

poor helpless girl, and at once pledged myself to perform the last will of the dying woman. Then, as if the unhappy mother had awaited that engagement, she called her daughter to her side, tenderly pressed her in her arms, breathed a profound sigh, and her soul had taken flight towards heaven.

It would be impossible adequately to depict to you the overwhelming despair of poor Margaret when she saw that her mother no longer breathed. I hastened to remove her from the miserable chamber, and, having placed a woman to watch the dead body, until the necessary arrangements can be made for the funeral, I brought her hither as the best place for obtaining the care and attention she needs, until we can ascertain the names of her friends and restore her to them.

The eyes of Mrs Harcourt glistened with pride and pleasure at this recital of the noble-hearted conduct of her son; and Mrs Maxwell exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy, 'Well Harry—you are a man to win the hearts of all the women. God will bless you, even as the dying woman has predicted; and you know that in our part of Scotland, we have a superstition that to succour a young woman, poor and beautiful, on Christmas day, is to bring honor and happiness on the house of him who shall introduce such an object of benevolence under his roof.'

Need we add that the celebration of the Christmas of 1847 was among the most festive and happy that the Harcourts and their friends had ever known? The whole party heartily enjoyed their good cheer, the surprises of the Christmas tree after dinner and the evening entertainments; and with infinitely the greater relish, inasmuch as their rejoicings had been seasoned and mellowed by witnessing the exercise of a degree of practical philanthropy, rarely, we fear to be found upon this every-day earth of ours, where Mammon-worship possesses but too potent an influence over the naturally genial spirits of most of us.

[To be concluded.]

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To those who read aright the history of the world, nothing is more apparent than this, that the fall of empires and the ruin of individuals arose from two causes—vitiated bodies and uncultivated minds. It is the lesson taught, in terrible language, by every page of history. It is written in blood, and fire, and pain, and misery. It is written in wrong and subjugation. It is written in spoliation and tyranny. Not one nation, whose records have come down to us, has been exempt from the destiny of pre-empting us with the awful example. Empires, founded on the muscular strength and physical dauntlessness of a few banded tribes; States, the root of whose power was firmly planted in the rank soil of superstition; republics which have flourished on the spoils of rapine and conquest—all, all have fallen into the whirlpool of destruction—leaving only marvellous relics of their existence, and mighty evidences of their power scattered on the shore. Later ages have gathered them together, and formed a consecutive chronicle of an antique world. But as yet they have failed to heed the lesson so emphatically taught. Ancient rhyme and prose, in poem and narration—that all the old nations ended and risen, not so much from the absence of means, as from the want of a system of education for the masses. Egypt, with her educated priestly class, and uneducated population, teaches it; Greece, with her splendid intellectual treasures, abused or undisseminated, teaches it; Rome, with a fine race of patricians, whose culture was a primary object, and as fine a race of plebeians, whose capabilities were despised and neglected, until they became base and corrupt, attests it—and the civilizational history of every modern nation, shows nearly an equal lack of the same saving power—nearly an equal lack of sound National Education.

But in wandering from the Dan to the Beresha of modern efforts in this direction, we cannot cry, that 'all is barren.' At last we are half alive to the truth, which says, that national safety and civilizational progress, can only be secured (as far as things human can be secured)—by National Education. We begin to perceive, and our statesmen begin to perceive too, that an highly educated middle class, associated with a poverty-stricken, and ignorant lower class—the one preying on the labors of the other, continually squeezing all that can be squeezed from that other, continually pressing it into lower and lower depths of discomfort and despair, keeping them hungry and ignorant, not from feelings of tyranny, but from a strange conviction (as we are willing to believe) that it can't be helped—men in power and out, in public and private, are beginning to see that these are the very elements which, in severe and unforeseen circumstances, agglomerate into revolutions, and convulse a startled world. Statesmen have condescended these lessons. Potentates have felt their influences on the deliberations of their secret councils. Autocrats and Emperors awake to misgivings, that to keep herds of men in a state of barbarous pupillage, is like keeping herds of Libyan lions in a den of wire-work. The least breach in the prison—the least derangement of the feeding apparatus, and the keepers are in danger of being torn to pieces, the land in danger of anarchy and desolation.

