

astrophe Weckau leaped with a yell from the bloodstained water, and shook aloft a bloody scalp. He planted his bow on the grave of Wah-to-wah and hung the white man's scalp upon it to dry. And when the vengeance of the States government pursued Redbird for the detention of their agent, Weckau and his band journeyed with him beyond the Mississippi.

There was one however, who did not go with the old man, for her heart was with the Bluebird. The young man bore her with him when he removed from the fort to a rising settlement, and often, in after times would she weep when her husband would discourse of her father's deathless devotion to Weckau, and when her eye would flash at the white man's disregard for the sacredness of the Indian's home.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE INSTINCT OF GENIUS.

Nothing more touchingly evinces that goodness presides over this world of ours, than the endless variety it affords. Were this earth one vast plain, however fresh and green, the eye would tire of its monotony; were there no diversity of manner or difference of temperament, no contrariety of opinion, no dissimilitude of taste, how the spirit would weary of all converse, and sicken at the dull uniformity, which would be but a grade removed from the pangs of solitary confinement! But it is far otherwise: hill and dale, mountain and valley, the broad ocean and the rippling stream, the lofty tree and graceful shrub, with the innumerable forms and tints of flowers, the varied plumage of birds, and their distinctive notes, are all calculated to give delight. Then the human race vary so much in feature and expression, as to give an individual interest to every one we meet. But the difference is not alone in outward appearance, for each is distinguished by as great a difference of temper and taste as of form and face. Some have asserted that all are born with the same tastes, and that it is owing to education alone that these have been so remarkably developed in some, while in others they have been suppressed. Education can do much, and accident may sometimes stand in the place of education, and foster the germ of some noble power, which afterwards expands into full vigour, but that some are actually born with a latent power, ready to burst forth, must surely be acknowledged by any one who has inquired into the early dawnings of genius.

Serah Coibura and Jedediah Buxton may be just mentioned as types of the intuitive arithmeticians, the one solving the most difficult questions in infancy, and the other, while yet an infant in knowledge—for he was utterly illiterate—showing a power of calculation that appeared altogether incredible.

Crecembini, so celebrated for his literary attainments and exertions, but, above all, for his poetic genius, discovered 'the mind that burned within him' at a very early age. He stood apart from the sports of his young companions, and gave himself up to a passionate love for poetry, which was discovered to his father in a manner quite accidental. He handed the boy a volume of Ariosto, and told him to amuse himself with the engravings. After the child returned the book, and as his father was about to replace it in the book-case, he perceived pencil-marks on the margin. After a close examination, he found that the boy had marked all those passages most admired for their beauty—a selection wholly prompted by the child's exquisite taste. Astonished and delighted his father instantly determined to give him every advantage. Lope de Vega, it is said, could recite verses of his own composition long before he could read. It is indeed quite extraordinary to think of the number of poets who have manifested from infancy their high calling. Giotti, the shepherd boy, was found by Ciambue, who accidentally passed that way, tending the flock he had been left to watch, and tracing the figures of the sheep on the faithless sand with admirable skill. It is curious to observe how often the parents of the children in the higher rank have endeavoured to suppress the genius of their offspring. The immortal Michael-Angelo Buonarroti, at a very early age, manifested the genius which will distinguish him to the end of time; but his father, who considered that the profession of the fine arts would be a degradation to one of his birth, did all he could to detach him from the pursuit which was to immortalise him, and determined to bring him up to one of the learned professions; but genius is not to be stayed, and Michael-Angelo triumphed over every obstacle. The father of Sir Joshua Reynolds often reproved him for making drawings, instead of minding his lessons; this is amusingly recorded on the back of one of those drawings—'Done by Joshua out of pure idleness.' Those in humble life have been more fortunate in being permitted by their relations to follow the bent of their genius: their difficulties and obstacles have generally been of a different nature. The memoirs of West are very interesting, and detail the manner in which his father and mother first became acquainted with his great powers. He was left to watch the infant sleeping in the cradle one day, while his mother went to the garden to collect some flowers. As the boy sat by the cradle, the infant smiled in her sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and hastily getting a piece of paper, he took its likeness in black and red ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, exclaimed to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!' At this time he was but seven years old. In a year after, a party of roaming Indians saw his sketches of birds and flow-

