

Does not Byron, and the almost fanatical enthusiasm which he created, furnish us with a striking instance of this position?

That is a higher wisdom, which can detect the subtle harmony of the discord,—to which the jarring elements combine into a most delicious music. He belongs to the class of his species, who can know all and sorrow not—who is capable of that true tolerance, that can recognise the positive side of all differences; not that the tolerant tolerance, which treats all with equal contempt, and is but a quiet bigotry. Be it spoken to the honor of this age, that such a character, even if not attained, is constantly assumed as possible—is admitted as a high goal for humanity.

But those who have reached this moral Elysium have, we believe, passed through that fearful state, in which so many have fallen. There is a repose, it is true, that may be the concomitant of mere wealth, good digestion, and ignorance; but the world has not progressed so far, that the higher repose can be attained without many a struggle—not the less agonizing because it does not quiver the lip, nor call forth a solitary murmur.

[We take the following extracts from a review of a new work by Mr. Carleton, entitled 'Art Maguire,' in the Dublin University Magazine for December.

Description of Margaret, when first introduced to us, young, happy, and beloved:—

Margaret was a girl whom it was impossible to know and not to love. Though then but seventeen, her figure was full, rich, and beautifully formed. Her abundant hair was black and glossy as ebony, and her skin, which threw a lustre like ivory itself, had not the whiteness of snow but a whiteness that was fresh, radiant, and spotless. She was arch and full of spirits, but her humour—for she possessed it in abundance—was so artless, so joyous, and innocent, that the heart was taken with it before one had time for reflection. Added, however, to this charming vivacity of temperament were many admirable virtues, and a fund of deep and fervent feeling, which, and even at that early period of her life, had made her name beloved by every one in the parish, especially the poor and destitute. The fact is, she was her father's favourite daughter, and he could deny her nothing. The admirable girl was conscious of this, but instead of availing herself of his affection for her in a way that many—nay we may say, most—would have done, for purposes of dress or vanity, she became an interceding angel for the poor and destitute; and closely as Murray loved money, yet it is due to him to say, that on these occasions, she was generally successful. In one instance he was so far from being insensible to his daughter's noble virtues, that he felt pride in reflecting that she possessed them, and gave aid ten times from that feeling for once that he did from a more exalted one. Such was Margaret Murray, and such, we are happy to say—for we know it—are thousands of the peasant girls of our country.

Contrasted with this sweet picture of a good and happy girl, the sad reverse presents itself of Margaret, wooed, won, and reduced to misery by her drunken husband—a dismal picture, dreadfully true, and only redeemed from being shocking, by the pathetic sentiment, with which love and patience invest even its most frightful features.

One evening about this time, Margaret was sitting upon a small hassock of straw that had been made for little Art, when he began to walk. It was winter, and there was no fire; a neighbour, however, had out of charity lent her a few dipped rushes, that they might not be in utter darkness. One of these was stuck against the wall, for they had no candlestick; and oh what a pitiable and melancholy spectacle did it dim and feeble light present! There she sat, the young, virtuous, charitable, and lovely Margaret of the early portion of our narrative, surrounded by her almost naked children—herself with such thin and scanty covering as would wring any heart but to know it. Where now was her beauty? Where her mirth, cheerfulness, and all her lightness of heart? Where? Let her ask that husband who once loved her so well, but who loved his own vile excesses and headlong propensities better. There, however, she sat, with a tattered cap on, through the rents of which her raven hair, once so beautiful and glossy, came out in tattered cllocks, and hung down about her thin and wasted neck. Her face was pale ghastly as death, her eyes were without fire—full of languor—full of sorrow; and alas, beneath one of them, was too visible by its discoloration, the foul mark of her husband's brutality. To this had their love, their tenderness, their affection come; and by what? Alas! by the curse of liquor—the demon of drunkenness—and want of manly resolution. She sat, as we have said, upon the little hassock, whilst shivering on her bosom was a sickly looking child, about a year old, to whom she was vainly endeavouring to communicate some of her own natural warmth. The others, three in number, were grouped together for the same reason; for poor little Atty, who, though so very young, was his mother's only support, and hope, and consolation—sat with an arm about each, in order as well as he could, to keep off the cold—the night being stormy and bitter. Margaret sat rocking herself too and fro as those do who indulge in sorrow, and crooning for her infant the sweet old air of 'The ma cúltha's na dhúská mé,' or 'I am

asleep and don't awaken me?'—a tender but melancholy air, which had something peculiarly touching in it, on the occasion in question.

