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# GLIMPSES AT EUROPE DURING 1848.

## THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

The Continent of Europe in the moral and intellectual life of its nations has, with few exceptions, been an almost unknown land to the proud, insular Englishman and consequently also to us. It was one of those blessings which short-sighted human philosophy rarely perceives but when looking back upon the Past, that the Continental Wars brought for the first time armies of English soldiers and of English travellers to invade countries which, although within a few hundred miles, had been farther from London than most of the distant colonies. Since then new discoveries have been made from year to year; Italy has been annually overrun by its hundred thousand "Mylords," British Statesmen have spent their vacations in French villas, and German Philosophy and German Science have become known and respected. The History of the Germans, a people so nearly related to the Anglo-Saxon, and yet so different in all its outward forms, was found to be not without its special interest, until the great historian, judging Germany both by her central geographical position and by her historical importance, called her the Heart of Europe.

She is the heart of Europe, and as such has been most lacerated of all the fair countries of the Old World. It is here that in all times have originated those mighty movements which have swayed the destinies of Europe.

Herrman, by his victory over the proud legions of Varus, in the Westphalian forests, was the first to show to the astonished world that Roman fasces and axes were vain when employed to bend men inspired by the inflexible sense of freedom. Germany was the first great camp of those who crushed the colossus of Roman power after its spirit had passed away. From Germany Charlemagne sent forth his armies to prevent the Saracens from destroying European culture and Christianity. In the centre of Germany, on those extensive plains where the Empire of the European world has so often been decided, Henry the First withstood the attack of the Avares and Hungarians, by which, but for him, Europe must have become the prey of fierce barbarians and savage Pagans. On these same ensanguined plains the noble King of Sweden died, not only for the political but for the religious liberty of Europe; and finally, in the glare of Moscow's burning, here also was fought that great battle which liberated Europe from the universality of Napoleon's iron sway.

And once more is Germany called upon to be the great battle-field on which some of the most momentous questions of our day are to be decided. Her plains will again be crimsoned, her cities burnt, her fair fields abandoned and her sons slain, that the great principle of Liberty may rise triumphantly from the midst of the flames, as when centuries ago she paid with the blood of her children for the rich blessings which the Reformation brought to the whole Christian world. The struggle is come once more, fearful are the throes of the sufferer and sad is the prospect before us; but not in vain has the land of the Saxon ever been foremost in the strife against darkness and oppression, and the banner of true Liberty, borne by the gallant sons of Germany, will yet wave victoriously and be loudly cheered by all the nations of the earth that love Freedom and Independence.

For here also the struggle is one for Liberty—the great watch-word that has at last crossed the broad Atlantic, reached the shores of well-guarded Europe and found an echo in the hearts of its noblest nations. Germany, we must not forget, has sent nearly a million of her sons to the Land of the Free, and the enthusiasm of the young has at last aroused the old mother-country.

Germany, once a great and glorious Empire, has been slowly declining ever since the disastrous thirty-years' war. The immediate result of the Westphalian treaty was the dissolution of the national unity and the independence of the German princes of the Empire, which thenceforth presented no longer one great idea, though, in mere form, it continued to exist for nearly a hundred and fifty years after that peace. The extinction of the race of Charlemagne, the fatal effects of the elective principle, then adopted, the selfish and destructive policy of the house of Austria, the rise and independence of Prussia had all gradually reduced the once powerful Empire to such insignificance that the abdication of the last Roman Emperor in 1806 was little more than the final act—a formal recognition of an evident and uncontested fact.

Since then Germany has had but one moment when she might have become once more a united, great Empire; but only one moment, for His-



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**ful originality, and peculiar style of beauty forcibly remind Henry of Fanny Seyton.**

F*****.

