

JOHN BULL.

Who can deny that England, since the date of the Act of Navigation, has acquired the dominion of the seas, and that her naval power, warlike and merchant, is now the first in the world?

Who can deny that England, in a commercial and manufacturing point of view, has become under its former policy, the first in the world, and the chief moving power, the universal agent, the sovereign people of credit, circulation and commerce?

Who can deny that British agriculture, on an equal extent and quality of soil, gives a greater return for the labor of the husbandman, than lands the most furrowed by the plow or favored by the sun?

Who can deny that the British Isles—two miserable little spots, when looked at on a map of the world—have for centuries taken their place among the greatest empires, and obtained an illustrious place in the history of the powers of the earth?

You might as well deny the existence of the sun as deny any of these things. To overwhelm any audacious comparisons, England has only to exhibit its fleets, its harbors, its domains, its banks, its manufactories, its iron foundries, its markets, its docks, its arsenals, its girdle of colonies and fortresses encircling the globe—composing an empire larger than ever obeyed the laws of Rome.

To speak only of its metropolis. What marvels those riches accumulated between the two banks of the Thames, peopled by a forest of masts, and which almost superhuman activity incessantly presses and agitates! Here are to be seen deep and spacious docks, the ample bosom of which no breath of wind ever agitates, and in which every vessel of every nation, from the gigantic three-decker to the Chinese junk, finds its allotted place, and where all the flags of the earth lie side by side in the common emporium of nations. There the tribes of every nation of the world are arranged in perfect order, in gigantic magazines, constituting of themselves an entire city.

Here are dockyards, dry docks, forge and iron works, where, under the hammer and the flame, steel and iron are twisted into a thousand fantastic forms. Industry labors at everything; and yet all this, great as it is, is as nothing compared with the works at Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Merthyr-tvdl, and Lanarkshire. In the midst of the din, the clang, the volumes of smoke, the oceans of flame, which mark these astonishing scenes, you would suppose that the fable of the Titans has come to pass, and that giants of a rebel race are preparing to scale the heavens.

Farther on the eye is fatigued, the mind turns around at the immensity of the circulation which is perpetually going forward. From one of the bridges over the Thames, you behold from the midst of an atmosphere of smoke hundreds of vessels which pass and re-pass under your feet, docile and obedient to direction like so many human beings; at one moment almost rivalling the railway train in speed, at another stopping at the hand of a child: racing with each other, and yet steady to their object; approaching, but never touching; ploughing through the waves with their wings of flame, seeming to caress where a single touch would be death! In the city itself, thousands of chariots and wagons, of omnibuses, drawn by powerful horses, of carriages darting at speed through the throng, all passing and re-passing, crossing, intermingling, and yet never coming into collision—so experienced and wary are the hands which guide them. Meanwhile, on the foot pavements, a countless multitude of people, intent on business, amusement, or pleasure, incessantly pour along; and this is the same from the West India docks to the West End parks, from Blackwall to the splendid squares of Belgravia and Hyde Park, which form the brilliant girdle of that scene of toil and labor, as the Elysian fields do the realms of Tartarus.

Never has a people in the material world developed its industry on such a scale of immeasurable grandeur. The pen cannot describe the animation of its labors, the activity of its commercial and manufacturing cities, the extent of its rural industry. Figures alone can convey an idea of its immensity.

Great Britain, which is only two hundred leagues long, and the soil of which is far from rivalling in richness the plains of Lombardy or Aragon, yields annually to the labor of the husbandman a revenue of above £140,000,000 sterling; an income, great as it is, which is almost doubled by the value of similar productions in its dependencies and colonies.

Its industry, commerce, and manufactures yield a revenue superior to that magnificent land estate; thanks to its inexhaustible mines, to its natural riches, to its admirable system of internal communications, conducted by eighty-six canals, and seventy lines of railway, in all, the general income of the British Empire exceeds twelve thousand millions of francs, or nearly £500,000,000 sterling.

