

The moon had been for a time quenched in a dense mass of clouds, which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron soaring over the desert, could now see grey-coated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighboring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream, by the shouts and galloping of mingled police and soldiers, as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, bare-headed and panting peasants.

These were soon captured, and at once recognized as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the deserted village.

Since then years have rolled on. The heron, who had been startled from his quiet haunts by these things, was still dwelling on the lofty tree with his kindred, by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgement, as spring after spring came round; but no family, after that fatal time had ever tenanted the mansion. The widow and children had fled from it so soon as Mr FitzGibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg; dank moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure grounds lay obstructed with briars; and young trees, in time, grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed; the nimble frolics of the squirrel were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place.—Landlord and tenant, gentlemen and peasant, each with the roots and the shoots of many virtues in their hearts, thrown into a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, had wreaked on each other the miseries sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants; and peasants who would have glowed with grateful affection toward them, exulted in being their assassins. As the traveller rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen, he reads the riddle of Ireland's fate, and asked himself when an Oedipus would arise to solve it.

From the International Magazine.

#### MR JEFFERSON

ON THE STUDY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON LANGUAGE.

The trustees of the University of Virginia have had printed a few copies of "An Essay towards facilitating Instruction in the Anglo-Saxon and Modern Dialects of the English Language: By Thomas Jefferson." The MS. has been preserved in the library of their University ever since Mr Jefferson's death. It is a very characteristic production, and is printed in a thin quarto volume, prefaced by the following letter from Mr Jefferson to Herbert Croft, LL. B., of London:

MONTICELLO, Oct. 30, 1798.

Sir,—The copy of your printed letter on the English and German languages, which you have been so kind as to send me, has come to hand; and I pray you to accept of my thanks for this mark of your attention. I have perused it with singular pleasure, and, having long been sensible of the importance of a knowledge of the Northern languages to the understanding of English, I see it, in this letter, proved and specifically exemplified by your collations of the English and German. I shall look with impatience for the publication of your "English and German Dictionary." Johnson, besides the want of precision in his definitions, and of accurate distinction in passing from one shade of meaning to another of the same word, is most objectionable in his derivations. From a want probably of intimacy with our own language while in the Anglo-Saxon form and type, and of its kindred languages of the North, he has a constant leaning towards Greek and Latin for English etymon. Even Skinner has a little of this, who, when he has given the true Northern parentage of a word, often tells you from what Greek and Latin source it might be derived by those who have that kind of partiality. He is, however, on the whole, our best etymologist, unless we ascend a step higher to the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary; and he has set the good example of collating the English word with its kindred word in the several Northern dialects, which often assist in ascertaining its true meaning.

Your idea is an excellent one, in producing authorities for the meanings of words, "to select the prominent passages in our best writers, to make your dictionary a general index to English literature, and thus to interperse with verdure and flowers the barren deserts of Philology." And I believe with you that "wisdom, morality, religion, thus thrown down, as if without intention, before the reader, in quotations may often produce more effect than the very passages in the books themselves;"—"that the cowardly suicide, in search of a strong word for his dying letter, might light on a passage which would excite him to blush at his want of fortitude, and to forego his purpose;"—"and that a dictionary with examples at the words may, in regard to every branch of knowledge, produce more real effect than the collection of books which it quotes." I have sometimes myself used Johnson as a Repertory, to find favorite passages which I wished to recollect, but too rarely with success.

I was led to set a due value on the study of the Northern languages, and especially of Anglo-Saxon, while I was a student of the law, by being obliged to recur to that source for explanation of a multitude of law-terms.

