

precision of all woman kind, ever after a certain French damoiselle, to whom he paid his addresses in the kneeling fashion of the age, ranging for her footman to lift Gibbon, the philosopher's rotundity of person having effectually prevented his rising. Some scores of similar sages debated for ten days what should be the name of an assembly, by which they intended to regenerate France, in the days of the first Revolution. These are but scattered instances taken, as it were, by chance from different climes and ages, but how many hollow theories, what an amount of noisy dissipation and frivolous distinctions, how much of the contempt for all that is called vulgar and common-place, and what filling of wordy volumes have their origin in the learned vanity and small knowledge that see only the outside of things!

In the details of common life and the practice of every day people, the habit of outside viewing is no less prevalent. Its effects are apparent in private society and public demonstrations, moulding individual conduct and swaying the opinions of the multitude. Everywhere the useful and the enduring are undervalued, compared with the showy and substantial, and only that which glitters is prized, in spite of the proverbial fact that it is not all gold. Hence the most requisite employments are generally the least respected. The artisan and the agricultural labourer have been voted low for ages, though their pursuits are absolutely indispensable to society, and an American writer has justly called them the conscripts of the world. Bernardin St. Pierre, a somewhat sentimental philosopher of France in the last century, remarks that the heroes whom mankind delight to honor are the individuals who have rendered themselves most terrible to their species, but everywhere man despises the hand which prepares the garment that covers him or cultivates for him the fertile bosom of the earth. Doubtless the multitude of those useful workers may be assigned as a cause of this general depreciation—things are esteemed in proportion to their rarity rather than their utility. The diamond, which serves only to cut glass or sparkle in a ring, has the current worth of a thousand tons of the limestone by which our cities are cemented, and the most important of our chemical operations carried on. But this value is conventional and not real, the wisdom of the Great Designer has appointed that what is most necessary to life should be generally most abundant. Yet certain extraordinary circumstances occasionally occur, which not only exhibit the beneficence of that arrangement, but discover to misjudging mortals the balance of intrinsic worth. A pound of gold will in ordinary times, purchase a large quantity of corn, but in the city of Milan, when it was besieged by the emperor Conrad III. of Germany, a pound of gold was at last offered in vain for an equal weight of biscuit. The Arabs have a sad story regarding a famished traveller, who found a bag in the desert which he opened with joy, supposing it to contain dates; but it was filled with Turkish sequins, and the man expressed his disappointment by exclaiming, 'Alas! it is only gold!' How often might the gains of a long life's toil and striving be expressed in similar fashion? The Grecian history tells us of an Athenian king who offered his crown to any man in all his army who would refrain from drinking at a fountain to which their Persian enemies had long barred the passage, but no soldier would accept it on the terms. It were unfortunate for the world if peasants and mechanics were as few in number as poets and philosophers, alarming as the increase of these is said to be in our times.

When the Antelope packet was wrecked on the coast of one of the Pelew Islands, in 1753, though the natives received Captain Wilson and crew, who escaped, with the greatest respect and friendship, the most distinguished men in their opinion were the carpenter and sailmaker, the one having saved a box of tools, and the other some canvas and coarse needles. Thus ordinary abilities and appliances rise in estimation when scarcity makes their value apparent. Fortunately such occurrences are rare, at least among civilized nations, the order of society necessarily assigns different degrees of rank to both persons and things, which are generally recognized, though not unalterable, as circumstances every day illustrate. The peasant in the cultivation of his natural capabilities and the fulfilment of the duties of his station is a no less respectable man than the peer. Gold and silver are for coin, plate, and jewels, iron forms the spade, the ploughshare, and the steam engine, but let us never forget that the one is of intrinsic, and the other of a merely conventional utility.

The general propensity to outside viewing is observable in every department of life. Shakespeare says that 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' and to carry out the simile it may be remarked, that the comfort and advantages of the theatre are frequently sacrificed to the desire of the stage effect, hence shopkeepers aspire to tigers, and tradesmen sigh after liveries—hence boarding-school time is expended on superficial accomplishments, and literary education in the proportion of two to one—hence social evenings turn to affairs of expense and enqui, and an 'at home' becomes a scene of exhibition rather than amusement. On this account Mrs. Draper disturbs the peace of her husband's evenings and the comfort of her children's lives for a drawing-room like Lady Dashley's, while Mr. Tinsley's relations, and peradventure the good man himself, draw invidious comparisons between his gentle homely partner who never frowned on him, and Mrs. Shiner over the way, who leads the ton of the street, on a similar income, gets the cheapest

gown and is whispered to be a bit of a shrew.

