



SONG, FOR St. ANDREW'S DAY.

They may sing of the climes of the South and the North,
They may boast of the Tiber and Rhone—
But old Scotland thy sons know no stream like the Forth,
And no land to compare with their own.

True, no marble halls deck thee, no fleets crowd thy coast;
In thy vales are no fig tree nor vine;
But thy wild glens and torrents are dear to our hearts,
Belov'd land of the mountain and pine!

In our youth we may leave thee, when eager for wealth,
To some sanier region we roam;
But in joy and in sorrow—in sickness or health,
We still turn, ere we die, to our Home.

For we rest not in peace, if our own native earth
Take not back the existence she gave,
And the heather, whose blossom first cradled our birth,
Shed its perfume alike on our grave.

A.

LOVE DITTY, FROM BRIDGET M— TO HER ADORED—
(184 B.)

Sweet Policeman, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart;
Soon he'll rob me of my dear;
Ere upon your beat you go
Zoe mou sas agapo.

By the brass-hat, that doth shine
O'er that noble brow of thine;
By the trancheon in thy poke,
By thy little oilskin cloak,
By thy buttons glistening so,
Zoe mou sas Agapo.

By thy lips I long to taste,
By thy belt encircled waist,
By the number of thy coat—
One eight four upon thy throat,
By thy Berlin's white as snow,
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Fare thee well, Policeman sweet,
Think of me when on thy beat;
Though to mind the bell I fly,
Still in memory thou art nigh;
Still my heart is thine, and oh!
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Eothen, or Traces of Travel brought home from the East.

In pursuing our oriental journey, we soon find, as already intimated, that we must get rid of oriental associations. Our traveller's feelings are not historical, but personal. In looking on the Sea of Galilee, he thinks upon Wastwater and Windermere; and reverts to some "dear old memory from over the seas in England," when he should be endeavouring to realize the evangelical narratives. He dwells altogether in the present, and justifies his habit. It, however, makes him somewhat of a dangerous companion: he laughs at everything:—

Except of Jerusalem, never think of attempting to sleep in a "holy city." Old Jews from all parts of the world go to lay their bones upon the sacred soil, and as these people never return to their homes, it follows that any domestic vermin which they may bring with them are likely to become permanently resident, so that the population is continually increasing. No recent census had been taken when I was at Tiberias, but I know that the congregation of fleas which attended at my church alone, must have been something enormous. It was a carnal, self-seeking congregation, wholly inattentive to the service which was going on, and devoted to the one object of having my blood. The fleas of all nations were there. The smug, steady, importunate flea from Holywell Street—the pert, jumping "puce" from hungry France, the wary, watchful "pulce" with his poisoned stiletto—the vengeful "pulga" of Castile with his ugly knife—the German "floh" with his knife, and fork—insatiate—not rising from table—whole swarms from all the Russias, and Asiatic hordes unnumbered—all these were there, and all rejoiced in one great international feast. I could no more defend myself against my enemies, than if I had been "pain à discretion" in the hands of a French patriot, or English gold in the claws of a Pennsylvanian Quaker. After passing a night like this, you are glad to pick up the wretched remains of your body, long, long before morning dawns. Your skin is scorched—your temples throb—your lips feel withered and dried—your burning eye-balls are screwed inwards against the brain. You have no hope but only in the saddle, and the freshness of the morning air.

Thus it is that with our Eothenist the Ideals vanish, and nothing but the ridiculous shadows of the present remain. But he will have it so; for, says he,—

If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a natural Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society; a time for not liking tamed people; a time for not dancing quadrilles—not sitting in pews; a time for pretending that Milton, Shelly, and all sorts of mere dead people, were greater in death than the first living Lord of the Treasury; a time, in short, for scoffing and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two or three and twenty, perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself wending away to the dark sides of her mountains—climbing the dizzy crags—exulting in the fellowship of mists, and clouds, and watching the clouds how they gather, or proving the mettle of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs, because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcellled earth. A little while you are free and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass, but Civilization is coming, and coming; you and your much loved waste lands will be surely inclosed, and sooner or later you will be brought down to a state of utter usefulness—the ground will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods, and perches, and you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and matched, and run. All this in time, but first come continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel; the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with large stride you burst away from the slips and patches of free land—you tread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river (you can swim it with one arm,) there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that—health, comfort, and strength to one who is dying from wearisome of that poor,

dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and painstaking governess, Europe.

