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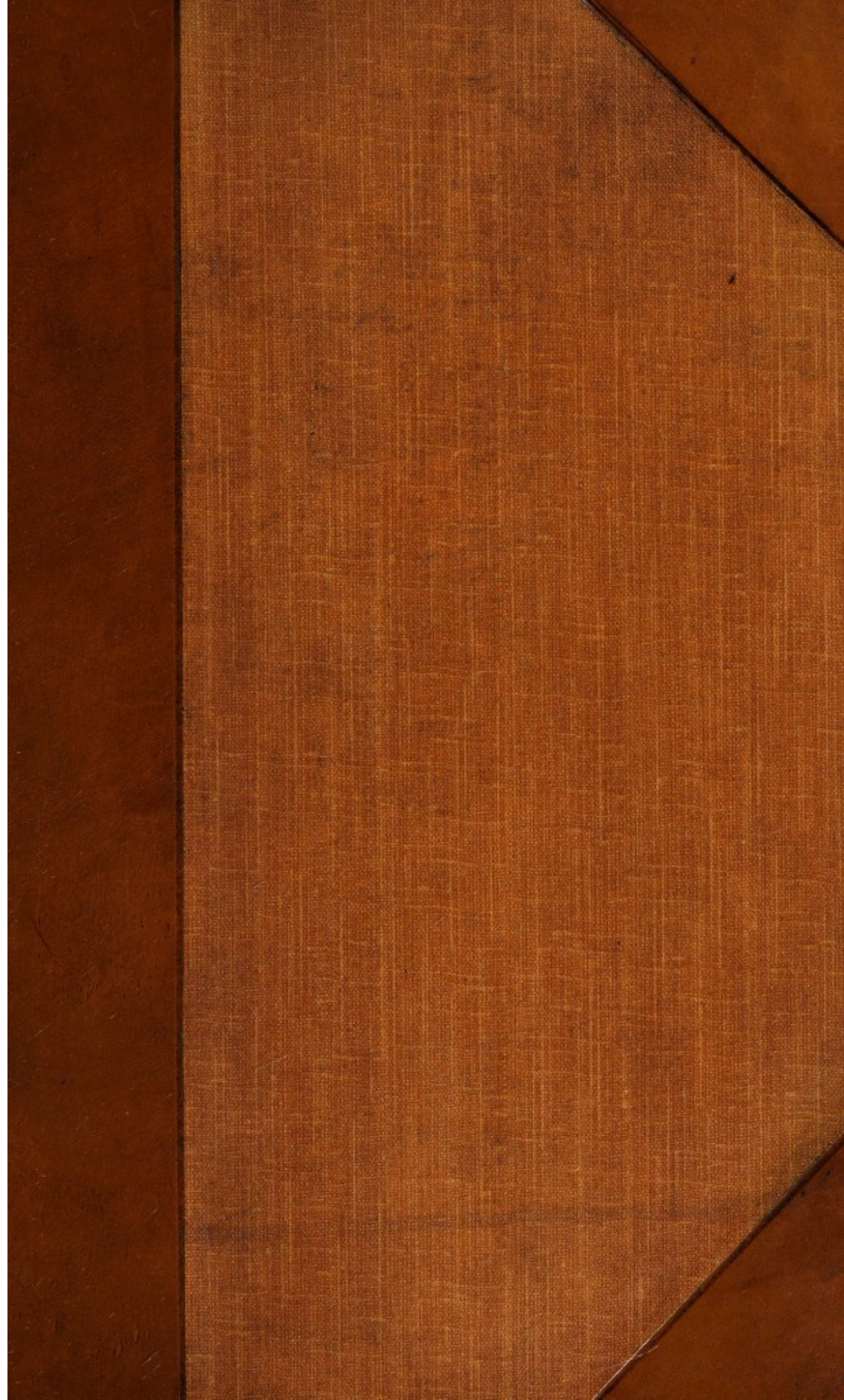
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The promises of tobacco.

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his services merited, but still in very large and copious abundance. He has not, certainly, been personally popular with the country; but he will remember that a character decidedly military is never well calculated to be a favourite with the English people. They are better prepared always to do justice to its claims than to be in love with it. But, in his case, that justice has been most freely accorded. No grants or remunerations, whether in the way of pecuniary reward or rank, have been viewed with more pleasure, or with a readier sense of their fitness, by the people of England, than those which, from time to time, have been bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington.

