

LITERATURE, &c.

CANNING AND BROUGHAM.—Canning chose his words for the sweetness of their sound, and arranged his periods with the melody of their cadence; while, with Brougham, the more hard and unmouthable the better. Canning arranged his words like one who could play skilfully upon the sweetest of all instruments, the human voice; Brougham proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning, and of the understanding. The figures and the illusions of the one were always quadruple by the classical formulæ; those of the other could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they soared and ran, and pealed and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. The style of Canning was like a convex mirror, which scattered every ray of light that falls upon it, and shines and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed.—That of Brougham was like a concave speculum scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus. Canning marched forward in a straight and clear track; every paragraph was perfect in itself, and every cotuscation of wit and genius was brilliant and delightful; it was all felt and it was felt at once. Brougham twined round and round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack. When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course, nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he collected by the way; but as the curve lessened, and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient.

Such were the rival orators, who sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other during the early part of the session for 1823. Brougham, as if wishing to overthrow the Secretary by a sweeping accusation of having abandoned all principle for the sake of office, and the Secretary ready to parry the charge, and attack in his turn. An opportunity at length offered, and it is the more worthy of being recorded, as being the last terrible personal attack previous to that change in the measures of the cabinet, which, though it had begun from the moment that Canning, Robinson and Huskisson came into office, was not at that time perceived, or at least not admitted or appreciated. Upon that occasion, the oration of Brougham was at the outset, disjointed, ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or principle had been sacrificed to the vanity or the lucre of place, but still there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion, that ordinary men could discover, with the business before the House. When, however, he had collected every material, which suited his purpose, when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about with cords of illustration and argument; and when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus and its effects might be the more tremendous, and while doing this he ever and anon glared and pointed his finger to make the aim and the direction sure. Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware, where and how terrible was to be the collision, and he kept writhing his body in agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing fearfully first toward the orator, and then toward the Secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under tone of muttered thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been flaring in the faces of all parties the scroll of their personal and political sins. A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest part of the House, and the voting members who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham's figure had vanished, his features seemed concentrated almost to a point, he glanced toward every part of the House in succession; and sounding the death-knell of the Secretary's forbearance and prudence, with both his clenched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever had been hurled at

mortal man within the same walls. The result, was instantaneous—was electric. It was as when the thunder cloud descends upon some giant peak,—one flash,—one peal. Canning started on his feet, and was able to utter only the unguarded words, "It is false!"—Attic Fragments.

FROM THE METROPOLITAN.

TO MADALINA.

I KNEW thee as a little child,
When danced upon thy mother's knee,
With laughing eye and features mild,
And ever pleased when kiss'd by me.
But now grown up, a woman now,
And passing Life in Fashion's blaze,
Say will you greet my humble bow
With all the warmth of early days?
Or can the cold and selfish world
The retrospects of Life efface—
The cottage neat, the smoke which curl'd,
The charm, the verdure of the place,
Where oft we play'd on Summer's eve,
Sporting along the well-mow'd green,
Or ran a prisoner to retrieve,
Whilst shouts and laughter cheer'd the scene?

Lady, these hours for aye are gone,
Our days of youth and joy are past,
And each new year but rolls along
To that which soon must be our last!—
Our early friendship, early joy,
Moments affectionate and dear,
The rules of life too soon destroy,
And leave a barren desert here:—

The kind emotions of the heart,
The ready sigh for scenes of grief,
Affection's tear prepared to start,
As virtue's hand would grant relief—
All lost with youth!—or what remains
Is ruled by fashion's sovereign sway,
Unheeded Poverty complains,
And Friendship flits in forms away.

Young love is barter'd now for gold,
And riches are the boast of life;
E'en beauty's charms are bought and sold,
To be declared by name—a wife:
But where is mutual fondness found,
The love remember'd but in song?
Where does affection most abound?
To whom does gratitude belong?

How changed—how flown our years of mirth,
Those joy's unmix'd with care or woe,
When Hope would start to instant birth,
As Pleasure cheer'd this scene below!
Well, since our joy's are pass'd and gone,
Since life appears in constant gloom,
Soon may the cold sepulchral stone
Record my end—and mark my tomb!

DELIVERANCE OF VIENNA.