Its power among the nations is rendered manifest by the number and greatness of its fleets and dominions. In Europe it possesses beside the lesser islands which adjoin Great Britain and Ireland, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands; in Asia, Hindostan, with its tributary States; Ceylon and its forced allies in Scinde and the Punjab—that is almost an entire world; in Africa, Sierra Leone with its dependencies; the Isle of France, Fernando Po, the Cape, and St. Helena; in America, Upper and Lower Canada, the West Indies, Bermuda, Newfoundland, and all the lesser provinces of North America; in Oceania, the whole of New Holland and New Zealand, Norfolk Island and New Caledonia. These united territories contain a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, including the twenty-eight of the British Isles.

As to its commercial marine, two facts are sufficient to make its immensity known. It has nearly thirty thousand vessels, including those propelled by steam, beside eight thousand in the colonies; and in a single year it exports more than £28,000,000 cotton goods—an amount, for a single article, greater than the whole export of the manufactures of France for everything put together.—*Ledru Rollin's "Decadence de l'Angleterre."*

A SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.—The editors of the Charleston Mercury say that they were visited a few days since by a gentleman named R. H. Copeland, native of Laurence District, S. C., but now residing in Hard county, in that State, who presents, in his peculiar organization, a very remarkable natural phenomena. His right arm and hand and right leg are infected in such a manner as to exhibit in every movement the nature and motion of a snake. The arm affected is smaller than the other, its muscular developments different, sensation much less acute, and its actions altogether beyond the control of his will. The motion of the arm seemed to be impelled by a separate and distinct volition, or an instinct entirely its own. The character of the movement is shaped, to a considerable extent, by external circumstances; at any sudden noise, startling appearance, or the like, the arm sometimes forms itself into a coil—the hand darting from the coil as if in the act of striking; at other times the arms and hand have the movements of a snake under full headway making his escape, the limb preserving the peculiar tortuous motion of the reptile. At such times the rapidity of the motion is truly astonishing. The action of the affected parts is continuous. The muscles are never entirely at rest, though sometimes the action is less intense than at others. The right eye has a snakish look, which is not to be seen in the left, and in the formation of his teeth the contrast is singularly striking. On the left side of the mouth, both in the upper and lower jaw, the teeth are well formed and regular, while on the right side, above and below, they are extremely irregular and fang-like.

Mr. C. is now 46 years old, and has been thus affected from the time of his birth. He is one of those curious cases which sometimes occur, in which the effects of intense fright with the parent are seen in the unnatural organization of the offspring.

AN IDEA.—It has been well said of Coleridge, who was one of the profoundest and subtlest critics, that his chief fault was a fondness for seeing depth below depth—knot within knot. He would often try to dive when the water did not come up to his ankles.

CHARACTER OF THE ARAB.—It is difficult to imagine any contrast more striking than that which is presented by the Bedouin in a town and the same man when breathing the air of the desert. In the latter case, although indifferent to the beauties of nature, his spirits become elevated, the indolence and silence which characterises him in a town is exchanged for the highest degree of animation; and he indulges his lively imagination in inventing or relating tales, and at intervals, on a journey, screaming out some wild song, which, however agreeable to himself and encouraging to his camel, is anything but harmonious to a stranger. His cheerful disposition, his frugal repast, and an active, hardy life, are well calculated to secure the best possible state of health, with unimpaired faculties, till an advanced age; his quickness of sight and hearing are scarcely exceeded by those of the North American Indians, and the habits of an erratic life have taught him to trace the footsteps of any particular individual or animal. This singular power is called *kiafat*, or *kath*, according to Burekhardt, and it is said to be more particularly possessed by the tribe of Moodlij. An Arab has been known to trace the footsteps of his camel for six days along a sandy valley which has been crossed in every direction by thousands of other footsteps, and also to name every individual who had passed. He is accustomed, also, by placing the mark of his foot at a certain spot, in a particular direction, to make known to his friends that he has been there, and also the route he has taken.—His tact enables him to find his way across the desert, independently of the compass, which is rarely used by him on land.

