

who has married Art with Nature. Lastly, can you not, in your parallel of Molière with Shakspeare, speak, as I have told you, of the active, precarious, sometimes poor life, which makes the man before it makes the poet,—which assures the pre-eminence of those who have led it, while it does not prevent others from having their use? But, above all, that which I insist on, is the picture of Molière's friends and comrades round his death-bed, while they broke the windows of his house; and of the passage of his burial, which (whatever Grimart said, to give pleasure to his relations,) took place privately. Be sure to say that the grave was only an obscure and almost unknown trench, to which La Fontaine conducted him; and where, twenty years later, he went to sleep beside him,—as if Providence had wished once again to bring together our two greatest poets. Do you know that La Fontaine was laid by the side of Molière in the cemetery of Saint-Joseph, Rue Montmartre? It is asserted that their remains were discovered in '93,—they are together in Père la Chaise.

There is something of gentle irony in the following scraps concerning two of Béranger's famous contemporaries and friends. The date of the first is 1844.—

Chateaubriand is going,—but he does not yet know well where. Lamennais is in Burgundy,—where he does not seem to be well amused. It is very difficult to enliven these two poor great men, and I doubt whether they will find much balm for their wounds, on their travels. If they had suffered as I have done, during almost three months, perhaps they might have found the distraction which they are vainly searching for. I love them too much, however, to wish anything of the kind.

You inform me of the stay of Chateaubriand at Maintenon. If he passes fifteen days there, he will be bored for those fifteen days. Poor Madame Récamier must be at her wits' end to find amusements for her *Louis-Quatorze*.

We have said that Madame Colet has done her best to drape Béranger after the fashion of a French Hayley, reciprocating incense with herself—the Seward of the friendship. But it seems that she was not the only muse and strong-minded woman by whom he was beset; while it is evident, too, from glimpses which this correspondence reveals, that he did not endure his honours without making a private face or two,—good-natured, always,—in a corner at the choir of tuneful wives and widows who swung their censers at his feet.—

When you are writing, tell me who is Madame Lesguillon, of whom I spoke in my letter;—and who is Madame Lormeau. I have had to thank the former for a song which has made my shamefacedness—not my modesty—blush remarkably.

I have said to the Comtesse d'Agout [probably in regard to that lady's 'Nélida'—a novel which endeavours its worst to be the 'Glenarvon' of French fictions], that women do not write novels—they always write their own history.

The above extracts contain some of the most interesting passages of this vain little book. We do not recollect whether the fact has been elsewhere noticed, that a sister of the poet still survives him, at a very advanced age. She is a nun in the *Convent des Oiseaux*. For another female relative, whom he loved tenderly, about, also, to become a nun, Béranger paid the dowry of 4,000 francs. She died a few days after having taken the veil; and the community wished to restore the money to the *chansonnière*,—but he refused to receive it.

The Kafirs of Natal and the Zulu Country.

By the Rev. Joseph Shooter. (Stanford.)

THERE are many individuals to whom a study of savage life is totally uninteresting. In an account of arts and manners among races as yet unredeemed from barbarism, they discern only a monotonous story necessarily abounding in repulsive details, and of no more import-

ance to philosophy than the scratches on the Depuch rocks or the pattern of a Delaware mocassin. There have, on the other hand, been writers, disciples of Goguet, who have traced a large part of human history in the fact that some men have boiled water in cocoa-nut shells, while others have not known how to boil it at all. We know what were the deductions of Bailly on the subject of forest-dwellers, and what doctrines have been based on the reports of Ramusio and Vartomanus. Mr. Shooter, without troubling himself or his reader with hypotheses, presents a full and unaffected description of a very remarkable race, the Kafirs of Natal and the Zulu Country. The polygenists and the monogenists may cite him as an authority, but that is not his fault: he means to be descriptive, and nothing more. A residence of several years in Natal gave him favourable opportunities for analyzing the native character, and he made good use of his time, studying the customs, beliefs, and traditional annals of the people.