## STANZAS.

In many a strain of grief and joy,
My youthful spirit sang to thee;
But I am now no more a boy,
And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.
Time on my brow has set his seal—
I start to find myself a man,
And know that I no more shall feel
As only boyhood's spirit can.
And now I bid a long adieu,
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,
To cherished dreams of brightest hue,
And thou—the brightest dream of all!
My footsteps rove not where they roved,
My home is changed, and one by one,
The "old familiar" forms I loved,
Are faded from my path—and gone.
I launch into life's stormy main,
And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow;
That pouring thus my parting strain,
I bid thee, as a Bride, good-morrow.
Full well thou know'st I envy not,
The heart it is thy choice to share;
My soul dwells on thee as a thought,
With which no earthly wishes are.
I love thee as I love the star,
The gentle star that shines at even;
That melts into my heart from far,
And leads my wandering thoughts to heaven.
'Twould break my soul's divinest dream,
With meaner love to mingle thee;
'Twould dim the most unearthly beam,
Thy form sheds o'er my memory,
It is my joy, it is my pride,
To picture thee in bliss divine,
A happy, and an honored bride,—
Blest by a fonder love than mine.
Be thou to *one* a holy spell,
A bliss by day—a dream by night—
A thought on which his soul may dwell—
A cheering and a guiding light.
This be thy heart;—but, while no other
Disturbs *his* image at its core,
Still think of me as of a brother—
I'd not be loved or love thee more.
For thee each feeling of my breast,
So holy—so serene shall be,
That when thy heart to his is prest,
'Twill be no crime to think of me.
I shall not wander forth at night,
To breathe thy name—as lovers would;
Thy form in visions of delight,
Not oft shall break my solitude;
But when my bosom-friends are near,
And happy faces round me press;
The goblet to my lips, I'll rear,
And drain it to thy happiness.
And when at morn or midnight hour,
I commune with my God alone,
Before the throne of peace and power,
I'll blend thy welfare with mine own.
And if with pure and fervent sighs,
I bend before some loved-one's shrine,—
When gazing on her gentle eyes,
I shall not blush to think of thine,—
Then, when thou meet'st thy love's caress,
And when thy children climb thy knee,
In thy calm hour of happiness,
*Then*, sometimes,—*sometimes* think of me.
In pain or health—in grief or mirth,
Oh! may it to my prayer be given,
That we may sometimes meet on earth,
And meet to part no more, in Heaven!—*Etonian.*

## BYRON AND BURNS.

We snatched him from the sickle and the plough
To guage Ale firkins.—*Wordsworth.*

We have been somewhat offended of late at hearing it asserted that Byron was a greater poet than Burns. We do not believe this to be true, though we are willing enough to say that the Anglo-Grecian bard was a most remarkable man. Few men have had more admirers than this pair of poets. A volume might be written upon each of them,—in addition to the many already published,—but we intend no such elaborate effort; a short essay by way of comparing them, is all that it will be in our power to offer at their shrines. It is not our purpose to treat either with rudeness; but if we can help it, the Ploughboy shall not play second to the Nobleman.

One of these men was born in 1759, and died 1796, and the other in 1788, and died 1825. They lived, of course, about the same number of years. Each had accomplished his noblest achievement for a considerable period previous to his death. Byron's muse had got upon an inclined plane before he started for the stumps of Missolonghi—and Burns never could have written any thing better than his Vision. The poetical mind probably reaches its acme by the time its possessor is forty. This suggestion at least might be fortified by a host of literary facts. An aged poet is looked upon much in the same way in which we regard an aged knight who anticipates achieving nothing in addition to what he has done. For years before his death, Campbell lost ground by every effort he made to augment his popularity, and it would have been well for his reputation if he had died just after the production of Gertrude of Wyoming. We cannot regard it as a calamity of an intellectual kind that our bards died early, for they might have tapered off into something less worthy than what they had already produced. By quality, and not quantity, must poetry ever be weighed. Cowper wrote

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good verse at sixty; but he did not begin till he had reached more than the meridian of life.