With this explanation, the writer's vein becomes intelligible enough. Those to whom such humour is intolerable, had better not attempt to read Eothen. At length the adventurer reached the Dead Sea:—

I went on, and came near to those waters of Death; they stretched deeply into the southern desert, and before me, and all around, and as far away as the eye could follow, blank hills piled high over hills, pale, yellow, and naked, walled up in her tomb for ever, the dead and damned Gomorrah. There was no fly that hummed in the forbidden air, but instead of a deep stillness; no grass grew from the earth; no weed peered through the void sand, but in mockery of all life, there were trees borne down by Jordan in some ancient flood, and these grotesquely planted upon the forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms all scorched and charred to blackness, by the heats of the long, silent years. * * I bathed in the Dead Sea. The ground covered by the water sloped so gradually, that I was not only forced to "sneak in," but to walk through the water nearly a quarter of a mile before I could get out of my depth. When at last I was able to attempt a dive, the salts held in solution made my eyes smart so sharply, that the pain which I thus suffered acceding to the weakness occasioned by want of food, made me giddy and faint for some moments, but I soon grew better. I knew beforehand the impossibility of sinking in this buoyant water, but I was surprised to find that I could not swim at my accustomed pace; my legs and feet were lifted so high and dry out of the lake, that my stroke was baffled, and I found myself kicking against the thin air, instead of the dense fluid upon which I was swimming. The water is perfectly bright and clear—its taste detestable. After finishing my attempts at swimming and diving, I took some time in regaining the shore, and before I began to dress I found that the sun had already evaporated the water which clung to me, and that my skin was thickly encrusted with sulphate of magnesia.

We next find him in an Arab encampment, partaking of such poor cheer as could be had, and escaping danger by his nonchalance and presence of mind. His passage over the Jordan is very graphically described. Nor are the Eastern ceremonies at Jerusalem less picturesquely or humorously portrayed. What a picture too—how richly coloured is the following:—

To a Christian, and thorough-bred Englishman, not even, the licentiousness which generally accompanies it, can compensate for the oppressiveness of that horrible outward decorum, which turns the cities and the palaces of Asia into deserts, and gaols. So, I say, when you see, and hear them, those romping girls of Bethelam will gladden your very soul. Distant at first, and then nearer and nearer the timid flock will gather around you with their large, burning eyes gravely fixed against yours, so that they see into your brain, and if you imagine evil against them, they will know of your ill thought before it is yet well born, and will fly, and begone in the moment. But presently, if you will only look virtuously enough to prevent alarm, and vicious enough to avoid looking silly, the blithe maidens will draw nearer, and nearer to you, and soon there will be one, the bravest of the sisters, who will venture right up to your side, and touch the hem of your coat, in playful defiance of the danger, and then the rest will follow the daring of their youthful leader, and gather close round you, and hold a shrill controversy on the wondrous formation that you call a hat, and the cunning of the hands that clothed you with cloth so fine; and then growing more profound in their researches, they will pass from the study of your mere dress, to a serious contemplation of your stately height, and your nut-brown hair, and the ruddy glow of your English cheeks. And if they catch a glimpse of your unglowed fingers, then again will they make the air ring with their sweet screams of wonder, and amazement, as they compare the fairness of your hand with the warmer tints, and even with the hues of your own sunburnt face; instantly the ringleader of the rioters imagine a new sin; with tremulous boldness she touches—then grasps your hand, and smoothes it gently betwixt her own, and prys curiously into its make, and colour, as though it were silk of Damascus, or shawl of Cashmere. And when they see you even then, still sage, and gentle, the joyous girls will suddenly, and screamingly, and all at once, explain to each other that you are surely quite harmless, and innocent—a lion that makes no spring—a bear that never hugs, and upon this faith, one after the other, they will take your passive hand, and strive to explain it, and make it a theme, and a controversy. But the one—the fairest, and the sweetest of all, is yet the most timid; she shrinks from the daring deeds of her playmates, and seeks shelter behind their sleeves, and strives to screen her glowing consciousness from the eyes that look upon her; but her laughing sisters will have none of this cowardice—they vow that the fair one shall be their accomplice—shall share their dangers—shall touch the hand of the stranger; they seize her small wrist, and drag her forward by force, and at last, whilst yet she strives to turn away, and to cover up her whole soul under downcast eyelids, they vanquish her utmost strength—they vanquish your utmost modesty, and marry her hand to yours. The quick pulse springs from her fingers, and throbs like a whisper upon your listening palm. For an instant they are shrouded again, and there comes a blush so burning, that the frightened girls stay their shrill laughter, as though they had played too perilously, and harmed their gentle sister. A moment and all with a sudden intelligence turn away, and fly like deer, yet soon again like deer they wheel round, and return, and stand, and gaze upon the danger, until they grow brave once more.

