

At eight a.m. this paragon of propriety indelibly arranged the lace cockades in the shop window, and precisely at six p.m. the worthy needlewoman took great pains to disarrange everything by poking her dark face in the centre of the window and, watching for a smart handsome fellow on a dun horse, who passed morning and night to and from his office in the city. The gentleman on the dun thought with Miss Foster that he always knew where to pull up. Phoebe imagined he meant something; and so he did—endeavoring every day for sixteen weeks to discover what the vigilant was aiming at: whether mesmerism, burking, or ogling it was impossible to decide; therefore, the weary gentleman, taking no further interest in the dark face, decamped one wet morning, leaving Miss Foster in doubt as to whether matrimony, change of air, or any epidemic had taken off the handsome vision of her persevering attentions.

After a succession of cruel disappointments Foster installed Miss Smith in her place at the usual hours of watching; and as Fanny was a desperate favorite of Mrs. Perks, she allowed her, as an excuse for more light on the particular embroidery, to sit in company with the merry girl. What a dreadful threading of needles there were at a certain time in the evening! Miss Smith never could see; and once after about a month's fruitless watching, Fanny sat closest to the window, with her bright face turned upwards to the light; as she paused one moment from the trying work, the tramp of a horse's feet was heard. Miss Smith had forgotten to look; and again the stranger passed, loitering visibly, as his eye met the full gaze of the thoughtful girl.

One of these impulses that we cannot account for, induced him to return the old way that evening; in a second the caps and laces were rumpled together, and Fanny leant back blushing from the window. Why Fanny blushed, she could not have told; why she thought of that handsome stranger for hours afterwards, she could not answer even to herself; why dreamt of him, after a day of toil and fatigue, she did not know; but at the same hour her fair face sought, unseen, on the following evening, to catch another glimpse of the gay and handsome equestrian. Again he passed, and again she dreamt.

From Friends in Council.

RECREATION.

I have seen it quoted from Aristotle that the end of labor is to gain leisure. It is a great saying. We have in modern times a totally wrong view of the matter. Noble work is a noble thing, but not all work. Most people seem to think that any business is in itself something grand; that to be intensely employed, for instance, about something which has no truth, beauty, or usefulness in it, which makes any man happier or wiser, is still the perfection of human endeavor, so that the work be intense. It is the intensity, not the nature of the work that men praise. You see the extent of this feeling in little things. People are so ashamed of being caught for a moment idle, that if you come upon one of the most industrious servants or workmen whilst they are standing looking at something which interests them, or fairly resting, they move off in a fright, as if they were proved by a moment's relaxation, to be neglectful of their work. Yet it is the result that they should mainly be judged by, and to which they should appeal. But amongst all classes the working itself, incessant working, is the thing deified. Now what is the end and object of most men? To provide for animal wants. Not a contemptible thing by any means, but still it is not all in all with man. Moreover in those cases where the pressure of bread getting is fairly past, we do not often find men's exertions lessened on that account. There enter into their mind as motives, ambition, a love of hoarding, or a fear of leisure, things which, in moderation, may be defended or even justified, but which are not so peremptorily, and upon the face of them, excellent, that they at once dignify excessive labor. The truth is that to work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously, and less courage, than to refuse work that cannot be done honestly. For a hundred men whose appetite for work can be driven on by vanity, avarice, ambition, or a mistaken notion of advancing their families, there is about one who is desirous of expanding his own nature and the nature of others in all directions, of cultivating many pursuits, of bringing himself and those around him in contact with the universe in many points—of being a man, and not a machine. It may seem as if the preceding arguments were directed rather against excessive work than in favor of recreation. But the first object in an essay of this kind should be to bring down the absurd estimate that is often formed of mere work. What ritual is to the formalist, or contemplation to the devotee, business is to the man of the world. He thinks he cannot be doing wrong as long as he is doing that. No doubt hard work is a great police agent. If every body were worked from morning till night, and then carefully locked up, the register of crimes might be greatly diminished. But what would become of human nature? Where would be the room for growth in such a system of things? It is through sorrow and mirth, plenty and need, a variety of passions, circumstances, and temptations, even through sin and misery, that men's natures are developed. Again there are persons who say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—

of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that. If not sensuality, then avarice, or ferocity for the cause of God, as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dullness. To be sure dullness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then, according to our notions, dullness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dullness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

ERSKINE, FOX, PITT.

