

could turn their petticoat thoughts, an' make 'em ashamed of their die-away ditties.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

MENTAL SUPERIORITY OF THE EUROPEANS.—Whilst we see the surface of the other Continents covered with nations of different and almost always of dark colour, (and, in so far as this determines the race, of different faces) the inhabitants of Europe belong only to one race. It has not now, and it never had, any other native inhabitants than the white nations. Is the white man distinguished by greater natural talents? Has he by means of them an advantage over his coloured brethren? This is a question which physiology cannot answer, and to which history must reply with timidity. Who will assert, that the difference of organization, which we observe to accompany in such unequal degrees the difference in colour, can have an influence on the more rapid or tardy development of the mind? But who can, on the other hand, demonstrate this influence, without first raising that secret veil which conceals from us the connexion between body and mind? And yet we must esteem it probable; and how much does this probability increase in strength, if we make enquiries of history? The great superiority which the white nations, in all ages and countries, have possessed, is a matter of fact which cannot be denied. It may be said, this was the consequence of external circumstances which favoured them more. But has this always been so? And why has it been so? And, farther, why did those darker nations, which rose above the savage state, attain only to a degree of civilization of their own; a degree which was passed neither by the Chinese nor the Hindoo? And among them, why did the black remain behind the brown and the yellow? If these observations cannot but make us inclined to attribute a greater or smaller capacity to the several branches of our race, they do not on that account prove an absolute want of capacity in our darker fellow-men, nor must they be urged as the sole cause. Thus much only is advanced that experience seems to prove, that a greater facility for developing the powers of mind, belongs to the nations of a clear colour; but we will welcome the age which shall contradict experience in this point, and which shall exhibit to us cultivated nations of negroes.—*Heeren's Political history of Ancient Greece.*

SPANISH SCENERY.—And here, before setting forth, let me indulge in a few previous remarks on Spanish scenery and Spanish travelling. Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out with all the luxurious charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indiscriminably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with but in few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man. In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length, he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch-tower; a strong hold, in old times, against civil war or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters. But, though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships, and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits. There is something, too, in the sternly simple features of the Spanish landscape, that impresses on the soul a feeling of sublimity. The immense plains of the Castiles and La Mancha, extending as far as the eye can reach, derive an interest from their very nakedness and immensity, and have something of the solemn grandeur of the ocean. In ranging over these boundless wastes, the eye catches sight here and there of a straggling herd of cattle attended by a lonely herdsman, motionless as a statue, with his long slender pike tapering up like a lance into the air; or beholds a long train of mules slowly moving along the waste like a train of camels in the desert, or a single herdsman, armed with a blunderbuss and stiletto, and prowling over the plain. Thus the country, the habits, the very looks of the people, have something of the Arabian character. The general insecurity of the country is evinced in the universal use of weapons. The herdsman in the field, the shepherd in the plain, has his musket and his knife. The wealthy villager rarely ventures to the market town without his trabuco, and perhaps, a servant on foot with a blunderbuss on his shoulder; and the most petty journey is undertaken with the preparation of a warlike enterprise.—*Washington Irving's Tales of the Alhambra.*

THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.—I have mentioned Deat and the Downs. The first summer I came to England I spent a week at Deal; there I saw a set of boys running about the streets, and on the beach and sands, rather in a neglected state,

who, I was told, were the children of one of our Irish Earls—a man living in a mean lodging, for sea-bathing, given up to his fiddle. In the opinion of the English there, it was not made to speak much for the splendour of our Irish nobles! I did not much enjoy the taunts and the sneers, and nearly got into more than one duel about it. I did not know the family, though I knew their title and name; but I scorned the idea of their being a specimen of our old nobles!—for we 'Strongbowians' are very proud! I said it was a family (of which there were too many) elevated to the peerage a few years before for some job, without any adequate fortune or consideration; generally understood to be the son of one who had been in trade at Dublin, and had changed his name for some unexpected fortune! Who could foresee that four of these neglected boys, within the next fifty years, would all be worked into the English peerage,—one to a dukedom and premiership, and have become the most fortunate family in Europe!—*Clavering's Autobiography.*

THE SONG OF THE GIFTED.

That voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of nature utter; birds or trees,
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

COLERIDGE.

I HEARD a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly;
All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.
—At times the passion-kindled melody
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,
Over the wild-sea wave;—at times the strain
Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vaucluse;
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note
Of Tasso's holy lyre;—yet still the tones
Were of a suppliant;—LEAVE ME NOT! was still
The burden of their music, and I knew
The lay which genius, in its loneliness,
Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world,
Hath ever breathed to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown,
Borne from a deathless tree:
I hear the pealing music of renown—
O Love! forsake me not!
Mine were a lone dark lot,
Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw
A glory o'er the earth;
From thee, from Thee, is caught that golden glow!
Shed by thy gentle eyes
It gives to flower and skies,
A bright, new birth!

