

on which occupied his heart. He was courteous, cheerful, and earnestly desirous of conversing on the doctrines of Christianity; a subject which before he had always shunned, as if aware how much its precepts were at variance with his vindictive resolutions.

The governor was right in his anticipations. Not many months had passed before Lagoma and Nandee were married. This event, however, did not take place till after the death of the old man, who had been already reduced to extreme weakness by fever and the effects of his wound, as well as by his sufferings on board the slave ship. In this condition, the shock which he experienced on suddenly meeting the man whom he had so fearfully injured, was too much for him. He lingered for a few months, and expired in the arms of his daughter and Lagoma, but not till he had repeatedly implored, and as often been assured of, the forgiveness of the latter.

Of the Europeans mentioned in his narrative, nearly all are dead, victims to the insalubriousness of these noxious climates. Lagoma and Nandee, however, are still living, and in the enjoyment of as much happiness as can reasonably be expected in this world. The patch of ground has been enlarged to a considerable farm, with fields of maize, coffee, and sugar-canes. The little cabin has become a roomy house, made vocal by the cries and mirth of several children; and Lagoma, the vindictive Eboe chief, is now not only the head man of the Melville settlement, and a useful assistant to the governor in the management of the colony, but he is also, and above all, a consistent Christian; and a catechist in the school which has been established in his village. The same energy and singleness of purpose which he displayed in the prosecution of his projects of revenge are still apparent, though directed to far different ends.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY THOMAS J. POLSON.

Oh! would I were once more a child,
In boyhood's happy paths to roam,
When, light of heart, from school, so wild,
We all broke loose, and made for home!
That was a happy moment, when
The master changed his rigid looks,
And, seeming pleased, told 'twas again
The hour for satchelling the books!

How little knew our hearts of care
And of the world's deceit and guile,
Whilst everything around, as 'twere,
Appear'd upon our path to smile!
How readily we, too, received
The voice of everything for truth,
And in our innocence believed
That all was candid as our youth!

Oh! would I were once more a child,
In pleasure's flowery scenes to roam—
To hear a mother's voice so mild
At evening's hour direct me home!
How thrill'd the heart with deep delight,
How flash'd the cheek with joyous pride,
Whilst homeward, at the approach of
night,
We wended at a mother's side.

Or, peradventure, father seem'd
To smile upon his little boy,
Did we not feel as though there beam'd
Upon our soul a sun of joy—
Did not affection, love, esteem,
At once within our bosom glow?
Ah, yes! his smile seem'd to redeem
The heart from all it felt of woe!

Oh! would I were once more a child,
And frisking at a parent's knee,
When every joy the hours beguiled,
And shed a world of bliss round me!
How look'd the soul to future years,
Hope beaming in a cloudless sky:
A word—a glance could soothe our fears,
And brighten up the tearful eye!

'Twas then the heart was unoppress'd—
'Twas then the soul was buoyant, gay,
Or if a care disturb'd the breast,
We speedily wept it quite away.
But now, how changed the feelings there!
Oh! what emotions through me steal!
I would not that my foe should share
The weight of sorrow that I feel!

Oh! would I were once more a child,
And just as much from trouble free,
As, when a "little fellow" styled,
I anxious was a man to be!
For then the time fled quickly past,
And mirth and gaiety were ours:
Whilst now our sky is overcast,
And slowly creep along the hours—
At least we think so; for the hearts
Which then did love us now are cold:
And as an odd one still departs,
The memory tells we're growing old.
And yet it is a solace too—
For, wanting those who on us smiled,
To come again the same scenes through,
I scarce could wish to be a child!

New Works.

From D'Israeli's 'Tancred'.

JERUSALEM.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet; but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehosephat. Full falls its splendour, however on the opposite city—vivid and defined in its silver blazes. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome: for all Europe has heard of Zion and of Calvary, while the Arab, and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounds, as they are of the Malvera or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars, and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolized pile that now covers Calvary, called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favoured of woman, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedeck built his mystic citadel and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fane, which were raised by his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail, and while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wafts among the tombs and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunted voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate, Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages who need shrink from rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed, the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers, what race, extinct, or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all become as dark as the waters of Kedron, and the valley of Jehosephat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the Mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose, except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illuminated, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray!