ers which they greatly admired, and showed him in return some of their own and taught him in return how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they dyed their weapons. To these colours his mother added indigo. He was anxious to know how he could lay the colours on, and was told that a camel's-hair brush was the fit thing for the purpose. As there were no camels in America, poor Benjamin was obliged to draw his own invention for a substitute. He accordingly supplied all deficiencies from the back and tail of a favourite cat. The bad condition of her fur was supposed to be the consequence of some disease, till the young painter confessed that he had levied contributions on her.

In Barry's life there are many highly-interesting passages. He, too, devoted himself early to his captivating art; and all the pocket-money he could procure he laid out in pencils and candles. He spent his nights in drawing, after all the family had gone to rest, which had such a sensible effect upon his looks, that the servants dreaded injury to his health; and, to oblige him to go to bed, they would secrete his candle while settling his room. He determined, in consequence of this, that they should enter his room no more; and so locked his door, and made his own bed. At last his mother intrusted that he would allow his bed to be made more comfortably, and his room to be put in order; but, true to his determination, he would admit no one: he was resolved to give up his nights to the pursuit which he so passionately loved.

We are told of Opie—then a boy of about ten years old—that one Sunday, when his mother was at church, he settled himself to draw in a little kitchen, which commanded a view of the parlour where his father sat reading. He had completed his sketch all but the head, and when he came to that, he ran in and out of the parlour, and looked up in the father's face so often, that he became seriously displeased with the boy for interrupting him so incessantly, and threatened to correct him if he continued so troublesome. This was what he had wished: he wanted to paint his father's eyes when they flashed with anger; and having succeeded in getting his plan, he sat down quietly to finish the portrait. His mother did not return till it was completed. The moment she came in, he placed it before her. She instantly knew it, and then rebuked him for having mispent the Sabbath; but all feeling of the reprimand was lost in the joy which he felt in finding that the likeness of his portrait was acknowledged, and he threw himself into his mother's arms in a transport of delight. Canova was oddly brought into notice at an early age. He was in the habit of accompanying his grandfather when he was employed in the repairs or the embellishments of the villas of the nobility, who had their delightful summer residence at Passagno. It happened that while engaged at the villa of Falie, there was a grand fete given, and there was a disappointment about an ornament for the middle of the table at the dessert, so that the domestics, who were accountable for the arrangement of the entertainment, were sadly afraid of incurring the displeasure of their master. They told Canova their unfortunate plight, but no one could suggest a remedy. However, the grandson, who had heard all that passed, asked for some butter, out of which he modelled a lion, which was no sooner laid on the table, than it excited the applause and admiration of the company. It was executed with such consummate skill, that the servants were questioned; and it was found that little Canova, then a child, was the modeller. He was called for, and timidly and bashfully he entered the apartment where he was greeted by the praises and caresses of the distinguished guests. The Senator Falier took him under his immediate protection; and never did artist more nobly fulfil the early promise of surpassing excellence. His sculptures are spread over all Europe, and even the perfection of his earlier works is acknowledged by the world. It is singular that Chantry should have been indebted to a similar accident for the discovery of his genius. It was at the table of a wealthy lady, that the flowers and ornaments in paste were so beautifully executed, as to attract the notice of the company. The housekeeper was spoken to, and acknowledged to her mistress that they had been the production of a little nephew of hers, who was fond of amusing himself in this way. The lady, struck by the taste which he had discovered, determined to give him the advantage of instruction and sent him up to London for the purpose. How he availed himself of his good fortune is well known.

From the Churchman's Companion.

THE VILLAGE BELLS.

BY E. CARRINGTON.