There are some points of resemblance between Byron and Burns which cannot escape the most casual observer. There was about each of them a striking personal independence. This trait properly displayed is to be admired: but in both it was offensive. Where it is obtruded unnecessarily, we suspect its genuineness. The bard need not solicit favors: but then he need not reject what are intended as testimonials of kindness. There is something exceedingly repulsive in several acts of Burns, and that towards his best friends. Dr. Blair gave him good advice and he rewarded the Doctor by saying that he never had a ray of genius. He rejects all attempts to keep him from expressing his Jacobinical politics at a time when the French Revolution threatened the institutions of England. He is indignant when Thompson offers to pay him for his songs, and yet he had taken seven hundred pounds from the sale of his works. Byron quarrelled with his mother and with his guardian—drew himself back upon being introduced to old Dr. Parr, because the Doctor was a pedant—and treats even his prince with incivility. These things to a sensible man are affected puerilities, since nothing can excuse a poet from the obligation of being a gentleman. They both possessed a fiery temperament. It is probable that Burns would have been at the battle of Preston Pans, had he lived in the early part of the eighteenth century, and we know that Byron went to Greece on warlike business, but we have never had much confidence in the personal courage of poets. The most of them have shown the white feather, with the exception of Korner and one or two of the Greek Tragedians. They are valiant enough with the harp, provided they can be placed out of the range of the balls. It would have been ridiculous if Burns had been at Culloden, as it was ridiculous in Byron to have interfered with the affairs of Western Greece. Mars had no laurel for the man who would not ride a spirited horse without five pair of reins. Nature is not apt to place a pen and a sword into the right hand of the same individual, and the sword had doubtless passed into the left hand of the Missolonghi hero, though he had been engaged in several frays at Venice, Pisa and Florence. In military tact and prôwess they were about equal—the one answering for an awkward squad in Dumfries, and the other for a parade in a poor town half burnt by the Turks. Xenophon, Cervantes, Gibbon and Steele were soldiers: but neither was born a Poet. *Poeta nascitur—miles fit.**

But poetical individuality is the feature in which these remarkable men bore to each other the strongest resemblance. We mean by poetical individuality that their pursuits were insulated, and each spent his life in the service of the muses. It is true that Burns wrote a number of letters in prose, some of which are sufficiently vulgar for Billingsgate, and this grossness we regret to add has in several instances found place in his rhymes. But no man was ever more faithful to his vocation. To be a poet was his ambition: but he kept singularly clear of ambition to be any thing but a poet. His *beau ideal* of greatness was to travel over Scotland, to step off her battle fields—to measure her mountains and explore her vallies. His muse never crossed the Tweed, or rose above the north battlement of Caledonia's hills. To be a patriot poet was the proud distinction which he eagerly coveted; resigning to others the palm of oratory, and applause derived from successful legislation. It is equally certain that Byron kept himself true to his poetical segregation, though the proposition at first sight is somewhat startling. He made three speeches in the House of Lords, but he had not then ascertained for what he was designed. He wrote a prose letter in opposition to the theory of Bowles: but the letter was about the poetry of Pope. His letters to Murray and Moore are numerous: but they are about Manfred, Don Juan and Sardanapalus. Even after he had entered on his Quixotic expedition, and had reached the wind-mills of Missolonghi, he did not entirely break squares with the muses. The number of his metrical compositions, and the facility with which he wrote them, evinced that he was marked out for the ideal rather than for any thing practical, and that he had become quite a stray sheep when he got into the train of Mars. This individuality is of immense importance in forming a poet. No one ever associates

* We cannot permit our correspondent's imputation against the fraternity of poets to go forth without the expression of our dissent. It may be true, indeed, that great poets have rarely displayed military talent, but to question their personal courage on that account is scarcely less warranted than to deny all musical taste to one who cannot play upon the harpsichord. The position of our ingenious correspondent might be easily refuted by reference to the lives of poets, from Sir Philip Sidney on the field of Zutphen, down to Lamartine rejecting the *drapeau rouge* in the balcony of the *Hotel de Ville*. If with the Italian minstrel, as he addresses us through the translation of Lord Byron, we believe that

> "Many are poets who have never penned
> Their inspiration,"

or adopt the idea that "heroes are but poets in action," we will see at once how unfortunate is this sweeping assertion. There are also some other positions of our gifted correspondent in which we do not accord with him, but we feel assured that his striking parallel between the ploughman and the peer will be read with interest, as well from the attractiveness of the subject as from the spirited manner in which it has been treated.—[*Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.*

