

darkness, the imperishable landmarks of humanity; truths yet destined to regenerate the race, and render it worthy of its divine origin and nature.

"The communication of a knowledge of these truths in their simplicity and purity to the rising generation, in such a manner as to enable them intelligently to appreciate and rightly to apply them to all the practical purposes of life and to the promotion of the true end of their being, is the great object of their education. Rightly comprehending the primal source of all the wretchedness and desolation which have withered the energies and blighted the hopes of mankind, the Christian, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the statesman now propose to purify the stream at its fountain; to rescue the beautiful innocence of childhood from contamination; early to instruct the intellect and strengthen the principles of those, who in their turn, are to carry forward the destinies of humanity; carefully to remove those fatal obstacles upon which the fondest hopes and most flattering anticipations have so often and so calamitously been wrecked; and earnestly to apply themselves to the wide dissemination of those enduring truths of civilization and Christianity, which alone can enable man to resume his appropriate station as the intelligent and responsible recipient and dispenser of knowledge, virtue and happiness. It must, however, constantly be borne in mind that it is upon the ability and disposition wisely and judiciously to profit by this knowledge, and to render it available to the great purposes of national existence, rather than upon the extent or comprehensiveness of the knowledge itself, however accurate, that our attainments in the true philosophy of life must essentially depend."

The following contrast of the scope and destiny of man and the brute creation is very fine:

"All degrees of animal and vegetable life below humanity, are created originally perfect; with powers, faculties and instincts adapted to the peculiar scale of being they are destined to occupy—never requiring nor admitting cultivation—and incapable by the very constitution of their nature of transcending or violating in any essential respect the fundamental condition of their existence. Man alone, of all the inhabitants of our planet, is created with the power of improving indefinitely his condition,—of transcending, by a voluntary effort of his will, the laws of his being, and of counteracting, if we may be allowed to use the expression, so far as he himself is concerned, the benevolent design of his Creator, in the bestowment of the high privilege of an intelligent existence. With him alone the work of education and the formation of character commences in early infancy, and is susceptible of continued progress through all the subsequent stages of life. He alone possesses that indestructible germ of being which we term the soul or spirit—the badge of his proper humanity—the pledge of his immortality—the distinctive character of his high nature."

This, too, is admirably put:

"An early and intelligent acquaintance with the constitution, structure and functions of the human frame; the laws in obedience to which only health may be preserved and secured, and the mind enabled to accomplish its noble mission, undepressed by the disheartening influence of debility, disease, and pain; the organic functions of the various muscles, bones, nerves, vessels and ligatures which are distributed throughout the body, and the principles in conformity to which the action of each and the combined operations of all are regulated—is indispensable to an enlightened development and judicious cultivation of our whole nature. The able and accomplished Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, the Hon. Horace Mann, in his sixth Annual Report, has accumulated a mass of facts bearing upon this important and elementary process of education, and has enforced its claims to a more general and universal adoption in all our seminaries of public and private instruction, with an eloquence, a beauty and a truth, which cannot fail to carry conviction to every intelligent mind. "The laws of health and life," observes this distinguished advocate of Popular Education and of the best interests of humanity, "are comparatively few and simple. Every person is capable of understanding them. Every child in the State, before arriving at the age of eighteen years, might acquire a competent knowledge of them, and of the reasons on which they are founded. The Professor of Medicine, on the other hand, is mainly conversant with the laws of disease. It is these which are so numberless and complex as to defy the profoundest talent, and the study of the longest and most assiduous life for their thorough comprehension. Every difference of climate, of occupation, of personal constitution and habits, modifies their character, multiplies their number and perplexes their intricacy. Human Physiology, or the Science of health and life, may be written in one book; for Pathology, or the science of disease, thousands and ten of thousands of books have been written, and yet the subject seems at the present time to be hardly nearer exhaustion than in the age of Galen or Hippocrates."

What exquisite music to stir the heart withal is this!

