

liberal, discerning, and indulgent public will make every allowance for one who makes no pretensions to literary excellence.

The author may add, that part of the blame of his now obtruding himself on the public rests on the urgent entreaties of some perhaps too partial friends.

THE PUBLISHERS' HUMBUG.

The publishers of this new undertaking have long been of opinion that a new and more efficient course of moral instruction was wanted, to raise the bulk of mankind to that standard of perfection which every Christian, every good member of society, must be desirous of seeing attained.

It is with the most poignant regret they have marked the almost total failure of all preceding attempts of this kind. How much it has pained them—how much they have grieved to see the inadequacy of the supplies of knowledge to the increasing wants of the community, especially alluding to the working and lower classes generally; whose interest they have deeply at heart, they need not say; but they may say, that they anticipate the most triumphant success in their present efforts to supply the desideratum alluded to.

The publishers may add; that as regards the undertaking they are now about to commence, profit is with them but a secondary consideration. Their great objects is to promote the general good by a wide diffusion of knowledge, and a liberal infusion of sound and healthy principle. If they effect this, their end is gained. The work, on which no expence will be spared, will be sold at a price so low as to leave but a remuneration for workmanship and material,—so low, indeed, that a very large demand only can protect the publishers from positive loss. But it is not the dread of even the result that can deter them from commencing and carrying on a work undertaken from the purest almost disinterested motives.

THE CRITICAL HUMBUG.

A more delightful work than this, a work more rich and racy, more brilliant in style, or more graphic in delineation, it has rarely been our good fortune to meet with. Every page bears stamp of a master mind, every sentence the impress of genius.

What a flow of ideas! What an outpouring of eloquence! What a knowledge of the human heart with all its nicer intricacies.—What an intimacy with the springs of human action. What a mastery over the human passions. Ay, this is indeed the triumph of genius.

The author of this exquisite production writes with the pen of a Junius, and thinks with the intellect of a Aacon or a Locke. His language is forcible and epigrammatic, his reasoning clear and profound; yet nothing can be more racy than his pleasantry when he condescends to be playful,—nothing more delicately cutting than his irony, when he chooses to be satirical,—nothing more striking or impressive than his ratiocination, when he prefers being philosophical.

We confidently predict a wide and lasting popularity for this extraordinary production. Indeed, if we are not greatly mistaken, it will create quite a sensation in the literary circles of Europe.

PATRIOTIC HUMBUG.

My country, oh, my country! it is for thee, for thee alone, I live; and for thee my country, will I at any time cheerfully die. (Who's that calling out fudge.) Nearest my heart is the wish for thy welfare. To see thee happy is the one only desire of my soul, and that thou mayest be so, is my constant prayer.

Night and day dost thou engross my thoughts, and all, all would I sacrifice to thy welfare! My private interest are as dust in the balance,—(Who's that again calling out fudge?—turn him out, turn him out.)—My private interests are as dust in the balance; and shame, shame, ah! eternal shame to the sordid wretch, unworthy to have, who should for a moment prefer his individual aggrandizement to his country's good. Perish his name,—perish the name of the miserable miscreant!

Wealth! what is wealth to me, my country, compared to thy happiness? Station! what is station, unless thou, too, art advanced? Power! what is power, unless the power of doing thee good? Oh, my country! My country, oh! (Oh, oh! oh, from various part of the house) The patriot sits down wiping his patriotic forehead with a white handkerchief amidst thunders of applause.

Before going farther with our illustrations,—indeed we don't know whether we shall go any farther with them at all or not, as we rather think we have given quite enough of them,—before going farther then, with anything in the more

direct course of our subject, we may pause a moment to remark how carefully every one who comes before the public to claim its patronage conceals the real object of his doing so. How remote he keeps from this very delicate point!—He never whispers its name,—never breathes it. How cautiously he avoids all allusion to his own particular interest in the matter! From the unction with which he speaks of the excellence of the thing he has to dispose of, be it what it may, Dutch cheese or a treatise on philosophy, the enthusiasm with which he dwells on them, you would imagine he spoke out of a pure feeling of admiration of these excellencies. You would never dream,—for this he carefully conceals from you,—that his sole object is to get hold of as much of your cash as he can; the Dutch cheese or the treatise on philosophy being a mere instrument to accomplish the desired transfer.

It is rather a curious feature this in the social character; every thing offered for sale is so offered through a pure spirit of benevolence, either for the public good or individual benefit; nothing for the sake of mere filthy lucre, or the particular interest of the seller—not at all. He good soul, has no such motive—not he, indeed.

We said a little while since, that we doubted whether we would give any farther illustrations of the mere science of humbug. We have now made up our minds that we shall not. Although we could give fifty more; it is unnecessary.

From Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

She'll be a bride to-morrow!

