

spirit of the people is generally adventurous, and the ocean may truly be called the home of a large portion of the Greek community. Its fisheries employ great numbers of hands, who are trained on the shores to a wider field of maritime exertion. Rivers are not wanting, though better known to the muse than the merchant. But the soil is fertile and various, adapted to the production of many of the articles most in demand in the great markets of Europe. Of some, Greece and the Ionian islands have an absolute monopoly; currants, for example, which take their name from the city of Corinth, and which, encouraged by the lowering of duties in England and the security of property in Greece, have been cultivated of late to an enormously increasing extent.

Generally the fruits of Greece are excellent. She could furnish a large supply of figs, oranges, grapes, and olives, and, of course, of oil and wine. The last especially claims the attention of her inhabitants. That of Tenedos is excellent, and is the wine most commonly used in the Levant. The price is low; and hence, perhaps, too little care has been given to its improvement; but in these days of free communication, a better price. Olive oil is very largely produced, especially in the island of Crete, which provides very considerable supplies for the soap manufactories of Marseilles. Sugar, cotton, indigo, rice, and opium, are among the important articles to which the soil and climate of Greece are well adapted; almost every species of corn and maize can be produced abundantly; but the aptitudes and resources of the country remain to be developed: little has been done for the cultivation of the soil. The active genius of the Greeks has naturally enough been diverted to pursuits where they found themselves half emancipated from Ottoman tyranny. The herdsman on the hills, the sailor on the ocean, were the representatives of the two classes who had shaken off a portion of the fetters imposed upon them by the Mussulmans.

When the independence of Greece was recognized, and "the Great Powers," as they called themselves, presented a king to the Greeks, they made a most unhappy choice. Deformed in body, Otho was sent to govern a land, in which, more than any other, the influence of personal comeliness is universally felt and recognised—a most natural state of things among a people distinguished for physical beauty. There stood the sovereign, singularly ill-featured, in the midst of a nobly fashioned race. A man of intellectual sagacity was wanting, to exercise a becoming authority in a nation of wonderful quickness; but Otho came endowed with a mean capacity, and wholly unable to secure the esteem of the thoughtful, or the respect of the observant. A sovereign was required, who, if trained by early education to a religion other than that of Greece, should have had the wisdom to mould his prejudices to the opinions, or even the prejudices, that were to surround him; but Otho, destined to an ecclesiastical career, and filled with the narrow views of an utmost monastic education, was especially unfitted for the task he was called on to fulfil, and for the discharge of the duties imposed upon him. But, last and worst of all, Otho was not a Greek, but a Bavarian. The place of his birth matters little, could he have identified himself with the interests, and the feelings, and the liberties of Greece—had he consented that Greece should be for the Greeks, and his government a truly Greek government.

To accomplish this was his first, his paramount, his peremptory obligation. Such an obligation never seems to have presented itself to his mind. Into Greece he sought to transplant Bavaria. Bavarian purposes, Bavarian projects, Bavarian prejudices, ruled despotically in Athens. The Revolution of 1843 ought to have aroused him from his strange hallucinations. It failed to do so. The Bavarian incubus was indeed got rid of; but nothing to represent the true policy of Greece was substituted in its stead. A Constitution was proclaimed, but the old hankering after despotic and irresponsible authority has made that Constitution little better than a "delusion, a mockery and a snare." It may, perhaps have been the intention of the protecting powers to hand over Greece to a weak-minded prince, and falling back by habit and affection upon those notions of arbitrary government so acceptable to the powers that be. Happily, however, the dynasty is likely to find in the person of Otho its first and last representative. He has no descendant, nor is it probable he will ever have descendant. Are the Greeks to be meddled with in choice of a governor, or a form of government? Is the wretched experiment which has so signally failed again to be repeated? Are Russians and Frenchmen, Austrians and Englishmen, to decide whom the Greeks shall have for their king? It is abhorrent to every sense of right, to every claim of freedom.

But notwithstanding the incapacity of the sovereign, whom foreign sovereigns imposed upon the Greek people,—notwithstanding the absence of every quality that could afford to Greece the bare chances with her newly acquired emancipation from Turkey opened to her,—that hankering after every thing despotic which has characterised the rule of King Otho,—Greece has progressed. Her trade has brought with it much prosperity; and the advancement of that prosperity, under circumstances so unfavorable, shows that, under the generous impulse of liberal institutions, a bright futurity may still await her. Many of her treasures remain yet to be explored; there is no reason to believe that her ancient mines of the richest metals are exhausted. Lead, copper, manganese, sulphur, Asphalt, may be found in abun-

dance. As yet little encouragement has been given in any shape to internal industry. Restriction and interference are the groundwork of her fiscal and commercial legislation. The whole theory of the government is erroneous. It seeks not to emancipate, but to fetter the merchant. It meddles with everything.

