

value, and which money cannot replace;—the relics of Blenheim and of Waterloo, the remains of the two Rebelions in Scotland, the arms of Tippoo Saib, the bows employed at Cressy and Agincourt, the spoils of the Armada and of Trafalgar,—much that linked together the names and triumphs of many of our greatest warriors, by exhibiting their exploits, if we may so express ourselves, on one platform,—that grouped together the memories, as well as the trophies, of Blake and of Nelson,—that associated Henry the Fifth with William of Orange, and brought into close juxtaposition the names and histories of Marlborough and of Wellington. The loss is a national one, and we fear we would but lay ourselves open to a charge of extravagance were we to say at how great a rate we estimate it. Some of our readers must remember the instance given by Thomas Brown of the force with which distant existences or events are sometimes impressed on the mind through the medium of objects in themselves trivial and uninteresting. He relates the case of some English sailors moved to sudden tears by thoughts of home and their friends, on finding on the bleak coast of Labrador a metal spoon with the name “London” stamped on the handle. Such is the constitution of the mind, that the seen and the tangible impart to whatever we associate with them impressiveness and reality. The armour worn by an ancient king sets him much more vividly before us than the chronicles of his reign, however minute; the trophies of a battle enable us better to realize it than the most graphic descriptions of the historian,—or, rather, they give to the descriptions a new sense of truth, by rendering them in some degree evident to the senses;—they are the stone and earth by which we enfeoff ourselves in them as matters of solid belief. There is an interest, too, in such relics, regarded in their connection with classical literature, as a sort of goods and chattels of cultivated minds. Who acquainted with letters, whether