

failing monarch in the field—ay, and in the hedge-rows too. He cannot withstand the combination long, and at length he sinks—where we mostly wish disagreeable things and people—in the rear,—

Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses  
—bold oxlips

And the crown-imperial,

quite overpower him. In his departure, however, he has the consolation of receiving the *coup de grace* from beauty's eyes—happy like a true knight of a medieval chivalry. And, therefore, may we say of aged winter, as Milton did of a young lady "dying of a cough,"

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate.

It is very certain that we cannot for the life of us do otherwise than gladly hail the arrival of the Spring. Indeed we look with an expectant eye for the slightest symptoms of its approach. It comes, and no unwelcome visitor. There are no pourings of the lips when the damsel—the mythologists were right in portraying the Spring as a gentle damsel—comes tripping lightly o'er the earth. For ourselves we are half tempted to perpetrate a lyric on the occasion. The Gods may not have rendered us more than ordinarily poetical, but we must speak in verse. We are far from taking occasion to imitate some modern poet or poetess: forgive us, reader, if it should happen to be L. E. L., whose full heart it was said

Must break in song or die.

Quite the contrary; we feel at this moment remarkably easy in immediate circumstance. Everything around us wears a most provoking appearance of positive and prosaic comfort. In an easy chair—by the firelight's cheerful blaze—still must we gratulate

#### THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

Soon nature will resume her dormant powers,  
Immortal as in triumph over death;

The Spring will soon be with us. Many flowers  
The earth will hallow with sweet forms and  
breath,

And thousand bosoms with delight be rife,  
Those symbols welcoming again to life.

They will arise o'er many a wooded hill,  
In lowly spots 'mid many a pleasant vale—

Will gem the brink of many a gurgling rill;  
And who will deem their charms of slight  
avail,

wooing us to regard their blossoming,  
Telling us sad tales of our warming spring?

Fond hands will place them in the sick man's  
room,

Their presence gleaming light a ray of light  
And beauty, peering through its saddened  
gloom;

And with their scent will visions, calm and  
bright,

Lulling in soft delight the sense of pain,  
Arouse the faintness of the sick one's brain:

A flush will overspread the faded cheek,  
A brightness fill again the sunken eye;

And friends will bow to hear him softly speak  
Of health and vigor, life-renewing, nigh;

A blessing will be with them—that they keep  
Hope from relapsing into weary sleep.

And shall we not love flowers, if they but raise  
Our thoughts a moment from the worldly  
din

That stirs our hearts too deeply in this maze  
Of toil, ambition, passion, or of sin?

Oh, are they useless? Every flower we see  
To sight and sense betokens purity.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

[From an article entitled "Nights in the Martello," we copy the following extract.]

#### CEMETERIES.

O'Malley.—I don't think any person above the rank of an undertaker should hold stock of that description. A water company may pass a wine company is incomparably better—but I feel a kind of shudder at the thought of trafficking for holy ground.

Young Scotland.—I denounce the practice as altogether abominable. Is it not enough that men have stock-jobbed through life—sacrificed their own talents and their learning to an absorbent lust of gain—neglected all that is great and beautiful in nature—turned a deaf ear to the moaning of the factory slave, and laid themselves more prostrate than the Juggernaut heathen before the wheels of the car of Mammon?—is it not enough that they have done, and are doing this, without mixing up in their thoughts the awful secrets of the grave with the list of their weekly gains? Is it well that the sight of the hearse, with its mournfully nodding plumes, white or black, and the ghastly emblems of mortality emblazoned on its side, should suggest the solemn idea, that another poor corner of their unconsecrated area has been taken, and that DEATH itself has become the active patron of their dividends?

Oh, rather than your trellised and gardenized cemetery, give me the quiet of the country churchyard—"God's field," as the Saxons call it—where the elders of the congregation sleep around the edifice where they came to adore! Or, better still—to me at least—give me the gray aisle of the roofless Abbey, though

the altar be thrown down, the thick ivy clustered on the wall; and although neither song or hosanna shall again, so long as the world remains, be heard within its sacred pale. Dunfermline, Melrose, Dryburgh! The Bruce, the Douglas, and the Scott!—has the earth any other such glorious sepulchres as these? Rather would I be laid, could I hope to be worthy of that honor, in such a hallowed spot, with nothing save a cross for my headstone, than in the costliest mausoleum that ever held the crumbling bones of an emperor!