"The goodness of Providence, in the constitution of the moral and physical world, and in the benevolent adaptation of means to ends, is in nothing more conspicuously displayed than in the fact closely unfolded by an intelligent acquaintance with the fundamental principles of human nature, that not only the desire, but

the abundant means of happiness, have been conferred upon such rational individual of the species—a happiness essentially independent of external circumstances, springing from an internal impulse, and awakening the slumbering tones of those unearthly harmonies which have power to banish forever the usurpers of the moral kingdom of the soul. The teachings of that philosophy which exercises the phantoms of passions, and the evil spirits of ignorance, delusion, and temptation; which echoes within us the notes of innocence, of pristine purity and unsullied youth; which re-awakens in our breast the high and holy aspirations of the springtime of existence, and renews our wearied and careworn spirits by the balmy and blessed influences of the higher and holier nature implanted within us,—comes to all "with healing on its wings." It smoothes the asperities of Life's rugged journey, causes the innumerable flowers, scattered by a bountiful hand over the daily paths of existence; to bloom with a grateful fragrance and sweetness; and diffuse over our whole system that joy, and peace, and hope, which take fast hold of immortality.

"O! joy, that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That Nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive!"

"—those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Uphold us, cherish us, and have power to make

Our many years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man, nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

But we are rushing away with the space we can allot to this book to day, and must take our leave of it with the following apostrophe to "The Young." It is indeed worth their heeding:

"To the YOUNG,—the innocent in heart and soul, for whom life still blossoms in all the freshness and beauty of hope and truth, who bask in the sunshine of moral purity and peace, little dreaming of the countless perils which surround them, breathing the ethereal odors of a Paradise they have not as yet forfeited,—to such how earnest, how unwearied, should be our constant and most impressive admonition: Avoid the first approaches of the tempter; heed not for a wavering moment his subtle and fatal voice; wrap yourselves in the sacred mantle of your innocence, and repose in trustful assurance upon the promises of the Author of your being, the Disposer of the rich blessings by which you are surrounded—blessings you cannot now appreciate, but which once lost can never be recalled. The conditions of present enjoyment and confided happiness are clearly unfolded to your mental and moral perception by Him who called you into existence, and curiously moulded the constitution of your being. While those conditions are faithfully observed, that existence will prove a constant source of pleasure, an unending well-spring of improvement, a perpetual concord of sweet and harmonious influences. Around and about you, on every hand, are withered hopes, blasted expectations, irremediable sorrow, fruitless remorse, pain, anguish, disease, premature decay and death.—Hope not to disobey the voice of God within your souls, and to escape those dire and bitter consequences of transgression. The records of human experience, from the creation of the world to the present hour, furnish not a solitary instance of such an exemption from the penalty denounced by the Almighty. Venture not, then, upon the fearful and most presumptuous experiment. Walk while you may be in the placid shades of Innocence and Virtue; commune with the Being whose presence will surround you at all times, and whose blessing, "even length of days and life evermore," will consecrate and reward your obedience to His perfect laws.

"So live, that when the summons comes to join,  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Chained to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

From Blackwood's Magazine for June.  
COLUMBUS.

(A print after a Picture by Parmeggiana.)

Rise, Victor, from the festive board  
Flash'd with triumphal wine,  
And lifting high thy beaming sword,  
Fired by the flustering Harper's chord,  
Who hymns thee hall divine.  
Vow at the glittered shrine of Fate  
That dark red brand to consecrate!  
Long, dread, and doubtful was the fray  
That gives the stars thy name to day.  
But all is over; round thee now  
Fame shouts, spoil pours, and captives bow;  
No sterner joy can Earth impart,  
Than thrills in lightning through thy heart.

Gay LOVER, with the soft guitar,  
Hie to the olive woods afar,  
And to thy friend, the listening brook,  
Alone reveal their raptur'd look;

The maid so long in secret loved—  
This morning saw betrothed thine,  
That Sire the pledge, consenting, blest,  
Life, bright as motes in golden wine,  
Is dancing in thy breast.