A preface to Fortescue on Monarchies, written by Fortescue Aland, and afterwards premised to his volume of Reports, develops the advantages to be derived to the English student generally, and particularly the student of law, from an acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon; and mentions the books to which the learner may have recourse for acquiring the language. I accordingly devoted some time to its study, but my busy life has not permitted me to indulge in a pursuit to which I felt great attraction. While engaged in it, however, some ideas occurred for facilitating the study by simplifying its grammar, by reducing the diversities of its unfixed orthography to single and settled forms, indicating at the same time the pronunciation of the word by its correspondence with the characters and powers of the English alphabet. Some of these ideas I noted at the time on the blank leaves of my Elstob's Anglo-Saxon Grammar: but there I have left them, and must leave them, unpursued, although I still think them sound and useful. Among the works which I proposed for the Anglo-Saxon student, you will find such literal and verbal translations of the Anglo-Saxon writers recommended, as you have given us of the German in your printed letter. Thinking that I cannot submit those ideas to a better judge than yourself, and that if you find them of any value you may put them to some use, either as hints in your dictionary, or in some other way, I will copy them as a sequel to this letter, and commit them without reserve to your better knowledge of the subject. Adding my sincere wishes for the speedy publication of your valuable dictionary, I tender you the assurance of my high respect and consideration.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Of the Essay itself we have room only for the initial paragraph, which is as follows:

"The importance of the Anglo-Saxon dialects towards a perfect understanding of the English language, seems not to have been duly estimated by those charged with the education of youth; and yet it is unquestionably the basis of our present tongue. It was a full-formed language; its frame and construction, its declension of nouns and verbs, and its syntax were peculiar to the Northern languages, and fundamentally different from those of the South. It was the language of all England, properly so called, from the Saxon possession of that country in the sixth century to the time of Henry III. in the thirteenth, and was spoken pure and unmixed with any other. Although the Romans had been in possession of that country for nearly five centuries from the time of Julius Cæsar, yet it was a military possession chiefly, by their soldiery alone, and with dispositions intermutually jealous and unamiable. They seemed to have aimed at no lasting settlements there, and to have had little familiar mixture with the native Britons. In this state of connection there would probably be little incorporation of the Roman into the native language, and on their subsequent evacuation of the island its traces would soon be lost altogether. And had it been otherwise, these innovations would have been carried with the natives themselves when driven into Wales by the invasion and entire occupation of the rest of the Southern portion of the island by the Anglo-Saxons. The language of these last became that of the country from that time forth, for nearly seven centuries; and so little attention was paid among them to the Latin, that it was known to a few individuals only as a matter of science, and without any chance of transfusion into the vulgar language. We may safely repeat the affirmation, therefore, that the pure Anglo-Saxon constitutes at this day the basis of our language. That it was sufficiently copious for the purposes of society in the existing condition of arts and manners, reason alone would satisfy us from the necessity of the case. Its copiousness, too, was much favored by the latitude it allowed of combining primitive words so as to produce any modification of idea desired. In this characteristic it was equal to the Greek, but it is more specially proved by the actual fact of the books they have left us in the various branches of history, geography, religion, law, and poetry. And although since the Norman conquest it has received vast additions and embellishments from the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages, yet these are but engraftments on its idiomatic stem; its original structure and syntax remain the same, and can be but imperfectly understood by the mere Latin scholar. Hence the necessity of making the Anglo-Saxon a regular branch of academic education. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was assiduously cultivated by a host of learned men. The names of Lambard, Parker, Spelman, Wheelock, Wilkins, Gibson, Hickes, Thwaites, Somner, Benson, Mareschal, Elstob, deserve to be ever remembered with gratitude for the Anglo-Saxon works which they have given us through the press, the only certain means of preserving and promulgating them."

From a Review of the Works of William Ross Wallace, in the International Magazine for November.

#### THE MOUNDS OF AMERICA.

COME to the mounds of death with me. They stretch From deep to deep, sad, venerable, vast, Graves of gone empires—gone without a sign, Like clouds from heaven. They stretch'd from deep to deep Before the Roman smote his mailed hand On the gold portals of the dreaming East; Before the Pleiad, in white trance of song,

Beyond her choir of stars went wandering. The great old Trees, rank'd on these hills of death, Have melancholy hymns about all this; And when the moon walks her inheritance With slow, imperial pace, the Trees look up And chant in solemn cadence. Come and hear.