When Columbus and his Spanish crew first landed on the coast of La Plata, they found the natives willing to barter ingots of gold and silver for small-looking glasses, and strings of beads, and when any of them made good the exchange—which we suspect was not a difficult matter—he generally ran off with his purchase in fear that the Spaniard might repent his bargain. The savages of La Plata have their representatives yet in our social system, the beads and locking-glasses of life are prized above the precious metals. Enter a household and see which is the child brought forward after dinner, talked of in all companies! Is it the most generous spirit or amiable character of the nursery? No; it is Louisa who is a born beauty, or Harry, who says such amusing things at four. Wit and beauty are handsome things in their way, but compared with sound sense and moral worth are they not the small dust of the balance? Yet in the grown up world the same ideas are at work, and how much of its admiration, its friendships, and even its love, is inspired by distinctions as small and casual as those of the nursery.

The Parsees have a tradition concerning Janschmid, an ancient king of Persia, celebrated over the East for his wisdom and warlike exploits. They say that his sight grew dim in the midst of his reign, and he prayed three days with his face to the rising sun, that Myhra would please to restore it; but at the dawn of the fourth day, a genie stood behind him where he knelt alone, and bade him turn to receive the wand, which he had power to show the real value of anything it touched by spontaneously lengthening, in the manner of the old Persian balance, adding that if he chose to fling it away at the end of seven years his power of vision would be perfectly restored. Janschmid took the wand and the genie departed, but the king carried his marvellous present through city and court, and harem and the tradition adds, with Oriental acuteness, all the sages of his kingdom, the greater part of the officers, and some of his wives changed places in consequence.

It also informs us that certain of the judges were banished, and many criminals escaped the bowstring, the soldiers were appointed to till the fields in which they had expected to fight, all quarrels were speedily arranged, and justice was done in Persia for the space of seven years, at the end of which time Janschmid only son and heir, Sapor, returned from his studies among the magi of Armenia, his father thought proper to apply the test to him, but finding the wand indicated very little worth, and remembering that Sapor was the only hope of his family, the king was seized with a sudden desire to see like the rest of his subjects, and flung the genie's gift into the river Tigris, whereupon his sight returned as it was in the days of his youth. The Parsees say they cannot tell if ever any other monarch of the east or west regained that wondrous wand, but one cannot help regretting that it had only a traditional existence, since the exercise of it would have spared the world the thousand errors and mistakes that have arisen from looking only on the outside of things.

New Works.

From the Poetical works of Miss Hooper.
THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIUS.

Written after seeing among a collection of beautiful paintings, copies from the old masters, one representing the Daughter of Herodius, bearing the head of John the Baptist on a charger, and wearing upon her countenance an expression, not of triumph, as one might suppose, but rather of soft and sorrowful remorse, as she looks upon the calm and beautiful features of her victim.

Mother! I bring thy gift,
Take from my hand the dreaded boon; I pray
Take it, the still pale sorrow of the face
Hath left upon my soul the living trace.
Never to pass away;
Since from these lips one word of idle breath
Blanched that calm face—oh! mother, this is death!

What is it that I see
From all the pure and settled features gleaming?
Reproach! reproach! my dreams are strange
and wild,
Mother! had'st thou no pity on thy child?
Lo a celestial smile seems softly beaming
On the hushed lips—my mother, can'st thou
brook
Longer upon thy victim's face to look?

Alas! at yesternorn
My heart was light, and to the viol's sound
I gaily danced, while crowned with Summer
flowers,
And swiftly by me sped the flying hours,
And all was joy around:
Not death! Oh! mother, could I say thee nay?
Take from thy daughter's hand the boon away!

