

They are grateful and affectionate, and have, what the Caucasian race, especially of this country, have not, a strong, unconquerable fondness for the place of their nativity. Hume, Dr. S. thought, was undoubtedly right in saying that the African race was far inferior, by nature, to the European, for the only discovery for which we are indebted to them is that of the drum. Moreover, wherever we find the two races living together, the Africans always occupy the inferior station. Thus it is in St. Domingo where the mulattoes, though fewer in numbers, keep in subjection those who are merely negroes.

Still this can never justify any people in keeping them in Slavery; for Slavery, Dr. Smith said, so far as he could see, had never any right but the right of force. There is no more reason in the fact that they are black, why we should keep them in subjection, than there would be for them to enslave us because we are white. Of the mischiefs of slavery Dr. S. said he was also thoroughly convinced; though he thought the Abolitionists were not quite aware of what they were doing: for he held it to be undeniable that if the negroes should be freed they were as sure to be exterminated as the sun to rise; and this upon the principle that as society advances there must inevitably, in the course of time, be a struggle for the means of subsistence: and whenever and wherever that struggle comes, the weaker party—as the negroes certainly are—must be driven to the wall. Among the marshes of the South, the climate of which they endure better than we do, they might prevail; but here at the healthy North they must inevitably perish.

[To be concluded].

A MOTHER'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

O HOMEFUL joys, so dear, so sweet,  
My clear woodfire beside,  
My baby creeping at my feet  
Who oft with glance of pride  
Looks back elate and pleased to show  
How fast his tiny limbs can go.

And closely seated by my side  
My little daughter fair,  
Whose doll upon her knee doth ride,  
Essays a matron's care;  
While mine a lesson, half severe,  
With kisses mixed, must Dolly hear.

There lie my volumes closed and still,  
Those chosen friends of old;  
My pen, regardless of my will,  
Lurks in its bronzed hold;  
High joys they gave; but not so dear  
As those that gild my fireside here.

Where harp and viol carol sweet,  
Mid youth's unfolding hours,  
And gladness wings the dancer's feet,  
That seem to tread on flowers,  
I've shared the cup; it sparkles clear  
'Twas foam; the precious draught is here.

I've trod the lofty halls, where dwell  
The noblest of the land;  
And met, though humble was my cell,  
Warm smile and greeting hand;  
Yet I have known no joy like this,  
A mother's nursing care,  
To mark, when stars of midnight shine,  
My infant's bright eye fixed on mine.

Might woman win earth's richest rose,  
Yet miss that wild flower zest,  
Which by the lowly cradle grown,  
'Twere but a loss at best!  
Pass on, O world, in all thy pride,  
I've made my choice, and here abide.

Even she, who shines with beauty's ray,  
By fashion's throng caressed,  
If from that pomp she turn away,  
And build her sheltered nest,  
And hoard the jewels of the heart,  
Like Mary finds the better part.

New Works.

From the Memoirs of Admiral the Earl St. Vincent.

GALLANT MANŒUVRE OF NELSON.

On his return to the quarter deck, he gave the command for signal 41; viz. to take suitable positions for mutual support, and to engage the enemy closer. At this period of the battle the Spanish commander in chief bore up, with nine sail of the line, to run round the British line, and rejoin his leeward division. This was a gallant and formidable manœuvre; but so soon as it commenced than his eye caught it whose greatest wish it ever was to be the first to find and the foremost to fight his enemy; and Commodore Nelson, instead of waiting till his turn to tack in succession would bring him into action, hesitated not to depart from the prescribed mode of attack, and ordered his ship to be immediately worn, to meet the enemy's design. Instantly the excellent was signalled to support the commodore in this his own most masterly manœuvre, which was completely successful, at once arresting the Spanish commander in chief, and carrying Nelson and Collingwood into the van and brunt of the battle. In the evening, while talking over the events of the day, Captain Calder hinted that the spontaneous manœuvre which carried those *duo fulmina belli*, Nelson and Collingwood, into the brunt of the battle, was an unauthorized departure by the commodore from the proscribed mode of attack! "It certainly was so," replied Sir John Jervis; and if ever you commit such a breach of your orders, I will forgive you also."

From Impressions and Observations of a young Person, during a residence in Paris.

FRANCE.—THE FRENCH, & c.

CHURCH PEWS.

Until I visited England, I had never seen church pews. Their exclusiveness, and the variety of colors with which they are lined, has a strange effect after foreign churches, where every person, in whatever station of life, enters and takes a chair indiscriminately; the rich and poor, the high and low, are all considered equal before our heavenly Father. The nearest approach to pews in Paris, are the seats at Bishop Luscombe's church; they are benches, but not lined with gaudy colors, nor enclosed to contain a certain number of persons, and are in perfect unison with the building.

RAILROADS.

To French persons visiting England, the speed and smoothness of the rail-road trains must appear as delightful as wonderful. In France, they are sometimes slow, and the motion so shaky as to almost resemble a coach drawn by horses; I speak of the Orleans rail in particular. On starting, the whole train generally experiences a jolt which is most disagreeable and never felt in England. Something having slightly jolted our train on the Dover Railway, it was quite extraordinary the inquiries that were made as to what could have occasioned it; this in France very often occurs without causing the least sensation.

