

LITERATURE, &c.

A PIG'S TALE.

As Bear Tibb says, and with much propriety, 'I hate your immense loads of meat—that's country all over;—but such a knick-knack, a snap, a smack, a tid-bit, a bonne bouche as the dainty promised and promised, I, who have my, and a good portion of some one else's, share of the affinities natural and artificial to man, cannot resist; and yet I can be abstemious, if need be, and in my time have been patient and non-complaining when Friday's dinner was unavoidably postponed till Sunday. Strong, however, as I am in philosophical endurance of such like accidents, there are moments when nature will triumph over philosophy, and testify that I am no stronger at the pitch than my fellows. Hercules had his weakness—he loved Omphale too much; so had Topham, our English Hercules, he loved strong ale, 'not wisely, but too well.' I had mine—and if I must confess it, it is this:—when such a dish as boiled fowl and pickled pork is either prophesied or made possible, I am, as it were, spell-bound, *volens volens*, to the spot.—Samson Agonistes not surer—a wolf in a pitfall not more helplessly. I should be sorry to be tempted—but if you would try, cover your hook with such a bait, and I should inevitably nibble. If I had a vote for county, city, or borough, I could not long resist bribery and corruption, if the bribery was white and tender, and the corruption streaky and not too salt. Nature, however, who gave me this weakness to keep me humble, and show me that I am not perfect, has very properly placed me in such a predicament in the world, that my yielding to a temptation which St. Anthony himself could not long have resisted, does, I believe no harm to the interests of men, however much it may operate inimically on the life interests of pigs and poultry.

In one of those benevolent moods of mind when one feels a sort of good will to all conditions of men, I have thought that there was but one thing which could possibly compensate a man for being a gentleman; and that would be—the enjoyment of an uninterrupted long life of boiled fowl and pickled pork: 'other joys are but toys.' Aldermen who throttle themselves annually with turtle, and noblemen who denationalize themselves with ragouts and other Gallican enormities in cookery, are guilty of such mistakes, it is charitable to suppose, in pure ignorance: it is a City superstition in the one case, and a West end error of education in the other, pitiable, as are all human errors, and pardonable, for 'to err is human, to forgive divine.' There are, indeed, too many such grievous mistakes in eating matters—more, perhaps, than in any other concernment of life, which, as they operate on minds, and minds on the affairs of men, are not unworthy of the gravest consideration of a much graver philosopher than I am. The nature of a man's dinner has not seldom given a turn to his feelings and affections—his capacity for good or evil; a man naturally benevolent it has made to overflow with the sweet milk of humanity at a charitable fund-dinner; while on the contrary, it has rendered a man commonly morose and choleric, bearable to himself, and such as happened to be mixed up with him.

But I am wandering too wide from

'The theme and passion of my dream,'

boiled fowl and pickled pork!—The man who invented, or came somehow, by whatever intricate induction or remote analogy, at such a combination of circumstances, was a genius—had a subtle and piercing wit, and an intelligence of the highest order. And yet, strange to say, the author of so noble a discovery is as unknown as the inventor of that very singular and selfish horizontal enjoyment, sleep. Great indeed must have been his capacity!—smaller men have been placed side by side with Fame herself, till one can hardly see the numerousness of her children, while he remains unknown and unnoted. It was easy enough, as an instance, for such a man as Sir Isaac Newton, to find something more in an apple tumbling from a tree, than its mere simple downward motion: it was not so very hard to discover the New World, for there it was ready made, patiently waiting till a Columbus could be found, who was capable of finding it: yet what a fuss is made about these twain discoveries!—to discover and then associate the affinities of fowl boiled with pork pickled, that was an intellectual effort indeed, before which all other discoveries look mighty small, and sink into mere Tom-Thumbism.

