on the road sides. He could not trust his memory; and, therefore, he wrote them down with a pencil on thespot, his hat serving him for a desk; and if it happened that he had no opportunity soon after of transcribing these imperfect memorials, he could seldom decipher them, or recover his first thoughts. From this cause several of his poems are quite lost, and others exist only in fragments."

It will be seen, as we proceed, that the peculiarity, defined above, adhered to this faithful painter of nature, when the writer formed his acquaintance at a subsequent period of his life—a period referred to in the closing paragraph of the next extract.

After describing his introduction to the world of letters, and the improvement of his fortunes derived therefrom, conjointly with the munificence of the late Earls Spencer and Fitzwilliam, the Messrs. Chambers state:—

"The poet's prosperity was, alas, soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude. He speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties sank into nervous despondency and despair. He is now, we believe, in a private asylum, hopeless, but not dead to passing events."

As the writer (during a temporary sojourn at Northampton, some ten years since), was walking with a friend along the road which leads from that town towards the spacious asylum for lunatics, which stands on an elevated spot in the immediate neighbourhood, his attention was attracted by an individual of middle stature, and clad in neat rustic attire, who appeared to be lost in thought, and as he passed was heard muttering to himself, in broken sentences. "That was poor Clare," said our companion; "he is quite harmless, and is permitted to take daily walks into the town. He imagines that an army of soldiers is stationed within a certain circumference of his present abode; and that, therefore, even if he desired to acquire more freedom than he at present enjoys, his efforts to attain it would be frustrated at the outset. He appears, however, perfectly contented with his present situation; where he enjoys comforts, to which in his early days he was quite unaccustomed." "And has he no lucid intervals?" the writer enquired. "I have been informed," replied our friend, "by those who enjoy his confidence (and his good-will may be purchased at a very small cost, namely, the present of a little tobacco), that he occasionally brings forth some fine thoughts in these perambulatory improvisations. But they must be caught the moment they are uttered, or they are gone for ever." My interest and my curiosity were alike excited by these details; and in the course of a few days, by adopting the method suggested, combined with kindly utterances, we became "fast friends."

Several of the breathings uttered by the poet, during these walks, were lost, from the fact that I felt the spell would have been broken by any attempt on my part to note them down; and they were delivered in so rapid and peculiar a tone, that it was impossible to charge my memory correctly with them.

One morning, however, the poet's eye seemed to kindle with unusual fire as I supplied him with particulars of some stirring political events that had just transpired. "My time is gone; my time is up," said he hastily, "I must go home, (pointing to the asylum), but do come and talk to me again by and bye."

In accordance with his desire, therefore, I met him on the road towards evening, and scarcely had we met, ere he said

"I have been thinking of what you told me." Then, holding down his head, as though in self-communion he repeated the words "Liberty! Liberty!;" and raising his head again, added, "I'll sing you a song of Liberty."

He then repeated, in a sort of chaunt, the first verse of the following stanzas.

In an ecstacy of astonishment and delight, the writer cried—"Oh! do let me write them down, I like them so much." On his repeating them again, we followed him with our pencil, writing half of some words, and making sundry contractions of others, in order to keep pace with his exceedingly rapid utterance, until the whole was secured.

The fervid manner and energetic action with which they were poured forth, fully proved that the Poet, albeit in a "hopeless" state, was "not dead to passing events."

The lines themselves form the best apology for their insertion in the pages of this volume.

SONG TO LIBERTY.

1.

Oh! spirit of the wind and sky,
Where doth thy harp neglected lie?
Is there no heart thy bard to be,
To wake that soul of melody?
Is Liberty herself a slave?
No; God forbid it! On, ye brave!

2.

I've lov'd thee as the common air,
And paid thee worship everywhere;
In every soil beneath the sun,
Thy simple song my heart hath won:—
And art thou silent—still a slave?
And thy sons living?—On, ye brave!

3.

Gather on mountain, and on plain;
Make gossamer the iron chain;—
Make prison walls a paper screen,
That tyrant maskers may be seen:—
Let earth, as well as heaven, be free!
So on, ye brave, for Liberty!

4.

I've loved thy being from a boy!
The Highland Hills were once a joy;
And morning mists did round them lie,
Like sunshine in the happiest sky:—
Her hills and valleys seem'd my own,
When Scottish land was Freedom's own.

5.