DEW.

One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night on account of the dampness; to me it is delightful. The climate of France is so dry that dew is nearly unknown, the evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day. To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fruicheu* as the French call it, of the English complexion—that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek.

LIGHT IN FRANCE AND ENGLISH LIGHT.

The light is very strong in France, and has probably given rise to the use of window blinds called *persiennes*, which, while they exclude the sun, admit the air; this strong light causes weak eyes and the use of spectacles. In England the light is very agreeably subdued, and the sombre looking brick houses are less fatiguing to the sight than the white stone buildings in Paris.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MOTHERS.

The woman of the lower order in France are frequently complimented on the superior neatness and cleanliness of their persons over the same class in England; though their persons may appear cleanly, their habits and habitations certainly are not; you may look vainly in France for the neatness of an English cottage. One reason for the superior cleanliness of these persons may arise from sending their children to nurse, and so disembarassing themselves of much trouble and anxiety. In Paris, it is said, there is not sufficient room to bring up children, and in the instances of portresses and some other persons, this may be the case; but I was happy to observe that in England, neither want of room, nor of inclination separates a mother from her children, and if she is not quite so clean or so well dressed as in France, she is more respectable with her children clinging about her than the better attired French mother, who, to satisfy her desire of finery, has confided her children to stranger hands, and generally at a distance which renders it impossible to see them, until both mother and child have nearly lost all recollection of each other. I remember an instance in which, from want of care on the part of the nurse to whom the child was confided, the poor little thing died; and the mother, one of my mamma's servants, with the greatest *sang-froid*, heard of his death, and consoled herself, saying 'C'est matheureux, on ne peut rien y faire.' I trust there are not many such mothers.

From Stent's Travels in Palestine.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

So slight is the trade in the Holy City, that, except during the period about Easter, when it is thronged with pilgrims, a peculiar stillness prevails.—Its population approaches thirty thousand, composed of Mahometans, Jews, and Christians: to all these distinct quarters are assigned; those for the former being in the neighbourhood of their chief mosque; the latter, of whom the Armenians are the wealthiest, and the Greeks most numerous, reside in the Western parts in the vicinity of their convents. But the Jews, strangers in their own land, dwell at the foot of Mount Sion, in the lowest districts. They are poor, and cruelly oppressed; yet of late they have decidedly increased in numbers, now amounting probably to five or six thousand; and many come hither from distant climes, when of advanced ages, in order to lay their bones by the side of their great forefathers. Several of this misguided race may occasionally be observed bewailing their sad fate, at an ancient ruined wall which divides Mount Moriah from Acra, in consequence of a tradition that it was a portion of the temple. And a truly interesting though piteous sight was it to witness, as I did, many fair ones of the daughters of Judah, "arrayed in robes of virgin white," seated in silence, on their Sabbath eve, around the southern slopes of Sion.

From the History of Egypt under the Romans.

THE Papyrus PLANT.

It was grown in the pools of stagnant water which were left after the overflow of the Nile.

Its thick knotted roots were used as wood, both for making fires and for furniture, and its general feathery head was often entwined round the statues of the gods as a garland. Wicker work boats were woven out of its stalk, while of the bark were made sails, cordage, and cloth. It was chewed as food, both raw and cooked, though the juice only was swallowed. Paper was made of it by splitting it into sheets as thin as possible. The best kind had been called Hieratic paper, because it was used for sacred books; but, in the time of Augustus, two better kinds were made, which were named Augustan and Livian, after himself and his wife: a fourth and fifth of worse quality were called Fannian, from the name of a clever Roman maker, and Amphitheatric, from the name of the street in Rome where it was sold; a sixth kind was called Saitic, from the city Sais, near which it greater quantity, but of still worse quality; a seventh called Leneotic, was nearer the bark, and so much worse as to be sold by weight. The eighth and last kind was the Emporetic, which was not good enough to write on, and was used in the shops to wrap up parcels. The first two were thirteen inches wide, the Hieratic, eleven, the Fannian, ten, the Amphitheatric, nine, while the Emporetic was not more than six inches wide; after a time, the best kinds were found too thin for books, as the writing on the one side often made a blot through the other; and so, in the reign of Claudius Cæsar, a new kind was made, called Claudian, of two sheets thick, in which the fibres of one crossed those of the other.

From Mrs. S. C. Hall's Week at Killarney.

A WET DAY AT KILLARNEY.