Bon Gaultier.—Beautiful, if not true!

Young Scotland.—Far more true than beautiful. Listen to me. I know in the south a grave yard placed upon the slope of a hill in the girdle of the evergreen mountains. It is a lonely unobtrusive spot, rarely visited, except by the passing shepherd, or, when some small train of mourners—for the people venerate it still—come up the solitary glen, to lay their dead beside their kindred dust. In spring, you may see the plover resting upon its wall, the young leverets gambolling around it, and the grouse whirling from her nest among the heather, scared away by your approach. Reach it, and you find that it is half defended by a natural trench; for a mountain stream has worn its deep black gulley in the rock, and comes brawling down, white and furious in flood, but in dry weather only strong enough to make a pleasant and continuous murmur. On the mound above there is a ruin, the faintly-defined remnant of a wall; in some places a line of crumbling stones, in others the mere elevation of a green and daisied sward. That was once the holiest fane of the south; for there stood the chapel of Saint Mary's of the Lowes, which pious men had built, and where good men came to pray. But the faith of the land was changed—and, in one night, the hills of Yarrow were lighted up with more terrific flames than ever notified the approach of the invaders; and a long pillar of red fire, wrapping in its conflagration all that for centuries had been deemed most holy, sent its quivering reflection, like a molten flood of lava, across the mirror of Saint Mary's lake. The mob of a distant town had risen, drunk with besotted fury, and hurrying up the glen with shouts of menace and ribald oaths, testified the sincerity of their conversion by an act of fearful sacrilege!

Bon Gaultier.—Ay! the ruined Abbeys throughout wide Scotland tell a mournful tale. But who shall set bounds to religious enthusiasm, or venture to prophesy what men will not do under the terrific stimulant? It is fearful to think what words have been used as the signals for plunder and havoc!

O'Malley.—Bear witness, St. Bartholomew and Philiphaugh! But go on Charley.

Young Scotland.—I have sate there many a long hour—and yet they seemed all short—of the dreamy summer afternoon, trying once more to rebuild, in fancy, that stately chapel from mouldering ruins of the past. It was as though I heard a bell ringing in the wilderness, and on either side the pillars rose up in slender shafts, and carved arches met above, and sweet tranquil faces of angels looked down from beneath their folded wings. There stood the priest before the altar, his vestments stained with the particoloured light streaming through the emblazoned window. Slowly he turned, and as he raised the Host, all the mighty throng of worshippers around me fell upon their knees, and I too knelt down, for the inspiration of the place was upon me.

Bon Gaultier.—A dream of the ancient time!

Young Scotland.—When again, I looked up, all the pageant was gone; melted like the castle of enchantment which disappeared at the approach of Sir Roland in the wondrous valley of Saint John. Yet there were the ruins, and there the quiet graves, and through that very desolation the place appeared to me more deeply consecrated. The work of men's hands had passed away, but the earth retained its own—the seed committed to its bosom until the day of the final harvest. Believe me, it is a good thing for a man to pass an hour in such a place as that, where, with the wrecks of ancient piety around him, he may ponder upon the mighty mystery of death.

From the Illuminated Magazine.

#### RHYMING RECOLLECTIONS.

##### SUNRISE.

GLORIA PATRI! 'Tis the hour of prime,

And praise, and adoration. 'Tis the hour  
Father of mercies! when on wing sublime,

The spirit of the day shows forth thy pow'r.  
Rising in joy and glory o'er each clime,

Shedding new life o'er creature, plant, and  
flower.

Gloria Patri! worm although I be,  
I raise my spirit here in praise of Thee.

On the lone heath-hill, while the sweet bird's  
hymn

Commingles with my worship; and afar  
Fades on the night night's ebon diadem,

Wends to the vesper-wave each sister star,  
Her pearly path, and struggling through the  
dim

Twilight where the pale moon's opal ear  
Nature arises, fresh in dewy bloom,

Like renovated Beauty from the Tomb.

Gloria Patri! 'Tis the hour of prime,  
And peace, and purity, ere yet the sun

Look down upon the scenes of care and crime,  
Or man's sad task of slavery has begun.