'Ah,' she said, 'I am asleep and don't awaken me; if it wasn't for your sakes, darlins, it's I that long to be in that sleep that we will never awaken from; but sure, lost in misery as we are, what could yez do without me still?'

'What do you mane, mammy?' said Atty; 'sure doesn't every body that goes to sleep waken out of it?'

'No, darlin'; there's a sleep that nobody wakens from.'

'Dat quare sleep, mammy,' said a little one. 'Oh but me's cold, mammy; will we eva have blankets?'

The question, though simple, opened up the cheerless, the terrible future to her view. She closed her eyes, put her hands on them, as if she strove to shut it out, and shivered as much at the apprehension of what was before her, as with the chilly blasts that swept through the windowless house.

'I hope so, dear,' she replied; 'for God is good.'

'And will he get us blankets, mammy?'

'Yes, darlin', I hope so.'

'Me id rady he'd get us sometin' to ait fast, mammy; I'm starvin' wid hungry; and the poor child began to cry for food.'

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for December.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF VANITY.

The world is full of vanity! The heart hath little share

In all the thousand trifles of our daily thought and care.

What shall we eat?—what shall we drink?—what shall our garments be?

These are the themes that please us most—poor vain humanity.

Our time, do we not squander it?—our talents misapply?

Our aims are steep'd in earthiness, that ought to pierce the sky;

The glory of the soul is lost in interest for the day,

And mind, unconscious of its powers, is fritter'd quite away.

The world is full of vanity! What wiser have we grown

This year than last?—what lessons gain'd, before unsought, unknown?

What have we done this very day, of useful, good, or kind?

Alas! is't not a lifeless blank in virtue's scale we find?

And when to-morrow's sun once more from yonder heaven shall beam,

Say what shall be the earliest thoughts with which our spirits teem?

Again we'll tread the ceaseless round, the empty toll renew,

Still cleave to dust, and still the same frivolities pursue.

The world is full of vanity! Our very love is vain.

The best affections of the heart are but a tinsel chain:

'Tis tarish'd soon by selfishness, time wears the links away—

Alas! the little gold it had, all on the surface lay.

The friend whose every thought was ours, grows cold we know not why;

And we, in turn, are changed to those we loved in days gone by;

The very children who once own'd one home, one couch, one heart,

Have felt the fatal deadening chill which lengthen'd years impart.

The world is full of vanity! It hath a poison'd air;

We cannot wear the guileless soul, and yet be minglers there.

All that the secret mind approves is banish'd from its school,

And he who ranks the wisest there is but the deeper fool.

Enough; too much we idly talk of what we most revere,

The generous aim, the open hand, the soul and speech sincere;

But what avails how beautiful and pure may be our creeds?

'Tis not by these our worth is weigh'd, 'tis tested by our deed.

The world is full of vanity, of weariness and pain,

Whatever sense and sight would grasp, is profitless and vain.

Mind, spirit, heart, these, these alone, the eternal and divine,

High o'er the dust and dress of earth, with truthful lustre shine.

The glory of our being is the deathless soul we bear;

Let this with nobler aims be fired, we'll breathe a purer air.

The world he choicest vanities around our path may spread,

But Heaven has gained its rightful sway, and earthly love is dead.

From Blackwood's Magazine for December. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE CLOUD.

A Reminiscence of Switzerland.

THE cloud is to the mountain what motion is to the sea; it gives to it an infinite variety of expression—gives it a life—gives it joy and suffering, alternate calm, and terror, and anger. Without the cloud, the mountain would still be sublime, but monotonous; it would have but a picture-like existence.

