

Two centuries ago there were not quite three millions of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language, at the present moment in Europe than there were in Europe and America of this conquering and colonizing people in the time of the Cromwell. How vain, then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races! Sixty years ago the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 17,000,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles. Thirty years ago it counted only thirty four millions; being altogether only three millions and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe. In 1851 it is ahead of every civilised race in the world. Of races lying within the zones of civilization, the Slaves alone are more numerous, counted by heads; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth, energy, and cultivation they are not to be compared with the Frank, Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength. Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world, to impress on the future of society and civilization the stamp of its own character and genius, to make its law, idiom, religion, manners, government, and opinion prevail, the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful and active. The day when it might possibly have been crushed, absorbed, or trampled out, like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hordes is gone by forever. That it was possible at one time for this people to be subdued by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt. In 1660, the United provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history than England. Their wealth, activity, and maritime power were the most imposing in Europe. They had all the carrying trade of the west in their hands. Their language was spoken in every port. In the great Orient their empire was fixed and their influence paramount. England was then hardly known abroad. Her difficult idiom grated on foreign ears, and her stormy coasts repelled the curiosity of mere cultivated travellers. Had the thought of a day arriving when any single European language would be spoken by millions of persons, scattered over the great continents of the earth from New Zealand to Hebrides and from the Cape of storms to the Arctic Ocean, occurred to any speculative mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue to which he would have assigned the marvelous mission. Yet, Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxon has risen in the scale of nations. Her idiom is now acquired by few. Her merchants conduct their correspondence and transact their business in French or in English. Even her writers have many of them clothed their genius in a foreign garb. On the other hand, our literature and language have passed entirely out of this phase of danger. Dutch, like Welsh, Flemish, Erse, Basque, and other odiums, is doomed to perish as an intellectual medium; but whatever may be the future changes of the world, the tongue of Shakespeare and of Bacon is now too firmly rooted ever to be torn away. No longer content with mere preservation, it aims at universal mastery. Gradually it is taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; insulating all rival idioms, shutting them up from intercourse with each other, making itself the channel of every communication. At a hundred points at once it plays the aggressor. It contends with Spanish on the frontiers of Mexico; drives French and Russian before it in Canada and in the Northern Archipelago; supersedes Dutch at the Cape and Natal; elbows Greek and Italian at Malta and in the Ionian Islands; usurps the right of Arabic at Suez and Alexandria; maintains itself supreme at Liberia, Hongkong, Jamaica, and St. Helena; fights its way against multitudinous and various dialects in the Rocky Mountains, in Central America, on the Gold Coast, in the interior of Australia, and among the countless islands in the eastern seas. No other language is spreading in this way. French and German find students among cultivated men; but English permanently destroys and supersedes the idioms with which it comes in contact.

The relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon States is noteworthy. In 1801 the population of Great Britain was 10,942,646 in 1800 that of the United States was 5,319,762, or not quite half. In 1850 the population of the United States was two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851; at this moment it probably exceeds it by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than 15 per cent, while in America it is about 32 per cent. In the great Continental States the rates are considerably lower than in England. According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the larger population in 1870; in 1900 they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially, and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a Transatlantic power numbering 100,000,000 of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.

From the Dublin Magazine.

### SHADOWS ON THE RIVER.

'Tis evening's hour—  
The shadows lower,  
The earth in gloom enshrouding—  
Dense clouds and dun  
Around the sun  
Up from the west are crowdin

And dull and chill  
Adown the hill,  
The fount is sadly creeping,  
Along the ground  
With wailing sound,  
As if of spirits weeping.

The lake is dark,  
There's not a spark  
Of light upon it playing;  
The shadows rest  
Upon its breast,  
The chill breeze o'er it straying.

No more within  
The wave is seen  
The lustrous sky reposing,  
And deep in shade  
Lie dell and glade  
Around the waters closing.

And song of bird  
No more is heard  
In liquid music thrilling;  
The shadow flings  
Its dusky wings,  
The sadden'd waters chilling.

And dark and lone  
The flood moves on  
In mute and solemn motion—  
'Mid shades profound  
That close around,  
It sinks into the ocean.

And as I view'd  
That gloomy flood,  
As fount, and lake, and river  
I cried 'Alas!  
My life ne'er pass  
'Mid shadows thus for ever.'

Then ocean lone  
With awful moan  
Upon my ear fell booming,  
And to my sighs  
A voice replies,  
From out the shadows coming—

'Man's life is made  
Of light and shade,  
Of joys and griefs together;  
Now sun, now shower,  
Now shadows lower,  
Like fitful April weather.

From source to sea—  
'Tis God's decree—  
Man's flood is full of changes;  
Now calm its waves,  
Now vex'd it raves,  
Now glad, now sad it ranges.

But he whose might  
Made cloud and light  
In wisdom each dispenses;  
And still in vain  
Doth man complain  
Of laws above his senses.'

Rebuked I stood  
Beside the flood,  
And answer'd, bending lowly  
'Lord I resign  
My will to thine;  
Thy ways are just and holy.

