

## Literature &amp;c.

**BRILLIANT COMBAT**—Ney's attack had as little success. From the abutment of the mountain upon which the light division was stationed, the lowest parts of the valley could be discerned. The ascent was steeper and more difficult than where Reynier had attacked, and Crawford, in a happy mood of command, had made masterly dispositions. The table-land between him and the convent, was sufficiently scooped to conceal the forty-third and fifty-second regiments, drawn up in line; and a quarter of a mile behind them, but on higher ground and close to the convent, a brigade of German Infantry appeared to be the only solid line of resistance on this part of the position. In front of the two British regiments, some rocks, overhanging the descent, furnished natural embrasures, in which the guns of the division were placed, and the whole face of the hill were planted with the skirmishers of the rifle corps and of the Portuguese cacadore battalions. While it was yet dark, a straggling musketry was heard in the deep hollows separating the two armies; and when the light broke, the three divisions of the sixth corps were observed entering the woods below, and throwing forward a profusion of skirmishers. Soon afterwards, Marshand's division, emerging from the hollow, took the main road, as if to turn the right of the light division. Loison's made straight up the face of the mountain in front, and the third remained in reserve. General Simon's brigade, which led Loison's attack, ascended with a wonderful alacrity, and, though the light troops plied it unceasingly with musketry, and the artillery bullets swept through it from the first to the last section, its order was never disturbed, nor its speed in the least abated. Ross's guns were worked with incredible quickness, yet their range was palpably contracted every round, and the enemy's shot came singing up in a sharper key, until the skirmishers, breathless, and begrimed with powder, rushed over the edge of the ascent, when the artillery suddenly drew back, and the victorious cries of the French were heard within a few yards of the summit. Crawford, who standing alone on one of the rocks, had been intently watching the progress of the attack, then turned, and in a quick, shrill tone, desired the two regiments in reserve to charge. The next moment a horrid shout startled the French column, and eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill. Yet so truly brave and hardy were the leaders of the enemy, that each man of the first section raised his musket, and two officers and ten soldiers fell before them. Not a Frenchman had missed his mark! They could do no more! The head of their column was violently overturned and driven upon the rear, both flanks were lapped over by the English wings, and three terrible discharges at five yards' distance, completed the rout. In a few minutes a long trail of carcasses and broken arms, indicated the line of retreat.—*Colonel Napier's History of the War on the Peninsula.*

**PUBLIC MEN.**—Nothing is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth; who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double foists, who have nightly sat down amidst tumultuous cheering in debating societies; and can harangue with an unruffled forehead, and unfaltering voice, from one end of the dinner table to the other; who, on all occasions, have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about—no sooner rise in the house when their spells desert them. All their effrontery vanishes; common place ideas are rendered even more uninteresting by monotonous delivery; and, keenly alive, as even boobies are in those sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more fully aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with aburning cheek and an icy hand, repressing his breath lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no 'manner,' who blush when you speak to

them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house, with a self confidence which is only equalled by their consummate ability.—*The Young Duke.*

## THE MONKS OF OLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, DE L'ORME, &c.

I ENVY them—those monks of old,—  
Their book they read, and their beads they told;  
To human softness dead and cold,  
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the earth,  
Free from the penalties of birth,  
Nor let one feeling venture forth  
But charity.

I envy them: their cloister'd hearts  
Knew not the bitter pang that parts  
Beings that all Affection's arts  
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place  
To drown the best-loved of their race,  
And blot out each sweet memory's trace  
In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed  
That rests the aching human head:  
They looked with envy on the dead,  
And not with agony.

No boads they felt, no ties they broke,  
No music of the heart they woke,  
When one brief moment it had spoke,  
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived—peaceful they died,  
And those that did their fate abide  
Saw Brothers wither by their side  
In all tranquility.

They loved not, dream'd not,—for their sphere  
Held not joy's visions; but the tear  
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,  
Was not their misery.

I envy them—those monks of old,  
And when their statues I behold,  
Carved in the marble, calm and cold,  
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as CALM and still  
To beams that fleet, and blasts that chill,  
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift thrill  
With bitter usury.

**To form a vigorous mind.**—Let every youth early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to *make himself*; or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention: send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged path of science, and difficulties which he cannot surmount impede his progress, let him be helped over them, but never let him think of being led when he has power to walk without help; nor of carrying his ore to another's furnace, when he can melt it down in his own.

