

Seldom does a bachelor meet with a refusal, or a fair lady die an old maid.

I remember, however, a friend of mine, who possessed a most uncommonly ugly phiz, combined with a sharp and sarcastic turn of mind, who was rejected by a young lady, and came to me in a great rage about it. The case was so unexampled a one that I could not help sympathizing with him; but this was of little use, nor could I prevent him from breaking out into a violent tirade against India and all belonging to it. "This," said he, "is by many esteemed a land of superlative luxury. In what does it consist? In tables loaded with all the delicacies which nature and art can provide, but on which we look without appetite, and when we think of the filthy habits of those by whom they are prepared, with disgusting? Or is it in wines, and sherbets, and delicious draughts, imbibed at the risk of apoplexy or cholera, in the vain hope of quenching a thirst which proves itself inveterate? Is it in being in a state of everlasting fever, inhaling fire with every breath? Is it in being compelled to shut yourself up all day in a house, of standing the chance of a coup de soleil, or retiring to bed after a hard day's work, and finding yourself more weary in the morning than you were the previous night? Is it in being surrounded by a people, every tribe and branch of which, though they may profess goodwill, and exhibit servility, hate your blood your kindred, and your faith, and regard you as filthy and unclean? Or is it in the pleasures of society among those of your own caste? As for the men, each one is too fully occupied in his own affairs to think of yours; too intent on making a fortune for himself to sympathize very deeply with your prosperity or distress. The woman (coming to the point at last thought I) are proud, capricious, giddy, and hard-hearted. As for love and its enjoyments, the pure sentiment cannot exist here! I never saw a real love-match since I came to India! Is it—

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared I, unable any longer to contain myself. "Ha! ha! ha! my dear sir, allow me to explain my idea of the luxury of Indian life."

"Well, proceed."

"It consists in the reflection—"

"Reflection, 'fish!'"

"The reflection that you are advancing the interests and protecting the honor of your country."

My guest hastily wished me "good morning," and left the house. I had given him his quietus.

THOUGHTS ON EMIGRATION.

While emigration is calculated to improve the circumstances of those who embrace it, and to bring into cultivation the vast colonial possessions of the British empire, it requires judicious management, and should be voluntary on the part of the emigrant; no false coloring should be put forth in order to induce the inexperienced or unwary to leave this country for any of the colonies, to suit the views of speculators or jobbers in such transactions, and which has too frequently led to greater privations than those experienced by the employment at home.

Again, it is necessary, in order to carry out colonization successfully, that those who emigrate are not only capable of labour, but that they are of industrious habits and tractable dispositions; it will be of no advantage to a colony, but the contrary, if the idle and the profligate be sent from this country; it would hinder its advancement, and become a serious burden, where industrious habits and regular conduct are of so much importance, both for the improvement of the lands and the example necessary in countries where so much depends on the conduct of the labourers for the establishment of order and the advancement of the interests of those places where they are located. And to these sources may be frequently traced the well-being and prosperity of colonial lands under cultivation, or the contrary.

Emigration may be fairly viewed, when rightly conducted, as the means permanently to establish the interest of the settlers, the colonies, and the mother country, in all its connections with these countries, both commercial, political, moral, and religious, which, although last named, is not least in forwarding the best interests of the colonial possessions. Colonial improvements, which cannot be carried on but by the introduction of capital and labour, may be viewed as a means of removing that commercial lassitude so frequently experienced in this country—of insuring colonial fertility being made available, which, if combined with every desirable arrangement, anticipation will be scarcely capable of measuring the future cultivation and population of our colonial possessions; they, like America, whose young beginnings were, by means of emigration, under much greater difficulties than those which now present themselves, as it will be found that in those days there were no provisions made for the protection and assistance of the emigrant beyond what his own means enabled him to secure: these colonies may grow up into states and kingdoms, what it may be fairly asked, is in the way of such advancements when New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand have made their respective advancement in civilization, commerce, and cultivation (when the present generation shall have passed away), under the protection and guardianship of England, whose colonial possessions, notwithstanding the narrow compass of her own sea-girt isle, constitutes her one of the largest empires throughout the five great divisions of the globe.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GO FORTH INTO THE COUNTRY.

