

appear occupied in seeking for the most appropriate stations for their own necessities, and exerting stratagems and wiles to secure the lives of themselves or their offspring against natural or possible injuries, with a forethought equivalent or superior to reason; others in some aim we can little perceive, or, should some flash of light spring up, and give us a momentary glimpse of nature's hidden ways, immediate darkness closes round, and renders our ignorance more manifest. We see a wonderfully fabricated creature struggling from the cradle of its being, just perfected by the elaboration of months or years, and decorated with a vest of glorious splendour; it spreads its wings to the light of heaven, and becomes the next moment, perhaps, with all its marvellous construction, instinct and splendour, the prey of some wandering bird! and human wisdom and conjecture are humbled to the dust. That these events are ordinations of supreme intelligence, for wise and good purposes, we are convinced. But we are blind beyond thought, as to our secondary causes; and admiration, that pure source of intellectual pleasure, is almost alone permitted to us. If we attempt to proceed beyond this, we are generally lost in the mystery with which the divine Architect has thought fit to surround his works; and perhaps our very aspirations after knowledge increase in us a sense of our ignorance: every deep investigator into the works of nature can scarcely possess other than a humble mind.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

CANNING AND LORD ALTHORP—I have said that my last recollection of the House of Commons was when Canning was the Ministerial leader; I now saw Lord Althorp in the same place. The contrast certainly was striking. In the former, a capacious mind, a warm imagination, a refined wit, a lofty eloquence, a polished manner, sustained the office with dignity and grace; a handsome countenance and most intellectual head bespoke the courtier, orator, scholar. In the latter, homely and heavy features, a dark complexion, neglected hair, a broad farmer-like figure, plain and somewhat rusty dress, and a broad-brimmed hat overhadowing a face which needed no artificial darkening, give to the outward man an unprepossessing appearance, and require some time to counteract their effect on the spectator. When he rises, Lord Althorp speaks in a plain, conversational manner, more like a merchant than an orator; he often hesitates and recalls his words; his voice is husky, his action sparing and inelegant; no imagery, no wit, no rhetorical effort adorn or enliven his speeches. Attentive observation alters the first impression. Under Canning's brightest displays might be discerned that most specious form of selfishness, called ambition; the love of power, the thirst for admiration, were manifest; these passions contributed to make him nervous and irritable, and they combined with the fire of his genius to give light to his eye, and to consume him as with a fever. He wanted simplicity. He wanted the true dignity which a consistent career alone imparts. He was somewhat too clever and plausible, and spoke and acted too much for effect. You stood in doubt of him, lest his policy should be over refined. His wit, also, though polished and playful, sometimes received a dangerous edge from his susceptible temper. Lord Althorp, on the other hand, has all the dignity of unsuspected uprightness and consistency, all the rectitude of unsophisticated sense, all the amiableness of candour and goodness. There is the repose in his character which was so painfully wanting in Canning's. His understanding, though plain, is strong and excellent; and having nothing to conceal, he always makes himself well understood. His intentions are ever honest; there is no refining in his policy, no disguise in his professions. Canning, whose origin was humble, was at heart an aristocrat. Lord Althorp, though a wealthy nobleman, and of high family, is wholly devoid of pride, and earnestly seeks the welfare of the people. Independent without parade, modest without affectation, courteous and kind without flattery, firm without pride, willing to confess and repair an error not to be chafed into anger and indirection by the invectives or misrepresentations of opponents, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has moral qualifications for the high post he holds, as much superior, I venture to think, to those of his accomplished predecessor—I mean Canning, not Goulburn—at his talents and eloquence are inferior. With these characteristics, I need not add that the plain speeches of Lord Althorp are effective and convincing. No one doubts his words or his motives. His phlegmatic disposition was of incalculable value to him and his party during the debates on the Reform Bill. The rage of the Boroughmongers and their omnium, the sophistry, the flippancy, the perverseness and dishonesty with which he was assailed, were shafts which fell deadened upon the cushion of his easy temper. I understand that he never failed to obtain his eight hour's sleep even after the most stormy debate; and the circumstance was commemorated as extraordinary, when, after a discussion in which he was called upon forty-seven times, he lay in bed a full quarter of an hour before he could compose himself to slumber.—*Leeds Mercury.*