And Scottish land is Freedom's still;
Her beacon-fires on every hill
Have told, in characters of flame,
Her ancient birthright, and her fame:
A thousand hills will speak again
In fire—that language ever plain

6.

To sycophants and frowning knaves—
That Scotland ne'er was made for slaves!
Her fruitful vales, her mountain thrones,
Are ruled by Nature's laws alone:
And naught but falsehood's poison'd breath
Will urge the claymore from its sheath.

7.

Oh! spirit of the wind and sky,
Where doth thy harp neglected lie?
Is there no heart thy bard to be,
To wake that soul of melody?
Is Liberty herself a slave?
No; God forbid it! On, ye brave!

STANZAS.

BY R. G. WHATLEY.

I stood by a stream when the summer was glowing,
And softly it murmur'd along its green bed,
The flowers on its banks in their loveliness growing,
Bent downward to kiss the bright wave as it fled.

I thought of my youth when, O sweet recollection,
Life's current as smoothly, as tranquilly flowed,
And the token of friendship, the smile of affection,
Was warmly received, and as kindly bestowed.

But sorrow my bosom had robb'd of its lightness,
The finger of time had deep wrinkled my brow;
Life's current no longer ran onward in brightness,
Affection and friendship ne'er welcom'd me now.

Prosperity's sun from the landscape had faded,
Young hopes like the leaves of the autumn were strown,
My once smiling prospects misfortune had shaded,
Unfriended I roam'd through the bleak world alone.

I came to that stream when the winter was wailing,
Its wave had been ruffled, 'twas ruffled no more,
And calm as in summer, its waters were sailing
Along their bright course, though the summer was o'er.

But the flowers that bloom'd on its banks had departed,
They died when no longer the summer-beam shone;—
Ah, thus I exclaim'd, do the cold and false-hearted
Fly off, when the pleasures that won them are gone.

TO A RUINED HOUSE.

BY THE REV. F. J. PERRY.

Thatchless roof and broken wall,
I behold ye, and recall
Joyous hours, before your fall.

All that heart to heart endears,
Ye have known in bygone years—
Love-lit smiles, affection's tears,
Meetings, partings, hopes and fears.

Children trod the household floor,
Played around the open door,
Pluck'd the flowers a garden bore,
Where a garden blooms no more.

Where the firelight upwards sprang,
Where the prison'd blackbird sang,
Where the laugh of childhood rang,
Soothing sadder manhood's pang.

There spring whispers come and go
There in summer wild flowers grow,
There in autumn dead leaves blow,
There in winter falls the snow.

Morning light and evening gloom
Freely fill each roofless room;
Ruin! in the voiceless tomb
All are shut who call thee HOME!

All are gone! A ruin grey
Only meets my sight to-day;
And methinks it seems to say—
"All things hasten to decay."

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON TIME,

SUGGESTED BY THE CLOCK AT LILY BROOK, CHARLTON KINGS.

BY THOMAS KARN.

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away:
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.
Redeem my hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shall part for ever!"

—SCOTT.

The clock of this beautiful mansion reveals the secret footsteps of TIME; and say what you will the old gentleman moves forward as nimbly as in the days of his youth. When he was young, man died with excessive age; but as he bid adieu to his babyhood, and threw off the swaddling bands that were perfumed with the odours of Paradise, the men of a thousand years became the parents of those whose two ends of life are measured with a span; whose breath, flickering in their nostrils, suddenly goeth out, and the shadow of life is gone: but as "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards" this is rather a mercy than otherwise.

Some there are who speak bitterly of Time's ravages, as if there was any harm in his giving the rheumatism to the old stone bridge, whose ruin is as often attributable to the arch-shadowed waters, as to our dear old friend: moreover has not

the poet's soul been fired by the crumbling appearance of the key-stoned structure, more than amply compensating for the devastating work of foregone time?

True it is also that the inspectors of the mightiest fleet of the proudest empire may have ordered to the stocks some majestic vessel, because Time has written decay on the heart of its ponderous timbers; but then has he not meanwhile brought the acorn sapling to admirable perfection? Besides the old gentleman's destructive tendency has kindled the sparks of genius, decay making way for further development of mind. Science is always ready to profit by his teaching, laying the foundation of further improvement; thus the rugged roots on the highways, oft times arresting the progress of the *then* flying stage, levied a tax on the genius of McAdam, whose more permanent foundations received a marvellous supplement, when the iron girdle, in quarrel with mother earth, *railed* upon her for simply caressing *sleepers*.

