

a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I went through France; and that was the best business I ever did.' Another maxim on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them: they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?' By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money. 'I hope,' said — 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' 'I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution, to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon: stick to one business young man,' said he to Edward, 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London: be a brewer, and a banker, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk, so when I go out I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm: I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it a mistake, and for fear I should find it but, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes; it is very amusing.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

Rely upon it, Sammy, said the old man, as he leaned on his staff with his gray locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning, murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by turning his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no sinner is any better for fingering. The more you groan the poorer you grow.

Repining at losses is only putting pepper in to a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say—'Here is something which you have got to learn.' Sammy don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children.

'Ay,' cried Sammy, 'you may say that, and a mother-in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain; and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money.'

Softly Sammy, I am older than you, I have not got these gray hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of our continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sully-box with bills to pay for a yeastling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their traps away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things:

First: That you have saved too little and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I seen you giving your dollar for a notion, when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half aside for a rainy day.

Secondly: That you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; it shows that there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow; and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed the opinions of others until you have been decoyed into a bog.

Thirdly: That you have been in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

Fourthly: That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working men in America have a notion that nobody would go to rain on this side the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, but we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly: That you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

Sixthly: That you may be thankful that our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together.

And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer, with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy—'Give us this day our daily bread.'

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

What are the practical lessons which this subject should teach us all? You know how the human character is formed, and how the faults and vices which degrade it, and which afflict the world are generated. Pity their unhappy victims; treat them with mercy; pour, if it be possible, the light of knowledge on their minds, and, in fine, by obliging them to witness its excellence in your own disposition, the love of goodness into their hearts, in the family, and in the world, to be what

your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you, forbearing, generous, just, the intrepid defender of others' rights; the uniform observer of your own duties; the master of yourself, and the servant of all. Endeavour, at all seasons and by all means, to diffuse the blessings of knowledge; deem no labour protracted or too severe, which may terminate in the removal of an error. Let no calumny nor invective excite in you a spirit of resentment, or force from your lips a harsh expression. Make those whom you strive to enlighten feel that you wish them to embrace your views only that they may be inspired with the same cheerful, amiable, and benignant spirit of which your heart is full; rejoice in the good that is; live but to labour to increase it; believe that every event is so arranged by infinite wisdom and almighty power, as to perform its necessary measure in securing its ultimate and universal triumph. This is the true philosophy; this is genuine Christianity; this is the way to live happiest, to die happiest, and to prepare best for glory, honour, and immortality.—Dr. Southwood Smith.

From the London People's Journal.

SONG OF THE WATCHERS ON THE SHORE

At the fishing villages on the coast of Norway, when the men go out into their boats, the females stand upon the beach, chanting a wild song—a prayer—not for the success of the fishers, but for their safe and speedy return; and they do not quit the shore until the boats arrive.

'Tis a weary, weary sight,
The sky and the ocean lone,
And the distance—that solemn mystery—
Vieling our loved, our own,
As we cry—upon their track—
Brother and sire come home!
Husband and lover, and son come back
Over the surge and foam!
For our hearths are dark, and our souls are
drear,
Till we see the light of your smiles draw near.

Hardy, and gallant, and true,
The hearts that for us toil;
Right cheerfully every peril brave,
From the seas to take their spoil:
Well know they were we stand
Waiting their glad return,
And their guiding light is the star of love,
Whose beams around them burn:
O what were the hearts or the homes they left,
Of the crowning grace of that love bereft?

Husband, and lover, and son,
Brother and sire, come home!
The breeze has strengthened the sun gone down
Over the beating foam!
Sorrow and joy are ours
Beyond what most may share,
Sorrow in every morn's farewell,
And joy above compare,
When at eve, all doubting and danger o'er,
The gallant boats teach the strand once more.

By the shores of another sea
We shall stand ere time be past:
We'll watch the bark that may ne'er return
Sweep o'er the waves at last!
Brother, or sire, or son,
Husband or lover, there—
Earth's peril over, its labour done—
May be first those depths to dare;
To pass away from the mortal beach,
Beyond regret's or affection's reach.

And we—we shall cry no more;
Brother and sire, come home!
We shall look, with a higher hope and trust
Over that dark sea's foam!
And our pining souls shall say—
'O we're weary to depart!
To put all thought of life away
For whose cares we have no heart!
To flee from darkness, and doubt and pain,
And to be with the loved and the lost again!

LIFE OF A TRADESMAN.