But—to return to our argument—passing his grace the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Chancellor, there is no one left on the high Tory side to do any thing with as a minister but Mr. Peel; and Mr. Peel, although he is a valuable man in the House of Commons, yet still he is not—say in experience alone—at all Mr. Canning's equal; and, moreover, his views and opinions upon some subjects have a touch of the fault belonging to those of Lord Eldon: they are of a school of policy that is (in our opinion) upon the wane. Lord Liverpool, the late Lord Chancellor, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Sidmouth—these were a party of politicians formed to make a ministry of themselves. The Marquis of Londonderry's trust was in steel; in every emergency he was ready always to advise “strong measures;”—Lord Liverpool could reason upon them plausibly and ingeniously;—the Lord Chancellor, as a lawyer, would justify them; and the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the troops, would carry them into execution; and Lord Sidmouth—could write to the magistrates. No knot of men could have been better fitted than these, to uphold (as long as it could be upheld) a system of policy which the growing information of the age was every day more and more rapidly going on to undermine. But their scheme went to pieces as soon as their union was broken. The first blow it received was from the death of the Marquis of Londonderry: there was no man of equal tact and similar principle could be found to fill up his place.

In fact, the very circumstances which, in our view, render the existing ministry so unquestionably strong, go of themselves to make the formation of any other almost impossible. The present administration—between those who compose it and those who act with it—embraces almost all the leading talent of the country; and, under such circumstances, it becomes difficult to perceive how even passion and disappointment can lead any set of men to question its stability. The “Opposition” is nothing; and hardly can be any thing, because it cannot be united. The parties *out* are a few very stern and scrupulous Whigs, and a body of ultra-Tories—men who may not be able to coalesce with the government, but who can still less have any thought to agree with one another. Lord Grey says distinctly, that the Whigs *cannot* oppose. He says, “I am not, by any means, at all points satisfied with the ministry; but that I should act with the ‘Opposition’” (meaning the Tory party) “is impossible. I differ upon some questions, and on some very important ones, of policy, from Mr. Canning; but, from Lord Eldon, I am, on every point, ‘far as the poles asunder!’” In fact, the mere course of the debates in the House since Parliament has assembled, sufficiently shews what must be the event. The strength of the seceding party was tried, and found to be a reed in the beginning and it has been growing weaker and weaker every day. There were

four men whose voices commanded attention in the House of Commons the instant that they rose—Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Tierney. All these men are now upon the ministerial benches: five-sixths of the second-rate talent of the House support them; and they are opposed, literally—the debates will shew it—by Mr. Dawson and Sir Thomas Lethbridge! Mr. Dawson is an acute, clever man, as a third-rate politician. Sir Thomas Lethbridge is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, and a man of the most unquestioned personal firmness and honour. But Mr. Brougham gets up, after their fiercest efforts—makes a speech rather for his amusement than troubling himself with the question—and laughs the whole phalanx—such “Opposition” leaders, and their supporters—out of the field.

This is the position of the high Tory party—which is not only a sufficiently embarrassing one, but one which is by no means likely to improve; because they are not merely weak in talent, and, as we believe, in numerical strength; but their hands are, in a great measure, tied—and they will discover this—by their recent different situations. The topic of “past declarations” will be found, we suspect, to form a far more serious obstacle in the way of the Opposition than it can be made (at least at present) in the way of ministers. The Catholic question, which they would give a hundred thousand pounds to bring on, they cannot bring on—because the object of their touching it would be too transparent. They would give their salvation to have the question tried; but they cannot bring it on merely in order to oppose it. So, again, the new ministry, like every ministry that ever existed, will have a certain number of jobs and shabby transactions to perform; but these otherwise golden occasions will do very little for the present Opposition; for all the first jobs to be done—the current and unfinished ones—will be those in which they themselves, not six weeks since, were personally engaged. And, still again, upon all the ordinary routine points that form the hope of an Opposition—the money questions, retrenchment, reduction of military force, colonies, taxes, embassies, pensions, sinecure places, and rewards—one eternal bar presents itself to the operations of the ultra-Tories; for, how can they open their mouths upon such subjects, without having their own justification of the very acts that they are impugning quoted against them; and thrust down their throats, amid the laughter of the very Treasury votes that formed their own majorities? And yet these are the people that are proposing to found themselves upon “recorded declarations!”