But perhaps his powers are nowhere seen so pre-eminently beautiful as when he mellows the shadow of centuries that have fallen upon the pencillings of Rubens, Vandyke, Angelo, and other masters! He breathes upon them almost inspiration. Should works of merit, even by unknown artists, have his seal affixed to them, the auction mart, the national gallery, and palace walls, will attest the esteem in which they are held.

Who but Time calls up that spirit of veneration which creeps over the soul when viewing in solemn contemplation the gorgeous cathedral, and antique dwelling? Is he not also the crumbling abbey's glory?

Time often sees the queen of night, with enchanting dignity, wave her radiant wand; and with more than mesmeric influence pale the light of swooning stars, thus enhancing her own splendour, as her beams descend to the venerated spots of earth; mantling the ruin with new-born shadows, plating some of its masonry with silvery light, and cutting diamonds from the fragrants of its fallen splendour.

Here we remark that the architecture of the heavens, and the key stone of their jewelled arch, whose foundations rest on the boundless horizon, have not suffered from Time's meddling propensities; the celestial bodies seem to be living on the confines of Eternity. The heaven's untarnished blue exhibits

no decay; the sun's golden drapery has not mantled the moths of Time. The regions of the moon also are foreign climes to him: and he has not travelled to the starry villages of heaven.

Before we conclude our thoughts on Time, we again cast our eyes upon the clock. Man has, with admirable ingenuity, formed it to certify, hourly, Time's rapid flight, with a loud voice. Listen to the beautiful bell at Lily Brook throwing off its undulating sounds to heaven's four points, each ring swelling out in sound as a cast stone swells a circle in the waters; the first circle the strongest, the last the largest and faintest, until lost altogether. The clock tells the faithful shepherd it is midnight, and the labourer that his task is done. It tells all that "Time by moments steals away." It seems to say to every one, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Time is the preface to Eternity.

Time is the daybook to Eternity.

Time flies, having for its wings day and night; hovering over Eternity which has two hemispheres—heaven and hell; the wing of day seeming to be outstretched over the former, the wing of night over the latter; overshadowing the destinies eternal of the righteous and the wicked.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY PERCY V. G. DE MONTGOMERY.

It was a glorious summer evening; the sun was setting in brightest splendour—slowly it was sinking behind the distant hills, tinging the picturesque scenery with hues of crimson and of gold. The birds were warbling their farewell lays; the bee and the butterfly forsook the closing flowers, and were soaring away to their homes.

"Mother, dear mother, farewell! I am dying; but do not weep for me." The words came faintly forth through a casement that was almost hidden from the view by the roses and honeysuckle that were blooming there, lovingly entwined together. Within that darkened chamber a lonely widow's only child was lying upon the bed of death:—his eyes were bright, but it was with the glare of approaching dissolution. The widowed, and soon to be childless mother, was sorrowfully bending over her beloved boy; her hair mingled with his,—her tears fell fast upon his pale, pale cheeks, and her arms were fondly clasped around her child, her only child. Oh, bitterly she wept: "And must *thou*, too, leave me, my lovely boy!" she murmured amid her sobs, "Oh, what shall I do without thee! I shall be truly desolate when thou art gone; I shall miss thy welcome voice in the morning, awakening me from my slumber, to roam with thee, and brush the dew-drop from the flowery mead. I shall miss thy merry voice throughout the livelong day; I shall miss thy morning and evening prayer, as on bended knees, and with hands clasped in devotion, thy sweet voice lisped the prayers I had taught thee. I shall miss thy blooming cheeks, fondly offered for a mother's kiss before retiring to slumber on thy little couch. Oh, my boy, my dear, dear child—oh that I too could go with thee, and not be left behind to mourn my irreparable loss!" With passionate grief she clasped her treasure to her aching heart, and sadly gazed