But we are not willing that the question should be thus settled as one of expediency. Every child has as much right to education as it has to life and liberty. That is the premise from which we draw our conclusions. If a man has a right to life, to perform his duty to society—if its well-being depends on preserving life and property inviolate, surely he has a right to education, or the development of all

his powers, in order that he may effectually fulfil those duties, and contribute to that well-being.

Here, for the present, we leave this important subject. It will occupy, doubtless, a prominent place in the debates of Parliament, as it now constantly occupies the attention of Her Majesty's Ministers. We shall have, therefore, many opportunities of laying such reflections before our readers, as the time may suggest. Moreover, it is a duty incumbent on all, to aid in the formation of a public opinion sufficiently powerful to secure, if need be, the adoption of a more liberal system than has heretofore existed in England, or elsewhere.

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

A mighty and a mingled throng,  
Were gathered in one spot,  
The dwellers of a thousand homes—  
Yet midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there,  
The mother and her child:  
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—  
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives  
Years had swept darkly by;  
After that heart-sick hope deferred,  
They met, but silently.

You might have heard the rustling leaf,  
The breeze's faintest sound,  
The shiver of an insect's wing,  
On that thick peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died  
For the deep quiet's sake;  
Your tread the softest moss have sought,  
Such stillness not to break.

What held the countless multitude,  
Bound in that spell of peace?  
How could the ever-sounding life  
Amid so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the air,  
Some glory high above,  
That linked and hushed those human souls  
In reverential love?

Or did some burning passion's weight  
Hang on their indrawn breath?  
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?  
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,  
Lay on each lonely heart!  
Kindred were there—yet hermits all,  
Thousands—but each apart.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE DIFFERENT EUROPEAN RACES.

At a moment like the present, when the various contests now agitating this quarter of the globe are assuming an aspect of strife betwixt race and race, some short review of the different European races may not be uninteresting.

At the spread of the Roman power, two great nations occupied the greater part of western Europe—the Celts and Iberians. That event and the subsequent irruption of the Teutonic tribes, which overran the Roman Empire, led at last to an amalgamation of the invaders and invaded, and thus those two races have to a considerable extent lost their individuality—the Iberians, indeed, almost wholly so. Their blood is still the prevailing element in the population of most of the countries of Western Europe; but the unmixed nations of their lineage are now comparatively few. In the early days of Rome the Celts inhabited Gaul, the British Islands and parts of Spain and Italy. At present they are the natives of the greater part of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the Isle of Man, calling themselves 'Gael;' and the people of Wales, Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, who are termed 'Kymry.' Those two divisions of the Celtic family have distinct dialects of their ancient language, which they all still retain except the Cornish, who lost theirs in the beginning of the last century, after having been on the decline for generations. The last who spoke it were the fishermen and market people about Land's End. Celtic blood is much mingled in the nations of Spain and Italy; and in France, notwithstanding the many settlements of invaders, the main stock of the population is undoubtedly Celtic. On consideration this will not appear surprising: the Romans, the first conquerors of France, were partly of Celtic origin themselves, as is apparent from their language; and the Franks, the subsequent invaders, were never so numerous as the original inhabitants who remained. In the east and south of France, in the parts appropriated by the Burgundians Visigoths, and in Normandy, the settlement of the Northmen, the Teutonic admixture is most obvious; in Brittany, as before-mentioned, the inhabitants are pure Celts; in Gascony (so called from the Vascones) Iberian blood probably predominates. In person the Celts are spare and hardy. There have been many disputes as to their original complexion: Cæsar speaks of them as red haired; they are now, however, much darker than their Teutonic brethren; their eyes are generally black or grey; they are active in mind and body, impetuous, imaginative, hospitable,

from their old clan customs more obedient to persons than principles, and more devoted to kindred than country. Their greatest evil is an unhappy proneness to intestine strife, which has been beyond doubt the most potent cause of their decline in those countries they once exclusively possessed.