The village is astir;
Old dames, and men and maidens,
They talk of nought but her!
They look upon the sunset,
And speak the morrow fine,
For the bride she hath good luck, they say,
On whom the sun doth shine!
And the laughing, brawny ringers
Are drinking to the peal,
With which upon the morrow,
The old church-tower shall reel,
In honour of the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!

The evening sunset sheds
A glory on the shaven grass
And on the flower-beds,
And on the dark-green cedars,
That come athwart the light,
And on the temple in the wood
With marble pillars white,
And fountain, grove, and wilderness,
A joyful aspect wear;
The dullest passer-by can feel,
Some present joy is there;—
Some joy like this great bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!

The guests are thronging in,
And the grave, punctilious father,
Is busied 'mong the kin;
With a brave old English welcome,
He maketh them right glad,
As if, than of these kinsfolk,
No other thought he had;
But he thinketh on the dowry,
All counted out in gold!
And he thinketh on the bridegroom's lands,
These manors rich and old,
Which dignify the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!

Like Christmas-flowers in bloom,
The stiff-brocaded maiden aunts,
Sit in some inner room;
And the portly mother sweet accord
Of grace to all doth show;
And like one greatly satisfied,
She moveth to and fro;
White roses, bridal favours,
She knoweth where they be,
And cake piled silver baskets,
All under lock and key,
To come forth to the bridal!

She'll be a bride to-morrow!

There's gladness in her heart,
And with her young bride maidens
She sitteth all apart;
No thought of after sorrow,
Hath shaded 'er her brow,
She liveth in the joyfulness,
That is but tokened now,—
The yet more joyful morrow,
With bashful, blissful sighs,
And he, the handsome bridegroom,
Looking love into her eyes!
Oh, happy be that bridal!

From the Monthly Magazine.

PHILOSOPHY OF POLITICS.

Nations, like individuals, have their mission to fulfil in the world, and for them also, besides the science which is occupied with the health of the body politic, there is another which is occupied with its destiny. The former may suffice for the administration of a country, the latter is required for its government. Whether we may say of our statesmen what Joffroy says of the French, that

they give themselves no concern upon this point let the facts that daily appear bear true witness. We fear that economists, administrators, and jurists are made in both countries by the dozen, but that men of political science—statesmen, in fact—are alike wanting to both. How should we have them, the philosopher inquires, when the questions on the solution of which their formation depends are not even proposed, nor even suspected by those who sit at the helm? When, instead of looking at the horizon, they look at their feet—instead of studying the future condition of the world, and in this the future condition of Europe, and in the future condition of Europe the mission of their country, they give themselves no trouble on such points, and are occupied only with the details of their national administration? For to such a degradation are we sunk in politics, that we do not even comprehend the signification of the word, and imagine we are dealing with politics when we are employed merely with our internal affairs. Nor is their any exaggeration in the charge. French and English statesmen not only imagine this, but act in consequence of it. 'Do not fear,' adds Joffroy, 'that they will cast a glance at the other side of our frontiers. What is beyond is nothing to them. What do they care for Europe—for humanity—for the world? Genius is the saviour of nations and Providence, we trust, will yet provide another Canning who shall understand these truths, and act in the light of their influence.'

NEW WORKS.

The City of the Maggar; or Hungary and her Institutions in 1839-40. By Miss Pardoe, Author of 'Traits and Traditions of Portugal,' &c.

One of the most curious passages in the work is an account of the mines of Schemnitz, which Miss Pardoe visited, exhibiting unusual courage by venturing farther than any lady had ever been before to witness the effects of the blasting; but it is too long for our columns, and would be spoiled by curtailment. A visit to the Palatine is better adapted to our compass:—

"I was one morning honoured by a command from his imperial Highness the Palatine to wait upon him before the opening of the Diet; and on reaching the private apartments I was received by the Chamberlain in an outer room, and immediately announced to the Archduke, who with great condescension and kindness, met me at the door, and seated me beside him upon the sofa. Great personages so easily win 'golden opinions,' that it will probably be expected that I am about to deliver a warm panegyric on his Imperial Highness; and I might surely be excused if I ventured to do so; but there are cases in which for many reasons—a feeling of grateful respect not being the least—it were mere impertinence to affect praise or admiration. It must suffice, therefore, that the Archduke gains considerably on a closer view, and particularly when conversing. In repose the expression of his face is thoughtful and somewhat cold; but when he speaks, his countenance lights with his subject; and his voice being peculiarly agreeable, his forehead strikingly fine, and his delivery very emphatic, he rivets the attention even when for the moment his exalted rank is forgotten in his subject.

"I remained with his Imperial Highness about an hour, and have seldom spent one more agreeably. During our conversation he animadverted on Hungary, and spoke much of the "travellers' tales" disseminated by hurried and prejudicial tourists, who had compiled ill digested volumes on the subject of a country whose transition state had baffled their hasty and prejudging observation with a justness of sentiment and earnestness of feeling, which proved how sincerely he had her best interests at heart."