In joy or woe,  
Let life's stream flow,  
As Thou ordainest ever,  
But grant one gleam  
At last to beam  
As graveward sinks the river!

From Hoggs Edinburgh Instructor.

### THE JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

LABOUR, or some reputable employment, is the basis of a happy life. A peasant tastes viands more delicious than his homely fare, and thinks how happy must be the lot of those who feast sumptuously every day, not knowing, simple man, that the delicious viands, in the course of time, would impair his natural appetite, which is the associate of labour. He intermits his labour, rests on a sunny bank, and, feeling delightful repose, fancies that a life of idleness is a life of felicity, not aware that from labour the sweetest pleasure of leisure is derived. This is a picture of human nature. Many of rank and education who should have reflection and forethought, seem scarcely to be superior to the peasant in practical knowledge. Gratified with high living, they refine their taste to delicacy, apparently unconscious that the luxuries of the table destroy the natural appetite of health, and induce an artificial and capricious appetite, which ultimately proves its own destruction. Feeling transported with strong exhilaration, they conceive a phantom of ideal happiness, and vainly pursue what they cannot attain, seeming not to know that the cheerfulness of health, the satisfaction of duty, and a contented mind, composed the felicity which is destined to humanity.

It is better to give than to receive benefits especially when you have to deal with one of a doubtful character, with whom you are obliged to hold intercourse. When you do a kindness to one, in some measure you bring him within the range of your sympathies. Now, it is surely better that you should

draw him towards your virtues, than that he should draw you towards his delinquencies. If he bestows the obligation, either you may be attracted to him, and extenuate his defections with kind partiality, or you may be repelled from him, and deny him the grateful return to which he is entitled. In both cases, you may do discredit to virtue by your easy compliance or indiscreet austerity. If you bestow the obligation, as virtue is lovely, particularly in her beneficence, he may be induced to compare your character with his own, and the comparison by the blessing of Heaven, may work out amendment. At last, you will have the satisfaction of fulfilling a sacred injunction, 'As often as you have an opportunity, do good to all men.'

A landscape and a family group: the landscape exhibits nature in its beautiful prime; the cattle graze or recline in the meadow, the sheep stray or recline on the hill, a band of haymakers push on the blithesome labour—all under a serene, azure sky. A thatched cottage, with its rustic garden, is near; the door is shut, no smoke curls from its chimney, and its inmates are absent. The peasant and his wife are among the haymakers; his mother, an aged woman, and the rest of the inmates, form the group by the roadside, at a short distance from the cottage. She sits on a grassy bank, reading with decent composure a Psalm book of large type; her grandchildren—a little boy and girl—are resting near her, with smiling prattle, and sorting wild flowers which they had collected from a neighbouring field. Her cow is feeding along the bottom of the bank, with a calf by her side; a cat, roled up, lies behind the old woman—the picture of repose. I address the matron: she removes her spectacles, which have no handles, places them in the book, and lays the book by her side; the children cease their playful labour, and turn towards me their bashful glances. She speaks in a homely and modest manner. A lovely scene of nature is pleasing to the imagination; a domestic group of smiling faces is interesting to the heart.

Maintain with inviolable constancy a straight onward course of sincerity, candour, and justice with the world. Why does a man yield to dissimulation? He assumes good qualities to which he has no claim, because they gain confidence, and promise to advance his interest. In this act he pays a high compliment to virtue, at the same time that he evinces the folly and infatuation of his own conduct. He chooses the external semblance in preference to the internal reality of virtue, not knowing, or not regarding, the fact, that it is easier to cultivate good qualities in the heart than to personate and preserve their appearance in the deportment. The labour of supporting the semblance of virtue is continual care and anxiety; the exercise of the reality is easy, consistent and pleasant. The semblance is like the painted features, which may elude detection in the blaze of the ball room; the reality resembles the natural and agreeable complexion that stands the scrutiny of the full light of day. If a man feigns a good character, and has the art to defend it for some time from exposure, what is his reward? Can he be pleased with his deceit? Deceit has no pleasure to bestow? Can he be gratified with a compliment paid to his assumed character? He is in a predicament of an actor in the theatre—he pronounces a generous and noble sentiment—it evokes a burst of applause; he hears it, and feels a pang of self reproach. Difficult is it long to sustain a fictitious part; nature, true to herself, will burst through every restraint, and then the moral reputation of the hypocrite dies; and what is life to him who is cast beyond the pale of social confidence? Sincerity of principle and integrity of action are the soundest policy in business, and the truest wisdom in general conduct.

Are men who have arrived at a high grade of office or preferment the most or the least disposed to encourage and assist, or to neglect and impede, the advancement of young aspirants? The decision of the question—could it be decided—would indicate the prevalence of selfishness or of benevolence in the human character. A person of a contracted mind, whose sympathies are concentrated in himself, labours to attain the object of his ambition; he attains it, and, proud of his elevation, absorbed in himself, and perhaps jealous of a rival, looks on those who are toiling up the ascent by which he rose with the cold eye of neglect. The good, the liberal, and the generous, having gained official or literary eminence, and remembering their difficulties, toils, and cares, cherish sympathy for their juniors, extend to them assistance, give them counsel, and as men feel for human kind.

