The Examiner.

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EDWARD WHELAN] This is true Liberty, when Free-born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free.—EURIPIDES. [EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Literature.

SPRINGS IN THE DESERT.

I pace the long deserted rooms,
Still striving to recall
The sounds of footsteps on the stairs,
Or voices in the hall.

Along the walks and up the lawn,
I wonder every day;
And sit beneath the mulberry's shade,
Where most we loved to play.

No stir of feet the stillness breaks,
No dear familiar tone;
Since, taking each her separate way,
They left me here alone.

To love them, and their love to share
Was life and joy to me;
I was the eldest of the house:
My sisters they were three.

As one who marks the bud unfold,
A flower of radiant hue,
I marvelled day by day to find
How beautiful they grew.

I knew them pure, and fit for life,
If earthly life were given;
And O! I knew, if they should die,
They were as fit for Heaven.

Our childhood was a merry time;
And grief—if grief we knew—
Seemed only sent, like rain, to make
The flowers spring up anew.

We parted; one to lordly halls
In foreign climes was led;
Where love each day some new delight
O'er her life's pathway shed.

The other chose a lowlier lot;
A poor man's home to share,
To cheer him at his daily toil,
And soothe his daily care.

The last and youngest,—where is she?—
I thought she would have stayed
To talk with me of other days
Beneath the mulberry's shade.

I loved her, as a mother loves;
And nightly, on my breast
She laid her fair and gentle head,
And sang herself to rest.

I knew she could not find her peer
Among the sons of clay;
Yet how I wept, when Angels came
To take my flower away!

And years have passed—long silent years—
Since first I dwelt alone
Within the old deserted house,
Whence so much love was gone.

I was not, like my sisters, fair,
Nor light of heart as they;
I always knew that mine would be
A lowly, lonely way.

But they who deem my portion hard,
Know not that wells are found
In deserts wild, whose silent stream
Make green the parched ground.

There's not a blade of grass—a leaf—
A breath of summer air—
But stirs my heart with love for Him
Who made this earth so fair.

And many a lowly friend have I,
Or sick, or sad of heart,
Who hails my coming steps with joy,
And sighs when I depart.

No day is ever long; and night
Some gentle spirit brings,
To whisper thoughts of other worlds
And of diviner things.

And if, when evening shadows fall,
I sad or lonely feel
I kneel me down in that same room
Where we four used to kneel.

And there I say the evening prayer
We four were wont to say;
The very place hath power to charm
All gloomier thoughts away.

I have a thousand memories dear,
And quiet joys untold;
For God but takes his gifts away
To give them back tenfold.

—*Dickens's Household Words.*

POLITICAL DINNERS.

Dinners, after all, form an important section of our British institutions. Our gracious and accomplished Sovereign sets a royal example to her subjects. At a Cabinet dinner the speech from the throne is arranged—at a Premier's dinner it is first promulgated. The chiefs of the Opposition give dinners; the Chancellor gives dinners; the Speaker of the House of Commons gives dinners. Every man, who is a man, and not a screw, gives dinners to his friends; and thus it is that society among us maintains its cordial tone. If, on the Continent, men dined together at each other's houses, as we do, instead of frequenting table d'hotes and eating-houses, there would be stability in the body politic. A philosophic friend of ours, whose acute intellect is surpassed only by his gastronomic taste, and who has dined sedulously throughout Europe, once mentioned to us, as a remarkable fact, that he never, in the whole course of his experience, met with a thorough-paced revolutionist who was in the habit of dining at home, or of giving entertainments. Upon this hint we pondered; and, on comparing the result of our own observation with his, we found a remarkable coincidence. The Red Republican is, in the proper sense of the term, no socialist. He is a lowering, scowling, solitary feeding animal; and when, in some suspicious eating-house, he meets with others of his kind, they are just as gregarious as hyenas snarling over the carcass of a camel. Their enmity they have generally divulged by the waiter, whose enmity they have excited by refusing him a sou for attendance, or otherwise they peach on one another. The Radical Reformer, who pertains principally to Britain, exhibits his unsocial habits in another shape. He dines at home, because he finds it economical to do so, but a deep veil of mystery hangs over the nature of the banquet. He never entertains, so that it is very difficult to form an adequate notion of his consumption; and it might be supposed that he lives luxuriously, but for the mutterings of the tradesmen he employs, who unanimously pronounce him to be a scrub. His servants are generally procured from the workhouse and after the lapse of a year, they do not appear to have materially improved in condition.