The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape colonists, when Lord Grey was Colonial Secretary, proposed "to split the difference, and call him Grey." The Kafirs themselves, though not generally black, admire that complexion; there has been a man among them so fair that no girl would marry him. One of the titles of the Zulu King is, "You that are black." To be black, then, is to possess a physical virtue. Still more important is it to be corpulent. Fatness is a sign of good feeding and good breeding, and therefore of high social position; besides, as a Kafir said to Mr. Shooter, in the event of a famine a fat person might survive till the next season, while a lean one would surely die. A very obese noble was once condemned in Zulu to be hurled from a precipice; being padded by Nature, he broke no bones, whereas had he been slim his whole anatomy must have been dislocated.—

"If the reader will go upon his knees and peep into a hut in one of the Zulu monarch's kraals, he will see how natural it is for people of rank to grow fat. Crawling through the small entrance, we see a large lady—one of many queens—reclining on a mat, and supporting her head with her hand. A pot, containing porridge of white millet, stands near her; a vessel of bruised corn and curds keeps it company; while a third, no small one, holds a supply of native beer. Of these she partakes during the intervals of sleep, a female being in attendance to hand her now the one and now the other, as her majesty may feel inclined. Before the day is over, a supply of beef will probably be brought in."

Slender or corpulent, the Kafir is lightly clothed; a few strips of skin suffice for him, except in cold weather, when he wears a blanket. His ladies are also scantily attired; but both sexes wear a profusion of ornaments, the principal decoration of a gentleman being his snuff-box, from which he transfers the snuff to his nose in a spoon that would astonish a Highlander. Few as are the wants and simple as are the tastes of those barbarians, they are liable to much distress from the inroads of pigs, porcupines, antelopes, baboons, buffaloes, hippopotami, and elephants, who devour their crops,—the elephants sometimes walking over the fences of a kraal, and trampling to death the women and children. The native kings have been known to send out their armies, not against men, but against beasts, and even birds,—a regiment armed with knob-sticks returning in triumph after slaying a multitude of finches. The locust, however, although new in the country, is a devastator worse than buffaloes or elephants; war has been perpetually declared, and magic employed against it, but in vain. The Kafir is thus reduced to depend principally on animal food, and regards beef as the most

precious gift of nature. Five men boast that they will eat an ox in a day and a half, and one man that he will consume a sheep in two days.—

"The Kafirs attach great importance to the appearance of their cattle, and take much pains to improve it, as they think. With this view, they cut the ears so as to give them a jagged look; pieces of skin are partially cut from the face and suffered to hang down; incisions are made through the dew-lap, portions of which are also partially severed and left hanging towards the ground. The horns—at least those of the oxen—are sometimes modified, and made to assume a most unnatural aspect. Means are occasionally employed to cause one horn to bend downwards while the other remains upright. Among the herds of the Zulu king, horns of most extraordinary shapes may be seen. One ox, for instance, will have his horns bent backwards toward the shoulders, while a second stands by with one horn crumpled in front, and the other tending downwards. Not far off are several beasts whose horns meet at the tips like an arch over the head; and before you have done wondering how this was accomplished, your attention is attracted by what seems a veritable unicorn, for his two natural horns have been brought together on the top of his head, and made to grow up in contact."

The cattle are easily fed; but they, too, have their destroyer, the lion, who will brave missiles and musical alarms, and drive back a battalion of royal warriors; he is sometimes taken alive, the king's slaves being commanded not to kill him, so that the desperate wretches, flinging themselves upon the brute in a host, sacrifice several of their number, while others seize him by the head, tail, and limbs, and ultimately overpower him. The great game animals of Africa are generally dangerous; the buffalo often kills his assailants; the eland will drive them for shelter among the branches of a tree. The gnu is called by the Bechuanas a man; they say "we fight together." An European was once charged by a gnu after two of its legs had been broken. The zebra will bite, and the elephant will convert a hunt into a pitched battle. From the forest to the village;—Mr. Shooter has a good anecdote of barbarian manners.—

"A certain chief in Natal, who is generally admired by the young women, visited a friend of his own rank; when a sister of the latter fell in love with him, as he displayed his fine figure and barbaric graces in a dance. The chief was unaware of the impression he had made, until the damsel presented herself at his kraal and avowed the state of her heart. Not reciprocating the admiration, he told her to go home. She flatly refused; and, having no alternative, he permitted her to remain and sent a messenger to her brother. That personage caused her to be brought back; but she soon reappeared before the handsome chief, and begged him to kill her if he would not make her his wife. He was still unmoved, and despatched a second message to his friend, who ordered a severe beating to be administered to the girl after her return. The stripes, however, were as ineffectual as remonstrances; and ere a week had elapsed, she was a third time in the chief's presence, reiterating her protestations, but without success. When the communication reached her brother, he lost all patience and answered that his neighbour had better marry her. The chief persisted in his refusal, and there was a great interchange of messages; but, yielding at length to his counsellors, he consented."

