

party; "Reform" is the war cry of the other; and at it the worthy electors go, tooth and nail; unsavoury missiles fly in all directions; the Queen's peace and her subjects' heads are broken apace; rancorous enmities spring up between neighbours; and all for what? Fudge. The Church and State man wins the day. Possibly he has bribed somewhat higher than his opponent; or he may have had more scope for intimidation with the shopkeepers; or the town, perchance is some snug pocket borough, or mayhap, the people have some good old fashioned prejudices left, and won't be wheedled into change of any sort, content to let well alone. Whatever the cause or causes, there he is, M. P. He goes to Parliament loaded with pledges and promises, which he soon drops, one or more at a time, as his conveniences suits or circumstances require, for the old saying that likens promises to pie-crust sticks to his memory. He is pledged—solemnly pledged—to vote against the New Poor law: at the beck of Ministers he votes for it, or conveniently absents himself from the division. He has promised to uphold the Church, and the Corn-laws in all their integrity; and the "farmers' friend" is found voting for Sir Robert's sliding scale, and would himself cut the tie that binds Church and State together if the Premier bade him. The ten hours' bill was his hobby—the hardships of the poor factory children was so nice a theme to work upon the feelings (possibly that and his Anti Poor law cry, another humbug of his, won him the few votes that turned the scale in his favour); but Ministers require his vote against the ten hours' bill, or they may be ousted, and he is not the man to refuse them; his portage factory children may go to him whose dust is made into calicoes, "and shake themselves," for what he cares. The one business of his life—his sole end and aim, which stands him instead of honour, principle, respect—the "be-all and end-all of his existence" is to care for himself. All else to him is—Fudge.

Military glory. Is not that a fudge? Is it not the veriest of all fudges? Talk of glory to a soldier on tennence a day, who, if he dies, as likely enough he may, on the field or in an hospital, is stripped and shovelled, with a heap of others who have met the same fate, into one common pit. Bah!

It cannot be gainsaid, however, that there is much attractive humbug about "the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war;" it is dazzling in the extreme to imaginative and ardent minds. What a magnificent spectacle does a general review present! Troops in regular succession, with their showy vestments, manoeuvring to the sound of spirit stirring music; the rapid evolutions of the cavalry one moment merged in apparently inextricable confusion, the next disentangled with the precision of thought; dense masses of infantry filing steadily onward, or formed into squares and presenting on every side an impenetrable ridge of bristling bayonets; aides-de-camp galloping in every direction; trumpets sounding, and banners waving; altogether present such a scene of animated bustle and deep excitement, as completely to enthral the mind. So intense is the emotion produced by this tremendous development of human might, that all thought of consequences is lost in the excitement of the moment. The bright side only of the picture here appears: this is the fudge portion.

It is not borne in mind that those gallant troops may soon meet in some hostile field with their fellow men as foes, and, outraging the holy sympathies of our nature, deal mutual destruction. Glance at the hideous background of the picture. Look at the battle field; not when "the note of preparation swells on the gale, and either army breathes proud defiance; nor when the murderous conflict is at its height; but when the fight is over, and the feverish passions that urged on its victims are sunk into sullen repose. The smoke of battle has cleared away. The roar of artillery is no longer heard. Tens of thousands who a few hours since were full of lusty life, now strew the plains; their mangled frames trampled on alike by friend and foe. The field of battle now wears its most hideous aspect. When the game of war was up reflection was stifled.

"There is something of pride in that perilous hour,

Whatever be the shape in which death may lower;

For Fame is there to say who bleeds,

And Honour's eye on daring deeds.

But when all is past it is humbling to tread

Over the weltering field of the tombless dead,

And see worms of the earth and fowls of the

air,

Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;

All regarding man as their prey,

All rejoicing in his decay."

Fit scene this for contemplation. Let Glory gaze upon the spot, and turn away with disgust! Let mad Ambition meditate in the charnel-house of its creating, and cease to be a scourge of the human race! Let the votary of fame, the hair-brained enthusiast, he who would seek "the bubble reputation" in the cannon's mouth, learn from hence a lesson, and return to his domestic hearth, with renewed zeal for its quiet pleasures! Verily, there is no fudge here.

Glory to the common soldier, we have seen is an empty name. What is it in the most successful commander? On what basis is it built? Does reason approve it? Does religion sanction it? It is fudge! all fudge!