Dinners, therefore, ought to be by all means encouraged, for the well being of the State rests upon the foundation of reciprocal hospitality. If the Government at any future period should deem it expedient to institute a searching inquiry upon the subject of the general food, we hope they will not overlook this special and important branch. It is doubtless convenient to have a system of general registration setting forth the number of births, deaths and marriages which occur in the course of the year; but much more interesting would it be to know how many persons in the United Kingdom give dinners in the course of the year, and how many they welcome to their tables. Of what immense value to the historian would be such a return of Roman banqueting compiled during the reign of Augustus? What a flood of light it would throw on social life and manners? How easy would it be, then, to fathom the true secret of Roman greatness. For it is a very remarkable circumstance that we find hardly any mention of banquets during the iron period of ancient democracy. That the followers of the Gracchi did not absolutely starve themselves, we believe; that they occasionally met together for a sorry supper, we allow; but until we have good evidence to the contrary, we are not entitled to suppose that they did more than eat eggs and apples, and stupify themselves with Falernian so rough, that in a more refined age it would only have been used as a gargle. All that, however, came to an end at Philippi when the Imperial period began; banquets became general, and in consequence trade expanded. Now, a word or two upon the subject of luxury, which some people affect to despise, and which others select as their favorite topic for railing.

No one who surveys the markets, shops, stores and repositories of London, can fail to be struck by the immense supply and limitless variety of the produce which is destined for the metropolitan consumption. Every shire contributes its quota of cattle and of grain. No nook or detached islet is so sterile or remote that it cannot furnish and send something to the London market. Ireland sends bacon and eggs; Thurso affords a constant supply of salmon; Orkney of lobsters, and Zetland of whelks and periwinkles. Pine apples from the West Indies, oranges from the Azores, figs from Smyrna and Athens, dates from Egypt, are clustered and piled together. France, Spain, Portugal and Germany, send their wines. China and America alike are laid under contribution. To convey this supply thousands of ships are on the seas—thousands of miles of railway facilitate the rush of the locomotive. As to the number of individuals who are directly and indirectly engaged in the husbandry or culture necessary to produce that supply, no man can reckon it. It is not too much to say that the annihilation of that one market would be felt as a more serious misfortune over the face of the world, than any physical calamity which it is possible to conceive.