While I was thus rhapsodizing 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.' A very eminent deer stealer who, in his amorous pursuit of that undressed venison, had noticed the remarkable fact, says, and says I believe truly, that

'The course of true love never did run smooth;'

I at least agree with him: for while I was thus, as it were, ruminating before meat, instead of after it, of a sudden a strange hubbub, hurlyburly confusion of tongues, shuffling of feet, clattering of pattens, plunging of pump-handles, and rattling of pails arose in the King's Head, very subversive of the decencies of the day, putting my meditations to fearful flight; and alarming their author 'beyond the Mnse's painting; A horrid dream came o'er me. 'Coming events,' says Mr. Campbell, 'cast their shadows before;—they do, and like other shadows, they are always larger and more scaring than the substance that casts them. 'Something serious has befallen the boiled fowl and pickled pork!' I cried out, in a Pythonian agony of perturbation. At this moment in rushed my host, 'like Katterfelto, with his hair on end.' 'What is the matter Mr. Cockerell?' 'Oh, sir, sir, that d—d pickled pork!—but it serves me right—I had my warnings—I suspected that cursed pig from the first: alive or dead he was meant to ruin me!—Sir, he was the odd one of nine at a farrow, born on a Friday, by accident killed on a Friday, and I, like an ass, pickled him on a Friday, and thought it was Thursday!—There, sir, now the murder's out! My wife knew it would be so, and she's

right! She always as good as said that no good would come of him, and there he's gone and set the chimney on fire now!—and I wonder what he's do next, d—n him!

There he stopped for want of breath, not rage, and sank down in a chair, wiping the hot and cold drops of anger and fright from his forehead. It seems that in skimming the pot, it was overset; the fat flared; the soot took fire, &c. &c. However, what with pot and pail and wet blanket, all danger was soon subsided. My first feeling, of course, was that of concern for the mishap which had like to have befallen the King's Head—I forgot my favorite dinner in my sympathy; but this proper humanity soon changed to irresistible laughter at the ludicrous superstition of mine host; and I fell back in my chair also, not to faint, but to laugh, which I did, long and loud.

By this time Mr Cockerell had cooled down to composure; and then I thought it high time to inquire, with as much tenderness as possible, whether the pickled pork was spoiled. 'No, d—n it; but I won't touch a bit of it!' grinding his teeth with returning exasperation. 'Well,' said I, my resentment is not so deep rooted as your's. I cannot believe for a moment in Friday making that bad which is good at any time; I have no prejudice against odd numbers, and I believe in the 'white simplicity' and perfect innocency, under all circumstances, suspicious or superstitious, of pickled pig; and as I am not afraid to be thought as heterodox as I am, pray bring in the pork.' At that instant it entered; it was nominally 'dinner for one,' but really enough for three; and I felt to it 'like a falconer.' As I sat making deep gashes with my trenchant blade into the beautiful belly of the deceased, Mr. Cockerell looked on me as a Mahomedan looks on an indulger in forbidden wine, with one eye hatting the indulgence, and the other ogling it not unkindly. The proscribed pork was excellent, the fowl 'fit for Juno when she dines;' and I am not sure whether a little soot and Sun Fire-office sauce did not give a piquancy to a dish which, justly relying on its own native graces,

'Lacks not the foreign aid of ornament.'

I made a capital meal, gave thanks, melted two or three cheroots 'into thin air,' over a tumbler or two of the water of life, and returned to town, well-pleased with my dinner, myself, and with the weather, which fretted and blustered still, but 'with a difference' to me.

FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.

THE BURIAL OF NAPOLEON.

THERE is a sound on the desert shore,—
'Tis the muttering cannon's funeral roar!
In one deep glen of that barren isle
There rises 'the Emperor's funeral pile;'
His court is around—his bearers are by—
And who?—The sons of the enemy!

Are his 'guards' at that fearful gathering,
Steel-clad and iron hearts within?
Do banners wave over him? and trumpets tell
That he sleeps 'neath the warrior's thundering knell:
The lonely tree waves—and the ritual's read
By an exile priest o'r the silent dead!

Are burning cities and crumbling thrones
The soil of the conqueror's grave?
Is it piled with an altar of hostile bones,
Is it slaked with the blood of the brave?
In a quiet valley's smooth green bed
Rests, in its slumber, that laurelled head!

Does the deaf'ning peal of the glad hurrah,
Ring wide and wild on the vaulted sky;
And the shout of thousands in armed array
Tell the god of their soul's idolatry?—
A few brief shots—and then all is still,
And the echoes rise mute upon valley and hill!

He was the star on the stormy sky,
None were so brilliant, and none so high;
Its fiery blaze hid the fervor of noon,
Its setting, the tempest's tenfold gloom:
Now the hand of the stranger hath burst his chain,
And his dirge is told by the ceaseless main.

