

thing like it. Nothing is so difficult as to convince people of the most obvious and generally admitted truths, especially if their own welfare depends upon acting on these truths. You may easily enough find persons to support aerial machines, impossible railways, or any other absurdity; but directly you try to make them act in accordance with principles, the truth of which they have admitted all their lives, you find you are talking to empty air. If one ten thousandth part of the money, time, and energy were employed in putting into practice the most simple and evident truths, which are now squandered in useless vagaries the comfort, health, wealth, and happiness of all classes throughout Europe would be more advanced in two years than in the last two hundred years. What is wanted is not a crusade to preach new opinions, but to get everybody to act up to those he already has. The object to be aimed at is the substitution of that thorough, clear sighted, determined conviction, which impels a man on as effectually as if the pains and punishment of neglect were staring him in the face, and about to fall on him immediately—the substitution for this for that lazy belief which gives assent because it is no more trouble than to dissent. Money won easily is lost again easily: opinions taken up without much care are either changed in the same way, or at any rate remain barren, lifeless, useless things. It is only by going carefully through every reason on which they are founded, and by thus having the mind deeply and frequently impressed with the reality of the truth that these profitless and empty beliefs, can be converted into practical principles. The difference between one man and another will be found to depend very greatly on the attention he has given to the proofs and reasons of things. The creed of one man is his own property, for he has made it himself; that of another is made up of odds and ends borrowed from all sources, often disagreeing with each other, and having no firm foundation whatever. Such a man is unstable as water, and shall not prevail.

From the Emigrant.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

In the middle of the great St. Lawrence there is, nearly opposite Montreal, an island called St. Helen's, between which and the shore, the stream, about three quarters of a mile broad, runs with very great rapidity, and yet, notwithstanding this current, the intense cold of winter invariably freezes its surface. The winter I am speaking of was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry down towards Quebec. On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momentarily expected, many of the soldiers were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal. After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process I described had commenced. Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, the daughter of an artilleryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently and unobserved she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half way, when the ice in all directions gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in the minds, and various exclamations, from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young sergeant in the 24th Regiment, who happened to be much nearer to her than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the monosyllables 'Quick march!' and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on a parade bandole, he steadily proceeded towards her. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then like a white bear carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink; however, onwards he proceeded, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand. By this time he had floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them, having run to the barracks for spy glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes halting, sometimes running double quick; and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longueuil, he was given up by his comrades as lost. He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humbly pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation. The Canadians took them to their home; the child was happily restored to its parents, and Sergeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.

EVERY DAY SUNDAY.

By different nations, every day of the week is set apart for public worship, viz.,—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

From the Mark Lane Express.
SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

What sound is that? 'Tis summer's farewell,
In the breath of the night wind sighing,
The chill breeze comes like a sorrowful dirge
That wails o'er the dead and dying.
The sapless leaves are eddying round,
On the path which they lately shaded;
The oak of the forest is losing its robe,
The flowers have fallen and faded.
All that I look on but saddens my heart,
To think that the lovely so soon should depart.
Yet why should I sigh?—other summers will come,
Joys like the past one bringing;
Again will the vine bear its blushing fruit,
Again will the birds be singing;
The forest will put forth its honours again,
The rose be as sweet in its breathing,
The woodbine will twine round the lattice pane,
As wild and as rich in its wreathing;
The hives will have honey, the bees will hum
Other flowers will spring—other summers will come.
They will! they will! but [ah who can tell
Whether I may live on till their coming?
This spirit may sleep too soundly then,
To wake with the warbling and humming;
This cheek now pale, may be paler far,
When the summer sun next is glowing;
The cherishing ray may gild with the light
The grass on my grave turf growing;
The earth may be glad, but the worms and gloom
May dwell with me in the silent tomb.
And few would weep in the beautiful world,
For the fameless one that had left it;
Few would remember the form cut off,
And mourn the stroke that left it.
Many may keep my name on their lips,
Pleased while that name degrading;
My follies and sins alone would live—
A theme for their cold upbraiding.
Oh! what a change in my spirit's dream
May there be ere the next summer's sun shall beam!

From Howitt's Journal.

OCTOBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

In casting our eye forward through the month before us, we were startled to see that it is the last of those in which we look for fine weather, that it ushers in November, a name associated with gloom, and fogs and often with the rigours of winter. The bright but calm suns which shine over us this month are the last of the season. The autumn winds up its account of harvests and out of door pleasures, and as the last swallows take their flight, our travellers return from many a foreign ramble amid the vineyards of the Continent. The last birds of summer, that are migratory, depart; and in come, from northern climes, wild geese, the hooded crow, and the woodcock, to winter with us. It is come to that—the very creatures of the air and the field undecorated by suns that still shine, and leaves that still hang on the tree, are thinking of winter, and resorting to their winter quarters. And wanderers return from mountains and sea-coasts, and begin to think of their winter quarters; to anticipate, with a feeling of luxury, fire-sides, long, quiet evenings, and books.
It is a month to still walk abroad during the short, bright hours of day, to enjoy the tranquil splendour, the greenness, and the freshness of the atmosphere, and to feel thankful for all the good and the beauty that the summer has brought us. The very butterflies do so. You see them, or a least a few of them, still hovering over the flowers in the garden, or settling on the warm wall, basking in the glow of the noon sun. They lift their wings with a feeling, as it were, of happiness that knows no care. Confined, it may be, in this extent, but it is not the happiness of man that can be desolated by a thousand circumstances. They know nothing of speculations and failures, of corn-laws that tempt factors, and factors that, that falling, pull down bankers after them. They know nothing of rents, and taxes, or of bills that may come against them. Who has not been tempted, seeing their basking beauty, to look down from the height of his intellectual house of cards, from the splendid misery of modern social life, and say, 'I'd be a butterfly!'
But this is the month of forest splendour. Generally towards the end of October, the trees put on their last grandeur. They burst forth into all the richest and warmest colours and for a while cast a glory on the landscape that is unrivalled. Then how delightful to range freely through wood and field; to see the wind come driving the many tinted leaves before it; to tread on their rustling masses in the still glades and feel the profound language of the season—all that is solemn and pure, and yet buoyant in the heart! The hops are fast getting in—the vines on the continental plains and hanging slopes are yielding up, amid songs and shouts their purple vintage. Orchards are cleared of their fruits

and towards the end of the month the people are busy in the potato field. Once more the hind, released from the cares and toils of a harvest, is busy turning up the soil with the plough, getting in the wheat for the next year, and ditching and banking, in meadow and field. The gathering and hoeing of potatoes, carrots, beet root, the Swedish turnips, find much employment. Besides the sowing of wheat, beans, and winter dills are put in. Timber trees are felled, and others planted, and the farmer repairs his gates and fences; and all wise people lay in plenty of fuel for winter. Winter! Winter! it is continually crowding into our minds, though we do not see it with our eyes. But in the brightest hours, the very seeds are on the wing, to fly away and bury themselves each in a suitable spot for the resurrection of the next spring.

THE THISTLE DOWN.

Lightly soars the thistle down,
Lightly doth it float;
Lightly seeds of care are sown,
Little do we note.

Lightly floats the thistle down;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyrs blown
Through the shining skies.

Watch life's thistles bud and blow,
Oh 'tis pleasant folly!
But when all our paths they sow,
Then comes melancholy.

But away with melancholy. The thistle-down will fly, and the thistles will spring up where we hoped for roses; but never mind; let us pay the penalty of our permitting them to grow, and go on, strong in the sense of the great Providence which wheels round the mighty world, and all its seasons, who causes the dark day to follow the bright one, and the bright, to follow the dark, and if he suffers the thorn and the thistle to grow, gives us strength to cut them down and consume them out of our paths. The summer is over and gone, but the summer of firesides, and books and social parties, approaches. How many a new book is preparing, how many a beautiful print; how many a meeting with old and new friends, like flowers of the summer of social life that are not yet blown. Let us rejoice in their possession; for when they go, then comes real night and winter. We have no hope of their return, as we have in that of everything that comes and goes with the season; as we have in

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sallied it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it fluteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its shrouding clay
It steals away,
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

And now farewell, October, and farewell Autumn, November will come ragged in its garb, and comparatively barren; but October will go out with a pageant and a feast. The woods will be hung with tapestry of all glorious colours; the dark and glossy acorn will be scattered in profusion on the ground; the richly tinted and veined horse chestnuts will glow in the midst of their rugged and spray shells; which burst open in their fall; and hoats of birds will be enjoying a plentiful feast of beech nuts in the tree tops. Farewell, then, to October, in the midst of the great banquet of bountiful nature. Man and his domestic creatures have their ample stores laid up in the winter garners; yet there is still plenty abroad for the wild as well as the tame.

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I had laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is exercised towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side was heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—Carus's Life of Simeon.

HOW TO LEAD MANKIND.

