

And never saw I such another man. Look, reader, at the pictures of the Evangelists, by some of the old masters—pictures where John, for example, is represented with dark locks flowing down on his shoulders, and with a countenance majestic in its solemn repose—and you will have some idea of his head. As for his face, when the muscles were in action, it would have required the very Caravaggio or Spagnoletti of portrait-painters to correctly transfer it to canvass, so wild, striking and solemn was it in its manifold expressions.

He was tall and slender, but apparently firmly knit, and originally he must have possessed considerable strength. There was a slight stoop of the shoulders—most studious men have that—but his head, face, and long arms were the most striking portions of his person.

He gave out a hymn, and read a chapter, in a deep-toned, solemn voice, as though he was fully aware of the importance of the great themes on which he was fixing his attention: afterwards he offered up an extemporaneous prayer, in a broad Scotch accent, which was at first rather difficult to understand, and then came the sermon.

His subject was taken from the book of Daniel, the fifth chapter, and the 25th and 26th, and 27th verses—in which the words written by the mystic hand on the wall of Belshazzar's palace, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," are translated by the Prophet.

He commenced his discourse in a low, moderate tone, and gave a brief historical sketch of the men and times referred to in the prophecy; and then, as if to suit his wealthy and aristocratical congregation, he commenced a violent and terrific attack on the Dives of the day. As he became fairly involved in his subject, his attitudes were extraordinary—and speaking on this part of my subject, I am reminded that I have not fully described his personal appearance.

His face and head were majestically formed, as far as features were concerned. From a high and broad forehead, an abundance of black hair, parted exactly in the centre, streamed down in luxuriant ringlets over his broad shoulders. His nose was large and prominent, and his mouth well shaped, and very versatile in expression—He had high cheek bones, and his complexion was very dark—yet, as worthy as it was, a still deeper shade on the lower portion of the face showed that, in shaving, a beard blacker than usual had been shorn. But the most peculiar features of his face were the eyes, which were black, and would, had they ever seemed to have looked at, have seen through one. Both of these organs of vision were strangely disfigured, and distorted by strabismus—in plain language, he squinted most awfully. It was not a "cast" in the eye such as George Whitfield had—and which, his biographers tell us, was at times rather a disgrace than a defect—but a downright deformity. And so bright were these eccentric "optics," that, when he was animated, he seemed to shoot from them oblique lightning. His figure was attired in the peculiarly fashioned gown worn by Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, so that his long arms were not enveloped in silken folds, but the coat sleeve was visible, from waist to arm-pit.

He had not proceeded far in his sermon, when he began to lash the vices and extravagances of the rich, and then I thought, at first, that the pulpit would not long contain him, for now he would stretch his long body over the cushion, and with his bible in his outstretched hands, he seemed in imminent peril of falling on the heads of those immediately under—then he would suddenly straighten himself, and extending his arms, he would look something like one of the models on which we see coats exhibited at the doors of tailors' shops. For a few minutes he would stand quietly, with his right hand pointing to heaven, and his left forefinger resting on the bible, pouring forth a stream of eloquence, worthy, as to language and simile, of the old divines; and, as if a fury had suddenly possessed him, he would move from one side of the pulpit to the other, flinging himself into all imaginable positions, and making the most singular and grotesque faces imaginable. To give on paper a correct idea of Irving's style, would be a sheer impossibility, for his manner, which had a vast deal to do with his popularity, could not be transferred by pen and ink. But spite of his eccentricities and extravagances, he was wonderfully eloquent. There was neither trick nor artifice about him—nothing about his genius—and sterling genius was his—of a metreticulous nature—it was all good, hard, solid, sterling stuff, and would have passed current in any assembly however intellectual, in Christendom. His denunciations were most terrific, and he somewhat reminded me, in many portions of his sermons, of the elder Keen—indeed, Irving made one read the Prophecies, as Coleridge said Edmund Keen made one read Shakespeare—by flashes of lightning, dazling, but not confounding.

I left Irving's Church with the impression that he was a wild genius—but still a mighty one—the man was original in every respect, and profoundly learned. Like a comet, he swept across the religious hemisphere; astonishing all, and dismaying many; assuming, in his eccentric course, numberless changes; and at last appalling those who gazed in wonder at his splendid and perilous career.