What is the daily life of a British tradesman? In a political and moral point of view, it is, no doubt, entitled to the highest commendation. It is a pattern of industry, punctuality and good faith. But if we contemplate it under its sanitary aspect we shall find that it deserves more censure than praise. What is his daily life? He rises early, and begins business at 8 o'clock, having opened his shop before the majority of his customers have opened their eyes. At nine he eats a hasty breakfast, and immediately returns to business. By business he is engrossed till two, when he swallows a breakfast, and returns again to business. At five he withdraws from business for a brief interval of tea, when he begins to relax some cups of southing, he returns again to business. He continues immersed in business till 8 or 9, when he begins to think that business must yield the place to relaxation or amusement. What is the nature of his relaxation or amusement? Does he trace his nerves, reanimate his spirits, or circulate his blood by any gymnastic exercise, any invigorating game? Nothing of the kind. If fond of literature and politics, he reads the last review, or study the leading article in the *Times*. If he be convivial, he strives with a few boon companions to relieve the pressure of anxiety, and escape the piteous cessions of care. If he be domestic he seeks on the household hearth the solace of conversation and repose. Heaven forbid, that I should attempt to decry the pleasures derived from society, from home and from intellectual employment.—Lord Dalmeny's Address to the Middle Classes on Gymnastic Exercises.

THE REWARDS OF GREATNESS.

'Truly it is a fine thing to have served England,' exclaims a modern writer, after expatiating on the beauties of Blenheim and Stratfieldsaye. Musing on these words, I strolled out one evening, and found myself standing by the grave of Dalton. There rest, thought I, the remains of a man who has served, not only England, but the whole world; and what has been his reward? For the greater part of his life, he was compelled to support himself by teaching the elements of mathematics, thus curtailing his time for original research. And now, in death, a piece of Rochdale flagstone without even an inscription, is all that England can offer to the memory of departed genius. Dalton's services to his country have not been overpaid. But this perhaps is the exception. That long succession of poets and philosophers who has made us the wonder and envy of the world, whose thoughts are even now moving among the people to purify and elevate, surely they have not all failed to receive the honor at home which even strangers are forced to accord them? Certainly, if we search Westminster Abbey, we shall find a few tablets and busts erected to their memories, half hidden, to be sure, amongst the gorgeous and emblazoned tombs of Major General Longears, the man-slayer, Sir Harry Empty, the sportsman; and Alderman Yellowtrash, the stock broker. And even these poor apologies for monuments can only be seen for a consideration, handed over to a clerical showman. Nowhere do we find any open public memorial of our most illustrious men; there is nothing to remind the stranger that he treads the land of Shakespeare, of Bacon, of Milton, of Davy. There is nothing to point out to aspiring youth the path to genuine, to godlike honour.—[From the Midland Progressionist, a penny serial conducted by working men. While we cordially agree with the above, and deprecate the horrid trade of war—a feeling shared in common by all right-thinking men of the day—we should never lose sight of the fact, that these men, so munificently rewarded, form but a small section of even their profession who have tasted of the state bounty; and that it is next to impossible that all should, in this world, meet the just reward of their labours. The best monument to the poet or the man of science is that which, both in and beyond their generation, is erected in the hearts of the people. We want no stone to tell us that such men as Shakespeare, and Newton, and Davy, and Watt, have lived and died: in their works they will endure for ever.—London Journal.

SLANDER IS THE TONGUE OF ENVY.

At the court of the lion was a noble horse, who had long and faithfully served his king; and his master prized and loved his faithful servant as he deserved. This was distasteful to the crowd of inferior courtiers, and the fox undertook to undermine the trusty servant and rob him of his monarch's favour. But his insinuations were nobly and wisely met by the king of beasts. 'I need no stronger proof of the worth of a good horse, than that he has such a vile wretch as thou for his enemy.—Lessing.

The Politician.

The Colonial Press.

Halifax Morning Courier.

THE QUEBEC AND HALIFAX RAIL ROAD.

Some of our contemporaries have questioned the correctness of our statement, respecting the projected line of railway between Halifax and Quebec having been prematurely brought to a close. We therefore repeat the assertion, from what we also conceive to be good authority: and further—we learn that a summer and a half would yet be required to complete the work. Gladly would we acknowledge our error, if convinced to the contrary. Happy, thrice happy would be to know that there existed a reasonable expectation of this vast and important undertaking being carried into effective operation. But not even the slightest indication of a bare commencement is discernible. There are those who continually cry, peace, peace!—the British Government and other parties in England, are highly favourable to the attainment of the object, forgetful, apparently, that on the Colonies almost solely depends the making or marring of this, or any other contemplated improvement. Every person is aware of the vast importance, nay, the imperative necessity, of more closely connecting, and firmly uniting, as well as facilitating the means of transmission and communication between the upper and lower provinces, by means of the long talked of Great Rail Road; but what in reality has been done by the Colonists to accomplish or even begin the project, that is believed by all to be so absolutely necessary for our prosperity? It is by the few thousand pounds that have been voted for the purpose, that we hope to begin and consummate this gigantic enterprise? Oh! but the wiser ones exclaim, the British Government will do all the rest!