Take it! my heart is sad,
And the pure forehead hath an icy chill—
I dare not touch it, for avenging Heaven
Hath shuddering visions to my fancy given,
And the pale face appals me, cold and still
With the closed lips—oh! tell me, could I
know
That the pale features of the dead were so?

I may not turn away
From the charmed brow, and I have heard
his name
Even as a prophet by his people spoken—

And that high brow, in death, bears seal and token

Of one whose words were flame:
Oh! Holy Teacher! could'st thou rise and live,
Would not these hushed lips whisper, I forgive?

Away with lute and harp,
With the glad heart forever, and the dance,
Never again shall tabret sound for me;
Oh! fearful mother! I have brought to thee
The silent dead, with his rebuking glance,
And the crushed heart of one, to whom are given
Wild dreams of judgment and offended heaven!

From Williams's Travels in Italy, Greece, &c.
DESCRIPTION OF POMPEII.

Pompeii is getting daily disincumbered, and considerable portions of this Grecian city is unveiled. We entered by the Appian way, through a narrow street of marble tombs, beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. We looked into the colonnade below that of Marius Arius Diomedes, and perceived jars containing the ashes of the dead, with a small lamp at the side of each. Arriving at the gate, we perceived a sentry box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand; proceeding up the street beyond the gate, we went into several streets, and entered into what is called a coffee house, the marks of cups being visible on the stone; we came likewise to a tavern, and found the sign (not a very decent one) near the entrance. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels, and holes are cut through the side stones for the purpose of fastening animals in the market place, and in certain situations are placed stepping stones, which give us a rather unfavourable idea of the state of the streets. We passed two beautiful little temples, went into a surgeon's house, in the operation room of which surgical instruments were found; entered an ironmonger's shop, where an anvil and hammer was discovered; a sculptor's and a baker's shop, in the latter of which may be seen an oven and grinding mills, like old Scotch querns. We examined likewise an oilman's shop, and a wine shop, lately opened, where money was found in the till; a school in which was found a small pulpit, with steps up to it, in the middle of the department, a great theatre, a temple of justice, an amphitheatre of about 220 feet in length, various temples, a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful mosaic; altars, inscriptions, fragments of statues, and many other curious remains of antiquity. Among the most remarkable objects was an ancient well, with part of a still more ancient frieze, built in it as a common stone, and a stream which has flowed under this once subterranean city long before its burial, pipes of Terra Cotta to convey the water to the different streets, stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found. All these things incline one almost to look for the inhabitants, and wonder at the desolate silence of the place.

The houses in general, are very low, and the rooms are small, I should think not above ten feet high. Every house is provided with a well and a cistern. Every thing seems to be in proportion. The principal streets do not appear to exceed 16 feet in width, with side pavements of about 3 feet, some of the subordinate streets are from 6 to 10 feet wide, with side pavements in proportion, these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps. The columns of the barracks are about 15 feet in height, they are made of tuffa with stucco, one third of the shaft is smoothly plastered, the rest fluted to the capital. The walls of the houses are often painted red, and some of them have borders and antique ornaments, masks, and imitations of marble, and in general poorly executed. I have observed on the walls of an eating room various kinds of food and game tolerably executed, one woman's apartment was adorned with subjects relating to love, and a man's with pictures of a martial character. Considering that the whole has been under ground upwards of seventeen centuries, it is certainly surprising that they should be as fresh as at the period of their burial.

From the Knickerbocker.

JOHN SMITH.

We mention this gentleman's cognomen with some reluctance, for the reason that there are two persons of the same name in Gotham.—John Smith was returning to town on one occasion about midnight, in a dark snow-storm. He was 'of new wine,' and was quite unable, after riding for an hour, to find his own dwelling; but he drove up to a house which he thought must be at least in his neighbourhood, and almost wrenched the bell-pull off with his hurried and repeated ringings. At length a neighbor's head peered from an upper window:

'What do you want, down there?' said not the best natured voice in the world, 'what the devil do you want?—ringing the bell as if the house was on fire! What do you want?'

'Can you tell me where John Smith lives?' 'J-o-h-n-S-m-i-t-h!' answered the recognising neighbour, with a kind of exclamatory interrogation; 'why, you are John Smith, yourself!'