They who would know more of Irving's mind, should read his friend and countryman, Carlyle's, article on his death. I pretend not to dive beneath the surface of things, in these papers, and therefore I pass on to record my last recollections of him.

Soon after the occurrences just noted, Mr Irving embraced those doctrines—in all sincerity, I have not the slightest doubt—which led

to his removal from the Kirk of Scotland, and then Mr Drummond, a wealthy banker of London, and two or three other affluent followers of the preacher, procured him a place of worship in Berners street, Oxford street. In this place, the mad scenes of the "Unknown Tongue" delusions, were enacted, and to the sincere regret of all Mr Irving's admirers, he fostered and encouraged the fanaticism. Happening to be in town whilst he occupied this church, I went there one Sunday evening, and got in with great difficulty. On a platform at one end of the building, a little altar was erected, on which was a cushion and a bible. By this stood Irving, with one hand resting on the sacred volume, and the other holding a book, from which, in deep, guttural tones, he was reading a hymn. About his head was a single globular lamp, which, casting a subdued light on his gowned figure, and on his picturesque head, produced a strikingly fine effect. He preached a short sermon, but, to my surprise, used very little action—for he stood majestically still, only, at times, moving his arms a little. His language was remarkably and impressively beautiful, reminding one of the diction of some of the quaint old writers and dramatists. Had I not known it was Irving, I should scarcely have taken the solemn, dignified looking individual before me, for the same person as him whom I had previously heard in Regent Square Church.

The last time I saw Edward Irving was at Chepstow, in South Wales, and not long before his death. He was then visiting a place of worship in that town, in which he preached at the opening. I was, with others, invited to spend the evening in his company; and if I had been struck with the alteration in his appearance in Berners street from what it had been in Regent square, I was even startled at the difference in his person since I had noted him at the former place. He was half seated half lying on a sofa, when I entered the room, in a languid and half worn out state, and evidently undergoing great bodily suffering. His long black hair was, now that I saw it near, prematurely streaked with grey; his eyes were sunken; his nose pinched up; and a damp sweat was on his face. When I took his hand in mine, I knew there was death in it—he had a short, troublesome cough; but on his face was a pleasant smile, and now his strabismus was not disagreeable in appearance. During the evening he talked very little. Before we left he read a chapter. I remember it well; it was the twenty-second of Revelations—and when he came to the 14th, verse "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city," he repeated the words "into the city—into the city," twice, with solemn emphasis; and then kneeling down, he poured forth one of the most beautiful appeals to the Deity which mortal ear ever heard, or mortal tongue could ever utter. That prayer closed the evening—and ere many weeks, into the city on whose glories he so loved to dwell, passed Edward Irving. A brilliant constellation, he had shot madly from his sphere, not to be quenched in the blackness of darkness, but by its own unquenchable light, to be guided back again into its heavenly course, and to be destined to shine for ever and for ever in the paradise of God.

Warned by my almost expended paper, I cease for this week; and in the hope of having contributed, in some degree, to the reader's stock of knowledge, for the present lay down my pen.

#### From German Experiences, by Wm. Howitt. SIMPLE AND CHEAP AMUSEMENTS IN GERMANY.

WHAT NOW, amongst the Germans, strikes every liberal lover of his country, every man who has no motive but to see the truth and spread it, especially in our own beloved country? He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and consequently a less intense selfishness of spirit, a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition. He sees, wherever he goes, in great cities or small towns, everything done for the public enjoyment. Public walks, beautifully planted, and carefully accommodated with seats at convenient distances for the public to rest at leisure. He sees these walks laid out wherever it be possible. Old town walls and ramparts are converted into promenades, commanding, by their elevation, the finest prospects over town and country. The whole of city or town is encircled by them. Thus the old as well as the young can ascend from the heat and dust, and hurry of the streets, and enjoy the freshest air, and the most lively and yet soothing scenes in the streets below on one hand, or gaze into the green fields and hills around. It is delightful to see, on fine days, the grey headed fathers of a city thus seated on these airy walks, beneath their favorite lime, and enjoying their chat together over old times; while, within a few steps of home, their eyes can still wander over those distant scenes whither their feet no longer can carry them. If there be an old castle in the suburbs of any of their towns, it is not shut up; but its gardens, and its very walls, and courts, and fosses, are laid out in lovely walks, and the whole place