Our earliest notices of the Iberians are as the inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula, whence they pushed themselves into Southern Gaul, Sardinia and Corsica. As a distinct people they have nearly disappeared. Modern investigation tends to prove that the Basques of France and Spain are their representatives. In all those countries where they once dwelt—Spain, Portugal, Gascony, Sardinia, &c.—they still form an important ingredient in the very diversified population; a diversity in appearance, temperament, language, and costume, which, visibly all over Southern Europe, is nowhere perhaps so strongly marked as in Spain—diversity owing to the variety in surface and climate, and deficiency in internal communication, keeping alive the characteristics of the many races who from age to age have colonised or conquered there—Celt and Iberian, Greek and Roman, Teutonic and Moor. The tall Catalan, in long red cap, the long sash-girt trowsers, with his rough manner and restless enterprise, is different from the sullen listless Murcian: the affable but treacherous Valencian, with animated features, and loose mantle, chequered like a Scotch tartan, is the reverse of the grave, stately, high minded Castilian: while the Andalusian—boastful, graceful and gay, the dandy of Spain—is the very antipode of the simple, honest Gallego, in his coarse garb and hobnailed shoes. Teutonic blood is more evident in Gallacia, Austria, and Catalonia than elsewhere in the Peninsula; Moorish blood in the South; and Iberian or Celt-Iberian in the other provinces. The Basques, the representatives of the Iberians, are a bold, sturdy population. Their character comprises many valuable qualities—honesty, cheerfulness, frugality, industry, and a high spirit of independence. Of the origin of the older Italian nations—the Etruscans, Umbrians, &c.—we know nothing for certain. The Celts had undoubtedly large possessions in Italy, and the Iberians probably some colonies. The Greeks had also large settlements. Indeed Sicily and South Italy, called from this circumstance Magna Græcia, were to a great extent colonised by them. On the downfall of Rome, the Teutonic tribe of the Longobards settled in, and gave their name to, Lombardy. In the middle ages, the Normans and Spaniards conquered in the south, and the Saracens also in Sicily. From all these circumstances, and the subdivision of the country into independent states, the population is of almost as varied a character as in Spain. The steady, plodding Lombard shews his Teutonic origin; the Greek is the predominating element in the mercantile Phlipotians.

Germany and Scandinavia were the original countries of the Teutons, and in those countries they still continue unadulterated. The various proportions of their admixture with the population in southern Europe has been already noticed. The unmixed nations of this race are the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, Dutch, and by far the greater proportion of the Swiss, English, Lowland Scotch, and British colonists in the north of Ireland. The Belgians are chiefly Teutons, too, with a mingling of French blood. The Teutons are the most widely-spread of all the European races. The qualities most prominent in their character, and which have contributed mainly to their present diffusion and progress, are enterprise, patience, and perseverance; generally speaking, they are more orderly and more industrious, more reserved and graver in demeanor than their neighbours. In person they are of good size and robust, light or brown haired, and blue or brown eyed. As they occupy almost exclusively their various countries, they require a briefer notice than has been bestowed on the more complicated races.

Another widely-diffused race, the Slavonians, is spread over eastern Europe. The nations of their stock are the Russians and Poles, the Bohemians, Moravians, Carinthians, Carniolans, and Wendes, in Germany; the Slovaks in Hungary; the Croats, Slavonians, Servians, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Bosniaks, and Bulgarians. With generally excellent qualities of head and heart, the Slavonians are in a much less advanced state of civilization than the majority of the nations of western Europe. Feudalism prevails amongst them still. In the present day, the project of a Pan-slavonia, or great United Slavonic Empire, has been broached; but we fear such a powerful union of half-civilised states would be anything but favourable for the progress of European liberty and refinement.

Without reckoning the more mixed races—the French, Spaniards, &c.—the number of the comparatively pure races already enumerated, has been estimated as follows:

Celts, about	9,000,000
Iberians,	600,000
Teutons (in Europe and Am.)	52,000,000
Slavonians,	70,000,000

The other great families inhabiting Europe, are the Asiatic race of the Magyars of Hungary, and the Fins who dwell in the North of Europe: though these two nations have a similar origin and cognate languages, there is no resemblance between them in manners and person. The Magyars are a handsome, social people; the Fins, though honest and hospitable, are gloomy and repulsive in manner, and of sinister uncouth appearance, which was probably the cause of their old reputation for necromancy, which they retain even still with some of our own sailors. To the Finnish race belong the Laplanders, Livonians, Esthes, &c. The Vlaches of Wallachia and Moldavia, (the

former Dacia) and the fierce natives of Albania (the old Illyria) are supposed to be the aborigines of those countries. The once glorious nations of the Greeks, is still a fine people, though now in a semi-civilised condition, very different from their former high estate. They are not confined to Greece, but spread largely over European Turkey, the coasts of Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Levant.