METHOD OF FISHING IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—In the spring, the fish usually run up into the thousand small creeks (in England they would be called rivers) which flow into the St. Lawrence; these being oftentimes shallow, permit a man to wade across and along them: one carries a bundle of dry pine or cedar bark splinters, lighted, and used as a torch; another follows with a barbed spear, having a handle eight or ten feet long, and, by the aid of the torch-light, he is enabled to see the fish as they lie along the bottom of the stream; which fish he cautiously approaches and transfixes with his spear; when the water is too deep for him to wade, a canoe is procured; a light iron grate is placed in the bow, and filled with dry pitchy pine splinters, which blaze vehemently, and cast a bright ruddy glow through the water to many yards distance. The fish, as before, are by this means discovered lying at the bot-

tom of the stream, and are caught in the same manner. Great dexterity is often evinced in the management of the spear; and I have often seen fish of four or five feet in length caught in this manner. In the calm evenings of summer, as the night comes gradually on, canoe after canoe, with its bright and waving light, may be seen putting silently from shore, and gliding rapidly and noiselessly along the still and glossy river; with one touch of the paddle the canoe is impelled to the spot pointed out by the gestures of the spearsman, who waiting till the fish be within his range, darts his weapon with admirable precision upon the devoted prey, lifts it as quietly as possible into the canoe, and proceeds onwards in search of further sport. The water of the St. Lawrence, clear beyond that of almost all the rivers I have seen, is admirably fitted for this purpose; and will allow a dexterous sportsman to seize his prey if it be tolerably large, even when the water is ten or twelve feet in depth. There are few scenes in Canada more peculiar and striking than this night fishing. Often have I stood upon the banks of the broad and beautiful St. Lawrence, and contemplated with rapture the almost fairy picture it afforded. The still and mighty expanse of water, spread out in glassy calmness before me, with its edges fringed by a dark mass of huge forests, sweeping to the very brink of the river; and the deep purple shade of night closing over all, have, together, conjured up a scene that has held me for hours in contemplation. The song of the *voyageur* floating over the smooth and silent water, and mellowed by distance, has, in my imagination, equalled the long-lost strains of the Venetian gondolier; the glancing multitude of waving lights, belying the homely purpose to which they were applied, have seemed a nocturnal festival; and, by the aid of a little romance in my own feelings, have not seldom cheated me into half-poetical musings. The "garrish eye of day," luckily, invariably dispelled the hallucination, by robbing the scene of its enchanting but temporary beauty. I would however, recommend the traveller in those distant regions, to view the scene in a calm night of June; and I doubt not but that, in a short time, he will discover himself more romantic than he deemed.—*Bouchette's British Dominions in America.*

FROM THE AMARANTH.

THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

She leaves her bed while yet the Jew
Is sparkling on the flower;
And ere Aurora's golden bow
Hath ting'd the old church tower—
Ere yet the matin bell hath toll'd,
Ere yet the flock hath left the fold,
Or the blithe ark his bow—
Before the shadowy mountain mist
By the first sun-beam hath been kiss'd.

Her way is o'er the dewy meads,
And by the violet dell,
To where a plank her footstep leads,
By the old haunted well;
And then she steps from stone to stone,
In the brook's gurgling waters thrown,
To where the cresses dwell;
And many a lily decks the scene,
Of which she looks the fairy queen!

Ah, little need she blush to see
The wave give back her face;
And her dark tresses wand'ring free
To all their native grace
No worm hath marr'd her cheeks young bloom,
No mark of care's depressing gloom
Upon her brow hath place,
For love—false love, hath never yet
His seal upon her young heart set.

GENEROSITY.—The Duke de Montmorency was one of the most generous men in the world, as will appear from two instances related by the historian, Michael le Vassor. One day as he was playing at cards, there happened to be a heap of 3000 pistoles before him: a gentleman that was present, said softly to his neighbour, that that sum would make his fortune. Montmorency heard him but said nothing.—He played and won, and told the gentleman, when he desired him to take what was on the board, 'I wish, sir, that your fortune had been greater.' As he was travelling to Languedoc, some of his attendants were disputing wherein the happiness of life consisted; and maintained, that men of the meanest condition might live in perfect contentment. Soon after the Duke de Montmorency saw in a field four labourers dining under a bush.—'Let us go to those good folks,' said he, 'and ask them if they think themselves happy.' Three of them answering, that limiting their happiness to certain conveniences, suitable to their condition, which God had given them, they desired nothing in the world. The fourth freely owned that one thing was wanting to his happiness, and that was to be able to buy a certain estate that had belonged to his forefathers. 'And if you had that estate,' said the Duke, 'would you be contented?' 'As much so as it is possible for man to be, my Lord,' answered the

peasant. 'How much will it cost?' enquired his Highness. 'Two thousand francs,' replied the poor man. 'Let us give it him,' said the Duke, 'that it may be said I have made one man happy in my life.'

SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

LIVERPOOL TIMES.