For these reasons it is, therefore—among a variety of others, which it would detain our readers too long in this place to describe—that we fully believe that the Coalition ministry (with all its sins upon its head) will stand its ground; and that it must be upon the future conduct of the parties who compose it, and not upon their past declarations, that the Opposition must find cause to attack it, before it can be attacked with any prospect of success or of advantage. Our own opinion is, moreover, that the public has reason to be well pleased in supporting this state of things; because, while we give full credit to the seceding party for their spirit and sincerity, we do believe that the principles professed by their successors are more consonant to the wishes of enlightened people in this country, and more decidedly those which the increased information of the country, and the altered and improving state of Europe, generally, demand. Unfortunately, to any departure from a system of policy which was highly advantageous

once, but which, we think, has now ceased to be so, the party that has gone out of power was fixedly and determinately opposed. What the new Ministry will do remains to be proved; but we have their professions, at least, in favour of the course which we think beneficial; and we repeat, that it is not their refusal to rush prematurely and precipitately into that course, which shall lead us hastily to question their sincerity. The ministry is entitled to time; and with time, we trust, it will be disposed to realize its pledges. That it will be able to do so, we hope; because one of those pledges—the carrying of the Catholic Question—we feel to be of the most vital importance to the interests and safety of this country. That the ministry will have a fair trial and a candid one—looking to the disposition which has been evinced by the independent members of the House of Commons generally—we do not doubt; and, certainly, if an administration, so constituted and supported, were to fall—(except by its own misconduct)—we should scarcely know what government could ever have a safe reliance. And that the “Opposition” will fall to nothing, we as fully believe; because an Opposition *cannot* stand, unless supported by the country; and it is upon a few passing prejudices of the people only—not at all upon those sound principles which are making progress among them—that the high Tory party has its hold. For the rest, we have rather to regret that, in some of the discussions which have recently taken place in Parliament upon this subject, a tone of more hostility has been occasionally adopted than either the state of affairs, candidly viewed, demanded, or the rules of civilized or courteous warfare should permit. Sir H. Hardinge’s reference to the old quarrel between Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, was not worthy of that officer’s general frank and manly character; nor was the monosyllable “Yes,” addressed by Mr. Canning, on the other hand, to Mr. Dawson, in the House of Commons, such an answer as a man of Mr. Canning’s mind, and sitting in his place, ought to have given to a gentleman who asked questions on the part of the Opposition. There are rules of forbearance and good breeding applicable to discussions, whether in or out of Parliament, which it is painful to see men of intellect and station allowing themselves to violate.*

* Since these sheets were at press, some changes have taken place in the arrangements of the administration; but as they are only of a nature which affirms the opinion which we have delivered, we feel it unnecessary, at greater length, to advert to them.

AD SCULPTOREM CELIAM EXPRIMERE CONANTEM.

FORBEAR, forbear! 'tis idly done;
 Why task in vain thy baffled art—
 Why madly dream to chiselled stone
 The charms of Celia to impart?

Can bright expression's kindling strife—
 Sentient of love, and hope, and joy—
 Warm the damp clay with trembling life,
 Or fill the marble's rayless eye?

On man thy art be freely shewn;—
 Bid *his* stern brow, without control,
 Reveal, with thought's severer frown,
 The awful secrets of his soul.

There strive to print the lofty look,
 The freeborn glance of eagle pride;
 The deep resolve when Brutus strook,
 The patriot frown when Cato died.

Or bid, in mute and fixed distress,
 The princely mourner weep for aye;
 Or, stretched in infant loveliness,
 The storm-struck lily droop and die.

But let soft tints each grace disclose,
 That kindly melts, or fondly warms—
 When bright the blushing canvass glows
 With Woman's ripe and perfect charms.

O'er bust, or block, or statued stone,
 What lover's heart e'er fondly burned?
 Clasped the cold bosom to his own,
 And seemed to feel its throb returned?

But mark the youth with gaze intent,
 As o'er his *pictured* fair he bends,
 And to that brow so sweetly brent
 A thousand showering kisses lends!

* * * * *

Go—view the quivering listlessness,
 The feebly-wandering, heart-sick eyes—
 The fading flush—which all express
 A Dido's parting agonies!

Or turn to Milan's matchless prize,
 Where pity, pride, and love contend!
 Lo! where the wretched Hagar flies,
 Without a home—without a friend!

In silence heard—the wife's command—
 Though her flushed cheeks the taunt confess—
 She clasps her Ishmael's gentle hand,
 And seeks the kinder wilderness!

Betrayed, heart-broken, lost, and scorned,
 With lowliest mien she wends her way;
 Her streaming eyes on Abraham turned,
 Yet weep their fond reproach away.

To scenes like these, thy happiest art,
 Unequal found, must stoop its pride!
 Struck by the bold attempt we start,
 But gaze unmoved, and turn aside.

THE PRAISES OF TOBACCO.

" The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
It breaks with a touch—
Man's life is but such :
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

" The Indian weed doth quickly burn—
So doth man's strength to weakness turn ;
The fire of youth extinguished quite,
Comes age, like embers dry and white :
Think of this when you take Tobacco."
Old Song.