The greater part of the employment arises from the luxurious habits of the people. If they were content to subsist, like Apemantus, upon roots and water, or even to restrict themselves entirely to bread and meat, ruin, destitution and beggary would be multiplied far and wide. It is natural, no doubt, that the poor man should feel a sensation of envy when he gazes on the magnificence of the rich; but let him remember that the creation of that magnificence has given employment and food to hundreds of his fellow-creatures. The true enemy to his race is the hoarder and miser—the man who is not luxurious up to the limit of his means. No man can be blamed for expenditure if he is able to pay for what he gets. On the contrary, he is a benefacter; for he extends the sphere of employment, and maintains the rate of wages to the operative. It would be well for the country if this truth were more generally known and recognised, for there are undoubtedly a large number of affluent persons who act upon the opposite principle. They deny themselves the enjoyment of everything which cannot be classed as an absolute necessary of life, and they take credit to themselves for doing so. Men of this stamp wear the coat which covered them at the hymeneal altar, until their eldest born is old enough to go to school, when Astyanax succeeds to the reversion of the threadbare garment, cut down to the dimensions of a jacket. No sight is more profoundly melancholy than the opening of the repositories of a deceased spinster of the Lady Grippy school. Her whole wardrobe, to which no addition has been made since the Rev. Jonas Hungudgeon disappointed her middle-aged affections, would not fetch three shillings at Rag Fair. The scanty pieces of furniture are of the craziest description; the carpet so worn that its pattern is entirely obliterated; the dusters have been darned so often that their original texture has disappeared. Cracked china, brass and glass beads, and one treasured ornament of cairngorm, containing the most valuable of her effects; but in one drawer there was a pocket-book of antique form, and in it is discovered a deposit receipt of the Royal Bank of Scotland for fifteen thousand pounds! The lonesome woman has been scraping together, hoarding and saving, for many years, representing herself all the while to her friends as an object of compassion—doing good, no doubt, in her way, by distributing many tracts and a little flannel to the poor, but never dreaming that it was a Christian duty to foster the industry of things. Poor thing! and yet there must have been some amiable traits in her character. The old woman who has acted as her sole servant on miserable wages for the last twenty years, bursts into a loud wail as she sees the sacred repositories invaded by the grasp of a stranger—and is no hypocrite, for with the death of her mistress her sole tie to earth is severed. Then there is the old cat, so sleek and comfortable, coiled on the rug, and winking as if it wondered at the unusual bustle; and the little canary, once so brisk and lively, but now lifeless and dejected, as if it missed the hand that was wont to give it food. A melancholy scene, on which we will not further dwell! Well—there is the money now to be used, or it may be, squandered; for her nephew, Jack Littlego, has a decided propensity for the turf; but we cannot help thinking with a sigh that the poor old decrepit and uncared-for woman, who now lies in a dreary churchyard, might have had better interest for the money in the shape of the blessings of her kind.

The sin of Dives lay not in his wealth, or even his sumptuousness—it lay in his entire abandonment to self, and his disregard of the welfare of others. The very dogs were more compassionate than he, for they licked the sores of the beggar to whom he sent not a portion from his hoard. But it is wrong to distort the beautiful and kindly parable into a denunciation of wealth and magnificence, which, duly administered, are beneficial far beyond the person of the possessor. A stranger to British society and customs, who beholds for the first time one of the stately baronial castles, seats of our highest nobility, is apt enough to form a false estimate of the influence which is really exercised by the wealth of the owner. He sees the hall filled with liveried servants; he walks through carpeted galleries, upon the walls of which are hung the choicest productions of modern and ancient art; he beholds the costly furniture, the marble statues and the bronzes, the ample library and the conservatories; he passes through the gardens and pleasure-ground, and is amazed by the care, neatness and exquisite taste which are every where apparent. He visits the stables; admires the noble horses and the equipages which are there; and on comparing his own lot with that of the owner of the princely mansion, he may lament that the opulence enjoyed by one man should not be distributed among thousands. Such thoughts may occur not only to a stranger, but to many of our own countrymen who toil for their daily bread; and the existence of such wealth in the hands of a few is the most favorite argument in the mouths of demagogues who preach disaffection to the ignorant. This view has of late years been adopted by some men of education, and even talent. Wealth has been denounced as sinful from the pulpit, and the most dangerous doctrines of Socialism have been insinuated as the aspirations of a fervid philanthropy. Now it is a very easy thing to demonstrate that such views are utterly false, and that, if sincerely entertained, they arise from shallowness of thought. The fact is, that the owner of that wealth is dispensing it for the general benefit. He clothes and maintains a large retinue of servants, thereby lessening the pressure on the labor market. The trimness of the pleasure-ground is the result of the constant care and attention of many gardeners. The equipages have given profit to the London coach-makers, and enabled them to pay high wages to their workmen. The costly furniture has benefited the upholsterers and his operatives. Artists have received large sums for the pictures, statues, busts and bronzes. The stocking of the library assists the book-trade and authors—in short, magnificence is but another word for munificence, and it scatters its blessings far and wide. The same results would by no means follow if the wealth were subdivided, because wealth alone can give adequate encouragement to artists, and even the highest class of artizans. A man may be comfortable in his circumstances, and yet unable to indulge in such expensive luxuries as pictures, or wrought plate, or other articles of decoration or of taste; and without the existence of a wealthy class among us, art would soon dwindle and decay. Wealth rightfully gained or inherited, and properly employed, even though it be lodged in the hands of comparatively few individuals, tends to the prosperity of the whole nation; a proposition so clear that it seems absolutely marvellous that any one should have been tempted to dispute it.