When not strong enough to be oppressive, it is busy enough to be mischievous and vexatious. Macgregor says, and with much truth, that the customs law of Greece is founded on the principle, that "Fraude is the basis of all trade"—a somewhat natural prejudice for Khlephai, whom circumstances had brought into power,—but certainly not exhibiting much knowledge of either the history or the philosophy of commerce. The monarchy of Otho has undone much that was sound and liberal, which had been effected by the provisional government of Greece. The officers, too, of the administration have been as bad as the system they administer. They have helped to strengthen the natural antipathies against the tax-gatherer, and the custom-house officer. They have associated the public treasury with ideas of exaction, oppression, and corruption. It is thus that governments came to be regarded not as the protectors, but the despoilers of nations,—not the friends but the foes of the common weal.

But the Greek is of a buoyant and elastic nature; and whether in the activity and craftiness by which he made the Mahomedan yoke almost tolerable,—or in that enterprising and adventurous spirit which characterises her present history,—the same distinguishing traits may be observed. Eager, and apt to learn, especially in the field of trading rivalry, the Greeks are now outdoing the Hollanders, and taking rank among the foremost of commercial nations. There were four Greek houses in London previous to the Greek revolution. In the provinces not one. Every year has added to their number, and there are, at this moment, thirty Greek commercial establishments in London,—nearly as many at Manchester,—they have spread to Liverpool and Glasgow, to say nothing of their natural positions on the Levant,—they have crossed the Atlantic,—they have fixed themselves in the Baltic,—and far from concealing that little pittance which they possessed during the rapacious rule of Mussulman Pachas, they are in many parts of the world, profuse and even ostentatious in their opulence,—occupying the highest ranks in commercial and civil society. I heard an intelligent Greek merchant respond to the inquiry of an Englishman who, he feared, might look with some jealousy on the success of the Greek capitalists in this country.

"Do not grudge us our prosperity. If we have been well taught, you have been the teachers; and complain not if we have turned to good account the excellent lessons you have given."

The Greeks have adopted a decimal coinage. They have followed the example of the French. It is not to the credit of England that we exhibit so much backwardness in the monetary reform. The absurd and singular division of the pound sterling into twenty shillings, of the shilling into twelve pence, and the penny into four farthings, represents rude combinations and a barbarous age. The drachma is the unit, representing 8 1-12d. sterling, and is divided into 100 lip tas. In these two moneys, all accounts are kept.

One cannot despair of Greece. High aptitudes are there. There are the materials out of which great men and great nations are moulded. True, Misrule has but altered its name, not its nature, in Greece. The Turkish extortioner is departed, but a Greek functionary occupies his place. Instead of a few oppressing Pachas, Cadis and Agas, a swarm of employes live upon the public revenue. The representative government, which was looked to as some security for order, prosperity, and liberty, is little better than the mockery, instead of the organ of public opinion. If a deputy be distasteful to the executive, that is a sufficient reason for denying him a seat in the national assembly. Elections are controlled, vitiated, or superseded, as may please the monarch or his ministers. Still the leaven of reform is moving the whole mass—the germ of good is fructifying—the national mind is improving—schools are spreading—books are read—men talk about public affairs, and, by talking, begin to influence them.

"The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea."

Athens slept for ages at the foot of the Parthenon—
at the foot of the Parthenon she wakes.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Man may not question whence cometh the glad spirit which steals softly into his heart, whispering bright thoughts, and weaving shadowy visions of life's coming hours. Yet he hath felt its witchery full oft, and its magic spell hath bound his soul in the rosy blush of many a twilight hour, when the starlight falls through the blue stillness of the summer air. On his midnight couch, when heavy slumber sealeth his weary lids, it hath sought him in dreams, where thoughts and images of his waking hours were so blended with fancy's bright, warm colorings, that he hath dwelt for a time in an enchanted world, to whose fairy scenes memory loves to cling; and whose zephyr tones and murmuring waters fall oft on his spirit like music's sweetest, loveliest strains. It hath come to him with the spring's scented blossoms, with its sunny skies and blue waters, sending through his heart a thrill of wild happiness, such as its power alone may call into being. It hath been with

him, when the soft sighs of summer winds went murmuring by, and mingling with the low sounds of rippling waters made mystic harmony. And when autumn with its gorgeous hues hath chased the fresh verdure from the forest trees, and replaced the many tinted flowrets of summer with its own deeper and more richly painted; when every passing zephyr breathes a low dirge, and scatters faded leaves as flowers are strewn in the funeral path, then it hath borne a strain to his ear, which, if sadder, had not less of melody in its deep tone. Yes, the Spirit of Poetry is in all these:—

"It is where billows foam,
It is where music melts upon the ear;
It is around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth, and it is there."

