LITERARY EXAMINER.

Auguste Barbier—Napoleon.

Turning over Longfellow's interesting compilation, the poets of Europe, the other day, we happened upon a poem of Auguste Barbier, a living French poet, on the Bronze Statue of Napoleon. The name is a new one to our ears, though not new to diligent students of modern French literature. We know nothing of him but what we there found and an interesting notice in the Foreign Quarterly Review (No. 61.) But there is no mistaking the spirit of true poetry in this little production—the genuine fire of the flint. The vigor and energy of the thoughts—(the vigor and energy of truth) the power—even the occasional roughness of expression, pleased us exceedingly. We regret we have not space to copy the whole poem—the following extract, which forms the conclusion forcibly and eloquently seconds our observations last week on war and military glory. It contains matter for deep, bitter but needful and profitable reflection, for every lover of this great republic, and of the truths on which its existence is based. After describing the first making of the bronze Statue of Napoleon, its erection, its desecration, by the Army of the Allies, followed by a most powerful sketch of France, as a young, spirited, untamed mare and Napoleon as her merciless rider to death, he concludes with a description of the re-erection of the Statue, and these reflections:

Now born again, from depths where thou wert hurled,
A radiant eagle dost thou rise;
Winging thy flight again to rule the world,
Thine image re-ascends the skies.
No longer now the robber of a crown—
The insolent usurper—he,
With cushions of a throne, unpitying down,
Who pressed the throat of Liberty—
Old slave of the alliance, sad and lone,
Who died upon a sombre rock,
And France's image, until death dragged on
Her chain, beneath the stranger's stroke—
NAPOLEON stands, unsullied by a stain!
Thanks to the flatterer's tuneful race,
The lying poets who ring praises vain,
Has Cæsar 'mong the Gods found place!
His image to the city walls gives light;
His name has made the city's hum,
Still sounded ceaselessly, as, through the fight,
It echoed farther than the drum,
From the high suburbs, where the people crowd,
Doth Paris, an old pilgrim now,
Each day descend to greet the pillar proud,
And humble there his monarch brow;
The arms encumbered with a mortal wreath,
With flowers for that bronze's fall,
(*No mothers look on, as they pass beneath,*
It grew beneath their tears so tall!)
In working-vest, in drunkenness of soul,
Unto the fife's and trumpet's tone,
Doth joyous Paris dance the Carmagnole,
Around the great Napoleon.

Thus, gentle Monarchs, pass unnoted on!
Mild Pastors of mankind, away!
Sages, depart, as common brows have gone,
Devoid of the immortal ray!
For vainly you make light the people's chain,
And vainly, like a calm flock, come
On your own footsteps, without sweat or pain,
The people—treading towards their tomb,
Soon as your star doth to its setting glide,
And its best lustre shall be given
By your quenched name—upon the popular tide,
Scarce a faint furrow shall be riven.
Pass, pass ye on! for ye no statue high!
Your names shall vanish from the horde;
Their memory is for those who lead to die
Beneath the cannon and the sword;
Their love for him, who on the humid field
By thousands lays to rot their bones;
For him, who bids them pyramids to build,
And bear upon their backs the stones!

Traveling Acquaintances.

"The train started. Every place was occupied, and each traveler provided himself with one or two daily or weekly newspapers. There were two *Chronicles*, two copies of the *Times*, the same of the *Daily News*, one Mrs. Gamp, and one Mrs. Harris. Barker had the *Examiner*, because it was witty and caustic; and the *Spectator*, because it was clever and crotchety. The proceedings commenced with a general reading of the journals. Three gentlemen attempted, simultaneously, to peruse three of the vast morning papers, spread to the full extent of the broad sheet. This was not very easy to do, so two of them soon gave it up; the third was more persevering and combative, and continued to travel through his *Times*, from the advertisements of revolted lap-dogs down to the printer's name. Each man having satisfied himself with his own papers proceeded to borrow those of his neighbors, until the system of reciprocity was fully carried out; except in the case of Barker, who borrowed nobody's property, and arrayed his visage in such terrors, that only one of his companions ventured to propose commercial relations with him. The reading concluded, a general mutual scrutiny of faces commenced. A looked at B as if he despised him thoroughly; B reconnoitred C as if he suspected him of belonging to a swell-mob; C evidently considered A an impertinent intruder, and as to Mr. Barker, he glanced about him as if nobody had a right to be there but himself. Indeed he was exceedingly litigious all day, snapping at some, snarling at others, scowling and growling, mumbling and grumbling, taking people up and putting people down, asking blunt questions, giving sharp answers, sometimes right, sometimes wrong, and treading on everybody's corns. When, at length, there began to be some conversation, one of the party, a subdued, hen-pecked looking man, with a white face and a black coat, in all probability a perpetual curate, told a lamentable tale of the upsetting of a boat on the river, which he said he had witnessed with his own eyes, as if it was usual to witness boating accidents, or occurrences of any kind with the eyes of other people.