But when the admiration is first excited in the heart of the warrior, he has not seldom to combat the scornful criticisms of his lady-love. He must go to the river, bathe and oil himself, and appear before her with shield and spear. Then, sitting down, he awaits inspection. She, not deigning to address him, tells her brother to bid him rise; pleased with the front view, she orders him to turn round; satisfied so far, she insists that he shall run and walk to prove that his limbs are sound. But all girls are not

beautiful enough, or sufficiently petted, to enjoy this privilege, and these humbler maidens, if they object to an eligible bargain, are whipped for their contumacy. When married, they have to suffer the jealousy of their colleagues and rivals, the elder wives having been known to hang or flog to death a younger one.—

"In the following instance a wife was killed by her husband's brother. A wealthy man, having lost one of his wives, was assured by the prophet that she had been poisoned by a wife of his brother. That person was of a different opinion and attributed her death to the anger of the spirits. Sumali was therefore spared, but afterwards, when another wife died, suspicion again fell on her, and the bereaved husband determined that she should be slain. Accompanied by some of his people, he went to his brother's kraal and announced his determination to kill the alleged 'evil-doer.' Her husband wept, for she was a favourite; and his mother advised him to resist. He was afraid to do so; his wife had been accused by the prophet, he was a poor man, he was dependent on his brother, and thought it best to submit. Sumali, knowing that her fate was inevitable, had put on her dancing-dress and ornaments, and was told to accompany her executioners to the bush. She now kissed her children; and, taking up the youngest, requested in vain, that it might be killed with her. The child having been forcibly removed from her arms, she was led out of the kraal and strangled."

Mr. Shooter cites a number of cases illustrative of the fact that poisoning is a frequent crime among the Kafirs. They are supposed to be acquainted with the qualities of strychnine; the soil yields a variety of deadly roots; almost every kraal, according to one authority, has its poison matter; but they are not in the habit of murdering white men by this means. Family avarice or jealousy is the usual motive. Yet the darkest element in the picture is the tragic mania that characterizes the mourning for a chieftain's wife, not such a deliberate slaughter as in Dahomy, nevertheless horrible and indiscriminate. After the death of the Zulu King Tshaka's mother, 60,000 people congregated.—

"The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Tshaka in their centre, and sang a war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tshaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate massacre."

Ten of the best-looking girls were buried alive. The murderous frenzy lasted a fortnight. Animals had their galls ripped out and were left to die in agonies. Readers who are interested in the manners of uncultivated races will find an abundance of similar details in Mr. Shooter's volume.

Sermons preached in St. Philip's, Regent Street; together with Two Discourses delivered on the Days of National Thanksgiving, 1855, 1856.
By the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew. 2 vols. (Boone.)

MODERN sermons, for the most part, are without our scope, and beyond our notice; as harangues, they generally exhibit an uncommon gift of tediousness,—they are painful to

hear and impossible to read,—they suggest uncomfortable desires and provoke profane comparisons,—they are ingenious in putting the most obvious truth in the most roundabout way,—and attenuating very wise texts into very rapid conclusions.

As compositions, if they do not dive below the conditions of grammar, they seldom rise into the exactness of literature; and the public having benignly submitted to hear them from grounds of religion, evinces an excellent taste by steadily refusing to buy them.

These Sermons are exceptional, and therefore justify notice. They in no way connect piety with dullness; nor, to borrow a word from Sydney Smith, the removal of sin with very deep sleep. The arguments appear to be just, the illustrations apt, and the fervour and eloquence undoubted. The Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, the author, occupies the pulpit of a West-End church, where he emulates the celebrity of Mr. Spurgeon, and is the observed of a congregation of aristocratic observers. Belgravia obeys the one,—Cheapside and Lambeth and all the transpontine regions the other. What Mr. Spurgeon obtains by earthquake, fire and a remarkable degree of wind, Mr. Bellew is said to effect by a very refined accent and a well-disciplined voice. Judging from the 'Sermons' before us, the latter gentleman is a man who has read, travelled and seen the world under very different parallels, and with very excellent introductions. He quotes from Fuller, Plato, Milton, St. Augustine, and displays a commendable preference for Vinet, Copley, and other French pulpit orators. With Mr. Stanley, Mr. Ferguson, Sir Ker Porter, and other travellers who have tracked the same sacred localities with himself, Mr. Bellew generally agrees, and only slightly differs. As examples of his cumulative power, take the exordium of a sermon on Conscience.—

