a nation; and it is this part that is always the most difficult for foreigners to master. An investigation of the philosophy of English idiom would, no doubt, throw a great light on the history of this nation. It has been often remarked, that the energy and activity of our national character are perceptible in our common forms of speech, and that the spirit of commercial enterprise, as well as the industry, caution, and skill which distinguish us as a nation, may all be here discovered. This is no doubt true, and we may safely conclude that the real nature of the English mind will be best understood by the study of English idiom."

Zum Schlusse glaubt der Verfasser noch bemerken zu müssen, daß er in dieser Arbeit versucht hat, in gedrängter Kürze ein Bild von der Entstehung, Verbreitung, Wichtigkeit und Schwierigkeit der englischen Sprache zu entwerfen. Ob und inwiefern er seinen Zweck erreicht hat, überläßt er dem unparteiischen Urtheile des geneigten Lesers.

Dr J. Weckering,
Professor.

Encomium on Luxemburg.

My native land is small, 'tis true,
Great power it has none;
Its towns and inmates are but few,
And riches hardly known;
And yet I love and cherish it,
Though humble its extent;
For hearts of worth I find in it,
All with their lot content.

Its language charms the native's ear,
Uncultured though it be;
The sounds that strangers hate to hear
Are harmony to me.
I dearly love its legends old
And brilliant history;
They only mention actions bold
And deeds of Chivalry.

When last the Roman warrior past
Its woods in full array,
And off their iron rule was cast,
There beam'd a gentler ray:
A brighter light from heaven shone
Upon the land around;
And strife and darkness all were gone,
And justice only found.

Where, high on rocks, the Fairy Queen
So fondly loved to dwell;
Where Melusina first was seen
And won the knight by spell:
There Siegfried, fain to please his bride,
Built up a castle strong;
And houses clustered side by side
The winding Else along.

There Ermesinde, with mind serene,
Her gentle sceptre swayed;
There Cunegonda, Henry's queen,
In happy childhood played.
And many gallant knights there shone
In brilliant armour drest,
Well worthy of the German throne
The Papal See had blest.

And foremost in those ages bright
There is one precious name
That ruled in council, shone in fight,
And well deserved his fame.
Full often do I call to mind
His long and glorious reign;
Ah! woe the day King John the Blind
Was left on Cressy's plain!

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The rulers changed; another race
The ducal colours wore;
And others came to take the place
Of those that were no more;
And other Powers claimed the land
To gain its fastness strong;
And hosts of foes, in murd'rous band,
Swept the Ardennes along.

From Charles the Rash and Burgundy
The sceptre passed away;
And then the Spanish dynasty
Began a longer sway.
Theresa came to bless the land,
A name I highly prize;
And Joseph, with a daring hand,
His reformations tries.

And more than once the fragile bark,
By fearful tempests tost,
Was wholly shrouded in the dark,
And seemed for ever lost;
Though peals of thunder rent the air,
Though lightnings lashed the sea:
The manly crew felt no despair
Despite their misery.

At last the storms did cease to blow,
The billows settled down;
A purer light began to glow,
Dispelling Fortune's frown.
And Learning's stores were open'd wide,
With Science flourished Art;
Religion was the people's guide,
And gladden'd every heart.

And Luxemburg's embattled walls
And towers fair to see
Fell, as the iron chain that falls
To set the captive free;
Where gloomy bastions frowned before,
Now stately mansions rise;
God grant that Peace reign evermore
Where Love with Friendship vies!

J. W. 1875.

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