

applause which his shrill and nasal tones excited was quite enthusiastic, and I never saw so great an effect produced by the performances of Braham or Catalani. The delight of the audience was expressed by every look and gesture; till one by one almost rose from their seats, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time; while the youth, placing the hollow of his hand behind his ear, poured forth his harsh notes with all the strength of his lungs. In the intervals of the singing, dancing was introduced,—an exercise of which the inhabitants of Upper Syria are very fond, and in which they excel. Their dances are generally executed by one or two persons only; and some of them (the sabre dance especially, a sort of mock single combat, derived probably from the ancient Pyrrhic) are spirited and picturesque. The performances on this occasion, however, were chiefly in that peculiar style which is prevalent throughout the East; and as the evening advanced and the aqua vite circulated, it was highly diverting to see even 'grave and reverend seniors' imitating the attitudes of Egyptian Almoes. The Christians of Antioch, it appears, do not think that so natural an exercise as dancing can be unbecoming at any age. During the time that these festivities were going on among the men, the ladies, if we might judge from the frequent cry of joy which proceeded from their apartment, were amusing themselves equally well. About an hour after midnight the party broke up, having passed the evening with the greatest harmony, or without riot or excess. They seemed much pleased by the presence of the stranger-guest, and as a mark of their attention I was escorted to my own lodgings by several of the young men, preceded by a drum, a pipe, and a mandolin.

THE HAGUE.—The Hague is the residence of the Dutch court. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well built town, more in the German than in the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Voorhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre, with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians. A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great portion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the 'palace in the wood.' The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman. The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1640, by Prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tesima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their Eastern junks. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe.—Elliot's North of Europe.

ATHENS.—'We landed in the Piræus,' says the Honourable George Keppel, a recent traveller in the East, 'early in the morning, a party of nineteen from the ship. We shortly afterwards entered the gates, which were guarded by regular Turkish troops, and proceeded to visit the Bey, who lived in a house wretched enough, but the best in the town. The first object that met our view in the court-yard was the head of a Greek hanging up by its long hair. By the appearance of the features, and the slightness of the mustache, it was that of a very young man. We partook of pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, and offered in return that without which we should have been most unwelcome visitors—a hamper containing six bottles of rum. The visit of ceremony performed, we went over the ruins. Ancient Athens has survived its successor: the pillars of majestic temples still stand, while shapeless heaps are nearly the only indications of the modern town. With the exception of the Turkish garrison, a few squalid-looking Greeks, who cultivated the fields in the vicinity of the town, were the only population to be seen. After we had visited every thing worthy of notice within the walls, we went outside to see the superb temple of Adrian, walking in perfect ease and security between the Turkish garrison on the right hand, and the Greek army, who were in possession of the heights, at no great distance, on our left.'

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—In the same paper in which Hazlitt details the characteristics of Brougham, he treats of the peculiarities of Sir Francis Burdett, and in an equally correct manner. "Sir Francis," says he "in many respects, affords a contrast to the foregoing character. He is a plain, unaffected, unsophisticated English gentleman. He is a person of great reading too, and considerable information, but he makes very little display of these, unless it be to quote Shakspeare, which he does often with extreme aptness and felicity. Sir Francis is one of the most pleasing speakers in the house, and is a prodigious favourite of the English people. So he ought to be; for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding, and old English character. All that he pretends to is common sense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the house. We cannot conceive a higher degree of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there; and we have seen him blush and appear ashamed of the truths