While saying this, however, we wish it to be understood that we regard with no favor, but the reverse, that inordinate craving after wealth which is one symptom of the age, or that reckless extravagance which is another. The pursuit of riches is a great snare, and in that headlong race may fall down to rise no more.

Miscellaneous.

A POETICAL DUN.

The editor of the Methodist Protestant recently addressed the following lines to his subscribers:

Should you ask us why this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper weekly,
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of church affairs and prospects,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of wisdom and instruction;
Read the table of the markets,
Carefully corrected weekly—
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you.

From the printer, from the mailer,
From the kind old paper maker,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a *stamp* from Uncle Samuel—
Uncle *Sam* the rowdies call him;
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us what you owe us."

Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank note has left us,
When the gold coin all has vanished,
Gone to pay the paper maker,
Gone to pay the toiling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,
Gone to pay the sable carrier,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle *Sam* the rowdies call him—
Gone to pay the Western paper
Three and twenty hundred dollars?

Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due for years of toilsome labor,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.

Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you taste a pleasent slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper *paid for!*
Send us money—send us money,
Send us money—send us money:
Send the money that you owe us!

An editor down south has been puffing his well-water thus: "O! such water! cooler than crystal—clearer than the breath of spring!—(guess that's transposition)—pure as woman's heart—sparkling as champagne—and excellent to—boil potatoes in!" Burke was right—"Only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous!"

THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.—Poets and artists generally, it is held, are and ought to be distinguished by a predominance of sensibility over principle, an excess of what Coleridge called the spiritual over what he called the mortal part of man. A nature built on quicksands, an organization of nervous, languid tempestuous with occasion, a soul falling or soaring, now subject to ecstasies, and now to remorses—such, it is supposed, and on no small induction of actual instances, is the appropriate constitution of the poet. Mobility, absolute and entire destitution of principle properly so called, capacity for varying the mood indefinitely rather than for retaining and keeping up one moral gesture or resolution through all moods—this, say the theorist, is the essential thing in the structure of the artist. Against the truth of this, however, as a maxim of universal application, the character of Milton, as well as that of Wordsworth after him, is a remarkable protest. Were it possible to place before the theorists all the materials which exist for judging of Milton's personal disposition as a young man, without exhibiting to them, at the same time, the actual and early proofs of his poetical genius, their conclusions, were they true to their theory, would necessarily be, that the basis of his nature was too solid and immovable, the platform of personal aims and aspirations over which his thoughts moved and had footing, too fixed and firm, to permit that he should have been a poet. Nay, whosoever, even appreciating Milton as a poet, shall come to the investigation of his writings, armed with the pre-conception of the poetical character, which is sure to be derived from an intimacy with the character of Shakspeare, will hardly escape some feeling of the same kind. Seriousness, we repeat, a solemn and even austere demeanour of mind, was the characteristic of Milton even in his youth. And the outward manifestation of this was a life of pure and devout observance. This is a point that ought not to be avoided or dismissed in mere general language; for he who does not lay stress on this, knows not and loves not Milton. Accept, then, by way of more particular statement, his own remarkable words in justifying himself against an inuendo of one of his adversaries in later life reflecting on the tenor of his juvenile pursuits and behaviour. "A certain niceness of nature," he says, "an honest haughtiness and self-esteem either of what I was or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly, that modesty whereof, though not in the title-page, yet here I may be excused to make some beseeming profession; all these, uniting the supply of their natural aid together kept me still above those low descents of mind, beneath which he must deject and plunge himself that can agree to saleable and unlawful prostitutions." Fancy, ye to whom the moral frailty of genius is a consolation, or to whom the association of virtue with youth and Cambridge is a jest—fancy Milton, as this passage from his own pen describes him at the age of 23, returning to his father's house from the University, full of its accomplishments and honours, an auburn-haired youth, beautiful as the Apollo of a northern clime, and that beautiful body the temple of a soul pure and unsoiled. Truly, a son for a mother to take to her arms with joy and pride.—*Professor Mason.*