Money—Mammon worship. Not to make mention of this, one of the most frequent and most fatal of the fudges of life, would be a sad omission. Whatever may be said by romance-

ing historians to the contrary, this certainly is the Age of Gold. The present is emphatically a money getting, money worshipping generation. Like the Israelites of old, we make to ourselves golden calves, and then bow down to and worship them: blindly mistaken the means for the end. At such painstaking are mankind to be self-fudged. One man, for instance, immures himself for life in the counting house, adding up column after column of figures, and stores of wealth, until his very soul dies within him, and he becomes a mere money making machine—poor in the midst of his riches: quitting work, it may be, at last, only to feel how unfit he is for the rational enjoyment of life; and so lingers along in fretful desquitude, sighing for the miserable spirit bondage, which was become to him a second nature. Another, after having spent the prime of life in the same vain pursuit in some unhealthy climate, returns, with diseased liver, and, worse still, a diseased mind, to his native land, just in time to die, leaving his hard gotten wealth to some stranger relation. The millionnaire—if he be a mere man of money—is as poor, as much to be pitied, as the meekest beggar who in our streets exists from day to day on the chance alms of passers by.

Money has a wondrous might of its own; its power is little less than miraculous; it is the open sesame to all hearts. Test it for yourself when you next walk out, on the first person you meet. Ah! there seems a fitting object—that man yonder with a shabby dress—the victim, seemingly, of his own improvident, dissipated habits. You ask a favour, and in all likelihood receive a saucy answer—perhaps a sullen denial. But only hold a joey betwixt your finger and thumb, and what a change comes over the man. Pertness at once subsides into civility, and rudeness melts into an anxiety to oblige. With money you are but omnipotent. Like the centurion mentioned in Scripture, you say unto one Go—and he goeth; to another, Come—and he cometh; and to a third, Do this—and he doeth it.

"Money," says the proverb, "is the root of all evil." So in the earth all weeds and noxious plants take root; but yields not the earth also its sweet scented, many hued flowers; its herbs, good for man and beast; and its trees bearing fruit each after its kind? In like manner, money is the root of good as well as of evil, and much more abundantly; for, after all, the use exceeds the abuse. The end is not always swallowed up in the means.

In fine, there is no need of seeking the four-leaved shamrock in fairy dells. It exists in this matter of fact world of ours in abundance. Money, rightly used, is the veritable four leaved shamrock. Here, in the world about us, may we "play the enchanter's part"—each according to his means. There is ample room and verge enough for the richest to "weave his spells," and opportunities for the poorest—so that he be not poor in heart—of "casting bliss around."

In some shape or other fudge rules every son and daughter of Adam.

It nestles snugly in the judge's wig. I warrant ye, the putting on the black cap horrifies the criminal almost as much as the judgment itself. The surplice and gown of the priest have their weight, depend upon it, with the strongest minded amongst us. Would a sermon, think you, sound so well from a round jacket, or a swallow tail coat, as it would from a priest in his full canonicals? Not a bit of it.

Fudge stands the recruiting sergeant in good stead: what would he do without it? The ploughman is fudged into a soldier. In like manner the civilian is fudged into submission, and often fudged out of his rights.

Smacks not Charity's dear self somewhat of fudge when she puts her name in print, heading subscription lists, garishly attracting the world's attention?

What is there that hath no touch of fudge in it? Even this article, some may think, is all fudge from beginning to end.

Having thus with feeble hand essayed to sketch some of the more striking lineaments of Fudge, having thus taken a swallow's flight over the subject, merely skimming the surface, and occasionally dipping here and there a wing leaving its profundity to be fathomed by others possessed of shrewder skill in men and manners: it only remains for us to assign, if possible, some cause for the widely spread power which Humbug exercises in this world of ours. A cause it surely must have: what is it? Is there anything inherent in the human mind which renders it of necessity a prey to Fudge in some one or more of its Protean shapes? These are questions irresistibly forced upon us, and which we will strive explicitly and briefly to answer. One word, if we mistake not, will explain the whole matter—IGNORANCE!

Ay, this is it. This is the stronghold of Fudge; this is the soil in which it takes root; from which it draws nourishment; in which only it "lives, moves, and has its being." Test the solution here given by plain matters of fact—by common sense reasoning. Does not Fudge most abound in those things regarding which mankind are generally most ignorant? Medicine—the Law—Divinity (not the divinity of the Gospel, but a priest made divinity)—how does ignorance and its concomitant fear operate through each of these upon the human mind, making us the ready dupes of Fudge? We feel that we have quitted the broad and beaten track of every day life, and have entered unknown regions, into some one of whose quagmires and gulfs one false step may plunge us: we grope our way blindly by the aid of guides, on whom we are forced wholly to rely; what a scope for fudge is here; and, sooth to say, seldom is the opportunity missed. Free the world of Ignorance, and Fudge, its offspring, will disappear along with it, as the shade follows the substance; the child cannot

live for a moment apart from its parent—who conjured the monster into being only to feed on its own vitals. Those daring pretenders who from time to time have arisen in the world's history to lead mankind by the nose, whence had they their power but in the credulity and fear of their followers? and not these again clearly resolvable into ignorance?

