

tal endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally slow, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England; he has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. His *pensées* much; watch few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened by silent meditation whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on the subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable cretaches, with a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself, without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Thiers down to Foucher who have endeavoured to lead, drive and govern him have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he arose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his minister for foreign affairs, who sat next him—'Now, I am going to astonish you a little.' When he announced his intention of visiting Abd-el-Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech, expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the President, quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom, that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new emperor, must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon, if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation only. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, *romanesque* imagination, which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts, which seem insane if they fail, and the scene of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his 'star.' He is even a binder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the dynasty of the Bonapartists, and the old glories of the Empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile, and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failure in no degree discouraged him, or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He 'bided his time': the time came: he struck, and won. After such success—after having risen, in four years, from being an impoverished exile, being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France—we may well believe that his faith in his 'destiny' is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further proudees of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a past so eventful, marvellous, and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favourable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add, that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him, and who have lived intimately with him; that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means; and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy, we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as *certain and reliable* regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country more especially—to study closely and to watch unresistingly (unrestingly?).

Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation, what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve? He never abandons an idea of a project; he recoils from no rashness; he believes in no impossibility. Why should he? After the marvellous past, why should he doubt the future? He succeeded in the *coup d'état*, why should he fail in a *coup de main extérieur*? He believed himself destined to restore the Empire: he has restored it. He believes himself destined to recover the imperial boundary line, and to wipe out the memory of Waterloo: is he likely to shrink from the adventure? It is said that he admires England and her institutions, and that he is grateful for the kindness and protection he met with while among us. Both we believe to be true; but when did considerations of this sort ever restrain a politician who believes in 'his star'?

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position

rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that, if he treads in his footsteps, he may aspire to emulate his glory.

From the London Working Man's Friend.  
**THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.**

BY J. BURBRIDGE

Here were days when a man with a thought in his head  
Had been watched like a really thief,  
When the rich and the great were the people that read,  
And the rest were shut out from a leaf:  
When the question was asked what they wanted with schools  
And some wondered however they thought of it;  
For they fancied the poor all made to be fools,—  
And that was the long and the short of it!

But the Press—like the sunbeam that scatters the cloud,—  
By degrees broke the darkness of night;  
And a murmur arose from the down-trodden crowd,  
That soon settled this question of right.  
The Bible was found on the labourer's shelf,  
Though little he'd ever been taught of it;  
But now he determined to read for himself—  
And that was the long and the short of it!

And the light has now reached to the lowliest shed  
Where the toil-worn and ignorant dwell,  
And the man can now over his crust of "cheap bread,"  
Teach his children to read and to spell.  
No longer he's frightened to read 'the debate,'  
Nor trembles to say what he thought of it;  
No more in the dust of the feet of the great—  
And that is the long and the short of it.

Then honour to those who would banish the tax  
That keeps knowledge away from the poor,  
They will lighten the load upon millions of backs,  
And bring joy to the laborer's door.  
"Cheap bread," and "cheap books," he demanded, though some  
In the height of their wisdom ne'er thought of it;  
The first he has got, and the other must come—  
And that is the long and the short of it!

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art.  
**CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.**

THE discovery of America in the fifteenth century, surpassed in importance all other events that have ever occurred; and now, after the lapse of three hundred and fifty years, we find that, great as were the expectations and hopes that were grounded upon it, the prospects of the new continent bid fair not only to realise but surpass all that the wildest dreams of an ardent and imaginative age ever pictured. If we could, in the small space we have at our disposal, write the history of the western world, we could tell a tale more romantic, and in appearance more improbable, than any pleasant fiction that ever made a winter's evening pass swiftly and cheerily away: the proceedings of the Spaniards in South America, from the foundation of their empire to its recent overthrow, is a tragedy full of deeper horror than the wars of Timour, or the ravages of Attila. All that romance or history has ever fancied or recorded, all the remorseless ambition, the gloating avarice, the unrelenting cruelty, the pride, the treachery, the hatred, the intrigues, misery, ruin, and despair, which in old world chronicles are scattered in agreeable variety over a long course of ages, and through the archives of divers kingdoms and nations, are here crowded into the lifetime of two generations. Travelling northward, we light upon a community which has set at naught all the lessons which historians would teach us, and bids fair to falsify all the prophecies of the sagacious politicians. It was easy to fashion out an *Utopia* or a *Republic*, but neither More nor Plato could have imagined an *United States*—with all the experience of the past, with few of its burdensome prejudices and traditions; with vast resources, immense energy, Spartan bravery, and deep-rooted love of liberty. Here are wonders enough to dwell on, if the time or the occasion permitted. Whatever the world has learnt from all this and whatever it hopes and expects from it in the future, is due to the energy, courage, and self-denial of one man. To him the world owes an asylum for the poor and unsuccessful, the commerce which supports in comfort so many thousands of its population, the boundless field for enterprise, the support against the assaults of tyrants and despots, and the sympathy with all great and good movements, which America now affords us. His history is one of the most remarkable examples on record of what sincerity of conviction can achieve.