he has been obliged to utter, like a bashful novice. He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good tempered, and a very good looking man. But there was evidently no wish to shine, nor any desire to offend. It was painful for him to hurt the feelings of those who heard him, but it was a higher duty in him not to suppress his sincere and earnest convictions. It is wonderful how much virtue and plain dealing a man may be guilty of without impunity, if he has no vanity, or ill-nature, or duplicity, to provoke the contempt or resentment of others, and to make them impatient of the superiority he has set up over them. There is no honest cause which he dares not avow—no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood, with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him. His principles are mellowed and improved, without having become less sound with time; for at one period he sometimes appeared to come charged to the House with petulance and caustic sententiousness, he had imbibed at Wimbledon Common. He is seldom or never violent or in extremes. There is only one error he seems to labour under (which, we believe, he also borrowed from Horne Tooke or Major Cartwright) the wanting to go back to the early times of our constitution and history, in search of the principles of law and liberty—which are modern inventions—the growth of books and printing. A man may be a patriot without being an antiquary. This is the only point on which Sir Francis is at all inclined to a tincture of pedantry. His humanity is unconstrained and free. His heart does not ask leave of his head to feel, nor does prudence always keep a guard upon his tongue or his pen. He is the idol of the people of Westminster; few persons have a greater number of friends and well-wishers; and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies, for his integrity and independence have made them so.

From a recently published volume of Poems.

BY WM. P. BROWN.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

TELL me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for arms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played,
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee,
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers; where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams—
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?

"Calm thy young thoughts my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which though has heard me speak,
Where age never wrackles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be!

"For he knew that those with whom he had played;
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For he who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

MAGAZINE MISCELLANIES.

Napoleon and Goethe.—In this distracted time of ours, wherein men have lost their old loadstars, and wandered after night-fires and foolish will-o'-wispis; and all things, in that 'shaking of the nations,' have been tumbled into chaos, the high made low and the low high and ever and anon some duke of this, and king of that, is gurgled aloft, to float there for moments; and fancies himself the governor and head-director of it all, and is

but the topmost froth-bell, to burst again and mingle with the wild fermenting mass—in this so despicable time, we say, there were nevertheless—be the bounteous heavens ever thanked for it!—two great men sent among us. The one, in the Island of St. Helena, now sleeps, "dark and lone, amid the ocean's everlasting lullaby;" the other still rejoices in the blessed sunlight on the banks of the Ilme. Great was the part allotted each, great the talent given him for the same; yet, mark the contrast! Bonaparte walked through the war-convulsed world, like an all devouring earthquake, heaving, thundering, hurling kingdom over kingdom. Goethe was as the mild-shining, inaudible light, which notwithstanding, can again make that chaos into a creation. Thus, too, we see Napoleon, with his Austerlitzes, Waterloos, and Borodinos, is quite gone—all departed, sunk to silence like a tavern-brawl. While this other!—he still shines with his direct radiance: his inspired words are to abide in living hearts, as the life and inspiration of thinkers, born and still unborn. Some fifty years hence, his thinking will be found translated, and ground down, even to the capacity of the diurnal press; acts of parliament will be passed in virtue of him; this man, if we well consider of it, is appointed to be the ruler of the world. Reader! to thee thyself, even now, he has one counsel to give, the secret of his whole poetic alchymy: Gedenke uz Leben. Yes, "think of living!" Thy life, wert thou the 'piti-fullest of all the sons of earth,' is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own; it is all thou has to front eternity with. Work, then, even as he has done—'Like a star unhasting, yet unresting.' Fraser's Magazine.

A Coffin Maker's Confessions.—Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; while all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived; I worked cheerfully, and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one to be acquainted with the number of members which composed different families, to bear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were by a spell, to feel for those round me, and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she sought to penetrate futurity, and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doting father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart, as he passed me: friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh, which told me, that while I was giving way to levity; the thoughts of my hearers had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse, an imaginary barrier separated me from my fellow men. I felt like an executioner, from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the man, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death, sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld me from their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundreds for whom my hand prepared the last narrow dwelling house, which was to shroud for ever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where I came, there came heaviness of heart, mournfulness and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of DEATH. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony: I pressed no hand in token of companionship: no hand pressed mine; except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear, restrained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight.—New Monthly Magazine.

MELODY, BY SIR R. P.

AIR—"There's not in the wide world."

There's not in Saint Stephen's, so pleasant a seat,
As that Bench where each evening the Ministers meet,
Oh the last Tony yearning for place must depart,
Ere that Bench's remembrance will fade from my heart.