

at the Royal Academy, at Somerset House. Observe how, when he is pleased, the doctor rolls about his whale-like body, and makes hideous faces of Polyphemus pleasure at that ugly man with the bumping full forehead and uneasy look, who tries in vain to get in a word. That is Goldsmith, the Irish poet, who has his great poem of "The Traveller" in his pocket, and burns to read it; but Boswell, who has taken too much claret at one of Reynolds's slovenly dinners, will take care he does not, for he is goading on the doctor in whispers, to a discussion upon art, directly Reynolds has finished.

Presently, when Miss Reynolds's duties at the silver tea-urn are ended, and the doctor's mighty appetite for that intellectual beverage—tea—is sated, there will be an adjournment, with a procession of golden glowing lamps, to the painter's show-room, where, perhaps, some delight of our own is throned on the easel, the carmines and pearl greys still luminous and wet. It may be some admiral, bluff and stately, in blue and gold; or some belle of the day, her powdered hair rising in a fragile mountain above her sparkling eyes and her peachy cheeks. It may be Sir Joshua himself, ruffling in his crimson doctor's gown, his sagaciously twinkling eyes peering through silvery spectacles, that scar on his upper lip showing still where he so nearly lost his life, (falling down the rocks at Majorca.) Quietly patriarchal Sir Joshua is here among his painted children—a very grand old bachelor indeed—one who has, by his cultivated mind and polished manners, done much to elevate the noble profession to which he belongs. He will quarrel with Gainsborough and Wilson, and be rather shy of Hogarth, who, however, soon passed from his orbit; but, say the worst, he is a true honest gentleman, whose name no meanness or baseness blackens, but who perhaps was not quite so fervid and chivalrous in his impulses as some men of more fiery temperament would desire.

We will not follow Reynolds's house into the possession of the Earl of Inchequin, because he was a nobody; but go on to mention that, in 1763, next door to Hogarth's old house, lived that great surgeon John Hunter, who here began to arrange his museum. Here, in winter, he gave his evening conversaciones to all the big-wig physicians, dividing his house into a lyceum for philosophical disputation, a lecture room, a snug dissecting room, a printing office, and a book shop where his medical works were sold.

And before we leave the square, so full of great shadows about night-fall, we may give a word to the statue of George II—a king who hated his father rather less than he hated his own son—which was put up in the square about 1754, by the Duke of Chandos, Handel's great patron, who had it brought from Cannons, ("Timon's villa,") his celebrated seat near Edgeware. It was for this Duke that Handel composed "Esther," and "Acis and Galatea." This duke, glorified by Pope, married for his third wife a poor servant girl of an inn, whom he saved from being beaten by her husband, a drunken groom. The great house, which cost £230,000, is gone to dust; its site is ploughed over, and the duke himself is forgotten on his own domain.

To a thoughtful man, every stone of London streets is a grave-stone, and beneath it lie buried memories and legends, yet with life in them for those who love them, preserved as you preserve flowers between the leaves of a book, so that, though dead, they may still retain something of the colour of their spring beauty, something of their old fragrance. It does us good sometimes, in this feverish race and wrestle of ours, to look back. It reminds us that others have passed on the road we traverse; that other hearts have felt our sorrows, as others yet unborn will groan and ache with them. We are but the tenants of the old inn, that we call the world; others have sat where we sit, others will rule in it for their little hour, as we are doing. Why go panting to Babylon, to moralize about fallen pride and the mutability of things, when there is food for a wise man's life in one London street?

#### FRUITS OF THE REVIVAL IN ULSTER.

THE "12th of July," an anniversary dreaded in Belfast for its scenes of bloodshed, drunkenness, and outrage, passed over in 1859 in quietness. In those districts which had been termed "disturbed," Orangemen and Romanists were seen peaceably conversing, and expressions of kindness were interchanged. In the districts of the "Maze," Broomhead, Dundrod, Ahoghill, etc., the "12th," instead of being celebrated by processions, noise and dissipation, was signalized by great meetings for prayer and praise. In several districts of the county of Antrim, to which it had been necessary on former anniversaries to draft bodies of military and police, several of the publicans voluntarily shut up their houses in order that no interruption should be given to the religious services which were held in their vicinity. It is devoutly to be wished that the feelings of rancorous hate which have existed between the Orangemen and Romanists of Ulster for 169 years may at least be checked by the religious movement to which this cessation of hostilities was owing.

These moral results have been attested by persons whose authority will not be questioned. At the last Ballymena quarter sessions there were only four cases, all of an ordinary description, in the calendar, and the chairman offered his congratulations on "the manifest decrease in public crime, and the high moral tone which now pervades the community of this populous district." He added, "that it was not for him to say to what cause the elevation of morals should be attributed, but there was an undoubted improvement in such matters, and he sincerely rejoiced to see it." Chief Baron Pigot, a Romanist, expressed to the grand jury of the county of Down his satisfaction with the results of the revival, and his hope that a heaven so socially purifying might penetrate everywhere. Dr. Outhbert, writing in the "Medical Times," asserts that drunkenness, blasphemy, lying, and malice have been banished from whole districts in Ulster. A head constable of police states that, in the extensive district with which he is acquainted, the great majority of family quarrels and other feuds for which it was