Christopher Columbus was born in all but the lowest rank of life. His father was a woolcomber of Genoa. Even for that day his education was limited, though it was as good as the scanty means of his parents would permit. At an early age he could read and write. He then got some knowledge of arithmetic, drawing, and painting, and was sent to the great school of Pavia—a very good one, no doubt, as schools went in those times. Here he acquired some knowledge of grammar and of Latin; but his attention, fortunately for the world, was directed principally to studies bearing upon the maritime profession, which he intended to follow. He was instructed in geometry, astronomy, or as it was then called, astrology, and navigation. He, like many youths, had an irresistible inclination for the sea—a circumstance, probably, owing in some degree to the maritime habits of the population amongst whom he was brought up in his native city. Many years afterwards, when he saw the success which attended his career, he ascribed it to an impulse from Deity, but he probably did not know how much of it was due to the circumstances of the times. At the present day, his love for a life on the ocean wave, and a home on

the rolling deep; with all the courage, genius, and skill that he could combine with it, would probably raise him to no higher rank than the command of an Indianan, or, maybe, of a transatlantic steamer. We shall never have another Columbus, because there remain no more Americas to be discovered; or another Cook, because there is no other Polynesia. The age of great navigators is gone by. The duties of a skilful seaman now lie between the engine room and the dining table.

The state of things in Columbus's time widely different. Geography was then "all the rage." Fine ladies poked their noses into charts and atlases, and fine gentlemen thought it "ton" to patronise sea-faring men. The world was just beginning to recover the lost geographical knowledge, limited as it was, of the Greeks and Romans, and was astonished to find how little it knew. While monks and Churchmen were raving in the attempt to discover how many angels would stand upon a needle's point; or whether a lie, under certain circumstances, was not truth; or whether black might not, taking many things into consideration, in all verity be sometimes said to be white—the Arab philosophers assembled at Senaar were taking the measurement of a degree of latitude, and calculating the circumference of the earth. Some portion of the results of their researches found its way, as a matter of course, into the minds of Christian people, who readily perceived that however detestable the creed of the unbelievers might be, their science was not altogether to be despised.

The works of Ptolemy and Strabo had also just then been translated into the Latin, the language of the learned in the western world, and excited that peculiar state of public feeling which in these days would be called a sensation. These, and many other circumstances, gave a great impulse to maritime enterprise. The discoveries of Prince Henry of Portugal along the coast of Africa had inspired all the nations of Western Europe with the hope of lighting on some as yet unknown region, upon an immense tract of territory abounding in all the riches of the Indies—the gold, the jewels, the spices, the precious stuffs, and silks, with which the Venetians then supplied the dames and nobles in scanty quantities, and at enormous prices. "The hour" had come, and Columbus was "the man."

He left the University of Pavia at a very early age, and some say he then began to follow his father's trade. Others, who ought to be well informed on the matter, deny it. He himself says he began to navigate at fourteen years of age. In this simple statement there is a world of meaning. To navigate at that day meant to sail from one port of the Mediterranean to another, hourly exposed to the attacks of roving pirates, or the war vessels of hostile states, and obliged at any moment to engage in mortal combat in defence of life and property. Not only were "ships but boards, and sailors but men," but in good truth "there were land rats and water rats." The most dreaded amongst the latter were the Barbary corsairs. Once fallen into their hands, the sailor had little hope of ought better than spending his life in the most dreadful kind of slavery.

In the midst of these dangers and difficulties was the early life of Columbus passed. We could hardly have felt any surprise if, with his scanty education, he had been overcome by circumstances, and sunk down into the coarse, ignorant, and superstitious manner of the fifteenth century. But he had within him the seeds of greatness, in a fine tone of thought, an ardent imagination, and a loftiness of aspiration which he nursed and kept alive amidst all the hardships of his situation. In every leisure hour he was endeavouring to wrest from fortune, by diligent observation and close study, those educational advantages which she had in his early life denied him. Few men could have passed through such an ordeal without flinching. To have done so, denoted the capacity for great enterprises—the energy, courage, and faith in self, which enables a man, about once in a century, to make himself the exponent of great ideas, and hand down his name covered with honor to posterity.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.  
**MESOPOTAMIAN CITIES.**

AUSTEN H. LAYARD.

A first-class Arabian horse would not fulfil to the eye that beau-ideal of the animal, which has been formed in a country where size and condition are primary requisites. 'The Arab horse,' says Mr Layard, 'is more remarkable for its exquisite symmetry and beautiful proportions, united with wonderful powers of endurance, than for extraordinary speed: its colour is generally white, light or dark gray, light chestnut, and bay, with white or black feet. Black is exceedingly rare; and I do not remember ever to have seen dun, sorrel, or dapple. Their average height is from 14 hands to 14½, rarely reaching 15; I have seen only one mare that exceeded it. Notwithstanding the smallness of their stature, they often possess great strength and courage. I was credibly informed, that a celebrated mare of the Marekka breed, now dead, carried two men in chain-armor beyond the reach of their Aneyza pursue s. But their most remarkable and valuable quality, is the power of performing long and arduous marches upon the smallest possible allowance of food and water. It is only the mare of the wealthy Bedouin that gets even a regular feed of about twelve handfuls of barley, or of rice in the husk, once in twenty-four hours. During the spring alone, when the pastures are green, the horses of the Arabs are sleek and beautiful in appearance. At other times, they eat nothing but the withered herbs and scanty hay gathered from the parched soil, and are lean and unsightly. They are never placed under cover during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the biting cold of the desert winds during winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleaned or groomed. Thus apparently neglected, they are but skin and bone; and the townsman marvels to see an animal, which he would scarcely take the trouble to ride home, valued almost beyond price. Although docile as a lamb, and requiring no other guide than the halter, when the Arab mare hears the war-cry of the tribe, and sees the quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck so nobly arched, and her tail and mane are raised and spread out to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says, that a high-bred mare, when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and her tail.'