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

THE COMING REFORMATION.

[Continued from our last.]

Leave recrimination to charlatans. Men are honestest when they are generally assumed. They are infinitely better than their opinions, and are seldom aware of the logical consequences of their doctrines. Although in each party you will find dishonest adventurers—men without convictions, trading on the errors and passions of the credulous—yet, as a general rule, be assured that each party supports its honest convictions, and is to be morally accountable only for what is true in those convictions, because incompetent to see all their consequences. The good instincts of human nature are those upon which alone all associations of any importance, or of any duration can be formed. Honor is necessary, even among thieves. No political opinion can gain any importance, that has not really the public good in view, however narrow, however imperfect the notion may be. Liars and quacks will creep in every where; but society does not rest upon lies and quackery. Thus, those whom we justly accuse of a retrograde tendency, certainly have no other desire than to restore society to its normal condition, from which, as it seems to them, it has departed only to precipitate itself towards the imminent dissolution of all social order. In a similar spirit, those who unconsciously tend towards a revolution, fancy they obey the evident necessity for the irrevocable destruction of a political system become radically unfit for directing society.

In noting the errors of each party, you will be careful not to draw from these errors consequences which their upholders never acknowledged, and then reprobate these consequences, as if they had been motives. You will not accuse the Tory of tyranny, of selfish, slavish attachment to oppressive institutions, out of an utter disregard to public happiness. You will not reprobate the Whig as a trimmer, nor the Radical for his supposed desire for licence and depredation. There is already difficulty enough in political questions; the clearest eye sees its way but dimly. Do not you help to make the matter worse by raising a mist of prejudice. You can settle no questions by calling names, as Pascal sarcastically said, 'Monks are at all times more plentiful than reasons.' You can make no worse commencement to a discussion than to begin by attributing disreputable motives to your adversary. If the Philosophy of politics attract you, come to it with an earnest but serene spirit. Approach the momentous questions of a nation's welfare with the patient zeal of an inquirer, not with the turbulent arrogance of a polemic.

I am sorry to say, that from the old writers on politics and government you will not learn much. Firstly, because they are perpetually talking about the relative merits of various forms of government. Secondly, because the political phenomena of Europe are new, and therefore need new explanations. Let me dwell a moment on these points.

The question as to whether a monarchy be better than a republic, and vice versa; in fact, all questions relating to the mere form of government, are singularly idle. Government, as I said before, is the executive of institutions; and institutions are the embodiment of ideas; that is, they grow up out of a set of social conditions to which they are in the main conformable; they correspond with some ideas entertained by the "powers that be." Government therefore is, always, in its first construction, strictly conformable with the necessities of the age and country. For modern Europe to imitate the republic of Sparta, Athens, or Rome, would be sheer madness. Those republics responded to a set of social conditions altogether different from those of modern Europe. The same may be said of Holland and America; if the American constitution really worked as well as its sanguine founders wished, and rhodomontade defenders assert, it would even then be no guide to us. A vast country, where fertile land is abundant, but labour scarce, can never be taken as a model for a country where land is scarce and labour is tightly super-abundant. This difference alone in the condition of the two—and there are others equally important—is sufficient to do away with all proper comparison.

You will answer me, perhaps, that it is not indifferent which form of government is selected, because it makes all the difference whether the few or the many have the power.

It is by this you mean that it is not indifferent to us whether we have entire liberty or not—whether we have just laws for all, or laws only for a few, I, of course, cannot differ with you; but then you have not answered my argument. What I said amounted to this: It is indifferent which form of government you theoretically prefer, unless that happens also to accord with the existing conditions, ideas, and feelings of the nation. A republic can only last in a country where the conditions are favourable to republicanism. In France its brief reign was not only disgraced by acts of the most revolting tyranny (even to prosecution for religious opinions), but it ended in an empire—a restoration—a revolution once more—and once more in an oppressive monarchy. But I shall have to recur to this subject in my subsequent letters. Let me now turn to the second consideration.