" LONG life to Sir Walter Raleigh, though he be dead ; and success to King James's counterblast, though it be overblown"—says some wit, who I have forgotten ; and had the royal declaimer known what fearful odds he had to encounter, probably he would not have ventured on an attack in which he was sure of being defeated. The unknown author of the two immortal couplets heading this article has done more, in recommendation of the fragrant Indian herb, than the regal eloquence and learning would have effected in its disparagement, even within the compass of a folio volume. The poet, whoever he be, is truly poetical ; he is also a moralist—a true smoker—who is always meditating over his pipe : indeed, the last of these stanzas is quoted by Sir W. Scott ; he has put it into the mouth of Justice Inglewood, whose character it very well suits. I think a pipe may, indeed, in some measure, be an interpreter of the thoughts which are passing in the mind of another. For, mark the smoker—how deep he is in meditation ! Notice the difference in the puffs he continually sends forth ! Now they issue slowly and regularly, indicating that some laborious train of thought is going on ! And mark that voluminous puff!—he has settled the point to his fancy, and is clearing his brains for an attack upon another section of his cogitations, whatever they may be. Notice those irregular puffs, accompanied by an unsettled expression of countenance!—he is tossing his ideas backward and forward on the seas of doubt. But see that somewhat impatient puff!—he has discovered a fundamental error in the process of his reasoning, and has dismissed it altogether. But enough of this : my pipe, which I now hold in my mouth, has set me rhyming against my nature.

TO THE LILY AND MY PIPE.

I.

Thou regal pride of Flora's power,
With which she decks the July bower,
When summer suns their radiance pour
O'er drooping nature !—

II.

I love thee !—though thou canst not give
The joys I from my Pipe receive ;
Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, retrieve
Thy withering beauties.

III.

When rising winds and drenching rain
Descend upon the thirsty plain,
And thy bright halls of silver stain
With golden pollen ;—

IV.

We mourn thy death—we mourn thy fall !
 For summer flowers, and glories all,
 Must pass away at winter's call,
 Though we lament them.

V.

But not so thou, my fragrant Pipe !
 For I can have thee in my gripe,
 When fields are green and fruits are ripe—
 Thou art always handy !

VI.

When dreary meads are wrapped in snows,
 Thou warm'st my mouth, and cheer'st my nose ;
 A lasting sweet—a winter rose,
 I deem thee truly !

VII.

Be with me every morn and night,
 My constant solace and delight ;
 And with thy help I will endite
 Thy ceaseless praises.

I do not know when I enjoy a pipe of tobacco most—whether it be on a winter's evening, by a blazing fire, surrounded by a knot of friends, busily engaged in discussing literary topics, and settling amongst ourselves the merits of this poet or that writer. I think we should not make a bad company for starting a new review. Suppose we call it the "*Celestial Review*,"—for all its *dicta* would be issued from the clouds. With what pleasure have I, at the beginning of every month, received the new number of the *Monthly* ! With what eagerness do I, accompanied by my pipe, peruse alternately your "*Village Sketches*," and the epistles of your "*Gentleman in Town* !" I think I must be the "*Gentleman in the Country*,"—for I regularly smoke over his lucubrations, and live in the country. How should I like to seat myself in the chimney-corner of Hester Hewitt's establishment, and discuss a jug of her home-brewed and a pipe ! I have sat in many a hostel as remote and rustic as her's, and watched the departing rays of the setting sun, as it glanced and flickered through the thick foliage of the laburnums and lilacs which surrounded the garden, and piercing through the green curtain of geraniums and myrtles which filled the window-seat, and half-darkened the casement, illuminated the polished oak tables and sanded floor ; whilst the glaring colours of the pictures stuck against the wall—generally descriptive of the Life of Joseph, the Prodigal Son, &c.—shone with redoubled brightness. There have I sat, meditating and smoking, until the last rays of the sun and the last puff of my pipe were expended together ; and, as the clouds of evening gathered around without, and the noisy martins, under the eaves of the thatched roof, are going to sleep, so do I, in the clouds of my own rising, compose myself to a comfortable nap, and dream of woods and meadows, streams and deep lanes, screened from the heat by high and overreaching dog-roses and flowering hawthorns—until I am awakened by the entrance of my landlady to inquire "what the gentleman will have for supper ?"

Thus have I spent many an evening, cribbed from a life devoted to the study of an arduous profession ; and thus do I hope to spend many more.

Hayley wrote a poem on the triumphs of "Temper:" the triumphs of "Tobacco" would be a much better subject. I wonder no poet has attempted it: I suppose because no one found himself equal to the task. Phillips, the immortal bard of the "Splendid Shilling," seems to be the only poetical eulogiser of the Indian herb, of which he was a devoted admirer.