is made the favorite resort and enjoyment of the whole population. There a coffee house or casino is sure to be found; and there, beneath the summer trees, old and young, rich and poor, sit and partake of their coffee, wine, and other refreshments; while some old tower near is converted into an orchestra, and sends down the finest music for the general delight. He sees all sorts of gardens, even to the royal ones, and all sorts of seats, kept open for the public observation and passage through them; he sees the woods and forests all open to the foot and spirit of the delighted lover of nature and of solitude. He sees all public amusements and enjoyments, as theatrical and musical representations, the very highest of this kind, kept cheap and accessible to all. There are no operas there, with boxes let at £300 per annum, with seats in the pit at half a guinea each. Twenty-pence is the price of gentility itself; and for fivepence may be heard, and in a good place, the finest operas performed, by the finest singers in the country. For fourpence may be attended the finest out of door concerts of Strauss or Lanner in the capital of Austria itself. He sees education kept equally cheap in school and university, kept within the reach of all, for the free use of all; and the school so systematized, as to answer the various requirements of every varied class or profession. He sees the church kept cheap, and the church open and free to one man as well as another, without pews and property, where all should be open, the common meeting place of the common family, before the common Father. He sees no church rates imposed upon stubborn and refractory consciences, but a voluntary contribution left to the voluntary attendance of divine service. He sees musical and singing societies encouraged amongst the people, where the working classes, when the labours of the day are done, can meet and enjoy a refining treat. He sees these civilizing and refining influences extended over the open-air enjoyments of the Sundays and holidays of the common people in city and county.

#### From Captain Siborne's History of the War. BLUCHER AT QUATRE BRAS.

Blucher himself, seeing that the fate of the day depended solely on the chance of the cavalry at hand succeeding, while there was yet light, in hurling back the French columns into the valley which they had so suddenly and so resolutely crossed, rallied his routed horsemen, and placing himself at their head, charged, in his old hussar style, with the full determination of restoring, if possible, that equal footing with the enemy which had hitherto been so gallantly maintained. The French firmly stood their ground, and the charge proved ineffectual. As Blucher and his followers retired to rally, they were rapidly pursued by the French cuirassiers. At this moment, the Prince's fine grey charger—a present from the Prince Regent of England—was mortally wounded by a shot, in its left side, near the saddle-girth. On experiencing a check to his speed, Blucher spurred, when the animal, still obedient to the impulse of his gallant master, made a few convulsive plunges forward; but on feeling that his steed was rapidly losing strength, and perceiving at the same time the near approach of the cuirassiers, he cried out to his aid de camp: "Nostitz now I am lost!" At that moment, the horse fell from exhaustion, rolling upon its right side, and half burying its rider under its weight. Count Nostitz immediately sprang from his saddle, and holding his bridle in his left hand—for his horse had not been dangerously wounded—he drew his sword, firmly resolved to shed, if necessary, the last drop of his blood in defending the precious life of his revered general.

Scarcely had he done so when he saw the cuirassiers rushing forward to the charge. To attract as little as possible their attention, he remained motionless. Most fortunately, the rapidity with which the cuirassiers advanced amidst the twilight, already sensibly obscured by the fallen rain, precluded them from recognizing, or even particularly remarking the group, although they swept so closely by that one of them rather roughly brushed the aide-de-camp's horse. Shortly afterwards, the Prussian cavalry rallied and reformed, in their turn began to drive back the French. Again the thunder of their hoofs approached, and again the flying host whirled past the marshal and his anxious friend; whereupon the latter eagerly watching his opportunity, as the pursuers came on, darted forward, and seizing the bridle of a non-commissioned officer of the 6th uhans named Scheider, ordered him and some files immediately following, to dismount and assist in saving the prince. Five or six powerful men now raised the heavy dead charger, while others extricated the fallen hero, senseless and almost immovable. In this state they placed him on the non-commissioned officer's horse. Just as they moved off, the enemy was again pressing forward with renewed speed, and Nostitz had hardly time to lead the Marshal—whose senses were gradually returning—to the nearest infantry, which gladly received the party, and retiring in perfect order, bade defiance to the attacks of its pursuers.

#### WOMAN.

THE character of a pure and virtuous female is too tender and delicate to be handled roughly. Like the dew drop that sparkles on the bosom of the rose bud, the first rude blast is apt to sweep it away. Surely, then, it should be regarded with a pious care by her who now possesses it, and should never be sullied by the foul taint of withering calumny. The man who would cast a deadly blight on the reputation of an innocent and unassuming

woman, by direct accusations or cunning insinuations, is a vile and heartless wretch, unfit to the companionship of his species.

