

to shame the loitering cowards, and follow. I doubt if he knows of that yawning abyss. Ah! now he sees it. But it is too late—he cannot turn back—his fiery steed leaps over. A few follow him—rather death than to desert your master! but every hoof that touches the bridge widens the gap. Mother of mercy, they fall through—the generous youths!—they are crushed on the rocks—horse and rider!

Shouts rent the air. Ermen's voice might be heard like the shriek of an owl, mingling with, and heightening the clamour. 'Think you Ermen, the victory is won; that the Emperor's mistake as fatal?' demanded Blanche. 'Assuredly, my lady: the Emperor sees it himself, but it is too late. See how his brave paladins gather round him. They seem to feel no more than their senseless shields, the blows they receive in his stead. They fall, one after another—the last is gone! He is single handed against a host. What a salvation is a brave spirit! See how he gives them thrust for thrust, and fights as if he were backed by thousands. But, oh!' continued Ermen, her interest naturally shifting as the inequality of the conquest became more manifest, 'It is in vain that one assailant drops, another takes his place. It is too much! Our noble master against such odds! The craven wretches, why do they not give him a fair field! Right royally he still defends himself! Ah! he wavers—his shield is fallen—his left arm hangs like a lopped branch—he must fall!—see, they press on him. Now God have mercy on him! Ah! there comes the Prince again—how furiously he rides. Must his hand give the finishing stroke? I cannot see that—' Blanche sunk on her knees, 'Merciful Heaven! she cried, 'let him not lift his hand against his father—save him from parricide!'

'Oh, look up, my lady, once more look up. The Prince is striking down the lances of the assailants, and shouting, 'Back villains, back—touch not his sacred life!' Their arms fell as if they were paralyzed, and they recoiled a few paces, leaving a vacant space where the steeds of father and son met, bit to bit. The Prince dismounted, threw down his lance and shield, and kneeling in the dust, cried, 'My hege, my father, forgive me!'

Ermen broke into a wild hysteric laugh, and turned to her mistress, but her gentle nature was overpowered and she had sunk down in utter unconsciousness. Neither saw nor knew, till many hours after, what followed. That the tide of fortune had turned in the Emperor's favour, and deliverance from the perils that beset him was near at hand, at the moment the interposition of his son saved him from certain death. A detachment from his army had been guided by one of the loyal abbey tenants, to a fordable passage through the stream. They had wound unperceived around the hills, fallen on Pepin's reserved corps, and cut it off completely; and at the moment the Prince was surrendering himself to filial duty, his followers were surprised by superior numbers falling on their rear. He could not look on and see his faithful friends falling in a cause he had abandoned; and giving orders that the place where the Emperor stood should be considered neutral ground, and sacredly guarded as such, he plunged into the thickest of the fight. Many a long-remembered deed of desperate valor did he achieve; but it was of no avail; long before the day closed, the din of arms had ceased; the Prince and the handful of his followers who survived, were prisoners, and the victorious army was retiring towards Aix-la-Chapelle.

## USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

**Barry.**—The following anecdote illustrative of this singular character, was related to me in 1793, soon after the circumstance had happened. When Barry was chosen Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, some time had elapsed before he gave a lecture, and the Council found it necessary to remind him of the duties of his office. Sir Joshua Reynolds being in the chair, was unfortunately selected by him as the object of his invective and abuse; and after having been extremely warm in remonstrance, he shook his fist in the President's face. He remarked, with the most indignation, 'that if he could have brought his mind to have composed such flimsy discourses as those delivered by Sir Joshua, he need not have kept the Academy waiting one hour;—but, thank God! such trifles were as far below his capacity as their author was beneath their notice.' Yet, after the death of Sir Joshua, he made an *amende honorable*, and lavished praise upon his pictures in his sixth lecture 'UPON COLOURING,' and then took occasion to mention him in his character of an author. He observed, that 'it is perhaps owing to the Academy, and to Sir Joshua's situation in it, and to the discourses which he biennially made to the pupils upon the principles of historical art, and the generous ardour of his own mind to realise what he had advised, that we are indebted for a few expansive efforts of colouring and chair'-oscura, which would do honour to the first names in the records of art.