STATESMAN astute, the final hour  
Arrives of long contested power;  
Each crafty wile thine ends to aid,  
Party and principle betray'd;  
The subtle speech, the plan profound,  
Pursued for years, success has crown'd;  
To night the vote upon whose tongue,  
The nicely-poised Division hung,  
Was thine—beneath that placid brow  
What feelings throb exalting now!  
Thy rival falls;—on grandeur's base  
Go shake the nations in his place!

FAME, LOVE, AMBITION! what are Ye,  
With all your warring passions' war,  
To the great Sire that, like a Sea,  
O'er swept His soul tumultuously,  
Whose face gleams on me like a star—  
A star that gleams through murky clouds—  
As here beget by struggling crowds  
A spell-bound loiterer I stand,  
Before a print shop in the Strand!  
What are your eager hopes and fears  
Whose minutes wither men like years—  
Your schemes defeated or fulfill'd,  
To the emotion's dread that thrill'd  
His frame on that October night,  
When, watching by the lonely mast,  
He saw on shore the moving light,  
And felt, though darkness veil'd the night,  
The long-sought World was life at last!

How Fancy's boldest glances fail,  
Contemplating each hurrying mood  
Of thought that to that aspect pale

Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood  
Through that vast vigil, while his eyes  
Watch'd till the slow reluctant skies  
Should kindle, and the vision dread,  
Of all his living years be read!

In youth his faith-led spirit doom'd  
Still to be baffled and betrayed,  
His manhood's vigorous noon consumed  
Ere Power bestowed its sigg'd aid;

That morn of Summer, dawning gray,  
When, from Huelva's humble bay,  
He, full of hope, before the gale  
Turn'd on the hopeless World his sail,  
And steer'd for seas untrack'd, unknown,  
And westward still sail'd on—sail'd on—  
Sail'd on till Ocean seemed to be  
All shoreless as Eternity,  
Till, from its long-loved star estranged,  
At last the constant Needle changed,  
And fierce amid his murmuring crew  
Prone terror into treason grew;

White on his tortured spirit rose,  
More dire than portents, toils, or foes,  
The awaiting World's loud jeers and scorn  
Yell'd o'er his profligate return;

No—none through that dark watch may trace  
The feelings wild beneath whose swell,  
As heaves the bark the billow's race,  
His Being rose and fell!

Yet over doubt, and pride and pain,  
O'er all that flash'd through breast and brain  
As with those grand, immortal eyes  
He stood—his heart on fire to know  
When morning next illum'd the skies,  
What wonders in its light should glow—  
O'er all one thought must, in that hour,

\* October 11, 1492.—"As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the King's bedchamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez de Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterward in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited."

[Irving's Columbus, vol. i.]

"It was on Friday, the 2d of August, 1492, early in the morning, that Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery. He departed from the bar of Saltes, a small island in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a south-westerly direction." &c.—IRVING. He was about fifty seven years old the year of Discovery.

On the 13th of September, in the evening, being about two hundred leagues from the island of Ferro, he for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. Struck with the circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. It soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences.—Ibid.

Have away'd supreme—Power, conscious power,  
The lofty sense that Truths conceived,  
And born of his own starry mind,  
And foster'd into might, achieved.  
A new Creation for mankind!  
And when from off that ocean calm  
The Tropic's dusky curtain clear'd,  
And those green shores and banks of baln,  
And rosy-tinted hills appeared  
Silent and bright as Eden, ere  
Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—  
Against that hour's proud tumult weigh'd,  
Love, FAME, AMBITION, how ye fade!