"Oh patient Moon! go not behind a cloud, But listen to our words. We, too, are old, Though not so old as thou. The ancient towns

The cities thronged far apart like queens, The shadowy domes, the realms majestic, Slept in thy younger beams. In every leaf We hold their dust, a king in every trunk. We, too, are very old: the wind that wails In our broad branches, from swart Ethiopia come

But now, wail'd in our branches long ago, Then come from darken'd Calvary. The Hills Lean'd ghastly at the tale that wan Wind told;

The Streams crept shuddering through the tremulous dark;

The Torrent of the North, from morn till eve, On his steep ledge hung pausing; and o'er all Such silence fell, we heard the conscious Rills Drip slowly in the caves of central Earth. So were the continents by His crowned grief Together bound, before that Genoese Flamed on the dim Atlantic: so have we Whose aspect faced the scene, unchallenged right

"Of language unto all, while memory holds. "O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud, But hear our words. We know that thou didst see

The whole that we could utter—that thou wert A worship unto realms beyond the flood— But we are very lonesome on these mounds. And speech doth make the burden of sad thought

Endurable; while these, the people new, That take our land, may haply learn from us What wonder went before them; for no word E'er came from thee, so beautiful, so lone, Throned in thy still domain, superbly calm And silent as a god.

Here empires rose and died; Their very dust, beyond the Atlantic borne In the pale navies of the charter'd wind, Stains the white Alp. Here the proud city ranged Spire after spire, like star ranged after star Along the dim empyrean, till the air Went mad with splendor, and the dwellers cried,

"Our walls have married Time!"—Gone are the marts, The insolent citadels, the fearful gates, The pictured domes that curved like starry skies;

Gone are their very names! The royal Ghost Cannot discern the old imperial haunts, But goes about perplexed like a mist Between a ruin and the awful stars. Nations are laid beneath our feet. The bard Who stood in Song's prevailing light, as stands

The apocalyptic angel in the sun, And rained melodious fire on all the realms; The prophet pale, who shuddered in his gloom,

As the white cataract shudders in its mist; The hero shattering an old kingdom down With one clear trumpet's will; the Boy, the Sage, Subject and Lord, the Beautiful, the Wise—Gone, gone to nothingness.

The years glide on, The pitiless years! and all alike shall fail, State after State reared by the solemn sea, Or where the Hudson goes unchallenged past The ancient warder of the Palisades,

Or where, rejoicing o'er the enormous cloud, Beam the blue Alleghanies—all shall fail: The Ages chant their dirges on the peaks, The palls are ready in the peopled vales; And nations fill one common sepulchre. Nor goes the Earth on her dark way alone. Each star in yonder vault doth hold the dead In its funeral deeps: Arcturus broods Over vast sepulchres that had grown old Before the earth was made: the universe Itself is but one mighty cemetery

Rolling around its central solemn sun. "O patient Moon! go not behind a cloud, But listen to our words. We, too, must die—And thou!—thy vassal stars shall fail to hear Thy queenly voice over the azure fields Calling at sunset. They shall fade. The Earth

Shall look and miss their sweet familiar eyes And, crouching, die beneath the feet of God. Then come the glories, then the nobler times, For which the Orbs travail'd in sorrow; then The mystery shall be clear, the burden gone; And surely men shall know why nations came Transfigured for the pangs; why not a spot Of this wide world but hath a tale of woe;

Why all this glorious universe is Death's. "Go, Moon! and tell the stars, and tell the suns, Impatient of the woe, the strength of him Who doth consent to death; and tell the climes

That meet thy mournful eyes, one after one, Through all the lapses of the lonesome night, The pathos of repose, the might of Death!"