How forcibly the fable of the Waggoner and Hercules tells on our relative positions. We stand at present on the threshold of the century of the settlement of this Colony, by the British Government.

During all that long period England has never failed to minister to our necessities. Her Armies, and her Fleets, have protected us in

war, and in peace, their united expenditures have gone far in sustaining us. If anything was to be done for our advantage, who was to be called upon to perform?—the British Government. And like spoiled children, we have fretted, and cried, and even bullied those from whom we have received nothing but favours and kindness, until we have finally arrived at the very apex of our folly, and now expect them to explore, survey, and build a railroad, terminus, stations, and all complete, to extend over nearly six hundred geographical miles, and at an expense, probably of from six to ten millions sterling. Some years ago a delegation went home with some grievances or other, it matters not what—they never thought about the Railroad. For a series of years some ridiculous notion about responsibility took possession of people's brains, which occasioned great excitement, and ship loads of despatches were sent across the Atlantic, what they contained was of minor importance, for not one word was said about the Railroad. Long winded speeches have been made, and the rafters of the 'Houses' have rung with applause, as sentiments were uttered, but—they did not touch on, and had no connection with the Railroad. Torch light processions have paraded the streets, and groans and hisses have been heard at the door of a man, who put a marine railway 3,000 miles in length in operation—pooh! what did he know about a Railroad.

The object of the British Government, has always been, to bring these Colonies as close as possible to the mother country; while the whole policy of a great portion of the Colonists necessarily involved, if not separation, at least a relaxing of the ties that have hitherto united us as a parent and child. Is this not self evident in the continued clamour for, and the pretended claim to, the whole of the resources of the provinces that England has gained by her blood and treasure, and which consequently belong to the people—not of the Colonies alone but all who claim British origin. It is really an excellent joke to set up claims to mines and minerals, &c., &c., that have been paid dearly for by the people of the mother country, and whose descendants now pay the interest of the debt contracted in their settlement and sustenance.

But the British Government, we are told, is highly favourable to the furtherance of the contemplated Rail Road; and nothing remains but to wait the accomplishment of the design. Now we would seriously ask—how long we may remain in *satu quo*, before the government at home will be in a position, to put the Railway into operation. The present Whig Government, is one of the most sorry affairs that has ever arrogated to itself such a name. With difficulties that appear to be almost insurmountable, staring them in the face—with a deficit of £2,500,000, to defray the current expenses of the country—with Ireland to overawe by force of arms, and to sustain by charity, in food and money—with all the elements of dissatisfaction, among her own people, in consequence of the panperising influences of Free Trade, not reciprocated by other nations—with an increasing, and influential party who are finding their way into her councils with the talismanic words 'Reform' and 'Retrenchment' inscribed on their banners;—with all these combined influences, knowing at the vital of our beloved Father land, how can we entertain even the most remote hope, that the British Government—who are reaping as they have sowed—will make the Railway for the North American Colonies. Turn to British capitalists, and the hope; for other, but not less obvious reasons, is just as futile. Who can be expected to invest his money in a country, that may be severed by either the act of the British Government, or the wish of the Colonies themselves at an indefinite period from the mother country.

It is no spirit of opposition, or hostility to any party, that has led us to indulge in the foregoing reflections. God forbid that we should by thought, word, or deed, place the most trifling obstacle in the way of the important undertaking so absolutely necessary to secure the prosperity of these North American Colonies. But we have read of the simple fellow, who standing on the banks of a rapid river, waited in the vain hope that it would speedily become dry, when he might then pass safely over on dry land. Like him we have been standing idle, while every body else has gone ahead; they have grappled with difficulties and surmounted every obstacle that stood in the way of their advancement; and now present the appearance of prosperity;—while we occupy almost the same position in which we stood a quarter of a century ago. Something has all along been wrong. Every body knows that a variety of remedies have been suggested; some of them have been adopted; but they do not touch the evil. What we want is United Action. Does any man in his senses believe that if each of the several counties of England claimed the right to legislate for itself, independently of the rest that matchless country would have advanced with the rapid strides that have made our Fatherland the envy of the world. Would the United States have arrived at their present state of prosperity, if the several states had, instead of submitting to the general policy of the whole, to one government, claimed independent action, individually to legislate for themselves. Are the North American Colonies exceptions in the many illustrations besides these, that can be brought to bear with equal force, as to the means by which prosperity can be achieved? Away with a supposition so manifestly absurd. And until some Fiscal, Financial, and political scheme, can be adopted