

or seen in that district.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

SPRIT OF THE BRITISH MAGAZINES.

FROM THE NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY.

STANZAS TO MUSIC.

Where are thy fountains, music, where the deep mysterious tide That rolls through all creation's bounds its restless waters wide?

There is a spell of harmony, that reigns o'er earth and sky, And tunes to one accord a strain the universe on high;

Oh! Nature had a thousand songs—a thousand varied lays, That send to Heaven's eternal throne the harmonious strain of praise;

There's music on the breath of eve, when, fading in the west, The summer sun adorns the skies with bright and gorgeous vest—

Nor less when all is dark, and clouds the angry skies deform— There is a tone of music in the wildness of the storm,

There's music in the glorious morn, when, waking from repose, All Nature starts to light and life, and earth all brightly glows;

Nor less when all is dark, and clouds the angry skies deform— There is a tone of music in the wildness of the storm,

But yet, oh! sweeter far than these—kind feeling's power can call A music from the heart of man more lovely yet than all;

Yes, minstrel, wake the impassion'd lyre, invoke the heavenly Nine, The heart can tune its passions yet to sweeter lays than thine.

Thy notes are but the semblance faint—that speak, with mimic art, Affection, friendship, love, and all the concord of the heart!

NORTH.—Heavens! Tickler, what a burst of literature there will be after the burial of the Reform Bill! All the genius of the land has been bottled up for a year and more—and must be in a state of strong fermentation.

TICKLER.—Not poetry. 'The wine of life is on the lees,' in that department. We must wait for the vintage.

NORTH.—All the great schools seem affete. In the mystery of nature, the number of births by each mind is limited—and we must wait for fresh producers Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge—all the Sacred Bands—have done their best—their all—but on the horizon I see not the far-off coming light of the foreheads of a new generation of poets.

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proved of and supported, if not openly and actively participated in, by at least nine-tenths of the whole population. The organization of such a movement is complete. The great towns, such as Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock, have their Trades' Unions, Political Unions, and Reform Associations, each perfectly aware of whatever the others are about, and ready to co-operate whenever circumstances may call upon them. There are, moreover, either existing independently or in connexion with these, innumerable minor Unions in every village and district throughout this densely-peopled tract, whose aptitude, organization, and fearless alacrity, may be best illustrated by a reference to the admirable order of the immense numbers which have lately attended the various processions got up from time to time at different points, either to do honour to his Majesty, or to distinguish the more important crisis in the progress of Reform. The rapidity with which communications circulate among these bodies, and the electric speed with which, on any emergency, a whole district could be made, as it were, to spring at once upon its feet, may be inferred from the fact, that on any occasion when news is anxiously expected, the villages and districts remote from a post-office station employ Runners to await the arrival of the mail at the nearest points; by this means obtaining intelligence almost as speedily as a mail driving directly to their respective localities could bring it. Nor should it here pass unnoticed, that at Glasgow and its immediate vicinity, a body of 30,000 men perfectly organized, and by no means disposed to take fright at their own or other people's shadows, could be gathered together—if not 'in heavy marching order,' at least in something like it—in the very short space of nine or ten hours! Those who may feel inclined to question this assertion, will do well never to give occasion for proving its accuracy."

The following is a very humorous definition of a Tory:

"We pity a man for being a Tory in these times. He is a poor creature that the march of events has left behind; a duck-legged drummer-boy, who cannot keep up with his regiment. He is a being of a by-gone age, singing an old song—telling a forgotten tale; his mind is hung with cob-webs; he is the preter-pluperfect tense of politics, an extract from the lumber-room, where we have thrown our ghosts, witches, and alchemists."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

We extract the following short, but eloquent sketch of Mrs Siddons, from a eulogistic review of Miss Fanny Kemble's new tragedy of Francis the First, from Blackwood's Magazine for April. It bears the impress of the master pen of Professor Wilson:

"We trust that we have too much good sense to attempt painting a picture of Sarah Siddons. In her youth, 'tis said, she was beautiful, even lovely, and women's hearts as Rosalind. But beauty is a fading flower. It faded from her face, ere one wrinkle had touched that fixed paleness which seldom was tinged with any colour, even in the whirlwind of passion. Light went and came across those finest features at the coming and going of each feeling or thought; but faint was the change of hue ever visible on that glorious marble. It was the magnificent countenance of an animated statue—in the stillness of its idealized beauty instinct with all the emotions of our mortal life. Idealized beauty! Did we not say that beauty had faded from her face? Yes—but it was overspread with a kindred expression, for which we withhold the name, only because it seemed more divine, inspiring awe that overpowered while it mingled with delight,—more than regal,—say rather immortal. Such an image surely had never before trode, nor ever again will tread, the enchanted floor. In all stateliest shows of waking woe she dwindled the stateliest into insignificance; her majesty made others mean; in her sun-like light all stars paled their ineffable fires. But none knew the troubled grandeur of gilt, till they saw her in Lady Macbeth, walking in her sleep, and, as she wrung her hands, striving in pain to wash from them the engrained murder. 'Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten this little hand!' The whisper came as from the hollow grave, and more hideously haunted than ever was the hollow grave, seemed then to be the cell of her heart! Shakspere's self had learned something then from a sight of Siddons."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