"There were two men," he said, "in the boat—one was providentially saved."—"And the other, sir," interrupted Barker, sharply, "the other, I suppose, was *providentially drowned.*" The perpetual curate looked aghast. "Don't you think," pursued Barker, with acrimony, "that providence had as much to do with the drowning of the one, as with the rescue of the other?" The curate was meditating a reply, when a paragraph in *Punch* made the rest of the company laugh, upon which Mr. Barker said, "he should like to know what *Punch* would do without the fountains in Trafalgar-square, the Duke of Wellington's statue, or Lord Brougham's nose?" "I entirely concur with you, sir," said a presumptuous student of one of the London colleges, who never omitted an occasion for displaying his ignorance in the most high-flown language he could find; "at least as far as relates to the august Brougham;—don't you agree with me, that Brougham is a tremendous statesman? He is certainly, in my opinion, the loftiest, most towering, and I will go so far as to say the most gigantic intellect that ever illumined and enlightened Europe; indeed, I might say the terraqueous globe." A look of intense scorn was the only notice that Barker took of this burst of eloquence; but in reply to one of the other travelers, he dashed off a virulent sketch of the 'august Brougham,' concluding by pronouncing him, a man of brilliant incapacity, vast and various misinformation, and prodigious moral requirements. "Well, sir, I hope you will allow that Sir Robert Peel is a great man," interposed the perpetual curate, who always thought the prime minister a demi god, whether he was Whig or Tory. "I am told," muttered Barker, "that Sir Robert is a great eater of beef-steaks and toasted cheese." "He is a confounded apostate, at all events," said a gentleman with a white hat, a green coat, and top-boots, agricultural all over; "but this is neither a wonder nor a crime, in these days." "His apostacies, sir," said Barker, "are the most creditable passages of his life. He rats opportunely, and ably when he sets about it; he abandons his party manfully, and flies from his colors like a hero." "I made a curious observation the other day," said the London collegian, "R. P. stands both for Robert Peel and rotten potato." This luminous remark turned the conversation upon free trade. "The rotten potato will ripen the corn question," said a disciple of Cobden. "Yes," said the collegian, "we shall be indebted for the most tremendous political improvement of the nineteenth century to a microscopic fungus, in the invisible tissues of a tuber." "Heaven help the agricultural interest!" cried the squire, "what will become of us, with the enormous burdens upon land——" "Name them," cried Barker. The squire was dumb. "The greatest burdens upon the land of this country, that I know of," pursued Barker, "are your georgical dukes and bucolical marquesses." "Their pockets will soon be light enough," said the squire, stepping out of the carriage, the train having now arrived at the Rugby station. "Easier to lighten their pockets than enlighten their heads," said Barker, taking a parting shot at him.