2. The political phenomena are new. Eu-

rope presents another aspect to the thinker than it did in the days of Montesquieu. It is in a transition period. The old forms of society are gradually breaking up; yet the new forms that are to replace them are still unsettled. I say Europe, because although in strict parlance only England and France can, as yet, be said to have attained to any development, yet these two nations are the beacon of the world; and the fire lighted on their mountain heights, after warming those around them, still spreads its light afar, and tinged with its glory the distant horizon.

With these new phenomena must come a new philosophy. It is of little use now to discuss questions of forms of government. The disease is not to be cured by an external plaster. It is at the core; the remedy must be internal. It is in the intellectual anarchy; the remedy must be a doctrine which shall create unanimity. And not the semblance of unanimity; not the agreement of a day; but that unanimity which is irresistible, because it arises from immutable evidences. No one ever argues now upon the fundamental principles of positive science; no one should argue upon the fundamental principles of positive politics; they should be as true and as unchangeable as the laws of human nature, upon which they may be founded. I return then to the assertion, that you will find little in the works hitherto written on politics. Rather study history; the history of all ages and of all countries. There you will learn much if you will proceed rightly.

To the old theorists and statesmen, political science was much easier than it is to us. The problem was so much simpler when there was only the Crown, the Aristocracy, and the commons to deal with. The three powers had to fight with each other, but they did so upon "constitutional principles." Now however, we have a new combatant in the field—the people. The appearance of this fourth estate has marvellously added to the complexity of the problem. It is not to be got rid of by any "constitutional principle," simply because the constitution took little notice of it, and it has a supreme contempt for the constitution. The ground must be shifted; the battle cannot be fought out there. Then—Where?

Not only in the People lies physical force, and its terrors; not only is the legislator startled by the ominous cry of the hungry millions; but the very frame work of society is shaken, for the Workers declare they have Rights. These they have learned to know—these they are ready to enforce, if need be! It is enough to ruffle the blandest theorist, to perplex the most constitutional doctor. It is really a serious matter; one that will not allow itself to be scratched aside with a dash of the constitutional pen. A man may have mastered de Lolme, Montesquieu, Paley, and others, yet be helplessly at a loss what to say to this new phenomenon. They, dull slaves—they, heretofore the mere machinery of labour, from the sweat of whose brows was wrung the gold which purchased luxury and ease for the Spending Class—they, who formed but the rude status on which society reposed, have suddenly demanded that an account be rendered to them of the mode in which society is to be carried on! The governed suddenly raising their heads to question the governors—nay, insisting upon governing themselves—is not this a perplexity to all "constitutional" theorists?

Ancient republics had not this difficulty. We speak indeed of the people of Athens and Sparta, the Plebes of Rome; but we forget the Slaves. In those states the slaves stood in the condition of our people; and the freemen were as our aristocracy and yeomanry. Justice, privileges, education, were for the few, labour and sorrow for the many. The free citizens of Athens formed a republic, but not a democracy; for the vast majority of its inhabitants were slaves. The proportion of slaves to citizens is computed at forty to one. In Sparta the slaves so greatly outnumbered the citizens, that an annual slaughter of large numbers of them was resorted to as the only means of security. Indeed all the wisest thinkers of antiquity were unable to conceive even an Utopia in which slaves should be unnecessary. The necessity for one lowest class, upon whom should devolve the dirty-work of civilisation, is equally admitted by all modern thinkers. So far there seems to be agreement; but when this lowest class demands the privileges of citizenship, claims the right of making the laws by which it will consent to be governed, then do we see the difference between the problem to be solved by the ancient writer, and that to be solved by the modern.

That which brought about these new problems must solve them, that which induced the fever will also bring the remedy; that cause and cure is—Education.

There has been great outcry against the dangers of Education; great eloquence exerted in its cause; both outcry and eloquence have to some extent, been justifiable.

It was the middle class that first gave decided symptoms of an impertinent curiosity after knowledge. Shopkeepers, altogether heedless of the famous sentence of Pope, so valuable to Toryism, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," had the audacity to read, and even think, in their inelegant way. Men who had not been educated at Universities, were absolutely known to have speculated on social questions; others, who could neither construe a passage in Thucydides, nor quote a sarcasm from Horace, have been known to have formed decided opinions, both on Church and State. Country gentlemen ceased to place their whole ambition in hunting, electioneering, smoking clay-pipes, and swallowing daily their five bottles of claret; they also took to meddling