An American's opinion of English Reformers.

I took occasion in the last article, to speak at some length of the trials of Tooke, Hardy, and others, for high treason, in 1794, and of the successful attack then made by Mr. Erskine on the doctrine of constructive treason. Down to the period of these trials the English law of treason was infamous. Among other things, treason was defined to be waging war against the King, or compassing and imagining his death, or the overthrow of his government. The law evidently contemplated the doing of some act, designed and adapted to accomplish these ends. But the construction of these courts had subverted this principle, and declared the mere uttering of words high treason. In the reign of Edward IV, a citizen was executed for saying he would make his son heir of the Crown, meaning, as was supposed, that he would make him the heir of his son, called 'The Crown.' Another whose favourite buck the king had wantonly killed, was executed for saying, 'he wished the buck horns and all, in the bowels of the man who counselled the king to kill it.' The court gravely held, that as the king had killed it of his own accord, and so was his own counselor, this declaration was imagining the king's death, and therefore treason. So it had been held that using words tending to overawe Parliament, and procure the repeal of a law was levying war on the king, and therefore treasonable. At length the courts yielded to the doctrine that there must be some overt act to constitute the crime; but they also held that reducing words to writing was an overt act, even though they were never read or printed! Peachum, a clergyman, was convicted of high treason for passages found in a sermon which had never been preached. The immortal Algernon Sydney was executed, and his blood attainted, for some unpublished papers found in his closet, containing merely speculative opinions in favour of a republican form of government. It was in allusion to this judicial murder by the infamous Jeffreys, and to the fact that the record of the conviction had been destroyed, that Erskine, on the trial of Hardy, uttered the splendid anathema against 'those who took from the files the sentence against Sidney which should have been left on record to all ages, that it might arise and blacken in the sight, like the handwriting on the wall before the Egyptian tyrant, to deter from outrages upon justice.' It has already been said that this peerless lawyer, exploded these dangerous doctrines, and made it safe for Englishmen to speak and write freely against the King and Government, without exposure to a conviction for treason.

But this is not the only salutary legal reform for which England is indebted to his exertions. Perpetual as is the existing law of CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS FOR LIBELS AND SEDITIOUS WRITINGS in this country, it was vastly worse till his strong arguments and scathing appeals had shaken it to its foundations. Let us take a glance at the law. Any publication imputing bad motives to King or Minister; or charging any branch of Government with corruption, or a wish to infringe the liberties of the people; or which cast ridicule upon the Established Church; and any writing, printing, or speaking, which tended to incite the people to hatred or contempt of the Government, or to change the laws in an improper manner, were seditious libels, for which fine, imprisonment, the pillory, or any other penalty might be imposed. Nor was the truth of the libel any defence. Admirable snares these, to entangle unwary Reformers, and catch game for the royal household! And these bad laws were worse administered. The juries had no power in their administration—the only check in the hands of the people. The court withheld from the jury the question whether a writing was libellous or seditious, and permitted them only to decide whether the prisoner had published it. In a word if the jury found that he published, they must convict; and then the judge growled out the sentence. These trials were ready weapons for State prosecution in the hands of a tyrannical King and Ministry, with pliant judges at their back; and in the latter half of the last century they were used without stint or mercy. They struck down Wilkes, Tooke, Woodfall, Muir, Palmer, Holt, Cartwright, and other Liberals, for publications and speeches in vindication of the people,