**A Character.**—Mr. James Jones 'held a situation' in one of the public offices. Blundering, commonplace persons, would have styled him a clerk therein; but, to destroy all notion of this kind, it was declared by himself and sisters, that he occupied the more high-sounding, because less understood post, of 'Reader.' His duties were asserted to be paramount to the duties of those employed in the more menial capacity of quill driving; requiring great powers of mind, and unusual exertion of thought. The creature, too, aimed at being considered literary; and accounted for having never 'put out a book' under his own name, on the plea that 'Whatever he wrote must be for the government.' Mr James Jones was, in point of fact, a mere plodding piece of machinery, and made a far better clerk than he would have done a tradesman; and his longer headed father probably foresaw, that his abilities were not adapted to the mercantile profession, and wisely placed him at one of those never varying, mechanical desks, where perseverance and industry were the only talents required. It is ordained, however, that our self-love creates for itself gratification in the very circumstances least creditable to us; and thus it was, that Mr James Jones felt a comforting consciousness of his employment being by many degrees more genteel than those of his money-making brothers. Accident had thrown him amongst a few literary men; and having no wife, nor family, to engross his leisure time, he grasped at the cultivation of their society, as a means of filling up the vacuum of his evening hours. Having, somehow or other, (most probably from the contraction of his ideas,) formed a wonderful notion of the glory of authorship in general, he naturally concluded, that the next best thing to proving himself a literary man, was, to be as much as possible seen in the company of those unquestionably so considered. He might, perhaps, carry his hopes so far, as to expect a little of their learning would be transferable by means of friction, and lost no opportunity of seizing a real living professed author by the button, if the slightest introduction had made such a proceeding at all warrantable.—*Crofton Croker.*

**Trade in Bristles.**—In 1828, 1,749,921 lbs. of bristles were imported into England from Russia and Prussia, each of which cannot have weighed less than two grains. From this we may fairly conjecture that 13,431,713,280 bristles were imported in that year. As these are only taken from the top of the hog's back, each hog cannot be supposed to have supplied more than 7680 bristles, which reckoning each bristle to weigh two grains, will be one pound. Thus in Russia and Prussia, in 1828, 1,749,921 hogs and boars were killed, to furnish the supply of England with bristles. Let not sleep,' says Pythagoras, 'fall upon thine eyes, till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day; thou mayest know where thou has turned aside from rectitude, and what thou hast left undone, which ought to have been done.'—*Dr. Johnson.*

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

## FALL OF BABYLON.

FALLEN is stately Babylon!  
Her mansions from the earth are gone.  
For ever quenched, no more her beam  
Shall gem Euphrates' voiceless stream.  
Her mirth is hush'd, her music fled—  
All save her very name, is dead;  
And the lone river rolls his flood  
Where eace a thousand temples stood.

Queen of the golden East! a far  
Thou shon'st, Assyria's morning star!  
Till God, by righteous anger driven,  
Expell'd thee from thy place in heaven.  
For false and treacherous was thy ray,  
Like swampy lights that lead astray;  
And o'er the splendour of thy name  
Rolled many a cloud of sin and shame.

For ever fled thy princely shrines,  
Rich with their wreaths of clustering vines;  
Priest, censor, incense—all are gone  
From the deserted altar-stone  
Belshazzar's halls are desolate,  
And vanished their imperial State;  
Even as the pageant of a dream  
That floats unheard on Memory's stream.

Fallen is B'rylon! and o'er  
The silence of her hidden shore,  
Where the gaunt satyr shrieks and sings,  
Hath mystery way'd his awful wings.  
Conceal'd from eyes of mortal men,  
Or angels' more pervading ken,  
The ruined city lies—unknown  
Her site to all, but God alone.