During the next stage or two, Mr. Barker behaved tolerably well, for he slept the greater part of the time. When he awoke, he found the party constructed anew, and now it was that his troubles for the day commenced. His *vis-a-vis* was a raw youth, of eighteen or twenty, with a round rosy face, and a simple, good-humored physiognomy; he was immersed in an immense rough coat, like a bear's skin, with enormous mother-of-pearl buttons, and a dozen pockets of all sizes and in all positions. In fact, he looked something like a brown bear, or a great water-dog, sitting on its hind legs; and he kept his neighbors in constant alarm, by sometimes pulling out a cigar-case, as if he meant to commence smoking, sometimes producing a three-barrelled pocket-pistol, and examining the priming, sometimes displaying a wonderful knife with a hundred blades, and, every now and then, giving a blast, with a hunting-horn, which he had bought, he informed an elderly lady beside him, at a shop in High Holborn, adding, that it was a great bargain, and that if she ever wanted a thing of the kind, he would recommend her to go to the same place. The old lady was as nice an old lady as benevolent features, white cambric and shining black silk, could make her. She seemed, indeed, the very incarnation of philanthropy, for she was always warning somebody not to do something or another, imploring the guards to take care of themselves, or administering drops and lozenges to a plump, lazy maid, who seemed neither to attend to her mistress, nor to be expected to do so, although her sidelong looks and coquettish cough showed that she was very well disposed to a flirtation with the owner of the wonderful knife. The middle seat, at the right of Mr. Barker and opposite the plump maid (whose name appeared to be Letty,) was now occupied by a cool, sedate man, who might have been somebody, or nobody, a landed man, or a funded man, an honest fellow, or a swindler, from all that you could gather, either from his physiognomy or his costume. The seat beyond this ambiguous individual, on the same side, could only be said to have been half filled; its tenant was a slight, pale, retiring little girl, with features not in keeping with her dress, for while the former disposed one to believe her of the class that is born to affluence and ease, the latter as obviously suggested, that her lot was indigence and labor. A plain straw bonnet, a gray plaid shawl, a frock of dark blue stuff, and gloves, through which, in more places than one, her fair fingers peeped; such was her simple, almost poor attire. The impudent fat maid evidently regarded her with supreme scorn, as much as to say, 'Marry come up, the likes of her in a coach!' And, indeed, this was almost the only notice the little girl received during the journey, except occasionally from the officious old lady herself, who seemed possessed by a spirit of nursing and care-taking, which in a professional nurse-tender would have been perfectly miraculous. As nobody troubled themselves to conjecture who the neglected thing in the corner was, why should *we* speculate on the subject? She looked like a poor girl, found guilty of the crime of poverty, and sentenced to shirt-making for life, a seven years' term, at most, of necessity and needle-work. Perhaps, it was otherwise. Nobody now cared, and least of all the Bachelor of the Albany, who had quite enough to do to repel the fidgetty old lady's benevolent attentions, and to defend himself against the young man opposite to him, who was armed with such a variety of offensive weapons. 'Have a care, sir. I hope your pistol is not loaded,' he at length broke out in a surly tone with a look still surlier, at the formidable simpleton in the enormous rough coat, who, in exhibiting the pistol to the plump maid, had repeatedly pointed it right at Mr. Barker's head. The old lady had already, in her capacity of protectress-general, cautioned the youth twenty times against shooting *himself*, which was the least part of the danger to be apprehended. None of these remonstrances, however, proving successful, the cool man took a different course; he expressed a curiosity to examine the pistol, and the moment it was placed in his hands, he extended it out of the window, and a couple of sharp reports instantly proved that two of the barrels had been loaded. The innocent youth, far from taking offence, laughed loud, said it was funny, and called the cool man a devilish sensible fellow, a compliment which that gentleman could not have returned with the slightest respect for truth. Barker being now comparatively at his ease, subsided into his corner; the old lady wearied with her exertions began to doze: and the sedate man, the fat soubrette, and the hero of the three-barrelled pistol, fell into chat on their several destinations; the soubrette leading the way by stating the name of her mistress to be Briscoe, and that she was going to spend the Christmas at the house of a certain Mr. Spread at Liverpool. Barker overhearing this from behind his newspaper, formed a pleasing notion of the party he was on his way to join, and his satisfaction must have been considerably enhanced when Letty unfolded the Christmas presents which Mrs. Briscoe was taking down to the little Spreads, one of which was a complete zoological garden in a wooden box, with roaring lions, growling bears, grunting pigs, chattering monkeys, and all the noises of the animal kingdom. The Bachelor instantly determined not to disclose the fact of his being bound to Mr. Spread's likewise, to avoid being involved in attentions to the old lady, looking after luggage, engaging carriages, and all that sort of thing, which nobody liked less than he did, and which, it was clear, was the business of the plump Letty, if her office was not a downright sinecure."—*Bachelor of the Albany.*

THE NARRATIVE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER OF GENESIS.—"There is an exceedingly picturesque and graphical interest in this narrative; and I feel the highest value for it as an exhibition of the kindness and simplicity of the patriarchal manners in patriarchal times. There is something particularly graceful and imposing in the politeness of Abraham; and I can now better understand the fitness of sacred biography as abounding in the examplars of all that is good and great in the character of man.—One likes the exuberant and affectionate hospitality of the good old man; and the very material of which it was made up enters most fitly and beautifully into the description of the whole scene. I do not know if it has ever been made the subject of a painting, but surely there is enough of the visible and the local to furnish the artist with objects for an impressive representation; the tent door, the tree, Abraham and Sarah, the three strangers, the servant, and the food which was dressed and set before them. Let me not hide myself as heretofore from my own flesh. Let me remember that hospitality, even to the unknown, thus exemplified in the Old, is expressly enjoined in the New Testament, and under the warrant, too, of the example recorded in the earlier Scriptures—'For thereby some have entertained angels unawares.' I have much to learn and much to unlearn ere I attain the perfection of the second law.