ple, which, at this day would be held perfectly harmless. Some were heavily fined, others imprisoned or transported, others set on the pillory, or cropped and branded, their houses broken open and searched, their wives and daughters insulted, their private papers rifled, their printing presses seized, their goods confiscated, their names cast out as evil, and they might regard their lot as fortunate if their prospects for life were not utterly ruined. The treatment of Muir and Palmer, in 1793, was barbarous. Muir was a respectable barrister, and Palmer a clergyman of eminent literary attainments. They had merely addressed meetings and associations for Parliamentary reform in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and reports of one or two of their speeches had been printed. Muir was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and Palmer for seven. They were shipped off to Botany Bay with a cargo of common felons! Several other persons, for attending a Reform Convention in Edinburgh the same year, shared a like fate. These are trials which sunshine politicians of the liberal school never contemplate, except to draw from them materials for rounding off fine periods about freedom and the rights of man. But they endure the sufferers to the struggling masses of their own time; and, in after years when the sons of the persecutors garnish their tombs, those who then endure like trials swear by their memories and conjure with their names.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S VESPER HYMN.

CHRISTIAN, awake, thy dream is o'er,
'Twas a sleep that told of waking,
Glimpses of the farther shore
On thy life's dim voyage breaking.

What though in a foundering bark,
Launch'd upon a stormy flood,
Sorrow's self has proved an ark
To conduct thee safe to God.

See the dove of promise now
Tells thee of the flood's abating—
Bears he not the olive bough?
Lo! the messenger is waiting!

Yes, the path has stretch'd afar,
Thine has been a life of sorrow,
But the pilgrim's guiding star
Rests o'er a brighter morrow.

Toil and conflict has been thine,
With the battle-harness on;
Trusting in an arm divine,
Thou hast fought, and thou hast won.

Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Thine the end that knows no danger:
Friends and brethren gone before,
Lovingly await thee, stranger!

What, if in the final hour,
Round thee swell the gloomy billow,
He who saves thee has the power,
Now to smooth thy dying pillow.

Or, if it be dark and drear,
Sad the momentary strife,
Death itself shall banish fear,
And be swallow'd up of Life.

If the eye of hope be dim,
Its starry rest forgetting,
Morning's sun may brightly beam,
Though dark have been its sitting.

See, that set is over now,
And his cloud-locks, thin and hoary,
And the warrior's evening brow,
Still reflect the parting glory!

O, the light that could illumine,
T' agony of gasping breath,
Must be mightier than the tomb,
And the conqueror of death!

Soldier, wake, thy warfare o'er,
To a day that knows no morrow!
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of sorrow.

ADVICE FOR BOYS.

Boys! would you be happy while you live, and receive the friendship and the love of all? then listen to a few words:

Be honest. Never take the value of a copper from another without permission. A farthing taken to-day will open the way for a penny to-morrow; and the end who can foresee?

Love truth. Don't equivocate, but tell the truth frankly, and like a Christian. What is more to be dreaded than the reputation of a liar? You had better be poor and wretched all your days than possess a lying tongue.

Don't swear. Let no profane word pollute your lips. Of all bad boys he is most to be feared who uses wicked and indecent language.

GLADNESS AND HEALTH.

Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful, or better calculated to prolong life, than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good men, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. Laughter, that external expression of joy, must not here be omitted. It is the most salutary of all the bodily movements; for it agitates both the body and the soul at the same time; promotes digestion, circulation, and perspiration, and enlivens the vital power in every organ.

Communications.

ON THE REGIONS OF THE NORTH.

In connexion with the causes now in activity in destroying the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom, or Animals and Inanimate Nature, from all that is well authenticated.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, Shoemaker, Miramichi, New Brunswick. TO MOSES H. GRINNELL, MERCHANT, NEW YORK.