The sympathy of woman is one of the crowning excellencies of her nature. This is the golden chain that unites her with loftier intelligences, and with the Deity himself. How brilliantly does this amiable quality shine in the hour of sorrow and anguish—by the pillow of sickness and death. Then indeed does woman seem like a guardian angel sent from a higher and loftier sphere, to cheer our moments of despondence and distress, to smooth our otherwise rugged passage to the tomb, and to prepare the departing spirit for a happy exit from this world of woe. Who then will endeavor, with impious hands, to withdraw her from the position she was destined to occupy, mar the symmetry of her character, and to plunge her into the turbid waters of defamatory scandal.

#### MATERNAL AFFECTION.

How beautiful, then, in its adaptation to the situation in which she is placed, and the duties she has to perform, is that instinct of maternal love, which, from its intensity and depth, is all pervading and inextinguishable vitality, so lives and breathes through every act, thought, word, and look of the fond mother, that sooner would her infant doubt its own existence, than question that of her untiring love! And, thanks be to the author of all our blessings, this unbounded supply, which no reasoning and no power of mere human agency could create, is never wanting in the mother's hour of need. That she has her hour of need, none can dispute, who knows any thing of the care of infancy and childhood. Yes; she has it in sickness when her feeble strength is exhausted, and yet she watches on. She has it in poverty when hunger craves the bread she is breaking into little eager hands. She has it when night after night, she is called up from her downy pillow to still the impatient cry. She has it when disease has crushed the beauty of her opening flower, or when she looks into the casket of her infant's mind, and finds that the gem is wanting there. Yet under all these circumstances, when money cannot bribe attention, when friendship cannot purchase care, when entreaties cannot ensure the necessary aid, the mother is rich in resources and untiring in effort, simply because her love is of that kind which cannot fail.

To a certain extent—and would that for the sake of kind but injudicious mothers it were further than it is—the mere conviction of this love existing in the mother's heart will ensure a corresponding degree of influence.

There must then be a blending of confidence with esteem in the feelings of the child, in order to ensure a lasting influence to the mother—of confidence founded upon a conviction of her sympathy and love, and of esteem for her own character, both in an intellectual and moral point of view.

#### From Barrister's Survey of the Holy Land. THE DANCE OF THE DESERT.

THE whirlwind sometimes assumes the shape and proportion of a water spout, the vacuum being filled with earth, wind, &c., instead of water. Mr Bruce, in his journey through the desert of Senaar, had the singular felicity to contemplate the wonderful phenomenon in all its terrific majesty, without injury, although with considerable danger and alarm. In the vast expanse of desert, from west to northwest of him, he saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances, moving at times with great celerity, at others stalking on with majestic slowness; at intervals he thought they were coming, in a very few minutes, to overwhelm him and his companions. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds; there the tops often separated from the bodies; and these, once disjointed, dispersed in the air, and appeared no more; sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon shot; about noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon them, the wind being very strong at north; eleven of these awful visitors ranged alongside of them at the distance of three miles. The diameter of the largest appeared to him, at that distance, as if it would measure 10 feet.

They retired from them with a wind south-west, leaving an impression on the mind of our intrepid traveller to which he could give no name; though he candidly admits that one ingredient in it was fear with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. He declares it was in vain to think of flying, the swiftest horse or fastest sailing ship could be of no use to carry them out of danger; and the full persuasion of this riveted him to the spot where he stood. Next day they were gratified by a similar display of moving pillars, in form and position like those already described, only they seemed to be more in number and less in size. They came several times, in a direction closed upon them; that is, according to Mr Bruce's computation, within less than two miles. They became, immediately after sunrise, like a thick wood, and almost darkened the sun; his rays shining through them for near an hour, gave them the appearance of pillars of fire.

At another time they were terrified by an army of these pillars, whose march was constantly south; and though they were little nearer than two miles, a considerable quantity of sand fell around them. On the 21st November, about 8 in the morning, he had a view of the desert to the westward as before, and saw the sands had already begun to rise into immense twisted pillars, which darkened the heavens, and moved over the desert with more magnificence than ever. The sun shining through the pillars, which were thicker, and contained more sand, apparently than any other