

de age, walking about, each by himself, looking as if he were sole survivor of the Sever. Young men, with his unmeaning face, and his umbrella under his arm, though the dust may have been lying three inches thick, and laughing to scorn the thin-sprouting showers of the water-carts, that seemed sent there rather to raise than to lay the ghost of a dry summer. 'Tis said that from this class is drawn the supply of theatrical critics.

Now and then, by some felicity of fortune, a versifier enjoys a temporary revenge on stepdame Nature, and for a while is seen fluttering like a butterfly among birds; or rather heard cheeping like a mouse among a choir of nightingales. People take it into their heads to insist upon it that he is a poet. They solicit subscriptions, get him into print, and make interest with newspaper editors to allow him to review himself twice a-week through the season. These newspapers he files; and binds the folio. He abuses Blackwood, and is crowned King of all the Albums.

We had no intention of being so, but suspect that we have been somewhat severe, so let us relieve all lads of feeling and fancy, by assuring them that hitherto we have been sneering but at sumphs and God-help-you-silly-ones, and that our hearts overflow with kindness towards all the children of genius. Not a few promising boys have lately attempted poetry both in the east and west of Scotland, and we have listened not undelighted to the music. Stoddart and Aytoun—he of the Death-Wake, and he of Poland—are graciously regarded by Old Christopher; and their volumes—presentation-copies—have been placed among the essays of those gifted youths, of whom in riper years much may be confidently predicted of fair and good. Many of the small poems of John Wright, an industrious weaver, somewhere in Ayrshire, are beautiful, and have received the praise of Sir Walter himself, who, though kind to all aspirants, praises none to whom nature has not imparted some portion of the creative power of genius.

England ought to be producing some young poets now, that there may be no dull interregnum when the old shall have passed away; and pass away many of them soon must—their bodies, which are shadows, but their spirits, which are lights—they will burn for ever—till time be no more. It is thought by many that almost all the poetical genius which has worked such wonders in our day, was brought into power—it having been given but in capacity to the Wordsworths, and Scotts, and Byrons—by the French Revolution. Through the storm and tempest, the thunder and the lightning, which accompanied the great moral and intellectual earthquake, the strong-winged spirits soared; and found in their bosom, or in the 'deep serene' above all that turmoil, in the imperturbable heavens, the inspiration and the matter of immortal song. If it were so, then shall not the next age want its mighty poets. For we see 'the deep fermenting tempest brewed in the grim evening sky.' On the beautiful green grass of England may there glisten in the sun but the pearly dewdrops, may they be brushed away but by the footsteps of Labour issuing from his rustic lodge. But Europe, long ere bright heads are grey, will see blood poured out like water,—and there will be the noise of many old establishments quaking to their foundations, or rent asunder, or overthrown. Much that is sacred will be preserved, and after a troublesome time, much will be repaired and restored, as it has ever been after misrule and ruin. Then—and haply not till then—will again be heard the majestic voice of song from the renovated nations. Yet, if the hum which now we hear be indeed that of the march of Intellect, that voice may ascend from the earth in peace. Intellect delights in peace, which it produces; but many is the mean power that apes the mighty, and often for a while the cheat is successful—the counterfeit is crowned with conquest—and hollow hymns hail victories that issue in defeats, out of which rise again to life all that was most lovely and venerable, to run a new career of triumph.

We shall make some further extracts from this article, in our next week's paper.

SPANISH TRAVELLING.—The dangers of the road produce also a mode of travelling, resembling, on a diminutive scale, the caravans of the east. The arrieros, or carriers, congregate in convoys, and set off in large and well armed trains on appointed days; while additional travellers swell their number, and contribute to their strength. In this primitive way is the commerce of the country carried on. The muleteer is the general medium of traffic, and the legitimate traverser of the land, crossing the peninsula from the Pyrenees and Asturias to the Alpujarras, the Serrania de Ronda, and even to the gates of Gibraltar. He lives frugally and hardily; his alforjas of coarse cloth hold his scanty stock of provisions; a leathern bottle hanging at his saddle-bow, contains wine or water, for a supply across barren mountains and thirsty plains. A mulecloth spread upon the ground, is his bed at night, and his pack-saddle is his pillow. His low, but clean-limbed and sinewy form betokens strength; his complexion is dark and sunburnt; his eyes resolute, but quiet in its expression, except when kindled by sudden emotion; his demeanour is frank, manly, and courteous, and he never passes you without a grave salutation:—"Dios guardea usted!" "Va usted con Dios, Caballero!" "God guard you! God be with you, Cavalier!" As these men have often their whole fortune at stake upon the burthen of their mules, they have their weapons at hand, slung to their saddles, and ready to be snatched out for desperate defence. But their united numbers render them secure against petty bands of marauders, and the solitary bandolero, armed to the teeth, and mounted on his Andalusian steed, hovers about them, like a pirate about a merchant convoy, without daring to make an assault. The Spanish muleteer has an inexhaustible stock of songs and ballads, with much to beguile his incessant wayfaring. The airs are rude and simple, consisting of but few inflexions. These he chaunts forth with a loud voice, and long drawling cadence, seated sideways on his mule,

