

LITERATURE, &c.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

JOANNA BAILLIE holds that rank amongst our elder modern authors, and her poetry is so connected with that reawakening of our literature which took place about the commencement of the present century, that whatever she writes, however slight, or however unequal to the works which made her fame, has a peculiar claim to respectful attention. Of Joanna Baillie's intellectual strength, of her profound knowledge of the workings of passion, rendered more extraordinary by the piety with which she herself delineates them.—of Joanna Baillie's genius and language, which are both so essentially old-English, deep, sound, vigorous, unfeigned, and unadulterated—we are proud to express our admiration. It would afford a subject for a long and not uninteresting article, to point out the striking difference in the mind, and writings of the literary women of thirty and forty years ago, and the literary women of the present time; those who have not perused their writings in connexion, will hardly believe how great is the difference;—what a commentary the perusal affords on the entire change that has obtained in habits, manners, feelings, education, tastes, and life! Amongst the elders—with Joanna Baillie at their head, as regards mind—the distinguishing features are nerve, simplicity, vigour, continuity, unambitious earnestness, and good English. We find also elaborate and skilfully-developed plots. Amongst our distinguished women of later date, we find accomplishment, grace, brilliancy, sentiment, scenery peculiarly sketched, and character actually handled; talent in all shapes and ways, but not so much that can claim the name of genius. There is nothing of what we have called continuity. Writing little but detached tales or novels, which, however clever, are only volumes of episodes, separate scenes, and striking characters, most of them unconnected with the business of the book, it is as sketches, whether for vivacity or pathos, nature or art; as sketches, whether of the country, the town, or the heart, of life or of manners, that our gifted women are now chiefly distinguished. In the female poetry too of the present day, fascinating tenderness, brilliancy of fancy, and beauty of feeling, stand in the place of sustained loftiness of imagination, and compact artist-like diction. Our elder literary women were, in the spirit of their intellect, more essentially masculine; our younger ones are integrally feminine—women of fashionable as well as studious life, women generally, who not only write books but abound in elegant accomplishments.

We have not, and are not likely to have at present another Mary Wolstencroft,) we merely speak of her as having exhibited grasp of mind,) another Mrs. Inchbald, another Mrs. Radcliffe—Joanna Baillie is their only representative; adding, to the power of mind which they possessed, that dignified play of fancy that amplitude of calm, bold thought, and that 'accomplishment of verse' which they possessed not. Modern imaginative literature in England owes much to her 'Plays on the Passions;' perhaps more than to any other publication except 'Percy's Reliques;' at all events, our greatest poets, who were young when her plays appeared, have nearly all borne testimony to the advantage and delight with which they perused them. With all this, the name of Joanna Baillie is not huzzed and blazoned about as very inferior names are; her works do not attain the honour of calf and gold in libraries where inferior works shine, poetical readers of strong sensibility and uncultivated taste do not dote upon 'Basil,' or quote from 'Ethwald,' and we never, by any chance, saw a line of hers transcribed in an album! One or two of her Shaksperian snatches, of song have been sent to music, but, (to quote the words of an able critic,) 'The celebrity of Joanna Baillie has been of a most peculiar nature, her fame has had about it a peculiar purity. It has been the unparticipated treasure of the world of taste and intellect.' We know that with this illustrious authoress there is a noble carelessness of praise, partly consequent on her years, her standing in society, and her having simply written at the instigation of her own genius, obeying the voice from the shrine, and not the command of the outer-court worshippers, but still, we feel vexed to see women of later date, and however gifted, every way inferior to Joanna Baillie, written about, and likened, and lithographed, before her—the senior and superior of all.

These casual remarks will prove that we appreciate Joanna Baillie, we can, therefore, with better grace express our regret that she has just published the

* The Nature and Dignity of Christ. By Joanna Baillie. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

little work, the name of which heads this notice. It is controversial, and controversy is best left to learned divines—certainly better left alone by ladies.—London Athenæum.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

STANZAS.

WHEN stars forsake the sullen sea,
When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be,
If Hope but lend us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
And wakes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles, with the thoughts of age,
The rapture of a child.

It sheds on Joy a richer glow;
It flings to Want its gifts of gold,
But ah! its hand—as pure as snow—
Will sometimes prove as cold!

Yet when the graces fall from Youth,
And Passions fervid cheek grows pale,
Then Hope becomes a thing of truth—
And faith too deep to fail.

FROM THE TATLER.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

GATHER him to his grave again,
And solemnly and softly lay
Beneath the verdure of the plain
The warrior's scattered bones away.
Pay the deep reverence taught of old,
The homage of man's heart to death;
Nor trifle even with the mould
Once quickened by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath hallowed every part.
That remnant of a martial brow,
Those ribs that held a mighty heart,
That strong arm—Ah! 'tis strengthless now;
Spare them,—each mouldering fragment spare
Of God's own image; let them rest
Till not a trace shall speak of where
The awful likeness was impressed.