"I figure the great deference of Abraham for these unknown personages, in his standing by them while they ate—as if officiating in the capacity of their servant. Connect this with their being unknown, with his being unaware of their dignity; and we see in this trait an exhibition of the virtue—to honor all men."—DR. CHALMERS' *Daily Scripture Readings.*

THE RIGHT END OF LABOR.—I have seen it quoted from Aristotle, that the end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes no man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavor, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work, that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so shamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved, by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes, the working itself, incessant working, is the thing defied. Now what is the object of most work? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all and all with man. Moreover, in those cases where the pressure of bread-getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. They enter into their minds as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily and upon the face of them excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labor.—*Friends in Council.*

THE LAND OF JUDEA.—"At this rudimental stage in the history of the world, the kingdoms were small; and those who governed them, though dignified by the name of kings, were very petty chiefs. We recollect an infidel jest of Voltaire's on the insignificance of the district of Judea—from whence he would insinuate how unlikely it is that a place so limited should have been the real theatre of transactions and events which, if authentic, far are the most important that ever took place for the destinies of our species. There is something in our view highly unphilosophical in such an observation—as if the same play of essential interests and feelings, and the same manifestation of highest principles, the same lessons, the same moral, could not be as effectually exhibited within the limits of a narrow as within those of the widest materialism. There is no country which, apart from revelation, has bequeathed greater examples or done more for the civilization of our race than ancient Greece—yet look to the smallness of its territory, and see how all that is greatest and most imposing in secular history, was condensed there within a space far more contracted than was the land of Judea or the kingdom of Scotland, which last may, in her church contests and by the doings of her church, give forth lessons which may influentially and most importantly tell through the whole of Christendom."—DR. CHALMERS' *Scriptural Readings.*

The City Gentleman to his Infant Son

AIR—*"Oh, rest thee, my darling."*

OH! slumber my youngster, in ignorance blest,
No thoughts of the panic deprives thee of rest;
Though things e'er so bad in the city may be,
They give no concern, my young shaver to thee,
Thou Dread'st not to think of the firms that may smash;
Thou feel'st not the lowness of credit and cash;
Thou heed'st not the tightness of money a jot,
It pinches thee—happy young gentleman!—not.

The bank may determine to put on the screw
Thou wilt not be frightened; thou'lt never look blue;
What matter to thee, little fellow of mine,
If discount's at three-and-a-half, or at nine!
Unconscious art thou of such things as bad debts,
With nothing to hope in the shape of assets;
Thou art not disheartened—thou are not dismayed,
To think of the bill to be noted or paid.

Then slumber, young gentleman, rest while you may,
You'll surely know all about these things one day;
Sleep on, undisturbed by the world's busy hum;
For, like a young bear, you've your troubles to come.
Punch.

MAN A TEACHING ANIMAL.—"In some cases the instinct of the dog approaches so near to the intelligence of man, that it is extremely difficult to know where to draw the line. There are, however, some points in which the superiority of the intellect of man to the most sagacious of the brute creation is evident at a single glance; and one is that no brute, however quick it may be found to learn any kind of trick, has yet been found capable of imparting what it has acquired to another. A dancing dog cannot teach another dog, and one who has learnt to pick out letters, or perform any other tricks, can only do exactly what it has been taught without the power of making any variation, and very often can only perform them at the command of the master who taught them."—*Mrs. Loudon's Facts from the world of Nature.*

THE DOCTOR'S OPINION OF THE PUBLIC.—"I will tell you what you are; you are a great, ugly, many headed beast, with a great many ears which are long, hairy, ticklish, moveable, erect and never at rest.

"Look at your picture in Southey's Hexameters,—that poem in which his laureated Doctorship writes verses by the yard instead of the foot—he describes you as 'many headed and monstrous.'

'with numberless faces,
Numberless beastial ears, erect to all rumors, and restless,
And with numberless mouths which are fill'd with lies, as with arrows.'

"Look at that Picture my Public!—It is very like you!"—*The Doctor.*

STYLES.—"Styles may with more accuracy be classed, and for this purpose metals might be used in literature as they are in heraldry. We might speak of the golden style, the silver, the iron, the leaden, the pinchbeck and the bronze.

"Others there are which cannot be brought under any of these appellations. There is the Cyclopean style, of which Johnson is the great example; the sparkling, or micacious, possessed by Hazlitt, and much affected in reviews and magazines; the oleaginous, in which Mr. Charles Butler bears the palm, or more appropriately the olive branch: the fulminating—which is Walter Landor's, whose conversation has been compared to thunder and lightning; the impenetrable—which is sometimes used by Mr. Coleridge; and the Jeremy-Benthamite, which cannot with propriety be distinguished by any other name than one derived from its unparalleled and unparallelable author.