The voice is hushed; the great old wood is still: The moon, like one in meditation, walks Behind a cloud. We, too, have them for thought

While, as a sun, God takes the West of Time And smites the pyramid of Eternity. The shadow lengthens over many worlds Doom'd to the dark mausoleum and mound.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

## European News.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times, November 8.

The Bosphorus steamer has arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, after a passage of thirty five days, bringing dates from the colony to the 1st October. The intelligence seems to confirm, and, indeed, to add to the disastrous news brought by the last packet, and the alarm which we have expressed on this side respecting the critical position of our countrymen at King William's Town, and in the River Sovereignty, fills us with serious anxiety. In one of those desultory encounters with the Kaffirs, which we have described so frequently on previous occasions, it seems that, either owing to the defection of the Hottentot levies, or by accident, the Kaffirs surprised and surrounded two companies of the 2nd (Queen's) regiment, and killed Captain Oldham, two sergeants, and nineteen rank and file; twenty three were wounded and eight missing. The opportune advance of a relief prevented further loss. It is evident that the inhabitants of Graham's-town are now become aware of their dangerous position, and have made some demonstration by mustering the adult population of the place; but something more than mere demonstration will be required to check the inroads of the enemy. General Somerset was preparing to make some general movement, but, looking at the state of the surrounding country, it is difficult to conceive what he can do to avert the dangers which threaten him from all sides. The Kaffirs are evidently become conscious of their great numerical superiority, and vague reports are circulated that they meditate a serious attack upon Graham's-town as soon as they can collect sufficient forces, one-half the number required having already joined them. From the Orange River Sovereignty the news respecting the movement of the contending tribes is of rather an unintelligible character, and the destination and object of the reinforcements sent from Natal seem to be unknown. Taking a view of the whole circumstances of the war, and the savage manner in which it is conducted by the natives, who hunt down the English troops with dogs and then dispatch them with clubs, it is very evident that some very vigorous steps must speedily be taken by the Government at home, or otherwise we shall hear of some frightful calamity which will fill the nation with sorrow and indignation. We have over and over again given warning of the dangers which beset our brave soldiers on all sides. Surely public opinion will now be roused to the subject. The price of bread has risen 50 per cent at the Cape, where continued apathy prevails respecting the contest going on in every other part in the eastern districts.

**Policy of the Country.**—At the new Lord Mayor's banquet on Monday last, Lord John Russell made a short speech, of which the following is the passage of chief interest:—"And now he would say a few words, as to what he conceived should be the main object of the policy of this country at the present time. He believed that main object should be peace.—His opinion was, that there was nothing in the present aspect of affairs, which should induce this country to separate a single hair's breadth from that pacific line which it had adopted, and that not only for its own welfare but for the welfare of the world. The maintenance and the inculcation of peace was the duty, interest, and policy of this empire; and, let him add, that he trusted that the Exhibition which had been witnessed in the present year, bringing, as it had done, various nations together, would have done much to dispel the fallacy which at one time had great prevalence—that it was the interest and wish of England to embroil other nations, and provoke dissension among them."

**Neapolitan Political Prisoners.**—The following additional particulars of the state of Poerio and his companions since their arrival at Ischia are from a gentleman who lately visited the prisoners:—"After Mr. Gladstone's interview with Poerio, the latter gentleman, together with Pirotte, Brieco, Captain Nisco, and Aricelli, were removed to the prison of Ischia, which is reserved for the worst class of offenders.

When they entered the prison they found themselves in a damp vaulted room, round which is a gallery. Here guards were stationed, provided with hand grenades. The prisoners were commanded to confess their asserted crimes; they were carefully searched, and their money taken from them. For many days they slept on the damp stones of the cell. Two of the guards, Fabozzi and Andretta, were removed from the prison for having made a favorable report of the conduct of the condemned. Night and day they wore the heaviest irons; and when they received any assistance from their friends they were only allowed to buy the necessaries of life from a sort of cookshop, which the government allows a woman to keep within the prison, on payment for the same. For three months they remained deprived of sufficient clothing and every necessary of life. Their prison became pestilential. The condition of the prisoners is now much improved, particularly of those who, like Poerio, are in the infirmary; but all still wear their chains."

**Engagement with Pirates near Gibraltar.**—The following is a more detailed account of the engagement between her Majesty's steam-frigate Janus and the Riff pirates, on the coast of Morocco, in which Lieut. Powell, commanding the Janus, was seriously wounded and seven of the crew more or less injured.