**EXTINCTION OF THE BRITISH LANGUAGE.**—The Britons were so unmixed with their conquerors, that they kept their ancient speech until the reign of Henry VIII., when it gradually became obsolete. In the reign of Queen Anne, it was known only in a few villages near the Land's End. The children, as they grew up, learnt English; and, as the old Cornish folks died off, the language gradually expired with them; so that towards the middle of the reign of King George III., one Dolly Pentreath, an old fish wife, who resided about three miles from Mousehole, near Penzance, was the only surviving individual in the world who could converse in the tongue of the ancient Damnonian Britons; which tongue, however, she put to a very bad

use, since she principally employed it in swearing and grumbling when she could not get a good price for her fish, or in scolding when she was offended. At this present time, the names of fields and towns, hills, and rivers, in Cornwall, are the only memorials of the British language, whose extinction cannot be contemplated without sentiments approaching to regret. The most useful political virtues arise from an honest feeling of nationality; and no badge of nationality is more innocent and efficient than the cherished possession of an ancient, and, at the same time, peculiar language.—*History of England: Family Library, No. XXI.*

**PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**—There is one kind of Institution that never has been set up in a country, without deceiving and degrading its people;—and another kind of Institution that never has been set up in a country, without raising both the character and comfort of its families. We leave it to the policy of our sister kingdom, by the pomp and pretension of her charities, to disguise the wretchedness she cannot do away. The glory of Scotland lies in her Schools. Out of the abundance of her moral and literary wealth, that wealth which communication cannot dissipate—that which its possessor may spread and multiply among thousands, and yet be as affluent as ever—that wealth which grows by competition instead of being exhausted—this is what we trust she will be ever ready to bestow on all her people. Silver and gold she may have none—but such as she has she will give—she will send them to school. She cannot make pensioners of them, but will, if they like make scholars of them. She will give them of the food by which she nurses and maintains her offspring—by which she renders wise the very posterity of her children—by which if there be any truth in our text, she puts into many a single cottager, a glory surpassing that of the mightiest potentates in our world. To hold out any other boon, is to hold out a promise which she and no country in the universe, can ever realize—it is to decoy, and then most wretchedly to deceive—it is to put on a front of invitation, by which numbers are allured to hunger, and nakedness and contempt. It is to spread a table, and to hang out such signals of hospitality as draw around it a multitude expecting to be fed and who find that they must famish over a scanty entertainment. A system replete with practical mischief, can put on the semblance of charity, even as Satan, the father of all lying and deceitful promises, can put on the semblance of an angel of light. But we trust that the country in which we live, will ever be preserved from the cruelties of its tender mercies—that she will keep by her schools, and her Scriptures, and her moralizing process; and that instead of vainly attempting so to force the exuberance of Nature, as to meet and satisfy the demands of a population whom she has led astray, she will make it her constant aim, so to exalt her population, as to establish every interest that belongs to them, on the foundation of their own worth, and their own capabilities—that tanned as she had been by her contemptuous neighbour, for the poverty of her soil, she will at least prove, by deed and by example, that it is fitted to sustain an erect and honourable, and high minded peasantry; and leaving England to enjoy the fatness of her own fields, and a complacency with her own institutions, that we shall make a clean escape from her error and never again be entangled therein—that unseduced by the false lights of a mistaken philanthropy and mistaken patriotism, we shall be enabled to hold on in the way of our ancestors.—*CHILMERS.*

**TOBACCO.**—Beef to John Bull, potatoes to Paddy, or grog to a sailor, furnish but faint similes to describe the delight of a Spaniard, who, after some months of privation, grasps a handful of tobacco leaves. He never thrusts them into his mouth, according to the American fashion, nor puts the tobacco into a pipe, like an Englishman, but cuts the weed carefully and economically into little fragments, and having scattered these morsels along a slit of paper about the size of a visiting card he folds it neatly into what he calls 'un cigarro de papel,' or, more tastefully still inserts the pieces in a slender tube of straw, and names it a 'pajilla,' or lady's cigar. If, however, he be very rich in this great treasure, he rolls the leaves in great masses, which, from being made exclusively of tobacco, he calls par excellence, 'Puros.'—*Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.*

**MILITARY GLORY.**—Military heroism excites the admiration of the world more than any other virtue. It seems to be the original sin of our nature to be more interested by action than by repose. Power which destroys astonishes mankind more than power which perpetuates. A philosopher once inquired into the cause of that restlessness and disorder in man which he could not discover in any other animal. He might have recollected, that no other animal is endowed with that proud reason, which is doomed to be tormented by glory, and never satiated by self-love.—*Dr. Israeli's Commentaries.*