who seems to listen with infinite gravity, and to keep time with his paces, to the tune. The couplets thus chaunted, are often old traditional romances about the Moors, or some legend of a saint, or some love-ditty; or, what is still more frequent, some ballad about a bold contrabandista, or hardy bandolero, for the smuggler and the robber, are poetical heroes among the common people of Spain. Often, the song of the muleteer is composed at the instant, and relates to some local scene or some incident of the journey. This talent of singing and improvising, is frequent in Spain, and is said to have been inherited from the Moors. There is something wildly pleasing in listening to these ditties among the rude and lonely scenes that they illustrate; accompanied, as they are, by the occasional jingle of the mule-bell. It has a most picturesque effect also, to meet a train of muleteers in some mountain pass. First you hear the bells of the leading mules, breaking, with their simple melody, the stillness of the airy height; or perhaps, the voice of the muleteer admonishing some tardy or wandering animal, or chaunting, at the full stretch of his lungs, some traditional ballad. At length you see the mules slowly winding along the cragged defile, sometimes descending precipitous cliffs, so as to present themselves in full relief against the sky, sometimes toiling up the deep arid chasms, below you. As they approach, you descry their gay decorations of worsted tufts, tassels, and saddle-cloths, while, as they pass by, the ever ready trabuco slung behind the packs and saddles, gives a hint of the insecurity of the road.—*Washington Irving's Tales of the Allumbara.*

THE HARBOUR OF NEW YORK.—I have never seen the bay of Naples, I can therefore make no comparison but my imagination is incapable of conceiving any thing of the kind more beautiful than the Harbour of New York. Various and lovely are the objects which meet the eye on every side, but the naming them would only be to give a list of words, without conveying the faintest idea of the scene. I doubt if ever the pencil of Turner could ever do it justice, bright and glorious as it rose upon us. We seemed to enter the harbour of New York upon waves of liquid gold, and, as we darted past the green Isles which rise from its bosom, like guardian centinels of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his horizontal beams farther and farther at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape. New York, indeed, appeared to us, even when we saw it by a soberer light, a lovely and a noble city. To us, who had been so long travelling through half cleared forests, and sojourning among an 'P-as-good-as-you' population, it seemed, perhaps more beautiful, more splendid, and more refined than it might have done, had we arrived there directly from London; but making every allowance for this, I must still declare, that I think New York one of the finest cities I ever saw, and as much superior to every other in the Union, (Philadelphia not excepted,) as London to Liverpool, or Paris to Rouen. Its advantages of position are, perhaps, unequalled any where. Situated on an island, which I think it will one day cover; it rises, like Venice, from the sea, and like that fairest of cities, in the days of her glory, receives into its lap tribute of all the riches of the earth.—*Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans.*

FREE NEGROES IN NEW YORK.—There is a great number of negroes in New York, all free; their emancipation having been completed in 1827. Not even in Philadelphia, where the anti-slavery opinions have been the most active and violent, do the blacks appear to wear an air of so much consequence as they do at New York. They have several chapels, in which negro ministers officiate; and a theatre in which none but negroes perform. At this theatre a gallery is appropriated to such whites as choose to visit it; and here only are they permitted to sit, following in this, with nice etiquette, and equal justice, the arrangements of the white theatres, in all of which is a gallery appropriated solely to the use of the blacks. I have often, particularly on a Sunday, met groups of negroes, elegantly dressed; and have been sometimes amused by observing the very superior air of gallantry assumed by the belles, to that of whites in similar circumstances. On one occasion, we met, in Broadway, a young negress in the extreme of the fashion, and accompanied by a black beau, whose toilet was equally studied; eye glass, guard chain—nothing was omitted; he walked beside his sable goddess uncovered, and with an air of the most tender devotion. At the window of a handsome house which they were passing, stood a very pretty white girl, with two gentlemen beside her; but alas! both of them had their hats on, and one was smoking!—*Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans.*