Oh merry are the village bells that sound with soothing chime  
From the dim old tower, grown grey beneath the shadowy touch of time,  
And gaily are they borne along upon the summer air,  
Telling of bridal happiness to the youthful and the fair;  
They give a murmur of delight to earth, and sky, and seas,  
That tangles with the running streams, and floats upon the breeze.  
'Tis past, the bridal glee is past, these echoing peals are o'er;  
But the sweet, the holy Sabbath comes—we hear them now once more.

With a message from the heavens of love, a voice that speaks to all;  
Unto the temple of our God, unto His shrine they call.  
Whether your home in halls of state, or by the lowly dells,  
Come forth and listen to the sounds of th' hallow'd Sabbath bells.  
Ye tuneful records, yours it is to watch the pace of time,  
And mark the footfall's of each year with deep and soothing chime;  
Coming at midnight's silent hour, when all is dim and drear,  
'Tis yours to breathe the last farewell of the sad expiring year;  
And while we bid its hopes and fears, its fleeting hours adieu,  
'Tis yours to hail with cheerful voice the birth day of the new.  
And yet once more your music breaks upon my listening ear,  
Though not the gaily sounding notes we love so well to hear;  
Chang'd is your message to the heart, your joyous tone is fled;  
You speak to us of buried hopes, a requiem for the dead!  
Some home to day is desolate, a soul from earth is free.  
Mortal, the knell thou hearest now full soon may toll for thee.  
O changeful bells, that swells but now the tide of human bliss,  
What ministers of grief ye seem in such an hour as this.  
Say is your knell a sorrowing one, for the lovely doomed to die,  
Youth's early blush upon their cheek, its radiance in their eye!  
Or do you mourn in mockery for the being, frail as fair,  
Whose lives like golden evening clouds, have melted into air.  
Yet such alas is human life, woe for the haughty breath,  
To day in health and power 'tis raised, to-morrow still in death.  
One voice proclaims our joy and grief, our wishes, hopes, and fears;  
The eye that brightly beams to-day, to-morrow dims with tears.  
A few short years, a few brief suns, in earthly homes we dwell,  
Then life, with all its dreams, shall be but as that passing bell.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF WESTERN ASIA.

AMONG the questions suggested by the present condition of the world, none, perhaps, is more deeply interesting than that which regards the state and prospects of Western Asia. Lying in close juxtaposition with Europe, its aspect, nevertheless, presents the most striking contrast with everything European. Covered in many places, by primitive populations, and elsewhere by the mingled dregs of all races, it has long excited the attention of statesmen and diplomatists, of politicians and philosophers, and displayed moral and social phenomena which have perplexed them all.

A contemporary writer, who, to give greater currency to his speculations, has clothed them in the forms of fiction, deserves the credit of having directed some degree of public attention to that part of the Asiatic continent comprehending Syria and Palestine. How far his opinions are to be interpreted, seriously, it is, of course, impossible to decide and this constitutes the brief objection to works which are neither fact nor fiction, and embody innumerable notions for which the author could not be held strictly responsible. But this is of comparatively little moment. The important point just now for Europe to clear up is, whether or not our actual principles of civilisation be sufficiently powerful to regenerate society in the East. In order to arrive at any definite conclusion, we must previously be acquainted with the spirit which pervades that society, which travellers have usually overlooked, and which the chroniclers of passing events seem hitherto to have regarded as beneath their notice.

The moment we traverse the Mediterranean and pass into the east, we encounter tribes of men whom we can with difficulty recognise as our contemporaries. Instead of having migrated from one geographical division of the globe to another, we seem to have travelled back centuries in time, and to be placed among generations commonly supposed to have long passed away. The novelties we observe in costume and manners constitute the least remarkable feature in the picture before us: were all the inhabitants of Syria, and the East generally, to be clothed at once in the

garb of Englishmen or Frenchmen, and to adopt, at the same time, our furniture and our cookery, our domestic architecture and our amusements, the most essential difference between them and us would still remain untouched. Even the adoption of our opinions, religious, political, and literary, would leave behind a line of demarcation too broad to allow any approximation to identity.