If masters fully understood the influence which even the slightest personal attention produces on the minds of their workmen, they would be more lavish than they are of a simple act of justice which can cost them so little; and would profit them so much. It is the severest trial an acute mind can undergo, to be compelled to hear the upbraiding and revilings of his fellow man, without the privilege to answer—to hear the scorner, yet dare not to reply—to submit to the arrogance and presumption of, perhaps a meaner intellect, and be denied the opportunity to wither him into nothingness—to see before him, while his blood is boiling with a volcanic swell, the assistant superior in his haughtiest mood,

and to hear from his supercilious lip the unfair or false deductions of ignorance as to his conduct, and yet to have no power of speech, but only stand like a guilty creeping thing, because his children's bread depends upon his silence. This is indeed the cruellest trial the progressing intellect can suffer; and yet how often is it inflicted merely because it hurts and offends the most. Yet wretched as the sufferer is, low as he falls in his own estimation, mean as he becomes in the estimation of his fellows, there is a lower and meaner being than he—the man who without cause inflicts the injury on him. Treat a man like a friend, and you soon make him one; treat him like a rogue, and his honesty must be much greater than your wisdom, if he do not seem to justify your suspicions. In no way are men so easily led—often, it is true, so blindly led—as through the affections. Every man comes into the world surrounded by objects of affection. The filial and parental tie is one which binds rich and poor alike; and is often the stronger in the poor, because it is almost the only domestic blessing which they can call their own. Hence it is, that men who are quite inaccessible to reason are easily led by the affections; and no wise man will neglect to use, especially when it is for the natural benefits of all this powerful and universally prevailing instrument. The next stage to the tie of parent and child, in the progress of society, is that of master and servant; and it is for the interest of both to carry into their relations with each other as much as possible of the kindly feeling which has been nursed in the bosom in childhood, by the domestic fireside.

IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH TO THE LABOURING CLASSES

Of all the members of society, the labouring man is the most dependant. Health is his only wealth, his capital, his stock in trade. When disease attacks him, the very source of his subsistence is dried up. He must earn his daily bread by daily toil; and, unlike many who occupy a higher position in society, he cannot do his work by deputy, nor postpone the doing of it till his health is reestablished. Day by day the expense of sickness is added to the loss of income; and too often he recovers only to find his place occupied by another, and the first hours of convalescence spent in an anxious, and too often a fruitless, search after employment.—Dr. Guy.

PLENTY OF FINERY BUT NO AIR.

In a late newspaper, we observe an account of the decorations of a new steam-vessel which has begun plying between Glasgow and Liverpool. The painting, carving, and gliding are described as something beyond all previous efforts at steamboat embellishment. Not a word is said as to whether the cabins are ventilated. How often would passengers give up all the finery which surrounds them for a mouthful of that article so grudgingly dispensed in steamers—fresh air!

TRACTS OF ANCIENT CIVILISATION IN AMERICA.

From a Review in the Inverness Courier, of Lanman's Summer in the Wilderness.
From whatever source the tribes came, it is almost certain that at one time they had attained a high degree of civilisation and knowledge of the arts. Extensive earthen works, of peculiar character are scattered over the States; and specimens of the potters art, of curious and complicated designs, have been found deeply buried in the earth. In Ohio stone tumuli have been opened; and in the same district, in one of the many earthen mounds, a silver cup found, the interior of which was finely gilded. In Jefferson county are the remains of a large walled city, the walls formed of light coloured bricks; and other remains of the same extensive kind have been discovered in the great forests. There is something strange in the idea, that the man who has, as it were, left civilisation behind him, to clear out a home in great woods should raise his log hut in the square of a long forgotten city, and strike his axe against the oaks which have their roots among the ruins of palaces. Yet such is the fact. In the north of the great continent, the signs and tokens of this ancient civilisation increase towards the south; in South America, they centre towards the north—Mexico, then, is the focus from which the knowledge of the arts and applications of this civilisation seems to have radiated.
In Mexico they were latest retained, and in proportion to the distance from the parent fountain they seem to have been lost. Whether this civilisation sprang innately, or was derived from the old world, or fostered by communications with the most ancient of European or Asiatic nations, is a subject of unlimited and interesting speculation. It is well known that the Icelanders visited the American continent repeatedly, long before the days of Columbus; and probably the adventurous navigators, or the Chinese, may have also reached it. It is a curious fact, however that whilst specimens of fine workmanship in gold, silver, and copper, and even brass have been found among the earthen works nothing has been discovered to show that the Americans knew the use of iron.

VICTORIES OF THE PRESS

Much already has been accomplished, more than people are aware—so gradual and silent has been the advances. How noiseless is the growth of reform. Watch it night and day for a week and you will never see it growing; but tura alter two months, and you will find it all