upon those features so very dear to her, but which were so soon to bear the unerasable impress of Death. The dying child looked anxiously in his mother's face, and burst into tears: "I grieve to part from thee, dear mother," he faintly said, "but I am going to meet my father in the celestial world; for do you not remember when he was dying he told us not to mourn for him, but look forward to that blissful time when we should be re-united in that joyful home above." Feebler and fainter grew his trembling voice. Through the open casement stole the balmy air, fragrant with the perfume of many lovely flowers; the gentle breeze fanned the hot brow of the child, and he softly whispered: "Oh! how refreshing is this cooling breeze. Dear mother, look at the sunbeams that are tinging those beautiful roses—oh, draw that lovely screen aside, and let me once more behold the glorious sunset." The weeping mother went to the casement, that veiled the sunset, and the crimson rays entered the chamber and enveloped the head of the dying boy in a flood of brightness. Already his features had assumed an unearthly serenity, and he looked like a denizen of the "far off land." And as his mother bent over him, her anxious ear caught the faint whisperings of his half-closed lips: "The angels are beckoning me away, they are hovering around my head, and their splendour overpowers my sight; they are come to bear my soul away to the land where death can never enter; they tell me I shall meet my father there! but sweeter far than all, they tell me that I am going to Jesus, to be with my beloved Redeemer while everlasting ages are rolling away. Mother, dear mother farewell! I cannot see your beloved face, for the light is so dazzling; but I can feel your tears: oh, dry those tears, my mother dear, your child's an angel now. Their arms are outstretched to bear me home, the lovely veil of heaven is drawn aside for my passage,—and oh what blissful scenes! Give me one kiss a last fond kiss—for—I—am—dying."

He ceased, for his spirit had winged its flight to heaven. As his spirit was freed from the trammels of the flesh, at that blissful moment, when heaven gained another soul from earth, the sun set in all his grandeur, crimsoning the clouds that watched his departure. But the dazzling orb of day would again return; while he, that only, dearly beloved child of the almost broken-hearted mother was for ever gone. And as she gazed upon the

corpse of her darling boy, as she thought of the many happy days they had spent together, and that they were now gone *never* to return, that the future must be passed in loneliness and sorrow;—as the pictures of the past and the present blended; oh, then her tears fell upon the lifeless clay, and mournfully she gazed upon her child, as he slept the sacred sleep of death.

JERUSHA JOHNSON.

A VILLAGE SKETCH,

BY "BETA."

Comfortless as are the majority of England's cottage homes, they have generally that most desirable appendage, a garden. Cottage gardens are too often neglected by idle and intemperate men, who spend their spare time at the idle corner, or in the degrading company of the ale-house; but in some cases the well-cultivated garden is its owner's pride; early fruit and vegetables reward his labour; and a little space before the door is devoted to the culture of flowers.

A pretty cottage garden had attracted the notice of Frank Harris, a young citizen who, with a country friend, was walking through an agricultural village in the west of England. The gay sweet pea, and bell-shaped convolvulus, clung with their tendrils to the tall sticks, provided expressly for their support; roses of many hues, beautiful and fragrant, were abundant; whilst small beds, neatly bordered with oyster shells, their convex sides upwards, were thickly planted with sweet-scented gilly-flowers, double violets, yellow primroses, &c., despised by the scientific florist, but welcome to the eye of the humbler classifier.

The cottage as a building had little, if anything, to distinguish it from others in the neighbourhood; but a well-trimmed vine, entirely covering the low gable, and a whitewashed front, gave it a neat and even comfortable appearance.

Frank's lingering step and undisguised expressions of pleasure were rightly interpreted by his friend into a wish to see more, and a minute after they were at the door, beside which a girl in clean garments sat glove-making; she rose courtsied, and preceded them into the cottage.

Cleanliness clothes even poverty with the appearance of comfort. The window curtain of figured cotton—washed till almost colourless, the floor, originally of rough stone, rubbed nearly smooth and white, the well-scrubbed round table of deal, the clean ladder which, instead of a stair-case, led to a little dark loft, called by courtesy a chamber. These were marks of an industry diffusing comfort. Nor was the whited wall destitute of embellishment. There was a coloured representation of Adam and Eve, clothed with blue fig leaves, after having been tempted by a crimson serpent. There was also the history of the Prodigal Son, depicted in six plates; the first represented the father dividing his wealth in bags of guineas; in the second, the prodigal was leaving home on a hunter, attended by a livery servant; the third shewed him living riotously; the fourth represented him in an old three-cornered hat, and coat out at elbows, feeding swine; the fifth was the return to a mansion anything but Eastern; and the sixth was the feast of the fatted calf, at which father and son were arrayed in court dresses of the time of George the Third, and the family chaplain was presiding in gown, bands, and powdered wig. The musicians for the occasion were seen in a raised orchestra, their instruments being a harp, a Turkish drum, a French horn, a German Flute, and a pair of cymbals. The absurdity of such illustrations provoked a quiet smile; after which the eye found a family Bible, a "Pilgrim's Progress," a large copy of "Watts' Hymns," and two or three smaller books with undistinguishable titles. Had the owner of the cottage been at home, the big Bible would perhaps have been opened, and upon the fly-leaf the names of John and Lydia Johnson disclosed, followed by a list of others,

among which were Jonathan, Samuel, Rebekah, Hephzibah, and Jerusha.