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history with Homer, Virgil and Tasso any further than as tributary to their Poems. Milton, it is admitted, wrote prose: but it was prose that can hardly be distinguished from rhyme. The pursuits of Pope and Cowper were not mixed. The one sung all his life on the Thames, and the other on the Ouse. The same is true of Wordsworth, and for this reason, he has made better verses than Southey or Coleridge. Southey should have been an historian alone, and Coleridge nothing beyond a colloquial or professorial philosopher. With Shakespeare an absorption of all pursuits took place, save the one for which he was intended. It was as perfect as any modification that ever took place in rays of light, and left him like a rejoicing swan among the green fields and the woodlands of poetry. As a statesman he might have been equal perhaps to single-speech Hamilton, or as a soldier, he might have been a sort of

Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

There are some points of discrepancy between Byron and Burns which deserve a statement. Adventitious circumstances exercise no slight control over the destinies of men, and the contrast of these men is more striking than the resemblance. The one was born on the banks of the Ayr, in a dilapidated hovel, and heavy work was the lot of his sire. One poor cow was fed at the door of the tenement, and one faithful dog guarded the premises at night. There were no lawns embellished by deer, or fields enlivened by picturesque flocks. There were feudal castles in Scotland, but they held other families than the one from which the poet rose. There were parks, but he was not their possessor. And yet that hovel was a hermitage above which the muses poised themselves when Burns was born, though he was heir to nothing but the sounds of a river—to the hawthorn bush—to clumps of the larch—and to the wild heather with its purple blossom. It is not necessary to say that Byron commenced life under different circumstances. He was of noble and Norman extraction—heir to a title—and owner at least prospectively of Newstead Abbey in the shire of Nottingham. That Abbey had stood for six hundred years, and was surrounded by historical and monkish legends. Burns represented a numerous, hard-working peasantry, and Byron a luxurious nobility. It is in vain to explain away the hardships of the one, or the chartered privileges of the other, because they were realities. Byron turned his heel indeed on the House of Lords, but he was tenacious of his title and he would rather have been born on the lap of Heraldry than in the mines of Peru. Byron had much to make him happy. His woes were of his own creation, for he was invincibly determined to be miserable, notwithstanding his splendid endowments. Burns ardently desired to be happy. He experienced many gleams of cheerfulness and resolved and re-resolved against habits adverse to his interests. But with him nothing seemed to prosper. Fortune seems to have committed him to the cells of her Inquisition. Rays of light fell on him for a time in Edinburgh; and Dugald Stuart, McKenzie and Blair were among those who were held in astonishment by his colloquial powers. But his country retransmitted him to the plough, when he ought to have been invested with some intellectual employment. The rugged toils of a farm were his portion, till his removal to Dumfries, and then he rode over the hills of Nithsdale as an exciseman. Under circumstances so appalling, his muse was still propitious. His poetry was a rich assemblage of blossoms and fruits: but they seemed to gush from the summit of a tree, all the limbs of which were trained in iron rings. The admirers of Byron have been anxious to give him the crown of a poetical martyrdom. They have tried to excite sympathy even for his poverty, though he married an heiress—got immense sums for his works—gave Moore four thousand pounds—received a hundred thousand from Col. Wildman, and supplied the Greeks with money to carry on a war. He went abroad when he pleased. He smoked his Turkish or Belgian pipe—lived in Italian cities, and was regaled by the spices of the Levant.

There were points of difference in the education of these surprising men. Sir Walter Scott has said, that the education of Burns was as good as that of one-half of the Scottish nobility. This may be true, but we look in vain for such a poet among the privileged orders of Scotland. If among them that amount of education has not given rise to any celebrated minstrel, the wonder is not diminished that it should have produced such an one from the peasantry. He received the bare elements of knowledge. He could read and write—had a smattering of French, and understood calculation to a limited extent. Various books fell in his way, which his mind immediately devoured. On such a basis his imagination commenced its operations, nurtured, however, by the external scenery of his country. The fir tree, the haw, the loch, the burn, the brae, the glen, the flood, the mountain, the stars, were his preceptors. Scotland was the hall in which nature read lectures to her fond and admiring pupil, not about the Pyramids of Egypt—the Chinese wall—the siege of Troy—or the adventures of Ulysses, but about her own secluded charms. He has described his own education in his Vision. Scotland, though barren, became to him a kind of Hesperian garden. He slew every dragon