NAPOLEON I.—The personal appearance of Napoleon, in the last days of his power, is thus described by Lamartine:—"The empire had made him old before his time. Gratified ambition, satiated pride, the delights of a palace, a luxurious table, a voluptuous couch, long vigils, sleepless nights, divided between labour and festive pleasure, the habit of riding, which made him corpulent,—all tended to deaden his limbs and enervate his faculties. An early obesity overloaded him with flesh. His cheeks, formerly streaked with muscles and hollowed by the working of genius, were broad, full, and overhanging, like those of Otho in the Roman medals of the empire. An excess of bile mingling with the blood, gave a yellow tint to the skin, which at a distance looked like a varnish of pale gold on his countenance. His lips still preserved their Grecian outline and steady grace, passing easily from a smile to a menace. His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base of his features. His nose was but a line, thin and transparent. The paleness of his cheeks gave greater brilliancy to the blue of his eyes. His look was searching, unsteady as a wavering flame—an emblem of inquietude. His forehead seemed to have widened, from the scantiness of his thin black hair, which was falling from the moisture of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery and combinations of a mind, every thought of which was an empire. The map of the world seemed to have been encrusted on the orb of that reflective head. But it was beginning to yield; and he inclined it often on his breast, while crossing his arms like Frederick the Great—and attitude an gesture which he appeared to affect. Unable any longer to seduce his courtiers and his soldiers by the charm of youth, it was evident he wished to fascinate them by the rough, pensive, and disdainful character of himself,—of his model in his latter days. He moulded himself, as it were, into the statue of reflection, before his troops, who gave him the nickname of *Father Thoughtful*. He assumed the *pose* of destiny. Something rough, rude, and savage in his movements revealed his southern and insular origin. The man of the Mediterranean broke out constantly through the Frenchman. His nature, too great and powerful for the part he had to play, overflowed on all occasions. He bore no resemblance to any of the men around him. Superior and altogether different, he was an offspring of the sun, of the sea, and of the battle field—out of his element even in his own palace, and a stranger even in his own empire. Such was at this time the profile, the bust, and the external physiognomy of Napoleon."

We wonder whether the Russians will soon again be called upon to measure their prowess with the Western soldiers, or whether the war with the Circassians will satisfy them. The Russians have some good qualities as soldiers; they are patient of hardships, easily fed, docile, and immoveable under fire. But they want both the vivacity of French and the solid muscle of English troops. The military power of Russia has been much exaggerated. Russia would never have invaded France if English money had not put her armies in motion, in the campaigns of 1814–15. When left to herself she made a poor show in the attack on Turkey, twenty years ago. She lost the first campaign, with 100,000 men in the field, and would never have crossed the Balkan opposed to a more warlike people than the Turks. Notwithstanding her stupendous exertions in the last war, she was foiled by the valor and resources of France and England; and every one knows how, for a succession of years, the Circassians have defeated the picked troops sent against them by the Czar. The remoteness of Russia has invested her image with a power that she does not really possess.