

LITERATURE, &c.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL JOURNAL.

A PEEP AT THE GERMANS.

Pass we now to Austria. The Emperor Francis is now sixty years of age. His countenance betokens strongly that simplicity of character and good nature, which are the most prominent features of his disposition, but it does not announce even that quantity of penetration which he is allowed on all hands to possess. His manners are simple and popular in the extreme; he is the enemy of all parade. Except on particular occasions, he comes abroad in an ordinary coloured dress, without decorations of any kind; and not unfrequently you may light upon him in a black or brown coat which many of his subjects would disdain to wear. In some part of the long line of light and splendid equipages which move down the Prater, in the evening, the Emperor may often be discovered driving the Emperess in an unostentatious caleche, with a pair of small quiet horses, that will neither prance nor run away. Here, however, driving is easy; once in the line there is no getting out of it. There are few more popular monarchs in Europe than the Emperor Francis, except always among his Italian subjects. There is but one ardent feeling of dislike of the Austrian yoke from the Laguna of Venice to the Lago Maggiore; but his German subjects are affectionately attached to him. They like his good natured plainness, for it is entirely in their own way; even the corrupt German which he speaks pleases them, for it is theirs. Twice a week, and at an early hour in the morning, he gives audiences, to which all classes are not only admitted, but which are expressly intended for the middling and lower ranks, that they may tell him what they want, and who has injured them. Not one of his subjects are afraid of presenting himself before *Franz*, the affectionate diminutive by which they love to speak of him. He listens patiently to their petitions and complaints; he gives relief, and good-natured, fatherly advice, and promises of justice; and all the world allows him the determination to do justice so far as he can see it. Wherever a monarch must interfere personally to do justice, it is a proof either that the laws are at variance with justice, or that those who administer them are scoundrels.

The Archduke Charles is very popular. The Austrians are apt to exaggerate his military genius; but to have coped with Moreau, as he did cope with him, is no mean renown to a military man. In all his habits he is entirely domestic and unaffected. He takes his walk along the streets, or on the ramparts, with a child in each hand, as simply dressed, and as simply affectionate, as any father in Vienna.

Nothing can be more despotic than the Austrian government. It silences enquiry, prevents publicity, and enforces its ordinances with severity. Yet, strange to say, the Austrians are the most anti-revolutionary people in Europe, because they are behind all the other people of Europe. They are as contentedly obedient as the government is jealous and arbitrary; the priesthood lends its aid to fetter thought; the censor prevents them from learning, and, if they think, the spies of the police prevents them from speaking; and the Austrian lives on, wishing, indeed, sometimes, that the government would take less money from him, but never troubling himself with the idea that he ought to have some influence on the modes in which the revenue is raised, and the purposes to which it is applied.

The petty states of Germany have different forms of government. At Weimar they have a parliament popularly chosen; but it was a present made, not solicited, and consequently it is very subservient, and very useless. The "lower house" being composed principally of farmers, they refuse, even though entreated by the Duke, to admit the public to their debates. They dreaded being laughed at, and now they are laughed at by those they excluded. The Saxon government is a kind of oligarchy; that of Cassel is military; and Baden is a non-descript.

The peasantry are miserable, and untought; the commercial classes are considered indifferent; and the aristocracy are poor and subservient. A certain degree of discontent runs through all; but hardly enough for patriotism to operate upon. It is, therefore, doubtful, if there be in Germany enough of that noble spirit which precipitates men into revolutions. Though plodding and phlegmatic, the people are obstinate when aroused; and it is encouraging to find that the youth of the land are impatient of the despotism that curses their country.

The effect of paternal government is visible in Germany. The population is scanty, the mode of cultivation barbarous, and the amount of commerce small. The intercourse being imperfect, opinion does not circulate freely; and the inhabitants being comparatively few and poor, there can hardly be a public opinion in the country. The Germans have abundance of schools, but, there being no newspapers, the people soon forget to read.

While government has thus kept them poor and ignorant, it has not improved their morals. Society in towns is the most dissolute in Europe; and the middle classes are almost as abandoned as their superiors. In Austria there are 7000 divorces in a year, in Prussia 3000! Such are the blessings of paternal government. In conclusion, it is only right to observe that much of the foregoing "peep" is borrowed from "Russell's Tour," a very lively and valuable work.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

YOUTH.