In very truth it seemeth a universal spirit, man's happy genius; ever present to shed a brighter radiance over his sunniest hours, and to illumine the gloom of his darkest.

With the beautiful is its home; where from the garnered treasures of ages, it scattereth with a lavish hand light and lustre to gild our pathway; and from imagination's rich casket, gems the shadowy past, the fleeting present, and the hidden future. Oh! would that my pen were a magic key to unlock this precious casket, and reveal its jewelled contents; or, that being dipped in fancy's own hues, it might paint in lasting colors a picture conveying a real, though faint, impression of poetry's glorious mission and offices.

I have been musing long, half earnestly, on the world of thoughts which its very name calls up. Borne on their swift pinions, I have been back to the time, when, on this little planet, poetry commenced her heavenly ministrations.

Was it that the vast lapse of ages hung as a mist over my spirit, obscuring the brightness of those pristine scenes; or that a fallen mind had too little in common with primeval purity to see clearly the beautifying glow which then her magic influence shed on nature's unsullied domains! I know not, yet, a something strangely undefined came over me as I strove to trace the first workings of this potent charmer. But when man, no longer an inhabitant of Eden's fair bowers, was condemned with his offspring to dwell in a world, whose first glories were dimmed with the blight of decay; when the present, before so radiantly bright, was obscured by the dark clouds of the Almighty's anger, and ere the bitterness of that stern mandate, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," had lost its first terrible poignancy; then it was that the Spirit of Poetry, silently hovering over him, and calling Hope to her aid, wove that golden spell of the future, which, though so many centuries have since passed, has lost not a shade of its original lustre.

Oh! it was a potent charm, which nought in the wide world had power to break, a holy gift, touching all things with its own beauteous hues, the best boon poetry might bestow on the children of earth, for it was a boon to all.

Yet a thousand other precious gifts are hers, for those amongst mortals on whom she chooses to lavish her bounties. To some she gives that unspeakable felicity of mind which, being the medium through which all external objects are viewed, imparts to them its own magic tints; and such a mind, even deprived of these outward realities, may still, with their symbols treasured in memory's hidden depths, and in the exercise of that imagination with which it is never wholly unendowed, create within itself a world beautiful as the fabled bowers of Elysium. To one she gives a painter's pencil, and lending her inspiration, forms, combining the beauties of the real and visionary, glow upon canvas. Go! gaze on the living sketches of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, and see in them the unfolding memorials of poetry's creative powers. To another she gave a sculptor's chisel; and guiding his hand, the cold marble, beneath his touch, became an image, a living image in every lineament. The pages of history glitter with wealth from her inexhaustible resources; and the characters, there traced by the author's hand, may charm only as poetry breathes into them a living fire. The world, too, unillumined by her bright rays, were a dark, cold waste, a planet without a sun. The poorest and weakest of mortals feel its potency; for to them it is the glory touching their every familiar scene. Yes, all owe to this kindly spirit a debt of happiness; yet passing strange! few think of her as the charmer of their youth, as the genius of manhood's ambitions, or as the brightener of life's fading years. If to them she assumes any definite form, it is as that spirit, which, having its dwelling in the poet's heart, breathes only in the measured numbers which flow from his pen. In truth, narrow limits within which to circumscribe so mighty a power! But even here, as we gaze, what scope for its exercise. The themes it hath sung, of the soft and pensive, the boldly sublime, the tragic, or the wirthful and laughter causing, which, not unfrequently, have been tried on the same lyre. To what heights, inspired by his guardian genius, hath not the poet soared—the bards of past ages—Ossian, Homer, and a host of others—till he, the greatest, and the minstrel, too, of our own times, essayed on that theme of themes,—A Paradise Regained, hitherto unattempted save in the sacred pages of divine revelation. Oh, I have mused, oft tremblingly and half awed, of the vast treasures of thought and feeling which must lie in the deep recesses of a poet's heart—of the stores of glittering wealth piled up in its secret chambers; and of the mysteries which, on the fair page