Gloria Patri! 'Tis the hallowed time  
Most genial to the pure soul's orison.

When every creature over land and sea  
Should pour one universal hymn to Thee.

Blest hour of sunrise! O'er th' Atlantic wave  
Oft have I hailed thy dawn when dawning  
youth

Flew o'er the sands and sought the coral cave,  
Where Ellen's lip met mine in voiceless  
truth,

And hope, whose blossoms bloom beyond the  
grave,

And love unpierced by Falsehood's serpent-  
tooth.

Dawn of my life and love, though bowed and  
worn,

I breathe thy freshness in this vermeil morn.

And in my wanderings, spirit of the day!  
How oft I hailed thy beamings on the Rhine,

Or glowing through the sable forest's spray,  
Or lighting up the Jungfrau's brow divine,

While mountain, lake, and city 'neath me lay,  
And Friendship's arm was fondly clasped in  
mine.

Rent in the dust my harp and heart must be  
Ere cease their thrillings, sweetest hour, to  
Thee.

Gloria Patri! when th' unsetting sun,  
The Sun of Righteousness comes forth in  
might

And mercy; when worn Earth her task has  
done,

And sin and sorrow vanish, as the night  
Flees from the dawn. Oh! may each earth-  
lost one

Meet us where souls in ecstasy unite.  
Pour the glad hymn of myriads blest and free,  
Gloria Patri! there in praise to Thee.

From "A Glance at the Peninsula," in Black-  
wood's Magazine.

#### STATE OF SPAIN.

The chapter headed "Narvaez" is extremely interesting, giving graphic sketches of one of the most remarkable of living Spaniards. In Narvaez we find the faults and the virtues of the soldier of fortune; prompt decision, great energy and determination, on the one hand—cruelty, impolicy, and violence, on the other.

His character has made him popular with a portion of the army, and over the officers, in particular, he exercises great influence. His severities, however especially his shooting eight men the autumn before last, for demanding what had been solemnly promised them, permission to quit the service, have lost him many adherents, and made him numerous enemies in the ranks. But his deadly foes, and those from whom he had the most to fear, are the Ex-National Guards of Madrid. Their hatred of him is unlimited, and savage beyond conception, founded upon various causes, any one of which is, with Spaniards, sufficient to account for it. Their confidence betrayed, their arms taken from them, themselves recklessly sabred and bayoneted when assembled for the most peaceable purposes—these and many other injuries will never be forgotten or forgiven by Madrilenos. We in England are now so accustomed to hear of bloodshedding and outrage in the Peninsula, that we have begun to consider it almost as a matter of course, and scarcely accord a moment's attention to the horrors of to-day, which are no worse than those of yesterday, and may probably be surpassed by those of to-morrow. Yet, if we accept a portion of the period of Espartero's rule, there are no three months in the history of Spain for the last ten years, which would not, if transplanted into the annals of any other country, form an era of bloodshed. Since the advent of Narvaez to power, although the vigour of his government has prevented civil war and checked insurrection, that has only been accomplished by a system of despotic cruelty worthy of the days of Ferdinand the Well-beloved. Countless instances may be adduced in support of this assertion. Executions, like that of Zurbaron and his family, have been defended by the argument, that the sufferers were rebels against the established government of the country, and as such deserved the fate they met. Rather a flimsy argument, it appears to us in a country in which revolution flourishes as an evergreen plant. How is it to be decided which is the rightful governor, and which the usurper? who shall say whether those in power are there by right as well as might; or whether they are merely successful rebels, banditti on a large scale, who have seized upon place and power with as much justice, and by the same violent means, as highwaymen of inferior grade possess themselves of the purses of travellers? But even if we concede this point, and admit that whoever holds the reigns though but from yesterday, and with a blood-stained hand, is justified in slaughtering by wholesale all who show a disposition to drag him down again, it will still be impossible to palliate the treacherous and tyrannical proceedings of Narvaez. The inhabitants of Madrid, lured out of their houses by the bait of some joyous festival, the streets hung with banners, and strewn with flowers, the fountains playing wine and milk—on all sides rejoicings and festivity; the insouciant light-hearted Castilians forgetting for a