Our author was just the man to risk an adventure with the Bedouins, and accordingly we soon find him *à bivouac* in the midst of their tents, and afterward their comrade in the desert.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills, and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of the sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands, at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you—then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled, and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides over head, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, and your

shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern, and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond, but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending Sun has compassed the Heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses—the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side. Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, and where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound; the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me 'till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores.

We cannot resist copying the following portrait of a singular character:—

Once during this passage my Arabs lost their way among the hills of loose sand that surrounded us, but after a while we were lucky enough to recover our right line of march. The same day we fell in with a Sheik, the head of a family, that actually dwells at no great distance from this part of the desert, during nine months of the year. The man carried a match-lock, of which he was very proud; we stopped, and sat down and rested awhile, for the sake of a little talk: there was much that I should have liked to ask this man, but he could not understand Dhemetri's language, and the process of getting at his knowledge by double interpretation through my Arabs was unsatisfactory. I discovered, however, (and my Arabs knew of that fact) that this man and his family lived habitually for nine months in the year, without touching or seeing either bread or water. The stunted shrub growing at intervals through the sand in this part of the desert, is fed by the dew which fall at night, and enables the camel mares to yield a little milk, which furnishes the sole food and drink of their owner and his people. During the other three months (the hottest months, I suppose), even this resource fails, and then the Sheik and his people are forced to pass into another district. You would ask me why the man should not remain always in that district which supplies him with water during three months of the year, but I don't know enough of Arab politics to answer the question. The Sheik was not a good specimen of the effect produced by the diet to which he is subjected; he was very small, very spare, and sadly shrivelled—a poor, over-roasted snipe, a mere cinder of a man; I made him sit down by my side, and gave him a piece of bread and a cup of water from out of my goatskins. This was not very tempting drink to look at, for it had become turbid, and was deeply reddened by some colouring matter contained in the skins; but it kept its sweetness, and tasted like a strong decoction of Russia leather. The Sheik sipped this, drop by drop, with ineffable relish, and rolled his eyes solemnly round between every draught, as though the drink were the drink of the Prophet, and had come from the seventh heaven. An inquiry about distances led to the discovery that this Sheik had never heard of the division of time into hours; my Arabs themselves, I think, were rather surprised at this.

The following psychological phenomenon is note-worthy:—

On the fifth day of my journey, the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening, was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens, through wasted floods of light. The sun growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before, and as I drooped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell, but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlyn, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea naturally was, that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing "for church." After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

Now comes an awful chapter on Cairo and the Plague, so treated, that the author in a note apologises for the air of bravado that pervades it. It was the fearful visitation of the year 1835. From such causes there is more to dread than from the barbarism of the people, into such wise or unwise passiveness have they been schooled, either by dogmatism or despotism. But for this, it were a wonder how an European could pass in safety through their villages, since he cannot do so without being, though unconsciously, the occasion of much oppression. The ancient usage of the East requires the inhabitants to supply the wants of travellers,—a custom which yet prevails in a corrupt form, being exerted in favour of those travellers only who are deemed powerful enough to demand assistance. To offer to pay, therefore, is a certificate of weakness which ensures refusal, while the practice of intimidation is uniformly followed by concession. The supplies thus obtained are forced from the poor husbandman, who is frequently roused from his midnight sleep by the sudden coming of a government officer, who captures his mule or horse for the use of the traveller, and which, if the owner is not careful to follow, he is pretty sure to lose. A *prestige*, too, attends the European in his wanderings; since every Oriental peasant habitually and practically feels and believes that "in Vienna, or Petersburg, or London, there are four or five pale

looking men who could pull down the star of the Pasha with shreds of paper and ink?—