"There is the lean style, of which Nathaniel Lardner and William Coxe may be held up as examples; and there is the larded one, exemplified in Bishop Andrews, and in Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy; Jeremy Taylor's is both a flowery and a fruitful style; Harvey the Meditationist's a weedy one. There are the hard and dry; the weak and watery, the manly and womanly, the juvenile and the anile; the round and the pointed; the flashey and the fiery; the lucid and the opaque; the luminous and the tenebrous; the continuous and the disjointed. The washy and the slap-dash are both much in vogue, especially in magazines and reviews; so are the barbed and venomed. The High-Slung style is exhibited in the Court Journal and in Mr. Colburn's novels; the Low-Slang in Tom and Jerry Bell's Life in London, and most magazines, those espcially which are of most pretentions.

"The flatulent style, the feverish, the aguish, and the atrabilious are all as common as the diseases of body from which they take their name, and of mind in which they originate; and not less common than either is the dyspeptic style, proceeding from a weakness in the digestive faculty."—*Ib.*

UGLINESS.—"As to ugliness, not only in this respect do we make large allowances for ourselves, but our friends make large allowances for us also. Some one praised Palisson to Madame de Sévinge for the elegance of his manners the magnanimity, the rectitude and other virtues which he ought to have possessed; *he bien*, she replied, *pour moi je ne connois que sa laideur; qu'on me le dedouble doinc.* Wilkes, who pretended as little to beauty, as he did to public virtue, when he was off the stage, used to say, that in winning the good graces of a lady there was not more than three days' difference between himself and the handsomest man in England. One of his female partisans praised him for his agreeable person, and being reminded of his squinting, she replied indignantly, that it was not more than a gentleman ought to squint. So lightly has Madame de Villedieu observed that

"En mille occasions l'amour a sceu prouver
Que tout devient pour luy matiere a sympathie,
Quand il fait tant que d'en vouloir trouver."

he no doubt spoke sincerely, according to the light therein, in the obliquity of her intellectual eyesight, she beheld him. Just as that prince of republican and unbelieving bigots, Thomas Holles, said of the same person, I am sorry for the irregularities of Wilkes; they are however only as spots in the sun! 'It is the weakness of the many,' says a once noted Journalist, 'that when they have taken a fancy to a man, or to the name of a man, they take a fancy even to his failings.' But there must have been no ordinary charm in the manners of John Wilkes, who in one interview overcame Johnson's well-founded and vehement dislike. The good-nature of his countenance, and its vivacity and cleverness, made its physical ugliness be overlooked; and probably his cast of the eye, which was a squint of the first water, seemed only a peculiarity which gave effect to the sallies of his wit."—*Ib.*

A SQUINT.—"Squinting, according to a French writer, is not unpleasing, when it is not in excess. He is probably right in this observation. A slight obliquity of vision sometimes gives an archness of expression, and always adds to the countenance a peculiarity, which, when the countenance has once become agreeable to the beholder, renders it more so. But when the eye-balls recede from each other to the outer verge of their orbits, or approach so closely that nothing but the intervention of the nose seems to prevent their meeting, a sense of distortion is produced, and consequently of pain. *Il y a des gens*, says Vigneul Marville, "qui ne sauroient regarder des louches sans en sentir quelque douleur aux yeux. Je suis des ceux-la." This is because the deformity is catching, which it is well known to be in children; the tendency to imitation is easily excited in a highly sensitive frame—as in them; and the pain felt in the eyes gives warning that this action, which is safe only while it is unconscious and unobserved, is in danger of being deranged.

"A cast of the eye *a la Montmorency* was much admired at the Court of Louis XIII, where the representative of that illustrious family had rendered it fashionable by his example. Descartes is said to have liked all persons who squinted, for his nurse's sake, and the anecdote tells equally in favor of her and of him."

The poet quoted at the opening of the next extract is Waller, and the couplet is one of his finest:

OLD AGE.—"I forget what poet it is, who, speaking of old age, says that

'The Soul's dark mansion, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;'

a strange conceit, imputing to the decay of our nature that which results from its maturation.

"As the ancients found in the butterfly a beautiful emblem of the immortality of the Soul, my true philosopher and friend looked, in like manner, upon the chrysalis as a type of old age. The gradual impairment of the senses and of the bodily powers, and the diminution of the whole frame as it shrinks and contracts itself in age, afforded analogy enough for a mind like his to work on, which quickly apprehended remote similitudes, and delighted in remarking them. The sense of flying in our sleep might probably, he thought, be the anticipation or forefeeling of an unevolved power, like an aurelia's dream of butterfly motion.