"Conscience is the vicegerent of God among men!" It is not the ambassador, it is the deputy. It presents no credentials for our favour—it commands us with its power. Like Cato the Censor reproving the people of Rome, so conscience is the moral Censor of the Commonwealth of Souls. Men in character, in constitution, in colour, in clime, may differ: from the centre of civilization to the circumference of barbarism we may note the geographical, or social, or religious characteristics that widen the breach between them, bearing us now from the palaces of the Cæsars to the savage wilds of Boadicea and Caractacus—or now from those wilds transformed into fertile plains, where every valley shows the churches of a Christian land lifting their venerable heads on high, to the Southern Seas, where a stock or stone is worshipped as a God. However broad or narrow be our view, there is no inch of space that belies the great round world whereon the woodman's axe has rung amidst the forest depths, and contrived a home; or where gorgeous palaces and costly luxury tempt the rulers of the earth to rest, but there Conscience, the agent of Heaven, levies his excise upon the minds of men. He halts not at the castle's gate to rouse the warder and to plead admission, but with a step that sounds no footfall he stalks into the chambers of potentates to smooth the pillow of the good, or to ruffle the curtained rest of the unholy, the selfish, and the vile;—he takes his place beside the cottage fire, and makes the blazing hearth more cheerful, or colours its dying embers with shadows darker than its own charcoal, according as they who tarry there give his presence rude reception, or glad and grateful hospitality. His keen sight can neither be blinded nor diverted: he treads upon the robber's steps through the blackest night to the spot where he clutches the ill-gotten gold: he defies the bolted doors behind whose defences the subtle poison or the deadly knife complete the tragedies of hell: and his searching scrutiny beholds where the spoiler rifles virtue of its fairness, and leaves the plaything of a moment to the heri-

tage of shame! Thus Conscience exercises its deputed office—omnipotent, in that men are impotent to resist it—omnipresent, in that it permits no man to fly from it: it is on earth second only to the power of God himself: it pursues a man like his shadow, that marks precisely how and where he treads, and which his vision cannot elude."

Here is an instance of pathos:—

"We look abroad. We sweep along yon busy street with the teeming multitude. It seems like a wave upon the restless sea, heaving and meaning onward ever. Look at the care in each man's face—the busy, troubled eye, and anxious glance; see how hurried are our fellow-men, as though they were engaged in a contest with time, and it was outstripping them like a racer on the course. See how changing is every thing. Few years may have elapsed since we last looked upon that scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away; the familiar places of our earlier days have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone. Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they? our friends, where are they? Is time writing its wrinkles upon every brow? and death stretching its hand over every thing we love? and change laying its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early blossoms of our hope? So it is; there is nothing permanent; we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us as it soon will; we look above us, and the fleeting clouds are sailing over us, now dark, now light, but passing ever; and we exclaim, 'will nothing rest? will nothing stay?'"

And this an effective simile:—

"A mass of type duly arranged and set up ready for the printer's hands, is practically useless to us; but when its impressions are struck off, when men feel the emotions, learn the thoughts, understand the purposes, and are elevated and inspired by the sentiments which that mechanical arrangement of letters, words, bits of lead, serves to disseminate, then the printer's machinery becomes a blessing to the human race. So it is in religion. The forms and types are nothing, until their impressions are struck off upon our hearts, and we experience fervently, and vitally, the living principles they were intended to convey."

We may commend these volumes to our readers as striking, original and cogent.

The Coronet and the Cross; or, Memorials of the Right Hon. Selina Countess of Huntingdon.
Compiled from Authentic Documents, by the Rev. Alfred H. New. (Partridge & Co.)

In these days, when Bishops and Church dignitaries preach in the open air and make an Evangelical Alliance with the ministers of all denominations, save the two that stand at the extremities of the theological scale, we can form but a faint idea of the state of things religious during the last century, when six students were expelled from Oxford for assembling together at the house of a pious lady for prayer and religious conversation, and when a father, finding his daughter in the habit of going to hear Whitfield preach, "sternly threatened to disinherit her if she continued to do so." The young lady, making it a matter of conscience, refused to give any promise, whereupon "her father opened the door, gave her a shilling, and drove her from his house!" This was by no means a solitary instance. Mrs. Fletcher, the wife of Fletcher the apostle of Madeley, tells us, in her curious Memoirs, how she, having greatly displeased her father by refusing to go to the theatre, was under the necessity of quitting his roof and finding an asylum for herself in a wretched cottage. To be religious was not in those days a cachet of respectability, but the mark of a low taste