The people of the country knew, too, that Mehemet Ali was strong with the strength of the Europeans,—strong by his French General, his French tactics, and his English engines. Moreover, they saw that the person, the property, and even the dignity of the humblest European was guarded with the most careful solicitude. The consequence of all this was, that the people of Syria looked vaguely, but confidently, to Europe for fresh changes; many would fix upon some nation, France, or England, and steadfastly regard it as the arriving sovereign of Syria; those whose minds remained in doubt, equally contributed to this new state of public opinion, which no longer depended upon Religion, and ancient habits, but upon bare hopes, and fears. Every man wanted to know,—not who was his neighbour, but who was to be his ruler; whose feet he was to kiss, and by whom his feet were to be ultimately beaten. Treat your friend, says the proverb, as though he were one day to become your enemy, and your enemy as though he were one day to become your friend. The Syrians went further, and seemed inclined to treat every stranger as though he might one day become their Pasha. Such was the state of circumstances, and of feeling, which now for the first time had thoroughly opened the mind of Western Asia for the reception of Europeans and European ideas. The credit of the English especially was so great, that a good Mussulman flying from the conscription, or any other persecution, would come to seek for the formerly despised hat, that protection which the turban could no longer afford, and a man high in authority, (as for instance the Governor in command of Gaza) would think that he had won a prize, or at all events a valuable lottery ticket, if he obtained a written approval of his conduct from a simple traveller.

With this sort of undefined, and, as it were, magic protection, our somewhat inconsiderate traveller found more than once his mere indiscretions of unexpected advantage, and was even appealed to, as a locomotive authority, to decide between Christian and Moslem in matters of proselytism and divorce, and also in behalf of some poor Jew, who had been plundered in Safet, and claimed his interference as British subjects. On his arrival at Damascus, moreover, he obtained, from the same influence, privileges which the Christian natives desire in vain:—

In the principal streets of Damascus there is a path for foot-passengers, which is raised, I think, a foot or two above the bridle road. Until the arrival of the British Consul-general, none but a Mussulman had been permitted to walk upon the upper way: Mr. Farren would not, of course, suffer that the humiliation of any such an exclusion should be submitted to by an Englishman, and I always walked upon the raised path as free and unmolested as if I had been striding through Bond-street: the old usage was, however, maintained with as much strictness as ever against the Christian Rayahs and Jews; not one of them could have set his foot upon the privileged path without endangering his life. I was lounging, one day, I remember, along "the paths of the faithful," when a Christian Rayah from the bridle-road below saluted me with such earnestness, and craved so anxiously to speak, and be spoken to, that he soon brought me to a halt; he had nothing to tell, except only the glory and exultation with which he saw a fellow Christian stand level with the imperious Mussulmans; perhaps he had been absent from the place for some time, for otherwise I hardly know how it could have happened that my exaltation was the first instance he had seen. His joy was great; so strong and strenuous was England (Lord Palmerston reigned in those days), that it was a pride and delight for a Syrian Christian to look up, and say that the Englishman's faith was his too. If I was vexed at all that I could not give the man a lift, and shake hands with him on level ground, there was no ally to his pleasure; he followed me on, not looking to his own path, but keeping his eyes on me; he saw, as he thought, and said (for he came with me on my quarters), the period of the Mahometan's absolute ascendancy—the beginning of the Christian's. He had so closely associated the insulting privilege of the path with actual dominion, that seeing it now in one instance abandoned, he looked for the quick coming of European troops. His lips only whispered, and that tremulously, but his fiery eyes spoke out their triumph in long and loud hurrahs! "I, too, am a Christian. My foes are the foes of the English. We are all one people, and Christ is our King."