Thence gleams the path of morning,
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!
Thence to its heart of hearts, the Rose is burning
With lustre not its own!
Thence every wood-recess
Is fill'd with loveliness,
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim violets known:

I see all beauty by the ray
That streams from thy smile;
Oh! bear it, bear it not away!
Can that sweet light beguile?
Too pure, too spirit-like it seems;
To linger long by earthly streams;
I clasp it with th' alloy
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,
Yet must I perish if the gift depart—
Leave me not Love! to mine own beating heart!

The music from my lyre
With thy swift step would flee;
The world's cold breath would quench the starry fire
In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with thee!
Sea'd would the fountains lie,
The waves of harmony,
Which thou alone canst free!

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,
Whence the oracle hath fled,
Like a harp which none might waken
But a mighty master dead;
Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd;
Such would my spirit be;
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,
Bereft of thee!

Leave me not, Love! or if this earth
Yield not for thee a home,
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—'COME!'
Then, with the glory from the rose,
With the sparkle from the stream,
With the light thy rainbow-presence throws
Over the poet's dream;
With all th' Elysian hues
Thy pathway that suffuse,
With joy, with music, from the fading grove,
Take ME, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love!

MRS. HEMANS.

APPARITIONS.—Dr. Fowler, Bishop of Gloucester, in the early part of the 18th century, was a believer of apparitions. The following conversation of the Bishop with Judge Powell is recorded:—'Since I saw you,' said the lawyer, 'I have

had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions.' 'I am glad you are become a convert to truth,—but do you say, actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story.' 'My lord, I will. It was, let me see, last Thursday night, between the hours of eleven and twelve, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs, and stalking directly towards my room; the door flying open, I drew back my curtain, and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber.' 'Of a blue colour no doubt.' 'The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall meagre personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed with a long loose gown, a leathern girdle was about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head, and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent,—the figure advanced, staring me full in the face;—I then said, whence and what art thou? 'What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?' 'The following was the answer I received.—I am watchman of the night, an't please your honour, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it were not soon that, they would probably be robbed before morning.'

IRELAND.—The summers in Ireland are the most temperate in Europe—the winters the mildest—cattle can remain unhoused from January to December—yet there are more forests in it than in Siberia. The people are hardy, easily subsisted, and singularly vigorous, laborious, and intelligent, when we consider their opportunities, are yet one-eighth of them paupers, and almost all restless, insubordinate, and embittered against the laws and present system of Government. The face of Ireland is singularly picturesque, yet eminently adapted for all purposes of Commerce and communication; by its general level no point of land is two thousand feet above the plain, and no land in Europe abounds so much in chains of lakes, in rivers flowing in different directions, and in a perpetual supply of water. Ireland might be made a country of water communication through its whole length and breadth; yet it has but two canals of any consequence, and these too in embarrassed circumstances. Ireland has more harbours for ships of the largest size, than the whole of Europe—the single western coast containing for two hundred miles, but a succession of the most magnificent ports. It is the nearest coast to the western world—the course is direct from thence to Portugal and Spain, to the Mediterranean, to the whole navigation of the immense regions south of the Straits of Gibraltar.—The coast of Ireland is first made by every sail from India, Africa, and America. It has been ascertained, that before a vessel from the port of London gets out of soundings, a vessel from the west of Ireland can reach America. Ireland seems, by its position, by its western harbours, and by the facility of communication over every part of its surface, to have been actually intended as the great centre of intercourse between the old world and the new. It is large, containing, 32,301 square miles! of all this space, the indenting by harbours, arms of the sea, and rivers' mouths, are so numerous that there is not an acre above fifty miles from the sea.—*From a Practical Review of Ireland, from the period of the Union. By James Butler Bryan, Barrister at Law.*

FACETIE.

It is somewhat surprising, that Sir Charles Wetherall should object to the Reform Bill, on the ground of the changes it will occasion; for, to look at the worthy knight's dress, one would imagine he required a new order of things.

Speaking of the respective merits of Riga fir and the larch of this country, a Portsmouth paper gives the following amusing 'reason' of objection to the use of the latter—'it is not fit for building large ships, as the lengths are too short.'

When Sir Robert Peel assured the House, the other night, that he could not take office, but 'with a light heart, a firm step, and an erect attitude,' he is said to have accompanied the military metaphor with a Bobadilism of manner which turned what was meant for the sublime into the ludicrous; from one to the other of which there is, according to the well known apophthegm but a step.

The first skirmish between the Dutch and Belgian troops appears to have taken place at Turnhout: but which, judging from the result, seems to have been but a poor turn-out after all.

Among other petitioners, the Wards in Chancery have petitioned the Chancellor for reform! The 'young ladies' desire to enter the matrimonial state at whatever age they please; and pray that they may in future be considered 'of age' at seventeen.

A venerable old parish clerk in the country, who had seen upwards of five score years, was so overjoyed at the return of his bishop safe from London, that he determined he would compose a hymn expressly for the occasion, to be sung on the Sunday. The time arrived for the hymn to be given out, and, having waited rather longer than usual for silence, he said very gravely: Hymn of my own composing! Hymn of my own composing.