Suppose I sketch an outline for a poem on this sublime subject, leaving it to any one who can to fill it up. In the first place, let us begin with the "celestial machines," as Pope obligingly calls the gods, in his preface to the *Iliad* (for all things are full of Jove). Jupiter, viewing with compassion the miserable state of the lower classes all over the world, determines to effect something for their alleviation. Accordingly, he summons his heavenly conclave, and addresses them in a very neat and appropriate speech, commanding their assistance in the very important matter about to be debated, and requesting every deity to give his or her opinion of what means will most effectually promote his charitable purpose. Old Plutus first rises, and proposes to enrich and delight the commonalty by a "Guide to Wealth," in the shape of "Poor Richard's Almanack." This is opposed by Pallas, who observes that wealth is but a very secondary consideration in regard to happiness, and that wisdom is the principal thing. She accordingly submits, that the poor should be enlightened and rendered happy by means of mechanics' institutions and societies for the education of the poor.

Let Venus ordain Valentine's Day to come once a month. Bacchus wishes to build wine-vaults and erect breweries all over the world, and make the people drunk for nothing. Esculapius proposes to augment the sum of worldly happiness, by teaching the poor to physic themselves; and, accordingly, produces "Buchan's Domestic Medicine" from under his cloak, of which he says a very large edition is ready for the press. He also takes the opportunity to observe, that he has expatiated very largely under the heads "colic" and "pain in the bowels,"—which two disorders he expected would become very prevalent, now Bacchus's sour drink would be as plentiful as dirty water. Apollo wished to make folks merry by music and dancing, and by distributing Pan's pipes and tambourines into all countries. Ceres produces plans for erecting cottages and gardens, declaring it was of the most vital importance, in regard to the happiness of mankind, that each person should grow his own cabbage, potatoes, and onions; whilst Death's gloomy King thinks the most certain way of rendering men happy would be by destroying them altogether, and so putting an end to their misery. Let the subject be debated *pro* and *con*, until the vaults of heaven resound to the voices of all talkers and no hearers. Then let Jupiter close the discussion by throwing down his sceptre, and summing up the various speeches in this style. He observes, if he assents to the proposal of Plutus, the people would become too rich to be happy; if to that of Pallas, too wise; if to that of Venus, too idle. With respect to the proposal of Bacchus, it did not claim one minute's attention; and by obliging Esculapius, he should ruin all the doctors, which he was unwilling to do. If Apollo's scheme prevailed, all the birds would be frightened away; and shoes, which were high enough before, become extravagantly dear. With regard to the plans of comely Ceres, they would make a world of beggars. [Here the king of gods alludes to Ireland.] He also assures him of the winding-sheet, that, although he considered his as much the

most reasonable proposal, he did not wish to depopulate the world. He had a scheme of his own, which he had no doubt they would assent to: if they would not, he would compel them. [Here let it thunder in the poem]. He then produces a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and calling to Hebe, desires her to bring pipes, and, lighting one himself, fills heaven's high arch with its fragrant fumes. He then sends Mercury to distribute the fragrant plant all over the world. And let the poem close with hymns of thanksgiving to Jove, from all the inhabitants, for his inestimable gift.

O.

LOVE'S FIRST LESSON.

[From the French.]

COLIN, though scarcely turned fifteen,
Has fallen in love with Rose;
And Rose, though younger still, has been
Robbed of her heart's repose:
Two such young lovers ne'er were seen
As Colin and as Rose.

Strange fires, which Colin cannot smother,
Within his bosom move;
Rose looks on Colin as a brother,
Or something far above:
Colin and Rose love one another,
But dare not *say* they love.

Unconsciously, lone still retreats
They seek at evening's close;
And Colin's heart within him beats,
And so does her's in Rose:
He hears not when his pet-lamb bleats,
Nor she her own dove knows.

With timorous step he ventures nigh,
And then sighs tenderly;
And, listening to his heart-drawn sigh,
More deeply still sighs she:
"What ails you, Colin?" is her cry;
"What ails you, Rose?" asks he.

"Rose, my poor heart of feelings new
And wond'rous still doth drink;"—
"And in mine, Colin, strange thoughts, too,
Float to the very brink:"—
"Colin, I think that I love you;"—
"Rose, I love you, I think."

Then did they on each other turn
Eyes beaming like a star;
And, by their dewy light, discern
Their hearts' long-hidden scar:
Of all the lessons Love must learn,
The first's the sweetest far!

H. N.