We must now, and with regret, part with Eothen: the book is "as light as life," and lively as life. Yet are there in its passages and scenes which would make most men grave and solemn. Sometimes, too, the writer dashes, as it were by a fearful leap, into sublimity; but the transition is so sudden, that we are never sure of his sincerity. But every work must stand on its own merits; every author by his peculiar talent.

THE PRESS.

The utility and influence of the press, in the world of our moral being, is strikingly and beautifully analogous to that property of the atmosphere of our physical universe which we call "reflection." For, as by this simple, yet wonderful contrivance of nature, not only is light from the great luminaries transmitted to us, but every visible particle of matter is made by radiations, in turn, to contribute to the general stock of light and glory by which we are surrounded, until earth is filled with beauty, and heaven with splendour: so the "press" not only transmits to us, from their rich and elevated sources, the world-enlightening rays of genius and science, but even the smallest radiations of mind, the feeblest scintillations of intellect, are enabled, by its aid, to render their minute beauties visible; tending, by their infinite number, rather than by their individual importance, to promote the general spread of knowledge, and the consequent improvement of Society. Genius dazzles and delights us: but it is the multitudinous radiations from inferior minds which make us acquainted with those ten thousand proximate objects upon which our happiness and well-being in a great degree depend, yet which, but for the "press," would, perhaps, entirely, and for ever, have escaped our notice. Who can feel himself to be thus standing amidst the hundreds of millions of intellectual radiations which this agent of light is continually diffusing in profuse splendour around him,—filling the once dark and gloomy region of our moral world with a flood of light,—and not rejoice in the consideration that such a medium for communicating knowledge has been discovered; not adore the beneficent wisdom which has provided such a means for the delight and improvement of his rational creatures? As without the property of "reflection" in the atmosphere, though the glorious luminaries of heaven might still walk in brightness the paths of their magnificent orbits, rejoicing in their undiminished lustres, or repose themselves in solemn grandeur on their everlasting thrones, cheering and delighting the worlds

of creatures by which they are immediately surrounded, yet we should derive no advantage from their existence, no delight from their career of glory; deprived of its aid, even the world of light itself would communicate no light to us; nor the canopy from which ten thousand lesser brilliants now shed their streams of radiance upon our path be other than a starless void, a dark and gloomy waste; so, were the vivifying labours of the press suspended, though those mighty master-spirits of our common nature,—those worlds of intellectual energy which, as it were, of themselves, create the light in which "they live and move"—might continue, though withdrawn from their influence over meaner minds, to solace their own spirits in the unborrowed wealth of native genius; might still pursue in solitude their godlike course, revelling and rejoicing in all the delights of refined and elevated intellectual existence,—we, who walk but by the reflexion of their light, who shine but by reason of their brightness, and are mentally visible to each other but as we radiate the scattered beams of their profuse effulgence, should soon present, in our degradation and debasement, the appalling spectacle of a dark moral chaos, where every thing which now instructs, and charms, and ennobles, would speedily be buried beneath an ever-gathering, ever-deepening cloud of cheerless, undistinguishable barbarism.—*Recreations in Retirement.*

PRIVATE SECRETARIES OF MINISTERS.

During the reign of Napoleon the private secretaries of all his ministers dined together on the first of every month, at the Restaurateur Beauvilliers. At these dinners the secretaries made known to each other the places that were vacant, the competitors who solicited them, and the new establishments that were to take place; and they made the necessary arrangements for securing the vacant posts for their favourites. It is recorded that a gentleman of ancient family, who had presented a petition signed by a princess, and who was greatly astonished at receiving no answer, determined to have the mystery cleared up at the next secretaries' dinner. The gentleman who had solicited the vacant place, having bribed the waiter by a double louis-d'or put on his jacket and apron, and in this disguise attended on the dispensers of ministerial favours. The conversation happened to turn on their private affairs; and one of the company said, "I lately played an excellent trick upon a gentleman of ancient family, who was soliciting a vacant place. His request was backed by the signature of a princess; a recommendation which of course he deemed infallible. But I slipped the petition into the drawer of my desk, and obtained the place for myself. How disappointed the poor fellow will be! Waiter, fill me another glass of champagne, and I'll drink the fool's health." The man of ancient family, highly mortified, obeyed the command; but when the dinner was ended, he changed his dress, called on the minister, and renewed his demand. The minister assured him that he had heard nothing of the affair; but the applicant asserted that he knew where the petition was, and described the drawer in the secretary's desk. The petition was accordingly found, and the solicitor obtained the place, to the great astonishment of the secretary.