From the Poetical Remains of the late Mrs. James Gray, (Miss M. A. Brawne).

Go forth into the country, From a world of care and guile; Go forth to the untainted air, And the sunshine's open smile. It shall clear thy clouded brow, It shall loose the worldly care, That binds thy heart too closely up, Thou man of care and guile. Go forth into the country, Where gladness' sights and sounds Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap, With fresher, quicker bounds: They shall wake fresh life within, The mind's enchanted bower; Go, student of the midnight lamp, And try their magic power! Go forth into the country, With its songs of happy birds, Its fertile vales, its grassy hills, Alive with flocks and herds. Against the power of sadness, Is its magic all arrayed— Go forth, and dream no idle dreams, Oh, visionary maid! Go forth into the country, Where the nut's rich cluster grows, Where the strawberry nestles 'mid the fuz, And the holly-berries glow, Each season hath its treasures, Like thee all free and wild— Who would keep thee from the country, Thou happy, artless child! Go forth into the country, If hath many a solemn grove, And many an altar on its hills, Sacred to peace and love, And whilst with grateful fervour, Thine eyes its glories scan, Worship the God who made it all, Oh! holy Christian man!

From Simonds's Colonial Magazine.

EXTENT AND CAPABILITIES OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

In these acquisitions, England possesses the vast and varied resources, greatly exceeding those of all other European nations, and which, we may be quite confident, will long continue to be the objects of care and anxious solicitude to the mother country. The government, it will be seen, has just required from the House of Commons the means of increasing and improving our naval force for the express purpose of affording them the necessary protection. Immense benefits have resulted from emigration and colonisation to the emigrants themselves, as well as to the lands of their birth: political, social, moral and religious reasons are all in favour of its encouragement, and in the words of a writer in one of the excellent and instructive publications which we have before quoted, "every interest, agricultural, manufacturing, maritime, commercial, and mercantile are alike and equally interested in the zealous prosecution of this desirable work."

The possessions of this Great Britain, in North America, are of the most valuable of all her colonies. In extent, they contain 403,580 square miles, or 258,240,000 square acres, (not including the island of Newfoundland), and are thus the second most important part of her colonial empire. The population of these provinces amounts to 1,600,000, which gives a ratio of 161 square acres per head; and in this respect they are much more advanced than any other of the colonies. They are, however, capable of supporting an increase of population to the extent of 10,500,000. Supposing, therefore, emigration were to continue at the rate of 37,000 per annum, which is the average of the last few years, they would yet hold out inducements to emigrants for 197 years to come, allowing them the same amount of population as at present for increase during that period.

In the next nearest continent of the world, to Europe, we possess as fine and as valuable a country as any under the sun, though of a different character, as of a different climate. The British dominions in south-east Africa now extend over 235,256 square miles, or comprising 149,573,846 square acres; and opens to us a more valuable and practical means of civilising and Christianising Africa than any other philanthropic enthusiasm can suggest. The population, composed of 150,000, out of which rather better than half is native, affords a ratio of 1,000,000 square acres, or 1,500 square miles, per head. This ratio must not, however, be applied to the whole present British territory, inasmuch as that of Natal, amounting to 80,000,000 square acres, has only been annexed to the British crown within the last twelve or eighteen months. Properly speaking, the ratio should be drawn from the extent of the two provinces that heretofore constituted the Cape colony; and which, amounting to 70,000,000 square acres nearly, would give a population of

one to every 466 acres. On the assumption that it is capable of supporting an equal population with British North America, viz., one soul to every four acres, and allowing it the present amount of inhabitants for natural increase, it would yet be a field for emigration for 92,500 years to come, presuming the present rate of emigration thither be limited to 400 per annum.

But we now come to an entire continent of which hardly anything is known, nor can any other estimate of its available extent be consequently made than that afforded by its position on the map. This part of the world is that denominated New Holland or Australia, which likewise includes the penal island of Van Dieman's Land: the former geographically presents 3,023,000 square miles, or 1,846,000,000 square acres; and the latter 24,000 square miles, or 15,360,000 square acres, available for the purposes of colonisation. The entire population of this division of the globe, in extent nearly equal to Europe, is only 223,000, one-tenth of that of Scotland, or the 1,917th of that of Europe, consequently it will continue to be a place for emigration for thousands of years; and its ratio of inhabitants to the square acre cannot be exactly proportioned in the absence of any accurate survey of its available extent. Emigration having been at the rate of 29,000 per annum, it would require 1,708 years to give it a population of fifty millions, allowing it the same amount as its present population for increase during that period. The population and extent of Van Dieman's Land, as given above, stand in the relation of one soul to 311 square acres.