In what, then, it will perhaps be asked, does the difference between them and us consist? It may seem philosophical to say, that man in every age and country is the same; and that all that distinguishes race from race, and people from people, is comprehended under the terms, religious and civil institutions. But there is something else, something which, for want of a more appropriate expression, we must call the make and constitution of the mind. No one can have resided any time in the East, and been conversant with any one of its numerous populations, without having become intimately convinced of this; though few, perhaps, have studied, and much fewer still comprehended, the range of circumstances in which the peculiarity originated. Persons who have philosophised in one corner of the world, and upon a narrow basis, are too apt to conclude that our thoughts and opinions exist independently of those influences, the sum of which we denominate nature. They forget that man is a part of the universe, and not altogether an independent part, since all his primitive ideas come to him from without, while his feelings are moulded and are the creation of his mind, impregnated by external influences.

In Syria all great and prolific ideas may be said to be extinct. It has no creed of any kind on which it can itself place reliance, much less which it can offer fearlessly to the rest of the world. Syria has always been a sort of Golgotha of faiths, where the intellectual offspring of other lands has found death and sepulture. The streams of population have very strongly set in from every part of the world, towards that lovely land, where they have melted away, in a manner not explained in history. Before the invasion of the Israelites, who fought their way rather from Egyptian servitude, it had been conquered and possessed by a great variety of tribes from the desert and elsewhere; but none has taken root in it; to all appearance there never has been a Syrian people—a people living under the same institutions—speaking the same language—believing the same opinion—and tracing their origin to the same stock. On the contrary, fragments of a hundred nations have met there and settled in sight of each other, but without amalgamating—without forgetting their difference of origin—without laying aside their hereditary antipathies—without, in short, acquiring any thing in common, a spark of patriotism or fraternal attachment. Consequently, the annals of Syria are without parallel in the history of the world. Small as it is, it has never, properly speaking, formed one country, though its numerous tribes have, nearly in all ages, been constrained to submit together to some foreign conqueror.

There is now no aboriginal vitality in Syria. The very Arabs of the desert, though distinguished for boldness and generosity in the native waste, are soon forsaken by the proud spirit of enterprise when they settle in Syria, and induced to prefer enjoyment to exertion, and to devote to dreamy indolence the life which in the desert would have been swayed by stern virtue or ambition.

Of this Mohammed himself was sensible, as we may gather from the observation which he made on Damascus. Having, from the neighbouring mountains, surveyed its gardens and groves; its orchards, meadows, and limpid streams, and inhaled the perfumed atmosphere which breathed around, he said it was too delicious, and refused to enter it. He felt that the rude man of the wilderness, who aimed at affecting the moral aspect of half the world, had nothing to do in so interesting a place. His mind and body required to be braced by the air of the desert, by toil, by fatigue, by resolute contention with man and nature. The bait which he so wisely shunned, the calms, his successors, were caught with, to their ruin. Their courage and their virtue melted away in the spicy valleys of Syria, where their stern creed and martial manners have degenerated into a stupid superstition and the habits of thieves.

Everything throughout the Syrian land, from north to south, bears upon it the indelible stamp of decay and death. Populations, formerly numerous and powerful, have dwindled almost to nothing. Industry is at a stand-still, commerce is fast forsaking the country, agriculture is neglected, the government is oppressive, and the subjects are, in consequence, discontented and disloyal. No doubt fresh insurrection and revolution will, in the course of time, be organised in Syria; and it might even, if properly investigated, be found to be true that, at this moment, efforts are making to undermine the authority of the Ottoman Porte, and give a new master or masters to the Syrians. But this would affect Europe only in so far as the change might be secured by its own political intrigues or combinations; for of so little consequence to the rest of the world, are the internal struggles and vicissitudes of that country in themselves, that the overthrow and establishment of a new dynasty in Syria, if brought about by native means, would not disturb, for an hour, the calculations of any statesman in Christendom.

At present the East is awaiting, in a passive state, the impression that may be made upon it by the masculine powers of the West. This must be quite evident to those who considered the late troubles in the Lebanon, which were excited, continued, and terminated entirely by European influence. Throughout the whole range of country inhabited by the Maronites,