while the misfortunes of their country, and giving themselves up to the unrestrained enjoyment of the moment. But there are those amongst them who will soon trouble their pleasures; agents of their rulers, tutored to excite them to some apparently rebellious demonstration. A shout or two, interpreted as indicative of disaffection, and caught up by an excitable mob; and immediately battalions appear upon the plaza, dragoons gallop out of the side streets, bayonets are lowered and sabres bared, and amidst the clatter of the charge, the screams of women and the oaths of men, the festal garlands are trodden under foot, and blood reddens the pavement. "On many a fiesta, or day of saints," says our author, "which Spain regards as of special holiness, plots and snares were thickly strewn around the people's footsteps; murder lurked beneath the wreath of festivity, and the day which began in prayer, concluded with mourning."

During the three days' rejoicings on occasion of the Queen's majority scenes of this sort occurred. "They invited us to a ball," said the people in the true Madrilenos spirit—"they invited us to a ball, and we had to assist at a funeral." The object sought to be obtained by such barbarous means, was the intimidation of the populace, and the deterring of revolutionists and progressists. The suppression of the national guard produced another *alboroto*, or disturbance. A crowd assembled, and moved through the streets, giving *o-vas* for the constitutional Queen, and *mueras* for the ministers and the traitors. Narvaez asked no better chance than this. Out turned the palace guard, composed of strong bodies of infantry and cavalry, and, without a moment's delay, charged the mob, which, although principally composed of national guardsmen, was unarmed, save with a few bayonets and knives. In all the adjacent streets people were running for their lives; and the congregations, which were then just leaving mass—for this occurred on a Sabbath morning—recoiled for safety into the churches.

As a politician, Narvaez is unquestionably an obstinate and unscrupulous dunce, who feels his incompetency to rule by any means but the sword, and has substituted a tyrannical dictatorship supported by bayonets, for the legal and constitutional government of Spain. In a military point of view he is more respectable, although even as a general his exploits have been few and little heard of.

It will be contrary to all precedent in modern Spanish history, if Narvaez's career terminates otherwise than by a violent death, met, in all probability, at the hands of the populace, or at those of some disgusted adherents of his own. The deaths of Carlos de Espana, slain by his own escort on his way to the French frontier; of Moreno—the butcher of Torijos, Lopez Pinto, Florez Calderon, and fifty other martyrs—himself murdered in the wood of Vera by the bandit followers of the savage priest Echeverria; these and fifty similar instances, are events but of yesterday. It is still fresh in the memory of the Madrilenos how they pursued the stern Quesada to his place of refuge—Quesada who, alone and by his single energy, had cleared the streets of an excited populace, and stopped a revolution for one whole day; how they dragged him forth, piecemeal it may almost be said, and with his several fingers stirred the bowl in which they toasted the downfall of tyrants. Between Quesada and Narvaez there is more than one point of resemblance. Their deaths, also, may be alike.

#### GREENLAND.

English antiquarians are pursuing interesting enquiries relative to the original settlement of Greenland and the character of its soil and climate. It was supposed originally to have been connected with our continent, but it has been distinctly ascertained that it is separated from the American continent by a wide channel called Davis Straits, and extends beyond 78 degrees of latitude. The most extraordinary fact about Greenland is the wonderful change of climate it has undergone. Barren soils have been reclaimed by emigration and industry, and cold climates changed into warmer latitudes by clearing the woods and letting in the rays of the sun, but we have no instance on record of settlements originally in warm climates, and fruitful soils becoming in centuries cold bleak and barren, and yet such has been the case with Greenland. The country, although now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys filled with glaciers—although its coast, now lined with floes of ice and chequered with icebergs of immense size, was once easily accessible, and its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivator of the earth. This country was discovered by the Scandinavians, towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast in the year 982, by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under the command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the germs of European enterprise and civilization appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland and it bade fair to go on and prosper. That the climate must have been mild and the soil fruitful, we gather from the fact that in 1400 there were not less than 180 villages, 12 parishes and two monasteries, and for 400 years there was constant and profitable mercantile intercourse with the Danish provinces and Europe, but in 1406 every thing changed—a wall or ice barrier arose along the whole line of coast, and no landing could be effected, and up to the nineteenth century the whole approach to the country was blocked by unsurmountable barriers of ice—vegetation was des-