By "a Modern Pythagorean."

That sanctity which settles on the memory of a great man, ought upon a double motive, to be vigilantly sustained by his countrymen; first out of gratitude to him, as one column of the national grandeur; secondly, with

a practical purpose of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity the benefit of ennobling models. High standards of excellence are among the happiest distinctions by which the modern ages of the world have an advantage over earlier, and we are all interested by duty as well as policy in preserving them inviolate.—*From a Memoir of Milton in the 'Gallery of Portraits.'*

**General Education.**—A strange idea is entertained by many that education unfits persons for labour, and renders them dissatisfied with their condition in life. But what would be said were any of the powers of the body to be in a certain case disused? Suppose a man were to place a bandage over his right eye—to tie up one of his hands—or to attach a ponderous weight to his legs—and, when asked the cause, were to reply, that the glance of that eye might make him covetous; that his hand might pick his neighbour's pocket; or that his feet might carry him into evil company; might it not be fairly replied, that his members were given to use and not to abuse, that their abuse is no argument against their use, and that this suspension of their action was just as contrary to the wise and benevolent purposes of their Creator as their wrong and guilty application? And does this reasoning fail when applied to the mind? Is not the unemployed mental faculty as opposed to the advantage of the individual as the unused physical power? Can the difference between mind and matter overturn the ordinary principles of reasoning and morals? Besides, how is man to be prepared for the duties he has to discharge?—By mere attention to his body? Impossible. The mind must be enlightened and disciplined; and if this be neglected, the man rises but little in character above the beasts that perish, and is wholly unprepared for that state to which he ought to have aspired.

This liberty in conversation (fiction and exaggeration) defeats its own end. Much of the pleasure and all the benefit of conversation depends upon our opinion of the speaker's veracity.—*Paley's Moral Philosophy.*

In every thing we do, however trifling, we ought to reflect and reason; otherwise we shall never do any thing well.

Flattery is more prejudicial than rudeness or anger. We owe the greatest gratitude to those who tell us the truth.

Calumny is the vice of those who have neither a good heart nor a good understanding.

**AMBITION.**—The man who elevates himself above his fellows, too often rises at the same time above happiness; with eyes of jealous envy he is watched by all, and when he makes a false step, or misses balance, quick as thought revenge or malice rush forward, ready armed, to sap the footing under him.

Has the boasted March of Intellect made us better; or only more clever than we were; and if not the former, to what good end do we arrive by our improvement?

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## SKETCH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

BY E. L. BULWER, THE CELEBRATED NOVELIST, AND EDITOR OF THE ABOVE PERIODICAL.

The blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hush'd at length. The greatest—the most various—the most commanding genius of modern times,—has left us to seek for that successor to his renown, which, in all probability, a remote generation alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for the event, it does not fall upon us suddenly; leaf after leaf was stripped from that noble tree before it was left to the earth at last: our sympathy in his decay has softened to us the sorrow for his death. It is not now our intention to trace the character or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run; to every eye that reads—every ear that hears—every heart that remembers,—this much, at least, of his character is already known, that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses—that he was at once equitable and generous—that his heart was ever open to charity—that his life has probably been shortened by his scrupulous regard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its light must be meteoric—and its courses wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons—we scarcely know which is the most valuable: he has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world—he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the widest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names—the hair-loops of our nation—can we say has he left us every thing to admire, and nothing to forgive?

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Sir Walter Scott has won his fame,—as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novelist. It is not now a time (with the great great men's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion: We cannot now weigh, and sift, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well—but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Whether it be that in our earliest recollections he was endeared by those mighty lays which called from antiquity all its noblest spirit, and breathed a life and nature into that literature which was then languishing under the drowsiness of eternal imitation, and the trappings of a false and Gallic artificiality of school, at once burlesque and frivolous: whatever be the cause of our differing from the world in general on this point, certain it is, that we think him even greater as a poet than a novelist; and were it possible that time could wither up the interest of the world in either, we think