THE STUDY OF INSECTS.

Is anything that proceeds from the hands of the Great Creator too insignificant for man to investigate? A moment's reflection will apprise us that the most minute insect must necessarily be as fully perfected in its structure, in its wonderful apparatus of nerves, muscles, respiratory organs, and organs of the senses, and all their functions, and its system of circulation, (proved by recent discovery,) as the largest, and, according to its rank in nature, the most gigantic animal, over which it possesses an infinite superiority of muscular strength; and when we find that there are insects scarcely discoverable without a lens, must we not exclaim, with wonder and admiration, at the stupendous power evinced in their construction, and should not this stimulate us to learn as much as we can concerning those miracles, that we may be better able to appreciate the marvellous power displayed in their creation, although we can scarcely hope to arrive at the perfect comprehension of their least attributes, the complexity of their organisation when even most simple, the multiplicity of their instincts, the quality of those instincts, and their very powerful agency in supporting the universal equilibrium of nature? Who then is bold enough to say, even to what his arrogance and assumption have dared to style a contemptible insect, "Thou art beneath my notice," when he feels that the pigmy might reply, "Thou, with all thy boasted superiority, does not comprehend me!" Humility is the crown of humanity, and let us follow the words of Solomon, and learn wisdom from the ant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Music and the Theatre.

We feel that we owe to the lovers of Music and the Drama, some apology for the apparent neglect with which we have treated those subjects hitherto; and regret that immature arrangements and the pressure of graver matters should have precluded us from devoting to them that share of attention which as votaries of Apollo and Thespis we would willingly have accorded. We hope, however, henceforth to be enabled to give a weekly *resumé* of such Musical and Theatrical intelligence as we may consider likely to interest our readers, with occasional articles upon Music and the Drama generally. Meanwhile we extract the following from an English paper:

MUSIC—GREAT PROGRESS IN SINGING.

A great musical festival has just taken place at Ludwigsburg, at which deputies from seventy Singing Societies, comprising two thousand three hundred singers from the neighbouring towns and villages assembled. Great preparations are being made for another similar festival at Hamburg during the next month, at which, among other attractions, the celebrated Mons. Litz is engaged to attend. But the most interesting event which has recently occurred in the musical world, is the announcement in the Belgian journals of the invention by Mons. Saxe, of a steam organ, (a monster instrument) with vibrating plates and huge steel bars, to which immense pressure alone can communicate vibration. By its means from one to two thousand persons are capable of being taught at the same time the most difficult choruses, and its power is such that it can be heard at a considerable distance. The King and government of the French are about establishing its use throughout their extensive kingdom.

EUROPE.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

We copy from the *Evening Packet* the conclusion of an excellent letter on this subject, elicited by the late intolerant charge of the Lord Primate of Ireland:—

Now, my lord, what is there in these reasonable terms which ought to prevent any clergyman of the established church from availing himself of the aid of the board? Surely the established church is not founded upon intolerant principles. Whence are we to learn that a churchman is prohibited from co-operating with dissenters, in promoting any commonly acknowledged scheme of benevolence—where, in our ordination vows, in the Rubrick, or the canons of our church, are we forbidden to give moral and secular education to the children of those parents who are unwilling to place the Bible in their hands? Does the Church of England herself make the Bible a constituent part of elementary education for the children of her own communion? Your grace is aware that whilst she draws her doctrines exclusively from the Scriptures—whilst she recommends the constant perusal of the divine word, she yet gives religious instruction to her infant members, not through the Bible, but through the catechism.