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that opposed his entrance, and took off the golden fleece of poetry suspended upon the interior of her heather soil. How different was the training of the Newstead Bard. We doubt not that his education was irregular; but then he made it irregular by his own volition. He possessed every advantage which Harrow could afford* and was subsequently sent to one of the colleges in the University of Cambridge. He probably held in contempt the mental discipline to which many submit in that ancient and renowned University. Others besides Byron have spoken slightingly of Oxford and Cambridge. Milton appears never to have liked his college, and Gibbon always spoke coldly of Pembroke, but Dr. Johnson alleges that any youth who goes to either of those Universities must be inspired by the genius of the place. He spends his terms among all the associations which English Literature has it in its power to present from the days of Alfred to the present time. Their gates, and gardens—their groves, their streams and towers, are all haunted. Some cells return sound but once, but these antique grottoes of taste and letters, are always echoing back the names of a thousand illustrious men upon the ear of England. They claim the experiments of Newton—the discoveries of Lord Verulam—the investigations of Locke—the loud notes of Milton—the ethics of Johnson and the pictures of Addison. Byron must have derived advantage from Cambridge, even though he might have left it without being able to construct an equilateral triangle upon a given straight line. He could not have been indifferent to the collision of mind with mind—to the lectures of professors—to libraries, and to the classical reminiscences which rise in throngs by the Cam. A University might have ruined Burns; but it had no slight agency in creating Byron.

In looking over the poetry of the Scot, our attention is immediately struck by the home materials out of which it is wrought. He was anointed by the Muse of Coila and to that Muse his allegiance was undeviating. The vow of Hannibal was one of perpetual hostility to Rome. That of Burns was one of perpetual devotion to Scotland. He seems to have been shut up within her cardinal points—to have gazed on her eastern sun and western star, on her highland snows and her Nithdale flowers. He loved her brown clouds and misty skies, and her surface was to him a chequered floor on which he moved forward to the Mosaic temple of the muses. His subjects and imagery were local. The kirks, the moors, the bridges, the straths, the traditions, the history, the rustic customs and the harvest moons of his native land were the themes which resounded from his cymbal. Painters have followed in his wake, and engravers have reduced into the captivity of their art every object he has described. But the materials of Byron were foreign and his pictures were remote as possible from being English. He abjured his country not only by withdrawing his person from the number of her peers, but in his poetry. Other bards had depicted the scenery of the Wye, the castles of the Thames, the groves of the Trent, and the downs of the Humber. They had penetrated the dales and stood on the hills of England. They had lingered among her ruins, and watched the foam of her coast. From Forest Hill, in the Shire of Oxford, Milton had sketched one of her rural prospects—the imagination of Shakespeare had revelled among her green saloons—Pope had waked his harp among the flocks and shades of Windsor. Cowper had moralised over her gardens—Southey had mused among her lakes—Crabbe had portrayed her boroughs—Montgomery had exposed her evils—Logan had marshalled barons on her plains, and Thomson had followed round the circle of her seasons, but Byron went abroad. He planted his foot on the soil of Greece—talked with its shepherds—denounced Lord Elgin, and embalmed its classic ruins. He was in all the cities of Italy—on the field of Waterloo—in the Mediterranean and Ægean—by the lake of Geneva—in the vale of Chamouni—at the base of Mont Blanc—along the Jura—among the castled steeps of the Rhine—on the Alps, and by the swift waters of the Rhone. Had England been a valley like the one which Dr. Johnson has stocked so abundantly with the means of happiness, Byron's restiff temperament would have driven him beyond its enclosures to survey those pyramids which nature has reared around Geneva and those cities and villas where humanity appeared to him in new and picturesque forms. There appears to have been something more fascinating to him in an Algerine pirate—or in Albanian robbers—or in Ægean corsairs than in the sedate habits of his countrymen. Scotland owes to Burns a debt which marble monuments cannot repay, for he increased the attachment of every peasant to her soil; but England owes Byron nothing, for the colors of his fine pencil were lavished on the glaciers of the Alps—on the clouds of Florence, and the myrtles of Greece.