And now that, in the present day, the project has been started by Germans and Slavonians, of collecting the various nations of the same race under the same government, it may not be improper to consider a little its merits. Its objects are to confirm and strengthen nationality, and preserve a greater purity of race. The preservation of nationality is both desirable and praiseworthy, and should be with every nation a primary care. In other respects we fear this plan will be less advantageous. An amalgamation of races has (in western Europe at least) been invariably found beneficial. The present progressive character of the British people has by many been attributed to the circumstance of their being so much mixed; and this will appear to have considerable show of reason, when we reflect that the Teutons and Celts are races so contrasted, that the deficiencies in one are almost invariably the prominent characteristics of the other—Teutonic perseverance and patience, and Celtic impetuosity and quickness of perception; Celtic social graces, and Teutonic practical ability. Teutonic intellect is generally considered profounder and slower than the Celtic. The first people of the feudal days, in force of character and military prowess, was unquestionably the Normans. In the various Countries of their conquests they exhibited a more enduring mental energy than the Celts, more mental activity than the Teutons, proceeding from their being a compound of the two races. In the present day, the Provencals of France and the Catalans of Spain are the least unmixed nations of their respective countries, and both mentally and physically are certainly inferior to no other Spaniards or Frenchmen.

From the British Banner.

FILING NEWSPAPERS.

One of the many things which I have to regret when I review my past life is, that I did not, from my earliest youth, at least as soon as I was able to do it, take and preserve—I believe the technical word is "file"—some good newspapers. How interesting would it be now to a sexagenarian to look into the paper which he read when he was twelve or sixteen, or twenty years old. How many events would this call to mind which he has entirely forgotten. How many interesting associations would it receive! What a view would it give of past years! What knowledge would it preserve by assisting the memory! and how many valuable purposes of a literary kind, even might it be rendered subservient to! How much do I wish that I could look into such a record while composing this short article! But newspapers are quite different things now from what they were sixty or even twenty years ago. They are unspeakably more interesting and valuable; in that respect, at least (I believe in many others,) these times are better than the former. Formerly the editors of newspapers were obliged to strain their wits and exhaust their means in order to obtain matter to fill their pages. Now the great difficulty is, to insert all the valuable interesting materials, that are poured upon them from every part of the world, and from every grade and place of society. Now, newspapers contain many of the best thoughts of the most highly gifted men on the most momentous subjects, and their reports and statements are far more accurate, than they formerly were or could be. They have repudiated the character for lying they once had, and have become records of truth.

From an American paper.

DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF TONE

Died at her residence, in Georgetown, D. C., in the 81st year of her age, Matilda, relict of the late Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Scotland. This estimable lady, born in Ireland on the 17th of June, 1768, was first married to the illustrious patriot Theobald Wolfe Tone, well known in Irish history as the friend and companion of the martyred Emmet, and, as such, her memory should be dear to every friend of liberty. Mrs Tone resided in France at the time of her husband's death. The estimation in which she was held, and her own moral and literary worth, had gained her many powerful friends. The most elegant encomium ever pronounced on woman, was that which Lucien Bonaparte bestowed upon her in recommending her case, and that of her children, to the attention of the French Chambers; the effect of which was manifested by the unanimous grant of an annual pension. She preserved, in her eighty-first year, the energy of intellect that made her the companion of her husband, and the warmth of her heart, that even her cruel sorrows could not chill.

To-morrow, those that are now gay may be sad—those now walking the avenue of pleasure may be the subjects of sorrow—those on the mountain summit may be in the valley—that rosy cheek may have the lily's hue—the strong may falter, death may have come.

Young gentlemen who would prosper in love should woo gently. It is not fashionable for ladies to take "ardent spirits."

"Out of darkness cometh light," as the Printer's Devil said when he looked into the ink-keg.