'I know that as well as you do,' hiccupped John, 'but I don't know where I live!—wan't to know where I live!—'

Somebody show'd him.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Times.

MISMANAGEMENT OF OUR COLONIES.

Sir W. Molesworth had an easy task to perform when he showed that we had not turned our colonies to the account we might have done. This is a fact, glaring, open and self-condemning. We have neglected great opportunities; we have slighted marvellous appliances. Our faults are two-fold: we have omitted much and committed much. Notwithstanding Mr. Hawes' spirited and chivalrous defence, the Colonial-office has much to answer for. It professes too much; it pretends to too much; it meddles too much. It presents the only collection of men who pretend to the gift of omniscience. The Colonial Department outbids M. Philippe and all the modern conjurors. It knows everything and about everybody in every degree of latitude. It convicts, judges, examines, and displaces any colonial officer from a chief justice to a tide-waiter in any colony from Newfoundland to New Zealand, on the suggestions of an intuitive and incoherent sagacity. Had it a thousand arms or a million eyes it could not be more quick-sighted to detect and more handy at meddling than it is now. The pity is that, with all its far-sightedness and all its meddling it never satisfies those for whom it acts. Officials and colonists are alike aggrieved and insulted by the perpetual irritation of an irresponsible indifference. It is a mockery to talk, as Mr. Hawes talked, of parliamentary responsibility. There are not two dozen members of parliament who know anything about the colonies, and not one dozen who would care to meet their grievances in parliament. So far the responsibility of the Colonial office is a delusion and a fraud. But its oppressiveness is an unfortunate reality. For this there appear only two remedies. The one is to multiply enormously the hands of the office. The other is—what Sir W. Molesworth suggested, and Mr. Hawes, in the name of the government assented to—responsible self-government by the colonies. The first of these would be one of certain costliness and doubtful utility; the second, of no cost, and—as far as we can see—of no danger. It would be only carrying out in our modern what we began in our older colonies of doing in Australia, Capeland, and New Zealand what used to be done in Virginia, Massachusetts, and New England, and what is now done in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. It would be transferring to English settlements the forms and habits with which Englishmen are familiarized in their county, their borough, and their municipal elections at home, forms and habits by which the mind of Washington was trained and from which American independence sprang forms and habits under which anybody of intelligent Englishmen are fitted to live, and without which no high spirited Englishmen will consent to live. The first fruits of such liberal institutions in the colonies would be those which Sir W. Molesworth remarked have followed them elsewhere; a more economical system of internal administration. A colony which provides its own government and determines its own policy must pay its own taxes. It will therefore, be less extravagant, and cost the mother country less than a colony whose destinies are bandied about between a capricious governor and despotic bureaucracy. Nor is this though a great, the only advantage derivable from colonial self-government. At present too many of our colonies are dependent on the whims and ignorance of inefficient governors. They have no expression of public opinion which can enforce attention or command respect. Their population is divided between the Governor's toadies and the Governor's revilers—two parties rivalling one another in baseness, weakness, and malignity. They thus get into debts which they cannot pay like South Australia, or into wars which they cannot terminate, like Capeland. Their policy becomes a mass of confusion, querulousness, persecution, vindictiveness, and venality—one on which respectable men, looking with disgust, and entreprising men with horror. The public opinion of the colonists is degraded into libels, their private language degenerates into slang. No gentleman, no man of education, honour, or refinement, will submit to become the denizen of a soil on which his interests may be slighted his opinion on decided, or his character traduced by a narrow and servile coterie. Thus, at a period of great social pressure, hundreds of English gentlemen whose accession would be a blessing and treasure to our colonial settlements are kept back from prosecuting an enterprise fraught with momentous consequences to themselves and their country—while the colonies themselves suffer from the denial of privileges which the experience of Canada and New Brunswick has shown may be exercised with safety and advantage. But the language of Mr. Hawes induces us to hope that these privileges will soon be extended to our rising settlements in Africa and Australia, thus ensuring a cheaper and more honourable mode of preservation than the suppression of our armaments, or that most equivocal economy of which America best knows the fruits and the peril—the parsimonious remuneration of meritorious public servants.