We greatly fear that we shall be doomed to witness, before long, a general war of principle and opinion, in which Russia, Prussia, and Austria will be found ranged on one side,—France, and perhaps England, on the other, and which will only terminate with the complete triumph or utter destruction of the freedom of continental Europe. The Holy Alliance, resuscitated and rendered more audacious by the conquest of Poland and the subjugation of Italy, has at length thrown off the mask, and by the memorable edict of the Diet of Frankfort, and the immense military preparations every where making to enforce it, has declared, both by words and deeds, that not a single vestige of constitutional liberty shall be allowed to exist in any country which it is able to influence by authority or overwhelm by force. Since the promulgation of this decree, France is the only free state left on the continent of Europe. Germany is enslaved; Switzerland is pressed on every side by Austrian armies, Holland is bound to the triumphal chariot of the Alliance; and Belgium scarcely exists as an independent nation. The armies of the despots are pressing forward, and France will probably have in a few months to decide, whether she will attempt to stem the tide before it bursts across her frontiers, or to force it back from the gates of Paris, when it has begun to lay waste her fields. The proclamation of Diet of Frankfort is a defiance to all the free nations of Europe; England alone, invulnerable in her insular position and her unconquered navy, may treat it with scorn; but to all the other states of Europe it is a challenge and warning, which it may be perilous to accept, but which it would be madness to despise.

The decree of the Diet of Frankfort changes the whole aspect of European policy. Even previous to it there were many acts of the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Governments, which every member of a free state must have looked on with indignation; but this is the first decisive attempt to crush, at one blow, all the constitutional liberties of an offending people. To talk of right or justice in such a case is idle and vain. It is the right and justice of the powerful highwayman robbing, and, in case of resistance, murdering the weak and defenceless traveller; and it becomes all those who have anything to lose to stand upon their guard, and to prepare to repel force with force.

The state which next to Germany is most interested in this infamous attack on freedom is France. Other countries, England, for instance, so far as feeling and sympathy are concerned, have the same interest, but the very existence of France is aimed at by this act of the Holy Alliance. It so happens that all the states whose liberties are attacked lie along the frontiers of that kingdom. The Grand Duchy of Baden, the kingdoms of Wirtemberg, Bavaria, and Hanover, the Hesses, the Duchy of Nassau, and even the kingdom of Saxony, are, as it were, the outposts—the advanced guard—of France, and the destruction of their liberties will leave the French frontier open to the Prussians, Austrians, and Russians, and France without a single continental ally. For this reason, it may be doubted whether the wisest course for France to adopt would not be to take part with the minor states of Germany at once. A new Confederation of the Rhine—a Confederation not held together, like the former one, by the mere will of a military tyrant, but united by a common principle of self-defence—might now be formed without difficulty—but if the armies of Austria and Prussia are allowed to overrun the minor states of Germany—to trample on their constitutional rights, and to deliver over their best patriots and most enlightened citizens to the tender mercies of the gaolets of Spandau and Olmutz, the French, left without a single ally, will have to fight for existence on their own plains, and to purchase their liberties by the desolation and ruin of the finest portions of their territory.

We have already said that the feelings of England must be exactly the same as those of France in this matter, and that all our sympathies will accompany her in the struggle, which will sooner or later be forced upon her. Unhappily, however, this is all that we can afford to give. With our industry pressed down by an intolerable load of taxation—a debt of eight hundred millions cramping our energies—a revenue not only falling off, but scarcely adequate to support the peace establishments of the country, and our only hope in the most rigid economy, nothing but the instinct of self-defence will ever induce the English people to consent to a continental war. We have already paid too dearly for such interference. The Tories, in retiring from power, have left us bound hand and foot. Eighteen years of peace, under their management, has produced no sensible alleviation of our burdens; and a dozen years of peace, even with a reformed Parliament, and a rigid economy, will scarcely suffice to re-establish the financial affairs of the country. The taxes already existing press not only on the luxuries of the rich, but on the comforts of the middle classes, and on the necessities of the poor; and no addition will be submitted to, unless we are involved in a war of self-defence. In that case we should have the power not only of repelling injury and insult, but of returning it with interest. Our navy is still as brave and as formidable as ever; and whatever sacrifices might then be called for would be made without a murmur. But though we are strong enough to fight for safety and self-defence, we have neither the means nor the inclination to take the field for fame, for glory, for sympathy, or for any abstract principle, however noble it may be, or however earnestly we may desire its success.

Since writing the above, we have received the *Messenger des Chambres*, dated Friday, from which we extract the following remarkable passage:—

'We have just received a piece of news, the authority of which we guarantee, and to which we cannot too seriously direct the attention of France, and the Government. The Austrians have concentrated extensive forces near Bregenz, on the Lake of Constance—125 pieces of artillery, with their caissons complete, have already arrived, and the Charge d'Affaires to the Duke of Baden has demanded from that Sovereign authority to occupy Constance. The Grand Duke at first refused, and referred to the treaty, which guarantee the inviolability of his territory, but Austria threatened to employ force, and the Duke was obliged to yield. It is evident that the occupation of Constance by the Austrian army is but the means of opening the road to France through that part