"The tadpole has no intermediate state of torpor. This merriest of all creatures, if mirth may be measured by motion, puts out legs before it discards its tail and commences frog. It was not in our outward frame that the Doctor could discern any resemblance to this process; but he found it in that expansion of the intellectual faculties, those aspirations of the spiritual part, wherein the Soul seems to feel its wings and to imp them for future flight.

"One has always something for which to look forward, some change for the better. The boy in petticoats longs to be dressed in the masculine gender. Little boys wish to be big ones. In youth we are eager to attain manhood, and in manhood matrimony becomes the next natural step of our desires. 'Days then should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;' and teach it they will, if man will but learn, for nature brings the heart into a state for receiving it.

"Jucundissima est ætas devexa jam, non tamen preceps; et illam quoque in extrema regula stantem, judico habere suas voluptates; aut hoc ipsum succedit in locum voluptatum, nullis egere. Quam dulce est, cupiditates fatigasse ac reliquisse!" This was not Dr. Dove's philosophy: he thought the stage of senescence a happy one, not because we out-grow the desires and enjoyments of youth and manhood, but because wiser desires, more permanent enjoyments, and holier hopes succeed to them—because time in its course brings us nearer to eternity, and as earth recedes, Heaven opens upon our prospect."—*Ib.*

TWO OPINIONS OF DOCTOR DOVE.—"Dr Dove used to say that whoever wrote the life of an author without carefully perusing his works acted as iniquitously as a Judge who should pronounce sentence in a cause without hearing the evidence; nay, he maintained, the case was even worse, because there was an even chance that the Judge might deliver a right sentence, but it was impossible that a life so composed should be otherwise than grievously imperfect, if not grossly erroneous. For all the ordinary business of the medical profession he thought it sufficient that a practitioner should thoroughly understand the practice of his art, and proceed empirically: God help the patients, he would say, if it were not so! and indeed without God's help they would fare badly at the best. But he was of opinion that no one could take a lively and at the same time a worthy interest in any art or science without as it were identifying himself with it, and seeking to make himself well acquainted with its history; a Physician therefore, according to his way of thinking, ought to be as curious concerning the writings of his more eminent predecessors, and as well read in the most illustrious of them, as a general in the wars of Hannibal, Cæsar, the Black Prince, the Prince of Parma, Gustavus Adolphus, and Marlborough."—*Ib.*

A PHILOLOGICAL SUGGESTION FROM 'THE DOCTOR.'—"I would anglicize the orthography of *chemise*; and by improving upon the hint which the word would then offer in its English appearance, we might introduce into our language a distinction of genders—in which it has hitherto been defective. For example,

Hemise and Shemise.

"Here without the use of an article, or any change of termination, we have the needful distinction made more perspicuously than by *o* and *e*, *hic* and *hæc*, *le* and *la*, or other articles serving for no other purpose.

"Again. In letter-writing, every person knows that male and female letters have a distinct sexual character; they should therefore be generally distinguished thus,

Hepistle and Shepistle.

And as there is the same marked difference in the writing of the two sexes, I would propose

Penmanship and Penwomanship.

Erroneous opinions in religion being promulgated in this country by women as well as men, the teachers of such false doctrines may be divided into

Heresiarchs and Sheresiarchs,

so that we should speak of

the Heresy of the Quakers
the Sheresy of Joanna Southcote's people.

"The troublesome affection of the diaphragm, which every person has experienced, is upon the same principle to be called according to the sex of the patient

Hecups or Shecups,

which upon the principle of making our language truly British is better than the more classical form of

Hiccups and Hæccups.

In its objective use the word becomes

Hiscups or Hercups,

and in like manner Historics should be altered into Herterics, the complaint never being masculine.

"So also instead of making such words as agreeable, comfortable, &c., adjectives of one termination, I would propose

Masculine agreabeau,	Feminine agreabelle
comfortabeau	comfortabelle
miserabeau	miserabelle &c. &c.

"These things are suggested as hints to Mr. Pytches, to be by him perpended in his improvement of our Dictionary. I beg leave also to point out for his critical notice the remarkable difference in the meaning of the word misfortune, as applied to man, woman, or child; a peculiarity for which perhaps no parallel is to be found in any other language."—*Ib.*

ACCIDENT TO A YOUNG LADY IN A MINUET.—"She was led out in a large assembly by her partner, the object of all eyes, and when the music began and the dance should have begun also, and he was in motion, she found herself unable to move from the spot, she remained motionless for a few seconds, her color changed from rose to ruby, presently she seemed about to faint, fell into the arms of those who run to support her, and was carried out of the room. The fit may have been real, for though nothing ailed her, yet what had happened was enough to make any young woman faint in such a place. It was something far more embarrassing than the mishap against which Soame Jenyns cautions the ladies, when he says,

'No waving lappets should the dancing fair,
Nor ruffles edged with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button, rough with gold;
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide
When once the entangled Gordian knot is tied.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's power
Together joined in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds the indissoluble chain.'