Besides these continental colonies, the British crown holds many valuable and large islands in different parts, in some of which settlements have already been formed; among these we may notice Ceylon, New Zealand, the Falkland Islands, our extensive and most valuable possessions in the East and West Indies; besides the minor watch posts of our navy in Europe, as Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, &c. The bare recollection of the category exemplifies in truth the assertion, that "we sweep the globe, and touch every shore."

New Works.

From Howitt's Impressions of Australia.

LABOURS IN THE DESERT.

Day after day it was no slight army of trees against which we had to battle; we had to fight hard with them to gain possession of the soil, for the trees in those days were giants. I then felt thankful, knowing well how to appreciate my advantages, that having been born and brought up on an English farm, all kinds of tools, agricultural and others, were at home in my hands. There was a world of work, digging to lay bare the roots, felling, and then cutting the boles and boughs up with the saw and axe. Such of the boles as were good for anything we cut into proper lengths for posts; splitting and mortising them for that purpose. Rails also we had to get when there were any, though straight enough. Some of the trees were of unconceivable girth, six or eight yards in circumference. Immense was the space of ground that had to be dug away to lay bare the roots. And then, what roots they were! too large to be cut through with the axe; we were compelled to saw them in two with the cross-cut saw. One of these monsters of the wild was fifteen days burning; burning night and day, and was a regular ex-roasting fire all the time. We entirely routed the quiet of that old primeval forest solitude, rousing the echo of ages on the other side of the river, that shouted back to us the stroke of the axe, and the groan and crash of falling gum-trees. Night never came too soon, and we slept without rocking. Then what curious and novel creatures,—bandicoots, flying squirrels, opossums, bats, snakes, guanoas, and lizards,—we disturbed, bringing down with dust and turd their old domiciles about their ears. Sometimes, also, we found nests of young birds and of young wild cats; pretty black creatures, spotted with white. The wild denizens looked at us wildly, thinking, probably, that we were rough reformers, desperate radicals, and had no respect for immemorial and vested rights. It was unnatural work, and cruel; especially when, pile after pile, we added to our other ravages, the torment and innovation of vast fires. The horrid gaps and blank openings in the grand old woods, seemed, I felt at times, to reproach us. It was reckless waste, in a coalless country, to commit so much fuel to the flames. Timber, too, hard in its grain as iron almost, yet ruddy and more beautiful than mahogany. No matter, we could not eat wood; we must do violence to our sense of the Beautiful, and to Nature's sanctities; we must have coal-land, and we, with immense labour, cleared seventeen acres. On one occasion I was laid up for a fortnight, keeping my bed part of the time, having been struck by a falling tree!

A WILD REGION.

A more delightful May morning could not possibly be than the one on which we started. The dawn had been cloudless, and as the sun clomb the heavens, the day was breezy, and there was brightness everywhere. As we left behind us Bateman's-hill, and held our way over the uplands between Melbourne and the Saltwater river, and beyond it we saw shepherds with their flocks, heard the sweet tinkle of silver toned sheep bells, and saw many a fleece golden in the rich sunshine. After us the morning sun "sowed all the eastern clime with orient pearl"—all was pearl—gold and azure—the Yarra, with its silvery reaches; the sun brightened earth; and overhead universally the soft cerulean of the atmosphere. I had breathed the animating breath of a spring

morning in England; none like this; it was indeed.

The bridal of the earth and sky.