IN MY MIND'S EYE, HORATIO.—A young lady of my acquaintance, says a friend in a recent note to the editor, married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her leige lord to nurse and take care of the "old folks." In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death. The dutiful and sympathizing daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at the event, to a company who called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after the sad bereavement.

"O, dear!" said she, "how much I miss my poor, dear mother! Why, it seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast table, reaching out her hand for the best potato."

This reminds us of "a man without a tear," a Missouri husband, at the grave of his wife.

"I have lost cows," he said to a neighbor, as the coffin was lowered in the grave, "I've lost sheep, I've lost hoes, and I've lost caaves, but this is the wust of the whole lot!"

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HAVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild;
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.
B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm.
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted: faithful till death.
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.
B cause all these Bs are O. K. to B sure.

WILLIS AND BRYANT.—Great minds will hit upon the same thought: vide the following:

'Tis midnight the lone mountains on,
The East is flecked with cloudy bars,
And gliding through them, one by one,
The moon walks up her path of stars.

[Willis.]

See, where upon the horizon's brim
Lies the dull cloud in glooming bars;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

[Bryant.]

TURNING THE TABLES.—A lady advertises, in a late San Francisco paper, for a "female help," and concludes her notice with a statement that she has got a six months' character from her last servant.

A young man having succeeded after persuasion, in getting a kiss from a girl, went and told of it. One of her acquaintances met her, and said: "So, Sally, John says that you let him kiss you!" "I did let him after he had teased me an hour, but it was a tight squeeze even then." "So ho!" exclaimed the other—"he did not mention that. He only spoke of the kiss, but did not say anything about the squeeze."

REFLECTIONS.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
That flesh is grass? That earthly things are mist?
What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands with their joys and cares.

A PUZZLER.—Eleven great men, fifteen celebrated women, twenty-three extraordinary children, thirty-two fine pictures, a new manner of cooking oysters, the best way of making coffee, a great improvement in the cultivation of grapes, ten fashionable bonnets, and the substance of a hundred books, may be all expressed by a liquid in common use, and of only one syllable!

A Dutchman once wanted to wed a widow, and his manner of making known his feelings was as follows:

"If you ish content to get a petter for a worse, to be happy for a miserable, and if you shmokes and driuks ale, I shall take you for no petter and much worse." Upon which the lady said, "Yaw."

NICE READING.—A bumpkin who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark, that "it was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice cream she tasted was "a leetle tetchted with the frost."

A TASK.—If any man, from Maine to Georgia, says the Richmond Advertiser, will, on the first trial, say "six slim slick saplins," without making a blunder, and speak fast as he goes over the words, he shall have the Croquet Almanac sent to him for six years.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—The latest mode of popping the question is to do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If the lady accepts you, "nuff sed;" if she does not, you can say you were "only in fun."

THE LIBELLER!—In one of our Courts, the other day, a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were man and wife, replied, because "he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up."

NATURAL HISTORY.—Mrs Smithers has been to the menagerie, and seen the "boy constructor;" but she says "he isn't a circumstance to the rinoserow or that two-humped camermile."

POPULAR FORM OF SLAVERY.—That where one woman holds captive one man—in which the victim not only hugs his chain, but the little tyrant that rivets it.

NEGRO WIT.—A negro once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor ob de State—he come in wid berry little opposition; he go out wid none at all."

A young fop, about starting down to New Orleans, proposed to purchase a life-preserver. "Oh, you'll not want it," suggested the clerk, "a bag of wind won't sink."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

Why is a newly opened dry goods store like a house on fire? Because it starts all the belles of the city.

POETIC.—"The last link is broken," as the Dutch emigrant said when he cut up his last Bologna sausage.

WELLERISM.—"Don't rob yourself," said the farmer, when the lawyer called him hard names.

SURGICAL.—To cure deafness, tell a man you want to pay a debt you have long owed him.

WON'T DO.—The attempt to light Schenectady with red-haired girls, has been abandoned.

A DEFINITION.—What is idleness! A public mint for coining mischief.