So that we return to the point from which we first set out—namely that Ignorance and Fudge are linked together in the relation of cause and effect. He, therefore, who expounds to mankind one new truth, or renders clearer an old one—who in the least unshrouds ambiguity—who lets in one added ray of light upon us—who clears our mental vision of the slightest speck or film—that man, be he who or what he may, is a sworn foe to humbug of every kind. Fudge cannot flourish co-existent with knowledge; but will as assuredly flee before it as ghosts vanish at break of day.

There are, however, even in this fudge abounding world of ours, things in which humbug has no share. Honest Toil working for its daily bread, gathering off the earth's bounty, or traversing ocean to bring to us the products of other climes, or in crowded cities engaged in some useful craft, Science, smoothing the path of labour, annihilating space, conquering the very elements, and making all things subservient to the profit and use of man: Genius, scattering with profuse hand its god-like gifts, awaking the soul to a sense of beauty stirring up and fanning into a flame the embers of virtue which lie dormant in every breast. What has Fudge to do with these? Friendship, too, with its self-sacrificing heroism; and Love, so pure, so heaven exalting (even these have their counterfeit, as all things good are sure to have); though by the grovelling, low minded worldling they may be considered humbuge—himself the while, with his want of faith in things pure and true, the veriest of all humbuge—yet are they not the less, verities; soul elevating, heart kindling verities; prompting to heroic action, to generous self abnegation; whose university would make of earth a "little heaven below," and, lacking which, earth would be indeed a hell. Fudge, thou art powerless here also. Nor hast thou where-withal to boast over him who fulfils his God appointed mission, working with head and hand; who by the sweat of his brow obtains a virtuous independence; whose soul strives strenuously after knowledge and truth; whose heart, stored with Nature's holiest instincts, glows with compassion, or kindles into righteous rage at the injustice done under the sun; whose hand is ever stretched out to succour and save. What has Humbug to do with such a man? He, in short, whatever or wherever he may be—who does "his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him," can have no part nor lot in—

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE.

New Works:

From Mrs Shelley's Rambles in Germany and Italy.

RUINS OF ROME

"What are the pleasures that I enjoy at Rome?" you ask. They are so many, that my mind is brimful of a sort of glowing satisfaction, mingled with tearful associations. Besides all that Rome itself affords of delight to the eye and imagination, I revisit it as the bourne of a pious pilgrimage. The treasures of my youth lie buried here.

The sky is bright—the air impregnated with the soft odours of spring—we take our books and while away the morning among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, or the Coliseum. From the shattered walls of the former, the view over the city and the Campagna is very beautiful. The Palatine is near at hand, and majestic ruins guide the eye to where the golden palace spreads its vast extent. These ruins, chiefly piles of brick—remnants of massive walls or lofty archways—may not be beautiful in themselves; but overgrown with parasites and flowering shrubs, they are grouped in so picturesque a manner among broken ground and dark gigantic trees—the many towers of the city gathering near—the distant hills on the clear horizon, with clouds just resting in scattered clusters on the tops, and the sky above, deeply blue—that the whole scene is delightful to feel, as well as look at.

From the Journal of a Clergyman.

LISBON.

Somebody somewhere says, that the true epithet to be applied to the view of Lisbon from the river is imposing; and most true it is, for a more gross imposition has never been practised on mortal senses. No sooner has the traveller landed, and passed the Praga do Comercio, than Lisbon's glories fade, the enchantment disappears, and, in its place, he finds nothing but steep, ill-paved, and abominably filthy streets. No architectural beauty, no tasteful mansions, no splendid shops; but at each turn every compound of bad smells salutes his nose, crumbling walls and ruinous buildings meet his eye, invitations of vice from most leathly objects greet his ear; and before he reaches the silent, desolate, stinking lane, in which stands Madame de Belem's English hotel, nose, and eye, and ear, and heart, are all disgusted with Lisbon.

As the heat was too great to permit of walking, we ordered a *seje*, the universal vehicle of Lisbon. This is a sort of cab, hung very high, and drawn by a pair of horses, one in the shafts and the other carrying the postilion. Directing him to drive through some of the principal parts of the city, we proceeded to climb the uncommonly steep, uncommonly ill-paved, and uncommonly stinking streets. In steepness, they may rival the streets of Valletta

—in pavement, the worst paved country town in Scotland.