"It was worse than this in the position in which she had placed herself according to rule, for beginning the minuet, she was fastened not by a spell, not by the influence of her malignant Stars, but by the hooks and eyes of her garters."—*Ib.*

The young Queen of Spain declares that to look at Narvaez is a head-ache; he is the ugliest man at Court—except her husband.

THE ALLEGED IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.—"It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous class of readers, to suppose a Review set on foot, the object of which should be to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; which should be conducted in the same spirit, and take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the *genus irritabile* would be found to include many other *species* besides that of bards; but that the irritability of trade would soon reduce the resentments of poets into mere shadow-fights in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare, or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the Muses, should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when too he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or, should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise, which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays, the infirmity of human virtue—is the character and property of the man, who labors for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow feelings, than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part, of genius. But it is not less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world, in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which the sensation of self is always in an inverse proportion. And yet, should he perchance have occasion to repel some false charge, or to rectify some erroneous censure, nothing is more common than for the many to mistake the general liveliness of his manner and language, whatever is the subject, for the effects of peculiar irritation from its accidental relation to himself."—*Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.*

AN AFFECTIONATE EXHORTATION TO THOSE WHO IN EARLY LIFE FEEL THEMSELVES DISPOSED TO BECOME AUTHORS.—"It was a favorite remark of the late Mr. Whitebread's that no man does anything from a single motive. The separate motives, or rather moods of mind, which produce the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But an interest in the welfare of those, who at the present time may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into life, has been the constant accompaniment, and (as it were) the under-song of all my feelings. Whitebread, exerting the prerogative of his laureatship, addressed to youthful poets a poetic Charge, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the most interesting, of his works.—With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful *literati*, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: *never pursue literature as a trade.* With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, that is, some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically* that an average *quantum* only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money, and immediate reputation, form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labor. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulent to industry; but the necessity of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulent into a narcotic. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always comprised in the means; and this is one of the many points which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now, though talent may exist without genius, yet a genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar, who feels the genial power working within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he should devote his talents to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice: while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. 'My dear young friend' (I would say,) 'suppose yourself established in any honorable occupation. From the manufactory to the counting-house, or from the law-court, or from having visited your last patient, your return at evening,

Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of
Home is sweetest——

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome made doubly welcome, by the knowledge that, as far as they are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labor of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves you revisit so many venerable friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds that in those books are still living for you! Even your writing-desk with its blank paper and all its other implements will appear as a chain of flowers, capable of linking your feelings as thoughts to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron, which binds you down to think of the future and the remote by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say *retire?* The habit of active life and daily intercourse with the stir of the world will tend to give you self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister, will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients; of Sir Thomas Moore, Bacon, Baxter, or to refer at once to later and contemporary instances, Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question.—*Ib.*

THE POET'S LANGUAGE—"Christendom, from its first settlement on no feudal rights, has been so far one great body, however imperfectly organized, that a similar spirit will be found in each period to have been acting in all its members. The study of Shakspeare's *poems*—(I do not include his dramatic works, eminently as they too deserve that title)—led me to a more careful examination of the contemporary poets both in England and in other countries. But my attention was especially fixed on those of Italy, from the birth to the death of Shakspeare; that being the country in which the fine arts had been most sedulously, and hitherto most successfully cultivated. Abstracted from the degrees and peculiarities of individual genius, the properties common to the good writers of each period seem to establish one striking point of difference between the poetry of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that of the present age. The remark may perhaps be extended to the sister art of painting. At least the latter will serve to illustrate the former. In the present age the poet—(I would wish to be understood as speaking generally, and without allusion to individual names)—seems to propose to himself as his main object, and as that which is the most characteristic of his art, new and striking images, with incidents that interest the affections or excite the curiosity. Both his characters and his descriptions he renders, as much as possible, specific and individual, even to a degree of portraiture. In his diction and metre, on the other hand, he is comparatively careless. The measure is either constructed on no previous system, and acknowledges no justifying principle but that of the writer's convenience; or else some mechanical movement is adopted, of which one couplet or stanza is so far an adequate specimen, as that the occasional differences appear evidently to arise from accident, or the qualities of the language itself, not from meditation and an intelligent purpose. And the language from Pope's translation of Homer, to Darwin's Temple of Nature, may, notwithstanding some illustrious exceptions, be too faithfully characterized, as claiming to be poetical for no better reason than that it would be intolerable in conversation or in prose. Though alas! even our prose writings, nay even the style of our more set discourses, strive to be in the fashion, and trick themselves but in the soiled and over-worn finery of the meretricious muse. It is true that of late a great improvement in this respect is observable in our most popular writers. But it is equally true, that this recurrence to plain sense and genuine mother English is far from being general; and that the composition of our novels, magazines, public harangues, and the like, is commonly as trivial in thought, and yet enigmatic in expression, as if Echo and Sphinx had laid their heads together to construct it. Nay, even of those who have most rescued themselves from this contagion, I should plead inwardly guilty to the charge of duplicity or cowardice, if I withheld my conviction, that few have guarded the purity of their native tongue with that jealous care which the sublime Dante, in his tract *De la volgare Eloquenza*, declares to be the first duty of a poet.—*Ib.*