The moral sense of Burns was probably superior to that of Byron though in correct moral principle they were both sad delinquents. It is painful to dwell on this part of their history.

* The contrast here, we must allow,
Between the two was narrow,
When Burns was going to the *Plough*
And Byron went to *Harrow*.—[ED. MESS.

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Ideality is supposed always to imply a love of the fair and sublime in Nature. Why should its possessors be deficient in the sublime of morals? But both these men abused the finest powers with which two men ever were entrusted. It is disgusting to the last degree to read some of the letters of Byron, in which he deals out vulgar curses upon the quill with which they were written. His impiety was notorious. He recklessly violated many sacred obligations. He branded with opprobrium many men virtuous and enlightened. He lived in habits repulsive to all morals. He received good counsel only where it was mixed up with a due recognition of his talents. He infused scepticism into his Childe Harold, and ribaldry into his Cain. He expressed scorn for old Institutions. He wrote Hebrew Melodies, but their ultimate object was nothing more than the display of versatile talent. Burns, however, was a man comparatively innocent. He had a warm and grateful heart—he was not slow to acknowledge his faults—he is overwhelmed with grief at the death of Glencairn—he is kind as a husband, indulgent as a father, a generous brother and a constant friend. He threatens friendships with dissolution, but has no intention at the time of dissolving his social ties. He felt the charm of home, the pleasures of the fireside, and the endearments of domestic life. It is impossible that the Cotter's Saturday Night could ever have been written by a man who had never felt the propriety of devotion. An easy independence would have corrected most of his faults, and that independence Scotland ought to have bestowed. Poverty acted to him the part of a high pressure engine, and it reduced him to a wreck even on that tide of song which he made to flow on the rivers, and which had enriched the profoundest dells of his country.

As a satirist Byron was equal to Pope, but inferior to Churchill. Criticism was of great advantage to the young aspirant. His Hours of Idleness were probably a production which he had brought with him from Cambridge and having totally mistaken the politics of Byron, the Edinburgh Reviewers gave it a severe dressing. The castigation which he gave them in return was right, because there was real poetry in the work which they had criticised. Lord Brougham, Jeffrey and particularly the Rev. Sidney Smith, had become both presumptuous and conceited. There was something truly admirable in a mere stripling's coming forward to assail these formidable giants. He told them that with the leaves of their Review he should certainly light his Persian pipe, and nothing could better have expressed the depth of his scorn. Burns could not possibly have written so scorching and indignant a satire. He could not have been so dispassionately severe, nor could he so triumphantly have restored the balance of power which had been lost in the literary world. But under like circumstances he could have made his critics more ridiculous. He had a keener sense of the ludicrous than Byron. He discerned all the salient points of human character, and his humor was inimitable. Humor is one of the finest qualities a poet can possess. It was absent from Milton, for Carlyle has said with truth that all his attempts at wit and intellectual playfulness were elephantine.

Had Byron remained in England he could not possibly have done as much for South as Burns has done for North Britain. He would not have endeared the country so perfectly to its inhabitants. To have bought the best cottage in England would have promoted his happiness; but foreign sights were necessary to the enlargement of his genius. His descriptive power was immense, and could not have been confined to the dense beeches of England, its white roses, and its arboreta, nor could he have found there the grotesque objects which Burns found in the other half of the island. He could have had few sympathies in common with her shepherds, hedgers and weavers. It was well for his fame that he early fell in with an old Turkish History which operated on his mind like a talisman, and directed his views to Eastern subjects and gave rise to a succession of brilliant oriental tales. The translation of his mind, away from familiar scenes, threw a romance into his poetry which never fails to bewitch his readers. The lonely goat—the rustling herd—the church covered with moss—each Italian hermitage and each Turkish kiosk assume new hues as he lifts among them his tinted censer. And surely he was a profound ruler of the passions. He saw their operation on a much larger scale than Burns, living, as he did, where despotism was always in the ascendant. He had more breadth in his subjects than Burns, and a wider command of language; but he bordered much more on the rhetorical. The Scotch Bard was always true to Nature and passion. He never strains after words because of a love for the florid. His language is plain but as well suited to a prince as a peasant. He has had imitators; but their efforts have been relinquished as hopeless whilst the imitators of Byron are still warm with hope that they may one day rival their master.