"Pour—pour—pour!—a thorough day of Killarney rain—pour—pour—pour—unceasingly! The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested neck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud;—the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs!—no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Cloghreen;—compulsatory stay-at-homes! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up to Mangerton—his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and pottéen, having stood for at least two hours under what in ordinary weather, would be called "the shelter of the trees,"—but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls with their yellow streaming hair, and peggins and bottles, and cracked tea cups, have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly, and huge lumps of turf,—in a *distrain* sort of way, not grinning as usual—the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders—what has become of them? Certainly, they did not hurry at their occupation, but took it easy—"very easy;" lounging along in a somnolent sort of a style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school; and they have either galloped through the rain like young rough shod colts, or gone in detachments—threes and fours, sheltered beneath their mother's cloak—a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Everything appears shivering and nerveless—nature's energies seemed washed away—the calf that was "mooring" all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled sail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle, patient "fishing gentleman," whom three years ago we left in a boat on Torc Lake and discovered on the very same spot this summer—his whose name is never mentioned without a blessing, has come forth, looked up, shook his head twice at the clouds, then disappeared altogether, to tie flies, or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain drops hanging from the window frame, and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water.

"How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare footed peasants, who at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking patens of English dwellers in country villages!

"We migrate from the dwelling house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature wagon; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross Gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly, the Kerry people are the civillest and gentlest in all Ireland—ever ready and good natured. It pours incessantly; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey—pour—pour—the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gored clouds; his face has a damp, drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effects of sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view both to the right and left, created as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated; but in less time than it has taken us to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we

ought to be, for the shelter of the "covered car." We dash through the drive that enriches the beautiful demesne—up hill and down dale—Jerry pausing now and exclaiming, "Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view just there!—Well praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it." We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir Bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—"well worth the trouble"—yes, certainly, very well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distastful—a beauty in a passion."

A Jorum of Punch.

VICTORIA AT WATERLOO.

The French papers of Tuesday had not arrived when we went to press: nevertheless, the following extracts may be depended upon, as illustrative of the state of feeling in Paris, when it was reported that the Queen had privately visited the field of Waterloo; although the report was duly contradicted.

Frenchmen, to arms!—This, the last and crowning insult to France, must be avenged! Victoria, Queen of England, forgetful of the sympathy due to the reverses of the most noble and magnanimous nation of the earth, has visited the field of Waterloo! The field of that battle, bought by English gold, and bartered by French treason. The island Queen has gazed with contemptuous triumph upon the soil enriched by the bravest blood of France! The Majesty of England has smiled a withering smile upon the tombs of thousands of Frenchmen! Vengeance, we cry! Vengeance, and a passport for Lord Cowley.—*La Presse*.

It is with feelings of mingled indignation and disgust that we record an event which must awaken scorn and loathing in the breast of every true Frenchman. England, subtle as the snake in her movements—untiring as the blood hound—and sanguinary as the tigress—England in the person of her Queen, has inflicted a deep and dastard wrong upon the sensibilities of France. With the wine of hospitable Eu yet wet upon her lips—with her hand yet warm from the pressure of Louis Philippe—with the shouts of Frenchmen [we almost blush to call them so] yet ringing in her ears,—Queen Victoria rides post to the field of Waterloo, and gazes—we need not say with what emotion, towards our insulted country—on the graves of *braves des braves*. The insult was intensified by the previous falsehood. Queen Victoria was to come to Paris; to gaze upon the triumphs of our capital; and lo! Queen Victoria goes to Waterloo to smile above the graves of our fathers, our brothers, and our children.—*Le Commerce*.

France has heard of Victoria's visit to Waterloo—heard it with indignant scorn. The jackal that digs the dead from their graves, yet spares their bones—not so, that worse than jackal, England. Will it be believed—yes, it will be; for—when England is the subject, Frenchmen will believe anything; will it be believed that the same *chaise de Poste* which conveyed Victoria back to Brussels, also conveyed the skulls of twelve French grenadiers, dug from the field of Waterloo! And for what purpose—infringed Frenchmen will ask—was this sacrilege committed? We will tell them; and when they have heard it let their swords glisten in the sun! These twelve French skulls have been sent to the Court silversmith in London, to be mounted into drinking cups; and, when mounted, to be presented to the Duke of Wellington, for the accursed orgies held at Apsley House, on the 18th June.

Rivers of Switzerland.—Mr Bray compares the foaming rivers of Switzerland to "dirty soap suds, as if it had been washing day with the mountains."

The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

Jack Ketch being asked on what grounds he claimed the clothes of those he hanged, answered—as their *executor*.

Electioneering Anxiety.—"Poor Mr Smith has fallen down dead of an apoplexy," said a gentleman on the hustings. "Has he pelled?" asked one of the candidates.

Adroit Compliment of a Courtier.—Cambyses asked of those whom he used most familiarly whether they thought he had equalled the greatness of his father Cyrus. In reply they told him that he was the greater of the two, for that to all which Cyrus had possessed, he had added the empire of Egypt and of the ocean. Croesus, who was present, did not assent to this. "Sir," said he to Cambyses, "in my opinion you are not equal to your father; you have not such a son as he left behind him."

Flattering Preference.—Two natives of the Marquesas [cannibal] island, have been carried to France. The story runs, that on the voyage one of their fellow passengers asked which they liked best, the English or the French. "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips, "they are the *fattest*."

An Irishman who was condemned to the triangles, when the punishment was over, turned round, and with a countenance in which fun and suffering were ludicrously blended, exclaimed, "ah, you may talk of tobacco, but this is the real-twis!"