And herein have the green trees and the blossoming shrubs their advantage over us: the flower withers and the leaf falls, but the fertilizing sap still lingers in their veins, and the following years bring again a spring of promise and a summer of beauty: but we, when our leaves and flowers perish, they perish utterly; we put forth no new hopes, we dream no new dreams. Why are we not wise enough; at least more preciously to retain their memory?

Oh! the hours! the happy hours
Of our other earlier time,
When the world was full of flowers,
And the sky a summer clime!
All life seem'd so lovely then;
For it worr'd our own heart;
Life is only joyful when
That joy of ourselves is part.

Fond delight and kind deceit
Are the gladness of the young—
For the bloom beneath our feet
Is what we ourselves have flung.
Then so many pleasures seem
Scatter'd o'er our onward way;
'Tis so difficult to deem
How their relish will decay.

What the heart now beats to win
Soon will be unloved, unsought.
Gradual is the change within,
But an utter change is wrought.
Time goes on, and time destroys
Not the joy, but our delight;
Do we now desire the toys
Which so charmed our childhood's sight!

Glory, poetry, and love,
Make youth beautiful, and pass
As the hues that shine above
Colour, but to quit their glass.
But we soon grow calm and cold
As the grave to which we go;
Familiar's one common mould,
Pulse and step alike are slow.

We have lost the buoyant foot—
We have lost the eager eye;
All those inward chords are mute,
Once so eager to reply.
Is it not a constant sight—
Is it not most wretched too—
When we mark the weary plight
In which life is hurried through?

Selfish, listless, Earth may wear
All her summer wealth in vain—
Though the stars be still as fair,
Yet we watch them not again.
Too much do we leave behind
Sympathy with lovely things,
And the worn and worldly mind
With'er's all life's fairy rings.

Glorious and beautiful
Were youth's feeling and youth's thought—
Would that we did not annul
All that in us then was wrought!
Would their influence could remain
When the hope and dream depart;
Would we might through life retain
Still some youth within the heart!

L. E. L.

CURIOUS LITERARY CONFESSIONS.—I began to write; my fancy fired, my brain inflamed; breathing forms rose up under my pen, and jostled aside the cold abstraction, whose creations had cost such long musing. In vain I struggled to compose without enthusiasm, in vain I endeavored to delineate only what I had preconceived, in vain I endeavored to restrain the flow of unbidden invention; all that I had seen and pondered passed before me, from the proud moment that I stood upon Mount Jura to the present ravishing hour that I returned to my long-stranded art. Every tree, every cloud, every star and mountain, every fairy lake and flowing river that had fed my fancy with their sweet suggestions in my rambling hours, now returned and illuminated my pages with their brightness and their beauty. My mind teemed with similes. Thought and passion came veiled in metaphoric garb. I was delighted, I was bewildered. The clustering of their beauty seemed an evidence of poetic power, the management of these bright guests was an art of which I was ignorant. I received them all. I found myself often writing only that they might be accommodated. I gave up to this work many long and unbroken hours. I was determined that I should not suffer from a hurried pen. I often stopped to meditate. It was in writing this book that I first learnt my art. It was a series of experiments. They were, at length, finished, and my volumes consigned to their fate and northern publisher. The critics treated me with more courtesy. What seemed to me odd amongst them, although no puzzle now, was that they admired what had been written in haste, and without premeditation, and generally disapproved of what had cost me much forethought, and been executed with great care. It was universally declared a most unequal work, and they were right, although they could not detect the causes of the inequality.