[The achievement which has immortalized the name of John Sobieski—King of Poland—is the deliverance of Vienna in 1683. M. Salvandy, French historian, gives the following interesting account of that achievement:—]

'Some scouts reached the summit of the ridge long before the remainder of the army, and from thence beheld the countless myriads of the Turkish tents extending to the walls of Vienna. Terrified at the sight, they returned in dismay, and a contagious panic began to spread through the army. The king had need to re-assure his troops, of all the security of his countenance, the gaiety of his discourse, and the remembrance of the multitudes of the Infidels whom he had dispersed in his life. The Janizzaries of his guard, who surrounded him on the march, were so many living monuments of his victories, and every one was astonished that he ventured to attack the Musselmans with such an escort. He offered to send them to the rear, or even to give them a safe conduct to the Turkish camp, but they all answered with tears in their eyes, that they would live and die with him. His heroism subjugated alike Infidels and Christians, chiefs and soldiers.

'At length, on Saturday, September 11th. the array encamped, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the

sterile and inhospitable summit of the Calemberg, and occupied the convent of Camaldoli and the old castle of Leopoldsburg. Far beneath extended the vast and uneven plain of Austria, its smoking capital, the gilded tents and countless host of the besiegers; while at the foot of the ridge, where the mountain sunk into the plain, the forests and ravines were occupied by the advanced guards, prepared to dispute the passage of the army.'

There it was that they lighted the fires which spread joy and hope through every heart at Vienna.

After a siege of eight months, and open trenches for sixty days, Vienna was reduced to the last extremity. Famine, disease, and the sword, had cut off two thirds of the garrison; and the inhabitants, depressed by incessant toil for the last six months, and sickened by long deferred hope, were given up to despair. Many breaches were made in the walls, the massy bastions were crumbling in ruins, and entrenchments thrown up in haste in the streets, formed the last resource of the German capital. Stahremberg, the governor, had announced the necessity of surrendering if not relieved in three days, and every night signals of distress from the summits of the steeples announced the extremities to which they were reduced. One evening, the sentinel who was on the watch at the top of the steeple of St Stephen's, perceived a blazing flame on the summit of the Calemberg, soon after an army was seen preparing to descend the ridge. Every telescope was now turned in that direction, and from the brilliancy of their lances, and the splendour of their banners, it was easy to see, that it was the Hussars of Poland, so redoubtable to the Osmanlis, who were approaching. The Turks were immediately to be seen dividing their host into divisions, one destined to oppose this new enemy, and one to continue the assaults on the besieged. At the sight of the terrible conflict which was approaching, the woman and children flocked to the churches, while Stahremberg, led forth all that remained of the men to the breaches.

The Duke of Lorraine set forth with a few horsemen to join the King of Poland, and learn the art of war, as he expressed it, under so great a master. The two illustrious commanders soon concerted a plan of operations, and Sobieski encamped on the Danube, with all his forces, united to the troops of the empire. It was with tears of joy, that the sovereigns, generals, and the soldiers of the Imperialists received the illustrious chief whom heaven had sent to their relief. Before his arrival discord reigned in their camp, but all now yielded obedience to the Polish hero.

The Duke of Lorraine had previously constructed at Tulln, six leagues below Vienna, a triple bridge, which Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, allowed to be formed without opposition. The German Electors nevertheless hesitated to cross the river; the severity of the weather, long rains, and roads now almost impassable, augmented their alarms. But the King of Poland was a stranger alike to hesitation as fear; the state of Vienna would admit of no delay. The last dispatch of Stahremberg was simply in these words: 'There is no time to lose.'—'There is no reverse to fear,' exclaimed Sobieski; 'the general who at the head of 300,000 men could allow that bridge to be constructed in his teeth, cannot fail to be defeated.'

On the following day the liberators of Christendom passed in review before their allies. The Poles marched first; the spectators were astonished at the magnificence of their arms, the splendour of their dresses, and the beauty of their horses. The infantry was less brilliant; one regiment in particular, by its battered appearance, hurt the pride of the monarch—'Look well at those brave men,' said he to the Imperialists; 'it is an invincible battalion, who have sworn never to renew their clothing, till they are arrayed in the spoils of the Turks.' These words were repeated to the regiments; if they did not, says the annalist, clothe them, they encircled every man with a cuirass.

The Christian army, when all assembled, amounted to 70,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were infantry. Of these the Poles were 18,000.—The principle of quietude of the King was on account of the absence of the Cossacks, whom Myazwicki had promised to bring up to his assistance.

Trusting in their vast multitudes, the Turks pressed the assault of Vienna on the one side, while on the other they faced the liberating army. The Turkish vizier counted in his ranks four Christian Princes and