FROM THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FRENCH COLONIZATION OF ALGIERS.—The coast of Algiers is not 140 leagues from Teulon and Marseilles; a passage which a fleet of ships may accomplish in a week, a single merchant vessel in three days, a ship of war in fifty hours, and a steam vessel in less than thirty-six. To France, the state of Algiers will not be a distant conquest, but a home colony; another France, and a source of incalculable benefit to the mother country.

The old and thickly peopled countries of Europe, like ancient Greece and Rome, require a vent for the excesses of population and activity created by a long period of civilization; and this relief should be sought by a regulated and continuous stream of emigration to fertile and thinly-peopled countries.

Political economists may assert, in well rounded periods, that France ought to maintain twice her present numbers; but it is obvious to practical men and common sense, that any great increase of population could not be sustained without much injury to a large and industrious portion of Society; nor, indeed, without some arbitrary interference with the rights of property.

National improvement is necessarily slow; France cannot even now beneficially employ the numbers and the talent she contains; while each successive year brings forward many thousands of young men, educated ardent, and enterprising; seeking eagerly for employment, and finding none, because all trades and professions are already occupied by numbers, whose competition is rapidly reducing their profits to a rate incompatible with adequate and permanent support. Official appointments are every where sought with increasing avidity, and the want of a more masculine occupation, compels many active young men to embrace the idle alternative of shop keeping, most departments of which could be as well, or better filled by women and girls. The learned professions superabound with youthful can-

didates, who, while waiting for employment, are obliged to lean upon their friends for support. For some years past manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, have ceased to yield a fair remuneration for the capital and incessant labour bestowed upon them; while the supply of home and foreign produce and manufactures, often exceeds the demand, and renders the return of rents and profits precarious and inadequate. The new multitudes seeking beneficial employment, are every where repulsed, and the consequence is, a general friction and uneasiness throughout the frame-work of society. Such is the state, not only of France, but of England, Germany, and the Netherlands. This immense surplus of population and active industry, imperiously demands employment at home, or the means of passage and establishment abroad. The expense of conveying considerable numbers to distant colonies, is an insuperable bar to any effectual relief, and the old colonies of France are remote and inconsiderable; while the coast of Barbary, with a healthful climate, a rich soil, and a slender population, is at her gates, and offers inexhaustible resources. That magnificent country, which extends from the Atlantic to the Nile, was the most productive portion of the Roman Empire, and abounded with flourishing cities, from which, so late as the fourth century, 400 bishops were delegated to the councils of Africa.

The portion of Barbary called Algiers, possesses a surface of 19,000 square leagues; an extent at least equal to that of Italy; but with a soil and climate permitting a rapid succession of crops, and equal to the support of twice the population of Italy. The inhabitants do not exceed 2,500,000, who have long been oppressed and plundered by a handful of Turks, and their subordinate Moorish soldiery. The dominant Turkish force at Algiers has not, for a long period, exceeded 12,000 men, but has of late declined to six or seven thousand, who, under the command of the Dey's lieutenants, made an annual excursion in three detachments to plunder, under the name of an annual contribution, the oppressed inhabitants of the interior.

The climate of Algiers, and of Barbary in general, is soft and salubrious. In July and August only, is the temperature oppressively warm, and even then often moderated by northern breezes. There are few diseases peculiar to Barbary; it is rarely visited by the plague, which is not indigenous, but imported by Greek and Turkish vessels from the Levant. The substitution of enlightened quarantine regulations for the blind fatalism of the Mehemetans, would, doubtless, exclude the plague altogether; while European habits of cleanliness would banish reptiles and vermin from the houses and the advance of Agriculture and civilization, would exterminate the beasts of prey in the interior, as it has destroyed the wolves of Great-Britain, and the panthers and rattle snakes of New York and Pennsylvania.

A happy combination of warmth and humidity, gives a wonderful degree of size and vigour to the vegetable productions of this favoured region. Wheat, barley, and Indian corn are abundant. The prickly pear abounds in all directions; and while the tree forms an impenetrable hedge, the fruit is nutritious and palatable. Vines attain a prodigious height, and run from tree to tree, forming beautiful arbours; near the root the stem is sometimes as thick as a middle sized olive tree. Pomegranates are three times the size of those in Italy; excellent oranges, figs, and chestnuts, ripen in great quantities; melons, cucumbers, cabbages, lettuces, and other vegetables abound. Olive trees are so numerous and productive, that the export of oil alone, would be a source of national wealth. The sugar cane flourishes greatly; indigo and cotton would thrive abundantly; the oak, the cedar, the cypress, and the palm tree, attain prodigious size. Near the coast are woods of cork trees, and the acacias yield a valuable gum. In general the soil of Barbary is deep, rich, and well watered by the numerous streams which run through the beautiful valleys of the Atlas chain of mountains, to the Mediterranean, and which afford abundant means of irrigation. The plain behind the city of Algiers is a continuous and extensive garden, containing about 10,000 farms and vineyards. The white rose bushes are singularly abundant, and yield the valuable essence of otto of roses.

The useful animals are camels, buffaloes, sheep, cows, goats, horses, asses, and mules; while boars and many other species of game are abundant. The bees