My perpetual efforts at being imaginative were highly condemned. Now no one offered a prediction as to my future career. My book, as a whole, was rather unintelligible, but parts were favorites. It was pronounced a remarkable compound of originality and dulness. These critiques, whatever might be their tenour, mattered little to me. A long interval elapsed before they reached Florence, and, during that period, I had effectually emancipated myself from the thrall of criticism. I have observed, that, after writing a book, my mind always makes a great spring. I believe that the act of composition produces the same invigorating effect on the mind which some exertion does upon the body. Even the writing of *MANSTEIN* produced a revolution in my nature, which cannot be traced by any metaphysical analysis. In the course of a few days I was converted from a hollow-hearted worldling into a noble philosopher. I was, indeed, ignorant, but I had lost the double ignorance of the Platonists,—I was no longer ignorant that I was ignorant. No one could be influenced by a greater desire of knowledge, a greater passion for the beautiful, or a deeper regard for his fellow-creatures. And I well remember when, on the evening that I wrote the last sentence of this moral intellectual effort, I walked out upon the terrace with that feeling of satisfaction which accompanies the idea of a task completed; so far was I from being excited by the hope of having written a great work, that I even meditated its destruction; for, the moment it was terminated, it seemed to me that I had become suddenly acquainted with the long-concealed principles of my art, which, without doubt, had been silently practised in this production. My taste, as it were, in an instant became formed, and I felt the conviction that I could now produce some lasting creation. I thought no more of criticism. The breath of man has never influenced me much, for I depend more upon myself than upon others. I want no false fame. It would be no delight to be considered a prophet, were I conscious of being an impostor. I ever wish to be undeceived; but, if I possess the organization of a poet, no one can prevent me from exercising my faculty any more than he can rob the courier of his fleetness, or the nightingale of her song.—D'Israeli.

A TRUE STORY.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

A few years ago, as a gentleman, whom we shall call Davenport, was, one evening about dusk, riding slowly into the little town of G—, he was startled from a reverie, in which he was at the moment indulging, by a youthful figure which bounded from the parapet and seized the bridle of his horse. His first impulse was anger at what he considered either a malicious or impertinent interruption; but the delicate face, slight figure, and more than all, the pleading and agitated expression which he observed in the countenance of the youth, irresistibly attracted his attention, and impelled him to draw his rein, and request mildly, to know the cause of an action so unexpected. In timid and tremulous tones, and in terms in which the incoherence of extreme agitation was painfully evident, the stranger informed Davenport, that he had for some time waited in anxious hope of seeing some individual whose respectability of appearance might pass for a guarantee of his honour, and whom, in consequence, he might have courage to address. In a brief and hurried manner he informed Davenport, that he feared pursuit from some enemy, and implored to be conveyed to some place of safety. There was something in the tones of his voice which was at once tremulous and spirited, but that spirit seemed subdued by a nervous alarm and fearfulness which seemed almost effeminate. As he spoke, Davenport felt a growing interest for which he could scarcely account. He requested the youth to walk by his side as far as the inn, where he hinted that a further explanation would be necessary. 'And if,' proceeded he, 'you satisfy me that I shall not be acting improperly, you may command my services.' Davenport was a young man of generosity and spirit, and being of an enthusiastic and romantic turn of mind, an adventure like the present was of the very nature to awaken all his interest. In acts of common charity he was exceedingly suspicious, and he hated 'the business-like method,' as he was wont to call it, of giving through the medium of hirelings. But, where he was certain the object was worthy, no man was more ready to shed the tear of pity, and to open both his heart and his purse at the call of want and wretchedness. He once walked through some of the most filthy streets in London daily, for several weeks together, to sit for his picture to a miserable, starving, but talented and deserving artist, whom he remunerated by paying him nearly twenty times the sum charged; and he spurned from him the wretched, hollow-hearted fool, who, in consequence of the performance of this charitable action, laughed at him as an eccentric. In short, though he was sufficiently suspicious on occasion, yet, if his suspicion were once lulled or done away with, his benevolence became enthusiasm. Having given his horse to the care of a groom, Davenport entered the inn, followed by the youth, and immediately desired to be shown to a private apartment. 'Well, sir,' said he as soon as the waiter had withdrawn, 'will you now oblige me by telling me how far I may be of service to you, and in what way. But I beg pardon; you seem fatigued; pray sit, be seated; shall I call for some refreshments?' The youth stood pale, apparently irresolute, and evidently abstracted, while the heaving of his breast betrayed violent emotion. At length he raised his head and essayed to speak. The effort was too much; his lips quivered, the tears which had gathered in his eyes overflowed, the intended articulation