

morning was far advanced, the sun was shining bright over head, and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter, and Duff busily dressing my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain and left on the island, two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat, and had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power, and soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the Priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned and executed.

Under good nursing and care, I gradually recovered, and by the fall of the season, without any farther adventures, I once more landed in Scotland.

Isabella is not now that destitute and unprotected orphan, whom I first saw on the middle of the western ocean—but the bappy mistress of a happy home, diffusing life and gladness on all around her. My friend Duff has lately been placed on the list of post captains, and is anxiously waiting for more bustling times, when there will be more knocking about, and more hard blows got, than what our present peace establishment admits of. John Wylie, too, has had advancement in his line, being now master of one of the finest ships from Clyde; and I had the additional satisfaction of knowing that none of the crew had reason to regret their having jeopardized their lives in fighting for the "Pirate's Treasure."

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Baron Dupin, an eminent French statistical writer, in a work we have had the pleasure of reading, presents some curious facts relative to his own country and England, which we consider worthy of special notice, as indicatory of the future greatness of our country, governing as it necessarily must be by the like intelligence which governs the two countries at the head of this article. Baron Dupin is highly impartial, and states facts, with respect to England which he says, he cannot help admitting, though his countrymen may suspect him of a violent Anglomaniac.

The Baron says, that in the year 1816, after the Napoleon war was finished, in a time of profound peace, England spent \$30 millions dollars, no part of which was applied to the extinction of the National debt. In 1824, nine years after the war, the expenditure still exceeded 335 millions dollars. In 1844, the expenditure was reduced to 275 million dollars.

The interest on the national debt in 1816 amounted to 165 million dollars. It is now reduced to 120 million dollars, and 20 million temporary annuities, which are fast disappearing, as the holders drop off, one after another; when the holders of these annuities are all extinct, it will be equal to the reduction of the debt to the extent of 400 million dollars. This great reduction of the debt has been principally effected by the judicious changes made in the manner and extent of the public burthens.

Between 1815 and 1841, on striking balance between the amount of taxes increased and taxes diminished, it was found that the balance on the side of reduction was 120 million dollars; yet next year (1842) a further reduction was made of 30 million dollars—total annual reduction up to 1842, 150 million dollars.

The taxes which have been abolished are almost entirely those which were found to press heaviest on productive industry, and which opposed obstacles to the superiority of British commerce over that of other nations.

These reductions, says Baron Dupin, would not seem so surprising, had England been in a quiescent state during the period that had elapsed since the termination of the Revolutionary (French) War. But it is true, that in that period, she has carried out many great enterprises in sustaining vast military struggles, and, with her armed hand, defending her foreign possessions.

In the Peninsular of India, in 1816, she had eighty millions of subjects; she has now upwards of a hundred millions. She has conducted to a successful termination in that country four great wars, during which battles have been fought with armies as large as in almost any wars which history records.

She suppressed with a strong hand, each in a few days, two revolts in her North American possessions. In Syria, she interfered between the Sultan of Turkey and his revolted vassal, the Pacha of Egypt, and in the reduction in three hours, of the fortress of Acre, a place before which Napoleon failed after sixty days of open trenches: she taught the world by that, the first great lesson in the force of steamers and their enormous armaments, in this branch of naval warfare. With the experience of Acre, men will not again stand so confidently behind stone walls to return the fire of shipping. China, the most populous empire in the world, was subdued by a British fleet and a small military force in a few months, and England secured a permanent station off the coast of that Empire, and a most advantageous commercial treaty for herself and the world. By war and negotiation, she, in this period secured, to herself, two ports, Aden and Singapore, which give her command of the Red Sea and Chinese ocean. These were the only links that were wanting in a chain of strong places encompassing the earth; and these magnificent results, says Dupin, have been accomplished, notwithstanding there has been an unwavering reduction of taxation up to the present time.

England, says Dupin, further, notwithstanding the weight of the interest on the national debt, is now, in proportion to her means, less heavily taxed than France, and much less heavily than the people of the United States. (1) In 1816, her fiscal burdens were larger than those any nation in the world. Thirty-four years ago, the expenditure of England was at the rate of 400 million dollars a year, while France did not spend half that sum, say 200 millions. The state of things is altered; for in 1844, the French expenditure was 287,500,000 dollars, while that of England was only 275,000,000!