The authorship of the "Vestiges" having been attributed to Mr. R. Chambers, the *Scottish Press* says:—We know on unquestionable authority, that he had no more connexion with the authorship of the "Vestiges" than he had with that of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Lord Brougham, in speaking of a man whose case came before him at least twenty times, said he was born unlucky, and he believed, if he had ever fallen upon his *back*, he would have broken his *nose.*

AGRICULTURAL.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.

In every month, ere aught be begun,
Read over that month what avails to be done,
So neither this travell may seem to be lost,
Nor thou to repent of this trifling cost.
TUSSER.

In our youthful days, one of the books which gave us the greatest pleasure to peruse, was the quaint old poem, called "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," by Thomas Tusser. A beautiful edition of this work has ever since graced our library, and although our time is now very much engrossed with an exacting business, yet we occasionally find means to snatch an hour during the long winter evenings, to devote to the perusal of what formerly gave us so much delight. In conning over the lines above quoted, a short time since, it occurred to us that we might profitably ask our readers, the pertinent question of "What avails to be done" during this month, that their "travell" (labor) "may not seem to be lost."

We will suppose your horses, cattle, sheep and swine daily well fed, housed, and cleaned; that your grain is being prepared for the market; that your wood pile is replenished, and such logs as will be wanted for sawed stuff the coming year are taken during good sledding to the saw mill; that the manure as fast as the heaps accumulate, is carted out to the fields and deposited where it will be needed in spring, and if the weather be open, that peat, swamp muck, the leaves of trees, and all decaying matter around your premises are added in proper quantities to these heaps; that all the tools as time permits are being put in order; that the hemp and flax are broken; that you are giving a look to the orchard and cutting out all decayed and dead limbs; and if you care for early vegetables and have time to cultivate them, that the hot beds are now in rapid preparation in the gardens; that you have settled all your accounts for the past year; that you are kind and generous to your poor neighbors; and finally that you are at peace with yourself and the world. Then what remains to be done? It is this. As you have time, review the numbers of your last year's agricultural periodical—for no man can be entitled to be called a really good farmer, who does not take one of these cheap and highly useful publications—and note all the hints in it of any value to you, and prepare to carry them into practice, during the coming active season. If you have more time than this to give to books, commence some one study closely bearing on your occupation. Of these, there is a great variety. For example, agricultural chemistry; mineralogy; vegetable physiology and botany; arboriculture; mechanics, particularly those branches which are connected with building and the manufacture of agricultural implements; engineering as it has a bearing on ditching, draining and fencing, natural history, together with the anatomy and pathology of the domestic animals.

These are such things as the farmer ought to know; and he may acquire a pretty good notion of them all by the time he is forty years old, if he will properly improve his winter evenings. Then the mind and hand would work together, and at so great an advantage as to surprise the world. Whenever any country can show such a race of practical and scientific farmers to work its surface, its agricultural productions will be quadrupled; and with morals to match—for these are pretty sure to go hand in hand with science—the enjoyments and happiness of those thus educated would be multiplied ten fold. Are not these things worth working for? We think so; and hope every tiller of the soil in America will respond to the assertion, and exert himself manfully to carry them into effect.

As sure as the sun shines, that farmer who is the most intelligent, and couples with that intelligence proper application and economy, always makes more of every thing under his control, and reaps a larger annual profit than those who are inferior to him in education. It is truly said, that "time is money;" may we not add with equal truth, that education is also money. If then, there be no higher motive on the part of the tillers of the soil to enlighten their minds and increase their understanding, let them do it solely for their worldly interest.—*American Agriculturist.*