FROM ALLEN CUNNINGHAM'S HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

WORDSWORTH.

OTHER poets than Burns perceived a plan and a law in nature—one great line of sympathy and harmony connecting the dead with the living world, and both with the holy and omnipotent source of right and love. Of these, the most eminent is William Wordsworth. He was born at Cockeremouth, in Cumberland, 7th April, 1770; received a classical education, and was destined, I have been told, for the church. His love of poetry, however, appears to have mastered his love for the ministry; in his youth he preferred Parnassus, with all the perils of its thorny ascent, to the quiet garden of the Established Church; and soon proved by his works that the light which led him was light from heaven. His Lyrical Ballads—of themselves sufficiently plain evidence of his nations in poetry—were accompanied by a preface, in which the poet describes the sources of inspiration, and leading principles on which he builds the structure of verse. The powers requisite for the production of true poetry are, he says, six-fold: 1. The ability to describe; an indispensable power, though never employed too long

at a time; as its exercise supposes all the higher qualities of the mind to be passive, and subjected to external objects. 2. Sensibility; which, the more exquisite it is the wider will be the range of the poet's perceptions. 3. Reflection, which makes the poet acquainted with the value of actions, images, thoughts, and feelings. 4. Imagination and Fancy, to modify, create, and associate. 5. Invention, by which characters are composed out of materials supplied by observation. 6. Judgment, to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted, and determine the laws and appropriate graces of every mode of composition. From these sources, as from so many fountains, issue the healing waters of verse. 'It is deducible,' says Wordsworth, 'that poems apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind predominant in the production of them, or to the mould in which they are cast, or to the objects to which they relate. From each of these considerations the poems have been divided into two classes, which, that the work many more obviously correspond with the course of human life, and for the sake of exhibiting in it the three requisites of a legitimate whole—a beginning, a middle, and an end—have also been arranged according to an order of time commencing with Childhood, and terminating with Old Age, Death, and Immortality.' As a crowing glory to the whole, and a consummation of his principles, he published his poem of the 'Excursion' in the year 1814.

The views of man, nature, and society, which this truly philosophical poem contains, are the offspring of deep thought and extensive observation. It exhibits everywhere the finest sensibilities, and an imagination ruled by reason and belief; it shows a heart alive to all the sympathies of society and domestic life, and appeals to all unsophisticated feelings in a way at once simple and sublime. The poet intimates, in an introduction, the aim and tendency of the whole poem, of which—for the insolence of criticism interposed—one half only is published. The second part gives the sensations of a poet living in retirement;—the author thus speaks of both:

Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love and Hope—
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessed consolations in distress;
Of moral strength and intellectual powers;
Of joy in widest commonality spread;
Of the individual mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all—
I sing. Fit audience let me find, though few.

The poet was not, however, permitted to establish nature, and upset, with impunity,

The truth

O' the elephant and monkey's tooth.

Wordsworth is the poet of nature and man—not of humble life, as some have said—but of noble emotions, lofty feelings, and whatever tends to exalt man elevates him on the table land of honour, morality, and religion. His style is worthy of his topics—simple, unaffected, and vigorous; he occasionally becomes too minute in his delineations, and some of the subjects which he treats of, are too homely for inspiration. His poetry is making its way, as true feeling and impassioned thought ever will. He dwells at Rydal, in Westmoreland; holds a situation in the Stamp Office; is conscious of the of his musings; eloquent in conversation, and one whom, having met once, we would wish to meet again.

THE BURNING SHIP.

We were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment in infancy from the same source. Yes,—we have laid encircled in each other's arms in the same cradle; and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life. She, the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth; whilst I was brought forth in comparative poverty. Agnes was the daughter of a baronet; her mother resigned her breath in giving birth to her child; and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold and lifeless breast of that being to whom she owed her existence. My maternal parent was selected as wet-nurse, on account of her excellent health, and gentleness of disposition. My father was head gardener on the estate; and our little cottage, surrounded by a shubbery, tastefully laid out, was situated in a most delightful and romantic part of the grounds.

Sir Edward was generous and condescending to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank; but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratical a nature that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission. Soon after the decease of his lady