And then, where else but in Australia could I find such a park like Arcady—mile after mile of the smoothest greensward, unbroken by any kind of fences; a sweet undulating land of knoll and slope and glen, studded over, not too thickly, but in a most picturesque manner, with the oaks, trees of the softest and richest character imaginable; and under them were real shepherds and sheep worthy of Colchus and Jason's theft. Nor did our eyes rest only on these sweet knolls and slopes; on shepherds and their sheep; on the windings of the bright Yarra. A turn backward showed us, distant and dim, the Australian Alps; before us Station Park; and nearer, the blue roiling water of Port Phillip Bay, with its shipping. The scene and the season were alike delicious. Nothing about us, far or near, escaped our observation; and our walk was one of too much enjoyment for much talk. We were yet new enough to the country not to overpass anything that could minister to our pleasure. We had read and enjoyed many a fanciful picture of pastoral life; but here, for the first time with many a pleasant accompaniment, was the reality. It was a morning never, to be forgotten. Our guide star, Mount Ripon, twenty five miles off, with nothing to diversify the way, only that we had what Wordsworth calls "the music of our own sad steps." In the midst of the plain, we came to a place where an emu had been killed; abundance of its feathers being strewn about. We saw also a bustard or two, here called turkeys, very large birds, and appearing larger being the only objects between us and the horizon. Except ourselves and these, we saw no trace of human or animal existence. A wonderfully wild region it was, with ranged and faint blue mountains in the distance.

From "The History of the First Consul."

ASSASSINATION OF THE EMPEROR PAUL.

The night appearing sufficiently advanced, the conspirators, to the number of about sixty, called forth, divided into two bands. Count Pahlen took one under his direction, General Benningsen the command of the other; both officers dressed in their full uniform, and wearing their sashes and orders, marched forward, sword in hand. The palace Michael was constructed and guarded like a fortress; but the bridges were lowered, and the gates thrown open to the chiefs of the conspirators. Benningsen's party marched first, and proceeded direct towards the emperor's apartments. Count Pahlen remained behind, with his reserved body of conspirators. This man, who had organised the conspiracy, disdained to assist personally in its execution. He was only there to provide for any unexpected emergencies. Benningsen penetrated into the apartment of the sleeping monarch. Two heyduks were on duty as his body-guard. These brave and faithful attendants attempted to defend their sovereign. One was struck down by a blow from a sabre, the other took flight, crying out for help—cries utterly unavailing in a palace, the guards of which are almost all accomplices in the plot! A valet, who slept in the room adjoining that of the Emperor, ran to the scene; they compelled him, by force, to open the door of his master's chamber. The unhappy Paul might have found a refuge in the apartments of the Empress; but, in his distrustful suspicions, he had taken the precaution, every night, to barricade the door which led to them. All escape being cut off, he flung himself to the bottom of the bed, and concealed himself behind the folds of a screen. Platon Soubow ran to the imperial bed, and, finding it empty, cried out in alarm, "The Emperor has escaped; we are lost!" But at the same instant, Benningsen caught sight of the prince, rushed towards him sword in hand, and presented to him the act of Abdication. "You have ceased to reign!" he exclaimed to him; "the Grand Duke Alexander is now emperor. Summon you, in his name, to resign the empire, and to sign this act of abdication." On this condition alone I answer for your life." Platon Soubow repeated the same summons. The Emperor, confused and lost in dismay, demanded of them what he had done to deserve such treatment. "For years past you have never ceased to persecute us," retorted the half-intoxicated assassins. They then pressed upon the unhappy Paul, who struggled hard, expostulated, and implored them in vain. At this moment a noise was heard; it was the footsteps of some of the conspirators who had remained behind; but the assassins, believing that some one was coming to the assistance of the Emperor, fled in disorder. Benningsen alone inflexibly resolute, remained in the presence of the monarch, and, advancing towards him, with his sword pointed at his breast, prevented him stirring from the spot. The conspirators, having recognised each other, re-entered the chamber, the theatre of their crime. They again hemmed in the unfortunate monarch, in order to force him to subscribe his abdication. The Emperor for an instant tried to defend himself. In the scuffle, the lamp which gave light to the frightful scene was overturned and extinguished. Benningsen ran to procure another, and, on his return, discovered Paul expiring under the blows of two assassins; one had broken in his skull with the pommel of his sword; whilst the other was strangling him with his sash. "You have wept sufficiently as a child," exclaimed, before morning dawned, Count Pahlen to Alexander, "come now and reign."

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and the fawning assent of sycophants.