Baron Dupin observes that from one single fact, the enormous difference of the resources of the two countries for the supply of such heavy public burthens may be ascertained. Looking still at 1844 as a means of comparison, it is found that the commerce of England, favored by a wise system of taxation, is so great, that the mere amount of the soil and industry of Great Britain, sold to foreign nations, in eleven months, is equal to the whole annual expenditure of her treasury. In France, on the other hand, there is only to be witnessed an unlimited increase in the taxation, which has already reached a point at which it would require the amount of twenty-three months of the sale of French produce to foreigners to pay the expenditure, while, as already said, eleven months only suffice in England.

The above statistical facts will be of use to our free trade and anti-free trade theorists, as well as of use to the political partisan in looking forward, and anticipating the vast future before us, when we shall be in the possession of a population, not only industrious as that of Great Britain, but numerous as that of all her present vast possessions. The road to Oregon will be, then, an easy track to pass over, and the wealth of the Indies be there deposited and brought thence across our own country, for Europe, the old world be dependent on the new for her supplies, and we look down upon the present great nation from our progressing Republic a sprang.

Time is on the wing—as it flies it carries us forward in thought to the period when the Republic of the United States, the offspring of England, shall be the greatest nation on the face of the earth, with a revenue as great as that of France and England—now.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BANKER.

'Stand out of my way,' said a rough voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings. 'Your honor will please recollect,' replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—'your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar and have as much right to the road as yourself.' 'And I am a banker,' was retorted still more angrily. Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case and beheld two citizens, in a position which a pugilist would denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly mannered man, apparently in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hoghead; the other raggy and dirty, but an equal impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D., which of the two was stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line speaking something of humour, and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed, and eyed his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous, when he lowered his tone and said, 'how will you make right appear?' Said the beggar, 'why listen a moment and I will tell you. In the first place do you take notice,—God has given me a soul and a body; just as good for the purposes of eating, thinking, and drinking, and taking any pleasure as he has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus as we pass. Then again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality, for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look in a gentleman's face, with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master, are equally free; and live equally easy; are both travelling the same journey; bound to the same place; and have both to die and be buried in the end.'

But interrupted the banker, 'do you pretend there is no difference between the beggar and a banker?'

'Not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day, perhaps—I make shillings, perhaps; if you are contented, I am—we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in my old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you.'

'And then, said the banker, who had all along been trying to slip in a word edge-ways, 'is the contempt of the world nothing?' 'The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt—you have perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And besides the world, deals in this

matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, and you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any useful thing; we therefore add nothing to the common stock, we are only consumers, and if the world judge with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow.

Some passers-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated apparently good friends, and I drew in my head ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play, 'is there no difference between the beggar and the banker?'

But several years have since elapsed, and now both these persons have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a beggar and the other a banker. I examined their graves when I next visited the city. They were of a similar length and breadth—the grass equally green above each—and the sun looked as pleasantly on the one as the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights, clustered round the grave of the rich man.—They were both equally deserted and lonely, and forgotten. I thought, too, of the destinies that had passed; of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not; temporal honors are regarded not. Where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared, indeed as an atom in the sun-beam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

From the Mark Lane Express.

S T A N Z A S.

"Why are we, like children, unwilling to go to bed?"—Bishop Hall on "Death."

'Tis true, most true, as children shrink away From the quick coming nurse at close of day, So from our last cold pillow fain would we Draw back a little space, if it might be, Why are we thus reluctant? Even as they We dread the dark, we love the light of day.

The child will linger by his mother's knee, The parting hour has banished all his glee; That sweet, low song he longs again to hear, To stay and watch the stars come, bright and clear; It likes him not to quit the cheerful light For the thick clouds and phantom forms of night.

And even so to mother earth we cling, When death unfolds his dark and gloomy wing; For she is bright with flowers, and glad with birds, And musical with tones of kindly words: While all her sorrows, in their dire array, Seem now but shadows of a summer's day.

But the cold hands which beckon us to sleep Unfold two worlds for meditation deep, Make us behold the folly and the sin That through long-vanished years we gloried in, And bid us look upon a Judge, whose eye Is purer than to pass transgression by.

True, there is still one Sacrifice, one Rock, One Shepherd watching o'er his weary flock; But faith is weak, the heart with terror swells

As memory weaveth all its darkest spells; Therefore, like frightened children, fain would we Fly from our last long rest, if it might be

STORM AND INUNDATION AT FLORENCE IN 1833.

