

tion than any other spot of similar dimensions or the surface of the globe. It wants the gorgeous palaces, the spacious quays, and the pleasant gardens, of its neighbour on the Seine; it partakes not of the melancholy magnificence of Rome, "the lone mother of dead empires," "the historical sanctuary of hallowed recollections ever eloquent of olden fame," amid ruins darkened with the crust of centuries; it is not adorned like Florence, with the delicate creations of those wonderful masters, who left Art's self effete, and hopeless of an equal effort; it boasts not of the glad and glorious scenery of Naples, rejoicing in a cell where even the shade is more generous than our northern sunshine, and reflected with all its classic villas and picturesque details in the limpid loveliness of the subjacent Mediterranean; it is not consecrated, like Venice, to the very genius of poetry, and graced with beautiful gondolas that glide along its liquid thoroughfares, through the stillness of the evening, in harmony with the barcarole and the serenade, the tabor and guitar; nor yet is it clothed with the romantic grandeur, surrounded with the goodly prospect, or dignified with the mountain diadem of Edinburgh; but still its geometrical immensity, enormous population, immeasurable moral influence, political supremacy, indomitable enterprise, tremendous wealth, and, to sum all, its vast, various, and comprehensive intellectual capabilities, constitute in the aggregate a more curious theme for speculation than any other visible object throughout the world.

Every feature of the metropolis appears to be coloured more or less with the complexion of the national character, and thus acquires a moral interest which materially enhances the dignity of such a topic. The English, as a people, are essentially the very reverse of poetical in their perceptions, or romantic in their tastes; and accordingly the whole territory of Cockaigne, even to the extremest periphery of its environs, and brick and mortar dependencies, presents a most emphatic negation of any and every thing that could be designated by either of the epithets, save and except an occasional copper-plate in a window-pane. Indeed wherever nature seems to indicate the slightest semblance of the picturesque, the uncongenial sympathies to the inhabitants have effectually vulgarised the entire locality.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.—The most stupendous work of this country is the great wall that divides it from Northern Tartary. It is built exactly upon the same plan as the wall of Peking, being a mound of earth cased on each side with bricks or stone. (The astonishing magnitude of the fabric consists not so much in the plan of the work; as in the immense distance of fifteen hundred miles over which it is extended, over mountains of two or three thousand feet in height, across deep valleys and rivers.) The materials of all the dwelling houses of England and Scotland, supposing them to amount to one million eight hundred thousand, and to average, on the whole, two thousand cubic feet of masonry or brick work, are barely equivalent to the bulk or solid contents of the great wall of China. Nor are the projecting massy towers of stone and brick included in this calculation. These alone, supposing them to continue throughout at bow shot distance, were calculated to contain as much masonry and brick work as all London. To give another idea of the mass of matter in this stupendous fabric, it may be observed that it is more than sufficient to surround the circumference of the earth on two of its great circles, with two walls each six feet high and two feet thick. It is to be understood, however, that in this calculation is included the earthy party in the middle of the wall.—*Borrow's Travels in China.*

SPAIN.—The romance of the chivalry of this country, is all in the past—the present has little or none of it. The face of the land seems to have lost the verdure and the brightness with which the olden tourists invested it in their pictures and descriptions—and the graphic Irving declares it to be a lonesome and melancholy country. Thus it is, to be shorn of free institutions, and menaced under the domination of fickle and incompetent rulers. Should the armies of Spain join with those of Portugal in the defence of the latter kingdom against Don Pedro, they would do battle with no sublime or spirit-stirring impulse: they would toil for a tyrant, and in support of crumbling and despotic

institutions. That this is true, a glance at Spain as she is, can well attest. The wealth of her fields swells the granaries of priests—education is neglected—liberal hearts proscribed and exiled. How different from the proud days of old, when her cities abounded in luxurious plenty; and, from the courts and gardens of the Alhambra, to the utmost boundary of the kingdom, all was magnificence and grandeur. Now "the days of chivalry,"—of tilting knights, jostling in the tournament, and fair women rewarding their valor—are over—the peasant no longer moves to the sound of his castanet—but broods in silence over his own and his country's tortures. This is not a distorted picture; and on reverting to the ancient and flowery days of Spain, we may well ask in the language of Jorge Manrique, one of her best poets;

Where are her high-born dames—and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?

Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel and breathe love's ardent flame
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour,
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?

Where is the merry dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.

The Field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the 'Three Tells,' as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

Whence art thou, flower?—from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle blast or trumpet sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field! thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were raised to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrents' foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there;
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt
That calm, devoted band,—
And rose, and made their spirits felt
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's freeborn flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

MRS. HEMANS.

NATIVE INTELLECT.

Scotland vs. England.

Two English gentlemen about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion—contending that, among the lowest class of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the Empire at that time very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who it seems were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clirehugh's Tavern, in Writer's Court, as the most respectable house of entertainment that graced the Scottish metropolis, although in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at by any one having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton*. Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who withal, appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand. Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and after a pause, recollected, as

it were accidentally, that *Cool John*, a Gilmorton carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should by some means or other be introduced to them on his arrival. In the mean time, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the "real Simon Pure," but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on. The individual pitched upon by Mr Clirehugh, was one admirably adapted to sustain the character—a true type of the genus *Driver*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink and drown-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could be got, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons—with the help, at all times, of a select junto of drouthy brother cronies—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of shrewd parts and pregnant humour. At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession 'were wont most to congregate,' namely, the St. Mary's Wynd, the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city, at that time, was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the *bona fide* John, who was soon *spoke* on the highway, he easily furnished him with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including of course, the cart with its contents. Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity, consisting *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern-gate of Front de Bœuf's castle, corduroy jacket and trowsers, with dubious-colored plush vest and other *et ceteras*, not omitting a *quant. suff. of coom* on his face, the self-elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie. The shrill hilloa of Tom Popes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Trunnon and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr. Clirehugh's establishment of course, the arrival of the coals, said intimation conveyed of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmorton, a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear; "Hollo, the coals!" The inmates of the house were of course advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John in the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was impossible the gentlemen could have any thing to say to him: while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. 'Such grand gentlemen,' with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, 'could never hae ony thing to say till the like o' him.' At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jugged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into the "presence;" but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. 'The deuce take the fellow!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding, 'although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool.' 'Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say: but, anent 'he carper, wad ye hae me come into so grand a chaumer without either rowin' up the claith, or casting aff my shoon?' 'Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter: only just sit down now, and take a glass of something.' This proposal we may suppose was to the point, whether addressed to John *in propria persona* or *quoad* his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself a *merville*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out