notorious have been reconciled during the last six months. Archdeacon Stopford testifies that "in some places the outward face of society is changed by a visible reformation." The Rev. W. Millwaine, one of the strongest opposers of the movement, acknowledges "that it has been attended by moral results of a remarkable and beneficial character to society in general, and to families and individuals in particular." The Bishop of Down officially stated that "the religious awakening had been most marked, and attended with the happiest results among a large class of the nominal Protestants of the different denominations who were before careless and ungodly persons, accustomed often to spend their Sundays in public-houses or in drinking at home." He added, "My own experience in the discharge of my official duties gives me abundant evidence of the great and holy work now leavening my diocese." At a recent diocesan meeting at Belfast the clergy, in answer to the Bishop's queries, bore nearly universal testimony to the improved morals of the population. The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church affirm in their report "that the drunkard has been made sober, the libertine chaste, and the blasphemer and Sabbath-breaker devout." In our own investigations we received a mass of reliable testimony to the improved morals of the community, from magistrates, officers of constabulary, mill-owners and managers, shopkeepers, farmers, and employers of labour of every description. The change is more apparent in the rural districts and country towns; for in large cities moral agencies are slow in permeating the really debased and criminal classes of society, which are continually recruited by an influx of vicious elements from other places.

We are sanguine enough to hope that to some extent the religious and moral habits of the people will be permanently raised. But in all probability the opposers of the movement will have a great triumph. There are some of the so-called "converts" who are trusting in the physical prostration which they passed through, or who have been merely temporarily excited by the power of sympathy, or the contagion of example, and these, after a time, will relapse and grow "weary in well doing." The fear which fell on ungodly men may lose its repressive power, and sinners may return to their sins, rendered more desperate by the interruption. The whisky traffic may again flourish, and the calendar of crime again become heavy; but the fact will still remain, that many souls, precious beyond all earthly price, have passed from death unto life. Whatever is good in this great movement is unquestionably due to the Spirit of all grace, for no other cause is adequate to the production of such an effect. Whatever is evil is to be attributed to the infirmity and error of man. When we consider the extent of the work, its novelty to all who were concerned in it, and the ignorance of many who were the subjects and witnesses of it, the marvel is not that there should have been indiscretions and extravagances, but that they should have been comparatively few in number and limited in influence.

These affections, (referring to the prostration and other physiological accidents of the revival,) are no-

thing but the natural consequence of strong mental impressions on persons to whom such sensations are new, and who are unaccustomed to self-control. They prove the existence of deep feeling, but nothing more; and deep feeling, acting on persons of certain intellects, temperament, and habits, produces certain physical results, whether that feeling be religious or otherwise. Similar symptoms are continually witnessed as the effect of sudden fear or grief; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the fear of Divine wrath and the sorrow for sin may be at least as strong as any other emotion. The manifestations might doubtless, in most instances, have been suppressed if the ministers had understood how to exercise a repressive influence over the people before the emotions escaped from under the control of the will.—*Quarterly Review.*

#### "WHERE SLEEP OUR LOST?"

SUGGESTED BY TIDINGS OF THE FATE OF THE CREWS OF THE  
"EREBUS" AND "TERROR."

WHERE sleep our Lost? We asked in vain  
Of the snowy berg and the arctic main:  
Their answer was the withering blast  
Of the sleety storm-cloud hurrying past,  
And the fitful crash of the frozen wave,  
And the hollow moan of the icy cave,  
"Where sleep our Lost?"

We watched for their return so long,  
With a faith so true and a love so strong;  
And we kept a vacant place for all,  
By hearth and altar, in bower and hall,  
Till the hands we clasped so firm in prayer  
Dropped down in the calm of mute despair.  
Where sleep our Lost?

There were cheeks which flushed like the rose's glow,  
That leaned from the lattice to see them go;  
There were waving hands of the young and fair,  
And youthful brows with the golden hair;  
But the cheeks grew wan and the tresses white,  
While still we asked, through the voiceless night,  
"Where sleep our Lost?"

And one by one did the watchers fail,  
And the vigil-lamps burned low and pale,  
And our tears had well-nigh stanch'd their flow,  
When an echo burst from the halls of snow;  
And we hushed our sighs and bent our ear,  
And we held our gasping breath to hear  
Where sleep our Lost.

Our Lost! our Found! our Loyal Dead!  
On a stainless pillow ye lean your head;  
Girt round with a spotless winding-sheet,  
In the quiet rest which your God saw meet;  
The toil achieved and the duty done,  
And the battle o'er and the victory won.  
Thus sleep our Lost.

There was One who suffered our Lost to save,  
And who wrested the victory from their grave,  
And the sting from death. O Lost and Found!  
The place where ye sleep is as holy ground.  
As the minster tomb, or the daisied sod,  
For ye sunk in the arms of a Saviour-God.  
So sleep our Lost.

No voice shall your quiet slumbers break  
Till the trump shall sound, and the dead shall wake;  
When the earth shall melt, and the heavens shall roll  
Away like a scorched and shrivelled scroll;  
And the gates of ice shall burst their chains,  
And the frozen seas and the snowy plains  
Give up our Lost!