Though LUTHER, of the darkened Deep!  
Nor less intrepid, too, than He  
Whose courage broke EARTH's bigot sleep  
Whilst thine unbarred the SEA—  
Like his, 'twas thy predestined fate  
Against your grim benighted age,  
With all its fiends of Fear and Hate,  
War, single-handed war, to wage,  
And lie a conqueror, too, like him,  
Till Time's expiring lights grow dim!  
O, Hero of my boyish heart!  
Ere from thy picture books I part,  
My mind's maturer reverence now  
In thoughts of thankfulness should bow  
To the OMNISCIENT WILL that sent  
Thee forth, its chosen instrument,  
To teach us hope, when sin and care,  
And the vile soilings that degrade  
Our dust—would bid us most despair—  
Hope, from each varied deed display'd,  
Along thy bold and wondrous story,  
That shows how far our steadfast mind,  
Sere in suffering as in glory,  
May go to deify our kind.

B. SIMMONS.

## New Works.

Anecdotes of Actors; with other desultory recollections. By Mrs. Mathews.

MUNDEN AND THE LAMP OIL.

Every playgoer of his time must have seen Mr. Munden perform Obelia in the "Committee" or "Honest Thieves"—and who of those has not a recollection also of the incomparable Johnstone ("Irish Johnstone") in *Teague*; picturesquely draped in his blanket, and pouring forth his exquisite humour and mellifluous brogue, in equal measure? One night in that particular scene, wherein *Teague* pleads the old hypocrite, Obadiah with wine, when it is customary to use a black quart bottle, and to pour from its neck the contents down the throat of the actor, in spite of his repeated resistance and declaration of "No more, Mr. *Teague*." On this night, Mr. Munden's struggles were found to be unusually vigorous, and therefore more exciting to the administrator. Nevertheless, Obadiah gulped the liquid down at each application of it, under which operation his contortions of face was so extremely grotesque and so irresistibly comical that even Johnstone, while he even forced the contents of the bottle to the last drop, was convulsed at his brother comedian's extra drollery, and the audience actually screamed with laughter. At length the scene ended, Obadiah was borne off the stage. But the moment Mr. Munden found himself out of sight and hearing of the audience, he sprang upon his legs, and broke out in a most passionate exclamations of disgust and anger—crying out with the addition of certain expletives, which may not be repeated, "I'm a dead man! send for a stomach pump! It's all over with me! If I die, I'll hang the rascal that did it!—I'm poisoned! Where's the villain that filled that bottle? I'll hang him! I'm a dead man!" &c. &c. During these and similar ravings, he tried to clear his palate from the flavour of the "leprous disulment," to which he alluded—but in vain, and he continued to stamp and rave—half in anger, half in suffering, till at last, pressed by all around him for some solution of the mystery, he cried out in an agony of disgust, pointing to the empty bottle still in Johnstone's hand—"Lamp oil, lamp oil—every drop of it!"—The poor functionary of the "Property Room" had, indeed, in his haste to deliver this "Property," mistaken a similar looking bottle which was half filled with the ranket lamp oil, for the *demi bouteille* prepared for the scene in which sherry and water was usually employed to drench the unlucky actor! When the sufferer had in some degree recovered, Mr. Johnstone marvelled why Munden should have allowed him, after his first taste, to pour the whole of the disgusting liquid down his throat. Mr. Munden's reply, by gasps, was as follows:—"My dear boy, there was such a glorious roar at the first face I made upon swallowing it, that I had not the heart to spoil the scene by interrupting the effect, though I thought I should die every time you poured the accursed stuff down my throat."

"A Roman with a Roman heart can suffer."

COOKE, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Cooke had appeared upon the stage one night while under the influence of the demon—*drink*. He was, as in most places, an immense favourite with the Liverpool audience; but there are limits to human charity, and on the evening alluded to, Cooke's dark hour overshadowed his professional and private excellencies—he was, in fact, incapable of proceeding in his performance with bearable propriety—and public resentment, elicited by his disgusting state, was manifested by indications of a pretty general and expressive nature; Cooke, stepping forward, to the stage lamps, with his powerful brow contracted with disdain, addressed his reprovers in the following pithy sentences: "What! do you hiss me! hiss George Frederick Cooke?—you contemptible money getters! You shall never again have the honor of hissing me! Farewell! I banish you!" And con-