Yes, it was John Johnson's dwelling, and it was his daughter Jerusha who sat making leather hedging-gloves. How nimbly her fingers moved. How dexterously she inserted a wooden cylinder into each finger, and rapped and rubbed down the seams with a large bone. And all for the pitiful remuneration of a penny a pair.

Jerusha received her name, not from any real or fancied resemblance to King Jotham's mother, but because the name was found in the Bible ; and very soon the neighbours, guiltless of intentional error, corrupted it into " Jorrishy." Her childhood had been one of toil, with little of the luxury of play or playfellows. Her mother, for years a servant at the " great house," permanently lost her health a few years after marriage ; and she being the eldest child, was at a very tender age initiated into the mysteries of domestic management. When she was twelve years old her mother died. She wept bitterly at the funeral, but dried her tears and resolved to be womanly when her father told her she must henceforth be his housekeeper. She soon became this to advantage, working also every spare minute at glove-making. In a long day of fourteen hours, six pairs could be made, in addition to household duties —sometimes seven, and *then* her father allowed her to keep the odd penny. How precious were the pennies thus earned ! A reference Bible had been purchased with the first of them to read at home and use at the Sabbath-school; and no missionary or bible meeting was held in the village, but a hoarded penny was carefully tied in the corner of a handkerchief, and carried to be cast into the treasury of God.

Cheerful, honest, contented Jerusha ! Happy, although compelled by necessity to assume in tender girlhood the sober character and conduct of a woman.

Half an hour was pleasantly spent with her, during which her knowledge of, and love for the Bible were tested. The friends were not surprised that her father, an industrious peasant, proud of his fruit and flowers, and cleanly home, should speak with satisfaction of his daughter "Jorrishy."

TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY WILLIAM BYRNE.

[As this piece has appeared recently in Mr. Byrne's vol. of Poems, an apology may be needed for its appearance here. Our apology is that it is inserted by especial request.—Eds.]

Old Year, thou'rt dying!—yet no forms in sorrow
Are bending o'er thy bier;—
They know thou wilt have left us ere the morrow,
And yet they shed no tear!

Ah, no! they hail thy death with happy meetings,
With feastings and with mirth;
And there are joyous sounds, and friendly greetings
Around the blissful hearth!

And wreaths of Ivy they are gaily twining
To deck thy hoary brow,
Mingled with Holly leaves so green and shining
And the white-berried bough.

Yet though no human forms are bending, weeping
Around thy lonely bier,
In the sad winds that through the trees are sweeping
Thy mournful dirge I hear!

I, too, am watching here with thoughts of sadness
Old year! to see thee die!—
I could not mingle in their scenes of gladness,
And yet I know not why.

But as I think upon the days of mourning
That thou didst bring to me—
The days of bitter tears—I feel a yearning
To pass away with thee.

For many a hope that I had fondly cherish'd
When first I hail'd thy birth,
Hath long since, like the leaves of Autumn, perish'd
And fallen to the Earth.

And Life seems all a vain and empty bubble!
Yet wherefore do I sigh?
Since man is born to grief and care and trouble
As the sparks upward fly!

And pain is often sent to us *in kindness*,
Could it but so be seen!
We look upon the dark clouds, but in blindness,
Trace not the stars between!

And thou did'st bring me too, as well as sadness
And hours of pain and grief,
Many bright sunny days of hope and gladness,
Although they seemed so brief!

And as I turn and cast a glance behind me,
Sweet thoughts are called to birth—
Thoughts of the many much-loved ties that bind me
To this our beauteous earth!

Therefore, Old Year, I bless thee, broken hearted!
But hark! they ring thy knell;
And *now* thou'rt numbered with "The days departed"—
Farewell, Old Year!—Farewell!