The poems of Burns will probably be more durable than those of Byron, and permanency must always be a touchstone of merit. The Scottish dialect will make some productions of the former less popular abroad, but it cannot effect their popularity at home. The Scotch



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never can forget their bard so long as their country shall endure. They carry his works to the jungles and mangroves of the East, and bring them along to our own azure vallies. Their author could not help himself, for he was forced by necessity irresistible to be a poet. But Byron seems to have doubted whether mankind would continue to appreciate his writings. He wrote to Moore that Rogers, alone of all his contemporaries, would be remembered by posterity. "We are all Claudian," said he, "except the Banker;" but though Rogers be a banker we beg leave to protest this cheque on the admiration of the world. He is destitute of all invention—his sentiments are all common-place, and there is an absence of all vigor in his composition. Literary fame is very evanescent. The Faery Queen was as popular in its day as Childe Harold, and Goldsmith has now more readers than Milton, but the dramas of Shakespeare—the songs of Burns—the Traveller of Goldsmith--and the Pennsylvania tale of Campbell must live as long as England and Scotland exist—as the Alps shall rise or the Susquehannah roll. We must take men as we find them, but this paper would have been written with far greater pleasure if Byron and Burns had been as distinguished for morals as for intellect. Could they now speak, the one from his sepulchre along the Nith, and the other from his grave at Hucknall, we feel confident they would call on their readers to blot out some expressions which they have used and even to rend whole pictures from the galleries which they opened to the world.

*Ringwood Cottage, Va.*

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# A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR FELTON.

## TURGOT'S EPIGRAM ON FRANKLIN.

*Cambridge, Feb.* 10, 1849.

*To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.*

In the very agreeable paper on Epigrams, in your January number, the famous line applied by Turgot to Franklin,

> Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis,

is said to be borrowed from Milton's epigram "in inventorem Bombardae," the last two lines of which are

> "At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
> Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi."

I doubt whether Turgot had ever read Milton's Latin Poems, and if he had, I should equally doubt whether the lines above quoted had anything to do with the Epigram on Franklin. It was undoubtedly suggested by a passage in a Roman philosophical poem, the Astronomica of M. Manilius, a writer of doubtful age, but probably, judging by the purity of his language, and several other circumstances not necessary to mention, belonging to the Augustan age. This work was not completed: it is upon Astronomy—the stars and their influence upon human destinies—and is much more likely to have been familiar to a French Philosopher of the last century, than the Latinity of Milton. The passage I allude to is in the first book, and forms part of a description of the triumphs of human genius. I copy a few lines:

> Omnia conando docilis sollertia vicit:
> Nec prius imposuit rebus finemque manumque,
> Quam coelum ascendit ratio, cepitque profundis
> Naturam rerum causis, viditque quod usquam est;
> Nubila cur tanto quaterentur pulsa fragore;
> Hiberna aestiva nix grandine mollior esset,
> Arderent terrae, solidusque tremisceret orbis,
> Cur imbres ruerent, ventos quae causa moveret,
> Pervidit; solvitque animis miracula rerum:
> *Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonandi.*

The last line is undoubtedly the original from which Turgot copied.

Yours very respectfully,

C. C. FELTON.

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# SONNET.

## A REMONSTRANCE.

How couldst thou, poet, in whose full rich mine
Of lore proverbial, I have often wrought
And been repaid with sparkling gems of thought,
That lit by truth with changeful lustre shine;—
Oft have I paused, upon the glowing line,
Well pleased to see, with living bloom now fraught
Blossoms, till then but embryo buds; or brought
A smouldering torch, to kindle at thy shrine—
How couldst thou, with such fancies villify
The Moon? What though scanned with too curious eye
Her face be rude, or marred with signs of pain,
Still on the roughest brow may goodness reign,
And her calm smile hath soothed the weary soul,
Since Eve's first grief, and will, while ages roll.

C. C. L.

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