

not forget, that whatever changes or dissolution may befall particular organizations of society, there is still one fabric of national skill—one relic of a kingdom's greatness—which does not always vanish with the "little brief authority" of its builders. Before this imperishable Coliseum of Language, the mourner of departed dynasties, and, most of all, the friend of social advancement, may be allowed to pause ere he embrace the disheartening doctrine, that man is doomed, by the condition of his nature, to run, alternately, the career of improvement and degeneracy, and to realise the beautiful but melancholy fable of Sisyphus, by an eternal renovation of hope and disappointment. No nation can ever wholly perish that has a literature of her own. And if the rhapsodies of one blind bard, wandering from door to door, and singing for his bread, have been able to eternise the achievements of Troy, then, surely, a most cheering prospect is opened up for the Isle of Albion. If, as some too boldly predict, the time at last must arrive when Britannia's royalty shall be laid low; when her renowned universities shall shelter but the owl and the serpent; when her "cloud-capt towers, gorgeous palaces, and solemn temples," shall moulder into dust; when the poet of other lands shall come to draw inspiration from the gloomy grandeur of her ruins; and the Queen-isle of Ocean, having passed from nothingness to glory, from glory to oblivion, shall hear the song of her revelry and triumph fast dying away into the mournful echoes of the Atlantic billows, as they dash upon the dreary cliffs of Dover, it is some consolation to know, that *even then*, her *language* will still survive, in all the freshness and force of a *living tongue*, among a great *Anglo-American* people, where her Miltons and her Burkes will continue to be read and admired as patriarchal laborers of the same great Saxon family. To this language of their fathers the British descendants of the New World will ever fondly turn as the common treasury of human lore, and will seek supplies for the wants of their own nature, and the exigencies of their own land, from a volume of history holding forth the most varied and extensive political experience, enriched by the first productions of original genius, and made universal by spoils gathered from all languages and all times. And when the now young America herself, having lived her "three score years and ten," shall go, in a good old age, to sleep with her fathers; when the ever-varying, yet still onward, stream of human progress, has swept back again to the long-deserted shores of Italy and Greece; when the Seven-hilled City shall once more give laws to the nations, and the Acropolis

of Minerva become a temple of Christianity; even then the school-boy shall acquire his mental discipline; the statesman, his precepts of wisdom; the philosopher, his principles of speculation; the poet, his highest models of art; and the divine, his best discourses on morality and religion, from the venerable language of the Saxon.

[In connexion with the above eloquent paper, we submit, for the perusal of our readers, an extract from an article which appeared lately in an English journal, from the pen of Elihu Burritt,—a gentleman becoming famous in the literary world, by his nervous and vigorous productions. Originally a blacksmith in Ohio, he has abandoned the anvil for the pen; but he seems to have carried into his new vocation, both the will and the power to strike with emphasis. If the reader will not go the whole length with him in his theory, it will be at least admitted, that there is both truth and poetry in his conceptions.—
ED. L. G.]

"The English race is the result of a remarkable combination of three remarkable elements, on a remarkable theatre of amalgamation, and at a remarkable time in the world's history; and for the purpose, it would appear, of making, in a new sense, of one blood, and of one language, all nations of men. These elements are, the Celtic, Saxon, Scandinavian, combined on the Island of Great Britain, just before the discovery of the New World. Each of these is as essential to the integrity and vital energy of the English race as any other of the three. If emigration had commenced to the Western or Eastern World before this combination, or from either of these elementary races, the condition and prospects of mankind would have differed seriously from those that distinguish the present day. What would a colony of poor Celts, or Saxons, or Danes, have done on the American Continent? Would the Celts have launched forth into commercial and manufacturing enterprise, and have set the streams of the New World to the music of machinery? Would not the Saxons have followed their old predilections, and have settled down upon the fertile lands, as mere agriculturists, and left the rivers and intervening ocean scarcely whitened by a yard of canvas; as they did in England, when the Danes surrounded the island with nearly a thousand of their little ships? And would not the Danes have overrun the new Continent, as they were wont to overrun the seas, without ever stopping to settle, or tarrying longer than to gratify their reckless spirit of adventure, by playing the Nimrod in the wilderness, or by waging perpetual war with the Indians? An answer to these questions may be found in the experience of every elementary race that has sought to colonize itself on the American Continent, or in any other foreign land. The French is essentially an elementary race; and it had the first and best chance of colonization in North America; and this it attempted in the choicest localities on the Continent. Some of the best families of France settled on the St. Lawrence, Ohio, and Mississippi. But what has been the result? So with regard to Spain: she colonized her best blood in Mexico and Peru; and what came of it, but a listless race without energy or enterprise? Such, probably, would have