LOGAN, THE CELEBRATED INDIAN CHIEF.—Many of our readers, doubtless, remember the message sent by Logan, the Indian Chieftain, to Lord Dunmore—a com-

position celebrated for its eloquence and beauty. They have, probably, yet to learn, that his great oratorical talents were the cause of his death, and that, like Demosthenes in Greece, and Cicero at Rome, he became the victim of his genius. Mr Vigne learned the anecdote from an old officer in the American service. "An old officer of the United States army, who soon after the close of the revolutionary war, was ordered to make surveys of the country watered by the Alleghany river, informed me, that Logans's nephew a remarkably fine young Indian, dined with him one day in his tent, and that he asked him what became of Logan. 'I killed him,' was the reply. 'Why did you kill him?' 'The nation ordered it.' 'For what reason?' 'He was too great a man to live; he talked so well, that although the whole nation had intended to put any plan in execution yet if Logan did not approve of it, he would soon gain a majority in favour of his opinions.' 'Was he not then generally in the right?' 'Often; but his influence divided the nation too much.' 'Why did they choose you to put him to death?' 'If any one else had done it I should certainly have killed him; I, who am his nephew, shall inherit his greatness.' 'Will they not kill you also?' 'Yes; and, when I become as great as Logan (laying his hand on his heart with dignity) I shall be content to die.' He added, that he shot him near the Alleghany river. When informed of the resolution of the council of his nation, Logan stopped his horse, drew himself up in an attitude of great dignity, and received the fatal ball without a murmur. *Vigne's Six Months in America.*

DEMOSTHENES AND PITT COMPARED.—How differently would Demosthenes appear to us, if we were particularly acquainted with the details of his political career. How much must have been needed to effect alliances such as he was repeatedly able to form? What journeys, what connexions, what skill in winning persons of influence and in managing mankind? And what were the means which these statesmen of antiquity could demand, when we compare them with those of modern times? They had no orders from the cabinet to execute; they had not the wealth of nations at their disposal; they could not obtain by force what others would not voluntarily yield. Even the comparison which might be made between them and the British statesmen is true only as far as the latter also stood in need of eloquence to confirm their influence. But the other means which Pitt could employ to form a party were not possessed by Demosthenes. He had no presents to offer, no places to give away, no ribbons and titles to promise. On the contrary, he was opposed by men who could command everything by which avarice or ambition can be tempted. What could he oppose to them but his talents, his activity, and his courage? Provided with no other arms, he supported the contest against the superiority of foreign powers, and the still more dangerous struggle with the corruptions of his own nation. It was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to this cause; nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country.—*Heeren's Political History of Ancient Greece.*

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—Practical religion confers upon its possessor a glorious triumph, amidst the sorrows of life. Suppose poverty comes with its train of calamities; or suppose detraction point its barbed arrows against a blameless character; or suppose bereavement cast a withering shade upon the best earthly hopes and joys; or suppose disease, which mocks the highest efforts both of friendship and of skill, impress itself upon the countenance, and make its lodgment in the very seat of life;—or suppose, if you please, that this whole tribe of evils come marching in fearful array to assail an individual at once, I am sure that I do not say too much for practical religion, when I declare to you that it will enable its possessor to meet them all in serenity and triumph. To do this must require a high effort of faith, I acknowledge; but only such an effort as has been exemplified in the experience of thousands. Oh! when I have stood amidst such scenes, and witnessed the sweet aspirations of hope, and seen the bright beams of joy irradiate the countenance over which sorrow had thrown her deepest shades, just as the bow casts its brilliant hues upon the dark cloud in the going down of the sun, I have looked upon religion as a bright angel come down from heaven to exercise a sovereign influence over human calamity; and if I have formed a wish or offered a prayer in respect to you at such a moment, it has been that this good angel may be your constant attendant though this vale of tears.—*Sprague.*

A DANCING ARCHBISHOP.—Dr. King, Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce; but the doctor, who was not fond of butter and remarkable for