Some few odd matters may be selected from

Mr Layard's book for the amusement of our readers. For example, we learn that the Arabs have no opiates. On an English doctor asking what they did with one who could not sleep, the answer was: 'Do! why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels.' They have a singular custom called *Thar*, by which, if a murder has been committed, and not atoned for in the usual way by payment of the prescribed fine, not merely the murderer, but any person related to him within the fifth degree, may be put to death by the relatives of the victim. A consequence of this strange rule, that the Arabs are always scrupulous about divulging their names when away from home, lest they should encounter some one who has a revenge to take from some long past murder. 'Frequently the assassin himself will wander from tent to tent over the Desert, or even rove through the towns and villages on its borders, with a chain round his neck and in rags, begging contributions from the charitable, to enable him to pay the apportioned blood-money.' It is striking how nearly these customs resemble certain practices amongst the people of Scotland in early times. Travelling with a sheik named Mijwell one day, Mr Layard was surprised by his distinguishing the footprints of two men in the loose soil, as those of a couple of Shamaar thieves returning from the Kurdish encampments. 'The sagacity of the Bedouin in determining, from such marks, whether of man or beast, and, from similar indications, the tribe, time of passing, and business, of those who may have left them, with many other particulars, is well known.' He 'can draw conclusions from the footprints and dung of animals that would excite the astonishment of a European. He will tell whether the camel was loaded or unloaded, whether recently fed or suffering from hunger, whether fatigued or fresh, the time when it passed by, whether the owner was a man of the desert or the town, whether a friend or a foe, and sometimes even the name of his tribe. I have frequently been cautioned by my Bedouin companions not to dismount from my dromedary, that my footsteps might not be recognised as those of a stranger. . . . This quickness of perception is the result of continual observation, and of caution encouraged from earliest youth.

When the warriors of a tribe are engaged in distant forays or in war, their tents and docks are frequently left to the care of a mere child. He must receive strangers, among whom may be those having claims of blood upon his family, and must guard against marauders who may be lurking about the encampment. Every unknown sign and mark must be examined and accounted for. If he should see the track of a horseman, he must ask why one so near the dwelling did not stop to eat bread or drink water? Was he a spy, one of a party meditating an attack? or a traveller, who did not know the site of the tents? When did he pass? From whence did he come? Whilst the child in a civilised country is still under the care of its nurse, the Bedouin boy is compelled to exercise his highest faculties, and on his prudence and sagacity may sometimes depend the safety of his tribe.

Mr. Layard has given us many interesting notices regarding the wild sports of Mesopotamia and one which seems peculiar and curious—hawking at the gazelle; but our space is more than exhausted, and we must bid a reluctant adieu to one of the fascinating books it has been our lot to meet for a long time.

**DANGER OF LISTENING TO FLATTERERS.**

Know that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies as thou shalt never, by their will, discern good from evil, or vice from virtue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the addition of other men's praises is most perilous.

**BENEVOLENCE.**

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to those around us is the purest and sublimest that can enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolation of Divine grace it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it, and it will not only soothe and tranquillise a troubled spirit, but inspire a constant flow of good humour, content, and gaiety of heart.—*Bishop Porteus.*

**MONEY.**

If Money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess him.—*Charron.*

**DIFFICULTY ADVANTAGEOUS.**

Difficuly is a severe instructor, set over us by the Supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He treads with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amiable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer to be beneficial.—*Burke.*  
People think they "get cold" by getting wet; they, on the contrary, get cold by getting dry. It is the continual chill of the evaporation of the wet that causes cold.

The real great "secondary cause" of the success of Christianity was its purely democratic tendency. It is in fact a quiet "levelling system."

There is no truth more important to writers and public men of all descriptions than this—you cannot take the prejudices of mankind "by storm." "Sap and mine" are here the only strategy.

It is almost incredible to those who have not observed it narrowly what a perpetual conflict we keep up with the elements, and their auxiliaries, insects and vermin. This is most palpable in a house shut up. Leave it for a few months, and from an elegant dwelling how quickly does it become the emporium of dust, damps, mildews, dry rot, spiders, wood-lice, moths, flies, mice, and rats. Nay, even in our proud palaces is this aggression ever going on. Majesty cannot awe it; and one side of a gilded panel may be a queen revelling in all the luxuriance of beauty, and on the other a rat gormandizing in all the luxuriance of garbage.