The Modern Syrians; or Native Society in Damascus, Aleppo, and the Mountains of the Druses; from Notes made in those Parts during the years 1841-2-3. By an Oriental Student.

THE DRUSES.

The Druses are divided into two classes—the Akkals and the Djahils. Akkal means wise, and Djahil means ignorant; that is to say, the former are the individuals initiated in the mysteries of the Druse religion, the latter are uninitiated. This distinction is altogether irrespective of temporal rank or wealth, for every Druse, whether male or female, may pass from the uninitiated to the initiated state on making certain declarations, and renouncing the indulgences permitted to the Djahils; and it is not uncommon to see a drunken lying Djahil become all at once an abstemious and veracious Akkal. The Djahils as might be expected, form the large majority of the nation.

No religious duties are incumbent on the Djahil, but he knows the leading features of the religion, such as the transmigration of souls, &c. The secret signs of recognition are known to the Djahil as well as to the Akkal. He eats, drinks, and dresses as he pleases; but although no religious duties are imperative on him, he fears and respects the customs of the the Akkals.

The Akkals are the depositaries of the mysteries of the religion. They wear a round white untwisted turban, and are not allowed to dress in embroidered or fanciful apparel; but when in Damascus or Beyrout they have permission to do so in order that they should not be distinguished from the Moslems. Their sleeves must be closed, and not ripped or open. The common Akkals wear a striped *abay*, which is a loose cloak reaching to the knees. The Akkal neither smokes tobacco, nor drinks wine or spirits, nor does he eat with, or share in, the festivities of Djahils. Sheikh Naman Djoinebat, when he became an Akkal, procured permission to continue to smoke tobacco; but such dispensations are very rare. He never pronounces any obscene word, nor does he swear on any account, or tell a falsehood. If a dishonest Akkal be pursued for a debt by another Druse, and asked, for instance, "Do you owe this sum?" he dares not tell a lie, but seeks some subterfuge, and says, "Perhaps my opponent is wrong; he is an honourable man, but his memory has deceived him."

The Akkals are loath to accept of any entertainment or hospitality from a Turkish or Moslem governor. They look upon Money received from Government as the produce of tyranny; and if circumstances compel them to receive any, they immediately get it exchanged. This is a curious scruple to be entertained by a nation that inherits the philosophy of the Karmates and Batenis; for the killing and the plunder of infidels, as Non-Druses are called, is not considered a crime.

Profound respect and precedence are invariably accorded to the Akkals; but if they do not firmly adhere to their vows, they are excommunicated, (*mahrooneen*) and become outcasts.

The hour of meeting for religious purposes is on Friday evening, immediately after dusk. The temples are generally structures without ornament, and invariably built in secluded situations. A wooden railing separates the male from the female Akkals. The proceedings commence with a conversation on politics. All news is communicated with the strictest regard to truth. They signalize such and such a person an enemy of the Druse nation. Another oppressed by the government, is recommended to protestation and support. A third being poor, and recommended by the seikh of the Akkals, is assisted by the collection of money. They then read extracts from the books of their religion, and sing the warlike hymn which describes their coming from China, the destruction of the infidels, and the conquest of the world by the Druses. They then eat some food, such as figs, raisins, &c. at the expense of the endowment or *wahf* of the *haloue*. The company then disperses, and only the highest Akkals remain, who concert the measures to be taken in consequence of the news which has been communicated. Other news of a still more private nature may be then communicated with reserve; and when profound secrecy is desired they appoint a committee of three. In every case certain heads of the six families in hereditary possession of *mokattas*, even although Djahils, are parties to political measures.

That knowledge is power seems to be one of their fundamental axioms; and the mechanism by which intelligence is conveyed from the extremities to the heart of the body politic, and from the heart back to the extremities, has been most ingeniously contrived, and is simple and effectual in operation. The elder of a village *halou* represents his district in the central spot of a *mokatta*. All the elders of the *haloues* of *mokattas* communicate with the chief priest at the village of Baheleen; then, again, the elder, after hearing the central news at Baheleen, returns and re-distributes them to the elders of villages; the latter individual then communicates what concerns the whole community to the Akkals of his village, and what is secret to a chosen few. This mechanism has on many occasions, enabled the whole nation to act as one man. If secrets intrusted to the whole Druse nation be kept religiously by them, how much more the knowledge of movements preconcerted only by a selected number! For, the greatest crime that a Druse can commit, is to reveal a national secret: besides the bonds of blood and reli-