On the first day of November, 1833, the heavens seemed suddenly to open, and pour down in incessant streams of water, for ninety six hours successively, not only without diminution but in augmented volume, continued sheets of fire with sharp and vivid flashes struck from the clouds, while peals of thunder bellowed through the gleam, darted bolt after bolt into the earth. And impressing on mankind the awful feeling of universal ruin. The natural and superstitious fears of the people were excited, and all the church and convent bells were tolled to conjure the spirit of the storm; men and women were seen clambering on slender plank from roof to roof amidst falling tiles, crying aloud for mercy with such an unusual din, as almost to drown the deeper tones of the distant thunder and realize the idea of chaos, and the infernal regions of their own great poet. The first burst of the Arno, even near its source, broke over rocks and woods, and banks and fields, and deluged the great plains of Casentino, when spreading in broad and sweeping sheets over those of Arrezzo, flooded all the upper Val d'Arno, and with mighty force bore off mills, barns and granaries in its course, with every human habitation and all that it contained, animate and inanimate, like wrightless things. Trees were uprooted, cattle destroyed, men, women and children suffocated, the soil washed clean away, and the dark torrent thus naturally loaded came rolling down on Florence. The

tributary Arno, after swamping its native vale rushed madly down, with the soil of half a province on its wave, and swelled the bounding Arno; the Affrica, the Mensola, every common ditch, now changed to torrents, gave force and danger to the flood which rolled its angry surges towards the capital. On the 4th November, 1833, the whole plain of San Salvi was covered to the depth of twelve, sixteen, and even twenty feet; the waters mounted high against wall and tower, and swept round Florence, like the tide of a stranded ship. For awhile the ramparts withstood this pressure, but presently the antipode of Santa Croce gave way; then the main gates, then the Porte Renala; and then night set in; but with it was heard the crash of falling towers and the onward rush of water which still unchecked swept away broad and cold over the ill fated town. Two hundred and fifty feet of the walls had been crushed by the enormous pressure; the led column San Giovanni was half buried in the flood, it deluged the cathedral, encompassed the altar of San Croce, measured twelve feet in the court of Baggio, sapped the shrine of the Badia, covered the rest of the city four feet deep, and even beat on the first step of the public palace, the loftiest ground in Florence.

The town beyond Arno was scarcely less submerged; nearly a thousand feet of the ramparts fell, and the writer, then above Ponte Carrata, was entirely destroyed; this brought instant ruin on the bridge itself, which all, except two arches, was buried in the wave; that of La Trinita as quickly followed; then the Ponte Vecchio, its shops and houses, gold and jewellery, when down in masses; Rubacene stood in part but the indignant waters, over leaping a lateral arch, shattered the old quay, and dashed against the palace castle of Medici, and this with such fury as to bring down that solid mansion and most of the houses as far as Ponte Vecchio in one continuous ruin. The statue of Mars, the rude witness of Beondefont's death, tumbled headlong from its base into the tide below and disappeared forever; this increased the public terror, for an ancient prophecy had foretold that whenever that crumbling image should move or fall, Florence should be in danger. The whole line of houses between the bridges, with many more on every side, next fell like the walls of Jericho before the secret trumpets; nothing but lightning met the eye; nothing but hideous shrieks, the crash of houses, the roar of waters and dismal peals of thunder struck the ear; in what this awful scene would have ended seemed evident had not a startling crash with the fall of near nine hundred feet of the western ramparts opened a wider vent for the waters and saved Florence from destruction.—Florentine History.

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake—decide upon some particular employment and persevere in it. "All difficulties are overcome by diligence and activity."

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your own business, and never to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid."

Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." "Good manners ensure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labour; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go a long time barefoot. "He who runs after a shadow has a weary some race."

Above all things never despair. "God is where he was." "Heaven helps them who help themselves."

Follow implicitly these precepts, and all will go well.

GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

The beginning spoken of here has been variously estimated. My own opinion, as published in 1814, is that it forms no part of the first day—but refers to a period of indefinite antiquity when God created the worlds out of nothing. The commencement of the first day's works I hold to the moving of God's Spirit on the face of waters. We can allow Geology the amplest time for its various revolutions without infringing even on the literalities of the Mosaic Record—while Nature herself bears witness to the need of a creative interposition, more especially for the later part of the work of the third day—even though geologists should be able to assign a competent natural process for the former part of that day's work. If the one could be executed by the old laws of matter, the other requires new dispositions—these inconceivable evidences of a directing wisdom in the formation of the actual economy of things. The sixteenth verse is perhaps retrospective, as the first and part of the second are. At all events the language admits of being so rendered as to signify that on this fourth day the lights were not made first to exist, but made to be for signs and the division of time, which