How thoroughly they understand and sympathize with each other—these glorious play-mates, these immortal brethren! Sometimes the cloud lies supported in the hollow of the hill, as if out of love it feigned weariness, and needed to be upheld. At other times the whole hill stands enveloped in the cloud that has expanded to embrace and conceal it. No jealousy here. Each lives its own grand life under the equal eye of heaven.

As you approach the mountains, it seems that the clouds begin already to arrange themselves in bolder and more fantastic shapes. They have a fellowship here. They built their mountains upon mountains—their mountains which are as light as air—huge structures built at the giddy suggestion of the passing breeze.

There is the wild liberty of endless change, by which they compensate themselves for their thin and fleeting existence, and seem to mock the stationary forms of their stable brethren fast rooted to the earth. And how genially does the sun pour his beam upon these twin grandeur! For a moment they are assimilated; his ray has permeated, has etherialized the solid mountain, has fixed and defined the floating vapour. What now is the one but a stationary cloud? what is the other but a risen hill?—poisoned not in the air but in the flood of light.

I am never weary of watching the play of these giant children of the earth. Sometimes a soft white cloud, so pure, so bright, sleeps, amidst open sunshine, nestled like an infant in the bosom of a green mountain. Sometimes the rising upcurling vapour will linger just above the summit, and seem for a while an incense exhaling from this vast censor. Sometimes it will descend, and drape the whole side of the hill as with a transparent veil. I have seen it sweep between me and the mountain like a sheeted ghost, tall as the mountain, till the strong daylight dissolved its thin substance and it rose again in flakes to decorate the blue heavens. But oh, glorious above all! when on some brightest of days, the whole mass of whitest, clouds gathers midway upon the snow-topped mountain. How magnificent then is that bright eminence seen above the cloud! How it seems rising upwards—how it seems bore aloft by those innumerable wings—by those enormous pinions which I see stretching from the cloudy mass! What an ascension have we here!—what a transfiguration! O Raphael! I will not disparage thy name nor thy art, but thy angels bearing on their wings the brightening saint to Heaven—what are they to the picture here?

Look! there—fairly in the sky—where we should see but the pure ether—above the clouds which themselves are sailing high in serene air—yes, there, in the blue and giddy expanse, stands the solid mountain glittering like a diamond. O God! the bewildered reason-pent up in cities, toils much to prove and penetrate thy being and thy nature—toils much in vain. Here, I reason not—I see. The Great King lives—lo there is his throne.

To him who quits the plain for the mountain how the character of the cloud alters. That which seemed to belong exclusively to the sky has been drawn down and belongs as plainly to the earth. Mount some noble eminence, and look down—you will see the clouds lying on and about the landscape, as if they had fallen on it. You are on the steadfast earth, and they are underneath you. You look down perhaps on the lake, and there is a solitary cloud lying settled on it; when the rest of the fleecy drove had risen from their couch, this idle sleeper had been left dreaming there.

Or stay below, and see the sun rise in the valley. When all is warm and clear upon the heights, and the tops of the hills are fervid with the beams of heaven, there still lies a cold white mass of cloud about your feet. It is not yet morning in the valley. There the cloud has been slumbering all night—there it found its home. It also will by and by receive the beam, and then it will arise, enveloping the hill as it ascends; the hill will have a second dawn; the cloud will assume its proud station in the sky, but it will return again to the valley at night.

I am sailing on the lake of Brience on a day golden with sunbeams. The high ridge of its rocky castellated hills is distinct as light can make it. Yet, half-way-up, amidst the pine forests, there lies upon the rich verdure a huge motionless cloud. What does it there? Its place was surely in the sky. But no; it belongs, like ourself, to the earth.

Is nature gaily mocking us, when upon her impregnable hills sun builds these castles in the

air? But, good heavens! what a military aspect all on a sudden does this mountain side put on. Mark what innumerable host of pine trees. What regiments of them are marching up the hill in the hot sun, as if to storm these rocky forts above! What serried ranks! and yet there are some stragglers—some that have lingered in the rear. Look at that tall giant pine, breasting the hill alone, like an old grenadier. How upright against the steep acclivity! whilst his lengthened shadow is thrown headlong back behind him down the precipice. I should be giddy to see such a shadow of mine own. I should doubt if it would consent to be drawn up by the heels to the summit of the mountain—whether it would not rather drag me down with it into the abyss.