The following is a very felicitous picture of Pesth and Buda, lying opposite to each other on the banks of the Danube, and in fact forming one city cut in two by the river:—

"There is a strange stillness about Buda; a sort of calm regularity: and you ever find your thoughts flung back upon the past as you climb its abrupt acclivities or wander among the giant-looking houses. But you have only to repossess the bridge, and the present, the active, ambitious, energetic present is at once before you. Tall, handsome, Italian-seeming terraces face the river, from which they are only separated by a wide quay, the line occasionally broken by a noble portico, a stately freize, or the towers of a church; and all so fresh, so bright, and so indicative of growing prosperity, that you feel at once that Pesth, though now regarded as a garish intruder on the metropolitan pretensions of time-hallowed Buda, will one day become the capital of a country which is even now like a giant slowly awakening from

a deep death-sleep; and that while Ofen remains a monument of warfare and subjugation, rife with memories of strife and struggle, and of the days when Hungary was unconscious of her moral strength, Pesth will grow into splendour, and her quays and warehouses be heaped with the riches of this teeming land.

"As if to mark the distinction more fully between the rival sister-cities, the shore on which Pesth is built is one wide plain. No mountains intervene for leagues to impede the progress of the laden waggons which convey their freight into her streets; the river flows almost on a level with her quay; and the Matra hills are but a distant framework to the picture."

Here is sketch in the streets of Pesth, bringing out the varied surfaces of the house fronts with good effect:—

"Pesth is decidedly one of the most cheerful looking cities in, and much as the fearful inundation of 1838 was to be deplored as a national calamity; it greatly tended to improve the appearance of the town itself, where, profiting by their dearly bought experience, those among the inhabitants who possessed the means of erecting their houses, substituted brick and stone for mud and timber. Many of the streets are as handsome as any in Vienna; and most of them considerably wider, the blocks of building are solid and regular, and the shops handsome and well fitted up.

"I recommend all travellers who have a taste for rococo to pay a visit to that of M. Herman Lowy, in Great Bridge Street, whose collection was a study for an antiquarian; and all book lovers to those of MM. Heckenast and Hartleben, in the Waitzner Gasse, whose intelligence and politeness to strangers merit to pass into a proverb. Their shops are a delightful lounge to the English traveller, who will find there works of every calibre in his own language, from Gibben's Rome to the Book of Beauty; and, moreover, a ready and cheerful courtesy on the part of these gentlemen themselves, which may beguile for him many an otherwise weary hour.

There are extremely handsome signs appended to the shops in Vienna; but at Pesth they are so much more numerous that their effect is still greater, and many of them so well imagined and so admirably executed, that I have seen many worse tableaux framed in gold, and figuring in a dining room in our own land.

"The idea of panelling them into the shop fronts, also, is a very good one, as the space thus afforded to the artist enables him to carry out his subject, and to express his meaning, much more satisfactorily than he could otherwise have done; and I learn that many young painters execute these gorgeous signs almost gratuitously, in order to make themselves known; their names always introduced into the picture; and that it was this fact which originated the elaborate habit of ornament that has since obtained so greatly in both cities; and which is carried to such a height that, in some instances, tradesmen have paid upwards of a hundred pounds for their shop-sign.

In Pesth the variety and beauty of these commercial coquetries is astonishing. There is a cigar-divan near the German Theatre which displays two; the one a snuff-taker, and the other a smoker, and both really admirable. Then there are mounted Magnates in their gorgeous costumes, and standing Magnates no less magnificent—Poles, and Spaniards, and Tyroleans, and Greeks, and Turks; among the latter King Otho, and Sultan Mahmoud; and Empresses, and Queens, and Archduchesses, all robed in state; with such brilliant extracts from the mythology as almost baffle enumeration. Nor are the cardinal virtues forgotten; Faith, Hope, and Charity each hold their place, the last inens and flannels (no bad pictorial pun, by the way,) the next raising her blue eyes to piles of spices and grains; and the first dispensing sponge cakes and biscuits to Cupid clad boys, with profuse liberality. Next come the venerable Esculapiuses, and classically dressed herbwomen of the apothecaries, and the English Lords and Spanish Grandees of the tailors; amid a confusion of nymphs and peasants, and Wallachian women.

"The second class of signs is equally amusing, although not so showy. The favourite signs with the bakers is a brace of bears rampant, entwined with circular rolls, and overturning cornucopias of loaves and flour; the grocers cover an immense space with all the articles of their trade grouped together; and the pork butchers put their sausages and lard under the protection of black lions and brindled tigers.

"Nor are the signs the only means of ornament in Pesth, as many of the houses in the old quarter of the city are partially painted in fresco; and numbers of them decorated with *alti-relievi*, having reference to the trade of the tenant; while the residences of the nobles generally bear above the portal the blazonry of the family to whom they belong.