Suffer no one to despise you. To accomplish this laudable aim, the conduct must be sincere, honourable, and based on virtue. A man appreciates the great advantage of a fair character on his interest in society, and, desirous to attain it, he looks into the world, and assumes the semblance of those virtues which he thinks best calculated to realise his purpose. Another man is equally sensible of the high value of a good character to one's position in society, but he looks not into the world for a standard of conduct; he looks into his own mind, and the laws of the moral principle there established he takes for his sure guide. Having his attention engrossed with the character he has assumed, the man of pretence labours to display it to advantage, to hide its weak points from exposure, to quash every unfavourable surmise, to repel every hostile attack; and thus his is a continual series of artful deception and vexatious watchfulness. With the sincerity of truth and the frankness of discretion

the man of probity thinks little about the opinion of others; and solicitous less to gain than to deserve public esteem, in defence of his character, should slander bring a false accusation against it—unless the charge would impede his usefulness—he calmly presents the general rectitude of his deportment.

Resolve, and hold the resolution as a sacred obligation, on all occasions, to speak nothing but what is in accordance with truth. Truth is the first of virtues, or rather it infuses itself into all the virtues, and imparts to them their purity and consistency. It is the ornament of character, the serenity of the soul, the bond of social union combining mankind in a harmonious family of reciprocal confidence. Say truly of a man who stands on the height of greatness and renown, that he disregards truth, and he sinks to contempt. Say truly of one who has arrived at the close of a long life, that he never knowingly uttered an untruth, and you pronounce his eulogy equal in genuine honour to the loftiest oration that was ever pronounced on man. Whoever claims the privilege of speaking the truth, must learn the habit of hearing the truth, for the patience with which we listen to it generally regulates our candour in expressing it. Sincerity requires you not to declare all your thoughts, but truth forbids you to utter anything that is incompatible with them. This injunction includes untruths by implication. A person who avails himself of falsehood directly, and another who effects the same purpose by implication, are alike culpable; they are distinguished only by this difference—the one is true to falsehood, and the other is false to veracity.

### COAL AND CIVILISATION.

The following particulars respecting the history of coal may not be uninteresting. It is a pleasant, cheerful thing, to sit by the fireside in the cold winter time, and watch the glowing coal, and huge black rocky lumps, and tongues of flame that waver and dance, as the smoke in many fanciful forms rolls up the wide chimney; and it is well to know that men in the olden time have experienced the worth of coal, and had the same enjoyment that we now have. Coal was undoubtedly known to Theophrastus and Pliny, and from a very early period amongst the Britons. Nevertheless, for long after it was but little valued or appreciated, turf and wood being the common articles of consumption throughout the country. About the middle of the ninth century, a grant of land was made by the Abbey of Peterborough, under the restriction of certain payments in kind to the monastery, among which are specified sixty carts of wood, and as showing their comparative worth, only twelve carts of pit coal. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Newcastle is said to have traded in the article, and by a charter of Henry III. of date 1284, a licence is granted to the burgesses to dig for the mineral. About this period, coals, for the first time, began to be imported into London, but were made use of only by smiths, brewers, dyers, and other artisans, when, in consequence of the smoke being regarded as very injurious to the public health, parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit the burning of coal, on the ground of being an intolerable nuisance. A proclamation was granted, conformable to the prayer of the petition; and the most severe inquisitorial measures were adopted to restrict or altogether abolish the use of the combustible, by fine, imprisonment, and destruction of the furnaces, and workshops! They were again brought into common use in the time of Charles I., and have continued to increase steadily with the extension of the arts and manufactures, and the advancing tide of population, till now, in the metropolis and suburbs, coals are annually consumed to the amount of about three millions of tons.

The use of coal in Scotland seems to be connected with the rise of the monasteries, institutions which were admirably suited to the times, the conservators of learning, and pioneers of art and industry all over Europe, and in whose most rigorous exactions evidences can always be traced of a judicious and enlightened concern for the general improvement of the country. Under the regime of monastic rule at Dunfermline, coals were worked in the year 1292—at Dysart, and other places along the coast, about half a century later—and, generally, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the inhabitants were assessed in coals to churches and chapels, which after the Reformation, have still continued to be paid in many parishes. Boethius records that in his time, the inhabitants of Fife and the Lothians dug "a black stone" which, when kindled, gave out a heat sufficient to melt iron. How long will the coal metals of the British Isles last at the present, or even an increased expenditure of fuel? So great has been the discrepancy, and so little understood the data on which to form a calculation, that the authorities variously estimate from two hundred to two thousand years. For home consumption the present rate is about thirty-two millions of tons annually. The export is about six millions; and yet such is the enormous mass of this combustible enclosed in one field alone, that no boundary can be fixed, even the most remote, for its exhaustion. The coal trade of Great Britain is nearly in proportion of three to two of that of all the other nations of the world; while in superficial area her coal measures are to those of the United States only as 11,859 square miles to 133,132 square miles.

What a vision of the future is hereby dis-