I have seen hills on which lay the clear unclouded sky, making them blue as itself. I have gazed on those far-receding valleys—as the valley of the Rhone—when they have appeared to collect and retain the azure ether. They were full of Heaven. Angels might breathe that air. And yet I better love the interchange, the wild combination of cloud and mountain. Not cloud that intercepts the sun, but that reflects its brilliancy, and brightens round the hills. It is but a gorgeous drapery that the sky lets fall on the broad Herculean shoulders of the mountain. No, it should not intercept the beams of the great luminary; for the mountain loves the light. I have observed that the twilight, so grateful to the plain, is mortal to the mountain. It craves light—it lifts up its great chalice for light—this great flower is the first to close, to fade, at the withdrawal of the sun. It stretches up to heaven seeking light; it cannot have too much—under the strongest beam it never droops—its brow is never dazzled.

But then these clouds, you will tell me, that hover about the mountain, all wing, all plumage, with just so much of substance for light to live in them—these very clouds can descend and thicken, and blacken, and cover all things with an inexpressible gloom. True, and the mountain, or what is seen of it, becomes now the very image of a great and unfathomable sorrow. And only the great can express a great sadness. This aspect of nature shall never by me be forgotten; nor will I ever shrink from encountering it. If you would know the gloom of heart which nature can betray, as well as the glory it can manifest, you must visit the mountains. For days together, clouds, huge, dense, unwieldy, lie heavily upon the hills—which stand, how mute, how mournful!—as if they, too, knew of death. And look at the little lake at their feet. What now is its tranquillity when not a single sunbeam plays upon it? Better the earth opened and received it, and hid for ever its leaden despondency. And now there comes the paroxysm of terror and despair; deep thunders are heard, and a madness flashes forth in the vivid lightning. There is desperation amongst the elements. But the elements, like the heart of man, must rage in vain—must learn the universal lesson of submission. With them, as with humanity, despair brings back tranquillity. And now the driving cloud reveals again the glittering summits of the mountains, and light falls in laughter on the beaming lake.

How like to a ruined Heaven is this earth! Nay, is it not more beautiful for being a ruin?

Who can speak of lakes and not think of thee, beautiful Leman? How calm, how exquisitely blue! Let me call it a liquid sky that is spread here beneath us. And note how, where the boat presses, or the oar strikes, it yields ever a still more exquisite hue—akin to the violet, which gives to the rude pressure a redoubled fragrance—akin to the gentlest of womankind, whose love plays sweetest round the strokes of calamity.

Oh, there is a woman's heart in thy waters, beautiful Leman!

I have seen thee in all thy moods, in all thy humours. I have watched thee in profoundest calm; and suddenly, with little note of preparation, seen thee lash thy waves into a tempest. How beautiful in their anger, were those azure waves crested with their white foam! And at other times, when all has been a sad unjoyous calm, I have seen, without being able to trace whence the light had broken, a soft expanse of brightness steal tremulous over the marble waters. A smile that seemed to speak of sweet caprice—that seemed to say that half its anger had been feint.

Yes, verily there is a woman's heart in thy waters, beautiful Leman!

I lie rocking in a boat midway between Vevey and Lausanne. On the opposite coast are the low purple hills couching beside the lake. But there, to the left, what an ethereal structure of cloud and snowy mountain is revealed to me! What a creation of that spirit of beauty which works its marvels in the unconscious earth! The Alps here, while they retain all the aerial effect gathered from distance, yet seem to arise from the very margin of the lake. The whole scene is so ethereal, you fear to look aside, lest when you look again it may have vanished like a vision of the clouds.

And why should these little boats, with their tall triangular sails, which glide so gracefully over the waters, be forgotten? The sail, though an artifice of man, is almost always in harmony with nature. Nature has adopted it—has lent it some of her own wild privileges—her own bold and varied contrasts of light and shade. The surface of the water is perhaps dark and overclouded; the little upright sail is the only thing that has caught the light, and it glitters there like a moving star. Or the water is all one dazzling sheet of silver, tremulous with the