The hazard of the present Ministerial plan of operations, is, we think, satisfactorily shown, by the annexed extract from a well-written article in the above named periodical:

"\* Lord Grey (says the writer) positively declares—at least so we are assured by those who would not deceive us—that he is ready, the moment he foresees any obstacle in the Committee, that requires greater strength than the Government possesses at present in the Upper House, to make the necessary creation. But who denies—does my Lord Grey even doubt—that these obstacles will be found, and the creation, therefore, necessary? Why not, then, we ask, as plain men, why not make it at once? 'Because,' reply Lord Grey's friends and confidants, 'it is better that no Peers should be made for the second reading, though it may be necessary to make Peers for the Committee. Let the Anti-Reformers pass the principle, and then they can scarcely blame us if we call in new forces to

carry the details of this measure, the principles of which they themselves have sanctioned. Nor is it likely that so large a number would then be necessary. Several Peers who will be Reformers if the creation be not made will be Anti-Reformers if it be. They are delicate logicians, and do not care much for a small swamp at one stage of the bill, if they escape a great swamp at another.' To me, however, this argument seems but a plausible sophistry. How can my Lord Grey foresee with so unerring an accuracy the exact portions of the Bill, which will be objected to in the Committee? May he never be taken unawares! It is easy to say, IF NECESSARY, Peers shall be made. But the necessity may come before the creation! The bill is read a second time; no Peers are made. Well! Schedule A is to be passed. That clause will be stoutly opposed. No one denies that the Harrowbys who vote for the second reading will oppose schedule A. My Lord Grey is now, therefore, called upon to make Peers; he makes (according to the principle by which he is reported to be actuated) the smallest number possible—he just pours enough democracy into the old channel to float off schedule A. But next comes schedule B. It is well known that many, very many Peers, who will swallow the camels of schedule A, will strain at the gnat of schedule B. If your first little batch has been a moderate one, we shall now want a few more votes for schedule B. So, presto! off with a second batch! Then comes the £10 franchise. May you not want a third batch for that? And lastly, the Metropolitan districts; may not a fourth batch be wanting for them? So that instead of making one batch for one purpose, in a scholarlike and cleanly manner, we may be obliged to go on blundering and sprawling, and sputtering out little batchkins of a dozen at a time, making use of the same violent struggles for three or four occasions which would have sufficed for one, and swamping, as it is called, the House of Lords, not for one great and majestic end, but for a strictured and tedious series of events. Either Peers are necessary or they are not. The whole juggling and legislation of 'Not for the second reading,' and 'Certainly for the Committee,' may do very well for the metaphysical Sibellites of a college of schoolmen, but it is not the broad and stern line of argument that becomes a great Statesman. New Peers are necessary or not. If they are necessary, as it is universally allowed, it is better to make them at once than at any subsequent stage; and for these simple reasons, which plain men can understand. By making them now, you remove anxiety, fear, suspicion among the people. By making them now, you put yourself beyond the power of surprise. Your delay making you dependent on the caprice—the humour (or even be it said) the honour of your enemies. Your firmness would make these enemies dependent on you."

MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.

The subjoined passage is from an article in the above named periodical, under the title of "The Church put in the True Light."

"Nothing, in short, can be plainer, than that a radical Reform of the Church is necessary, IF IT BE TRUE, that its design is to benefit the community by the advancement of religion. But let us boldly throw that idea overboard, and state the design of the establishment to be simply the temporal comfort and good estate of the clergy, and see how intelligible and harmonious the whole system at once becomes! Before the true theory, as by the touch of some wizard's wand, every difficulty vanishes; the crooked becomes straight; deformity is turned into loveliness; what seemed anomalous proves to be in the most exquisite proportion; ecclesiastical practice with ecclesiastical principle, makes sweet music; all is regular, consistent, natural; the splendour of the church is no more her shame; with one hand upon her coffers replenished with gold, and pointing with the other to her vast domains, she turns to any who assails her, and exclaims—

"You vulgar cynic! how can I be wrong?" How glorious upon the golden hypothesis, is the Right Reverend Bench; how comely the Deans, each in himself a Corporation; how seemly the Archdeacons, Prebendaries, and Canons; and oh! how goodly a thing it is to traver, even with the mind's eye, the florid files of the Rectors, and see in every round and rosy form, the profit of that godliness that maketh fat! Where now is the abomination of non-residence and the crying sin of plurality? where the scandal of fox hunting? what has become of the unseemliness of holding the commission of the peace, or the extortion of taking the poor man's tenth sheaf, or tenth goose? Even the starveling Curate, in this view of the establishment, is justly to be numbered amongst its beauties: he makes the fatness of the Rector more fat by contrast. The money theory makes every thing square."

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR APRIL. "In correspondence with the broad distinctions thus instituted, we find, in general, that true genius and