In the office for the ordaining of deacons, she enjoins them to instruct the youth in the catechism. In the baptismal service she particularly admonishes the sponsors to teach their children the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and to bring them to the Bishop to be confirmed, not when they are deeply read in the Scriptures, but when they are further instructed in the church catechism. Shall we affirm that the Church of England disparages the Scriptures, because she teaches children the Christian doctrine, through a formulary which she has herself compiled for that purpose, and deems that infants are incompetent to collect it for themselves, in its state of dispersion through the Bible? And, my lord, if the Church of England does not insist upon the necessity of the biblical instruction for the infant members of her own communion, can it be inconsistent with the obligations of a churchman to connect himself with an institution which, far from excluding the Bible, affords every opportunity for the perusal of it, and merely refrains from enforcing the reading of it on the children of Roman Catholic parents? But, my lord, there happens to be one national school in Ireland conducted almost exclusively by clergymen of the Church of England, over which your grace presides, which is altogether governed by the principles of the national board—which, though for many years neglected religious teaching altogether, and confined itself exclusively to secular education, yet has latterly given Scriptural instruction to Protestants, but still refrains altogether from enforcing the reading of the Bible on the Roman Catholic students. That institution, my lord, is the University of Dublin, of which your grace is vice-chancellor. You will please to remember, my lord, that a reference to the national system of education, your grace was pleased to say—"That if it be consistent with the Roman Catholic church to debar the members of its communion from the use of the Scriptures, it is not consistent with the principles of the Protestant church to establish a system founded on such pretensions."

Here, then, my lord, is an institution over which your grace presides, which, if not established, is at least conducted by the clergy, which actually does sanction such pretensions—which does tolerate the withholding the Scriptures from a great portion of the community—which, on the very principles which the National Board has adopted, while it gives every facility for Scriptural instruction to Protestants, abstains from enforcing the reading of the Bible on Roman Catholics.

Here is an institution under the patronage of your grace, and exclusively conducted by the clergy of that very church which assumes to be the sole instructor of the entire people—which yet, as far as the Roman Catholics are concerned, discards religious teaching altogether, and confines itself exclusively to secular education. I beg, then, with great respect, to ask your grace how, in accordance with those principles which your grace maintains, is this consistent with the obligations of the church establishment; or how can your grace patronise an institution which neglects so important a branch of education, and leaves so vast a proportion of the university students in ignorance of those truths which make men wise unto salvation? Why, my lord, insist upon the perusal of the Scriptures by babes and sucklings, and refrain to enforce them upon men of riper years and matured understanding? Why, my lord, give your countenance to the university, and turn your back on the National Board, when in both the system practically is the same—namely, to give a joint secular education to men of all religious persuasions, and peculiar religious instruction to those who are willing to accept it—to respect the right of private judgment in all *who are deemed capable* of exercising that faculty—in the parents, as regards the national schools—in the students themselves, as respects the university? Since, my lord, it thus appears that the same equitable principle that has been adopted by the National Board prevails in the university that is honoured by your grace's patronage, and that is exclusively governed by the established clergy, that on conducting it upon such principle your grace and the clergy have neither compromised your obligations as churchmen, nor derogated from the respect that is justly due to the divine word—nor imposed the advancement of scriptural knowledge, while you have materially promoted the civilisation of the country? I trust that your grace, and the majority of my clerical brethren who now oppose the national system, will lay aside their hostility, and with consistency afford to the schools for primary instruction the same support which they now grant to the university, and co-operate with the government in diffusing the blessings of education through all classes of the community.

I have the honour to remain, my lord, your grace's obedient servant,

WILLIAM HANDCOCK,
Rector of Raddinstown, Diocese of Meath.

Our readers are probably aware that the Puseyites sustained a signal defeat at Oxford, in the election of a Vice Chancellor—the majority consisting of 882, and the minority of 183. This was the largest reunion of Members of Convocation which has taken place for centuries. We have much pleasure in subjoining the following very spirited account of the appearance of Oxford on this memorable day.

APPEARANCE OF OXFORD ON TUESDAY.

[Sketches by a Student.]

For several days previous there had been accessions to the University, but on Tuesday morning this place exhibited a very striking appearance, such, perhaps, as it never wore before.

Hundreds of Clergymen were in a few minutes projected, as it were, upon Oxford by the morning trains, forming a curious, irregular clerical procession from the Station through the streets; while fays, coaches, omnibuses, in scores, bore their freights of the