The summer of 1670 was remarkably hot. It is related that one of the minions of tyranny, who in that calamitous period harassed the poor Presbyterians in Scotland with capricious questions, having asked a shepherd in Fife whether the killing of the notorious Sheep was murder, he replied that he could not tell, but there had been fine wether ever since. The first year of the eighteenth century was very warm, and the two following years were of the same description. In 1718 the air felt so oppressive that all the theatres were closed. In Paris scarcely any rain fell for the space of nine months, and the springs and rivers were all dried up. The following year was equally hot. The thermometer at Paris rose to 98 degrees by Fahrenheit's scale. The grass and corn were quite parched, and in some places the fruit trees blossomed two or three times. Both the years 1723 and 1724 were very dry and hot. The year 1725 was remarkably dry and warm, but the following year was still hotter, inasmuch that the grass withered and the leaves dropped from the trees; neither rain nor dew fell for several months, and on the Continent prayers were offered up in all the Churches to implore the bounty of refreshing showers. In 1749 the summer was again very warm. In 1754 it was likewise extremely hot. The years 1760 and 1761 were both very hot, and so was the year 1763. In 1774 it was excessively hot and dry. Both the years 1778 and 1779 were warm and dry. The year 1788 was likewise very hot and dry, and of the same character was 1811, famous for its excellent vintage, and distinguished by the appearance of a brilliant comet.

The year 1816 had no summer, and was very cold. Potatoes, in many parts of Europe and America were frozen as early as October, and required to be dug with picks. In 1821 large quantities of rain fell in many parts of Europe. In Ireland it caused a total failure of the potatoe crop; vast quantities were purchased in the South of Scotland and sent over to relieve them. The year 1832 was distinguished for the passage of the Reform Bill, which swept away at one blow 56 rotten boroughs, returning 112 members, and partially disfranchised 30 small boroughs, returning with the former 142, all of them more or less under the influence of a few great proprietors. This measure gave to the counties 65 additional representatives, and conferred the right of sending members to Parliament on no less than 42 new boroughs, including some of the largest towns in England, such as Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, containing in all a population of 2,500,000, until then unrepresented, and having a constituency of 80,000 electors. From the date of the passing of this Bill, the minister who rules in Great Britain must do so by the will of the people, and for the people; and he who attempts to govern without their consent, although he may seize upon the government for a moment, his fall is inevitable. More concerning this year hereafter.

In 1834, on the first of August, Slavery was extinguished in the British Colonies. That which the enemies of freedom told us would be the signal of revolt, was observed by the negroes in some of the colonies as a day of solemn thanksgiving, and in others as a day of festivity and rejoicing. Among 800,000 human beings, by the vigilant superintendence of 120 magistrates, sent out to the different colonies, tranquillity has been maintained, and the transition from slavery to freedom, another great step in the progress of events, accomplished, and humanity no longer outraged by the inhuman traffic. In 1837 a magnificent stranger paid us a visit, careering along through our neighborhood from afar, after an absence of 75 years, as predicted by Halley. In 1843 the Church of Scotland split into two parts, and gave birth to the Free Church. In 1844, in 1845, and 1846, the whole atmosphere became tainted, caused, as in other instances, by the earth receiving on its surface vast quantities of atoms or molecules, which imparted poison to a very general portion of human food, and rendered useless for the sustenance of animated nature, a great part of the vegetable kingdom. We mean the potatoe. The principle of this will be explained hereafter. About this time, by a certain action of European rulers, the atmosphere was made to receive by condensation, a new poison, which mixes with the air we breathe, and causes a pouring back of the contents of the absorbent vessels into the alimentary canal, and a filtering of the watery parts of the blood from the extremities of the capillary arteries, and has given origin to an European cholera.

As we are now about commencing an explanation of the causes in activity in destroying the animal and vegetable kingdom, to accomplish this task we will be under the necessity of having recourse to a few of the Sciences, such as physiology, totology, electricity, and chemistry, along with the atomical philosophy and others. We shall regard physiology in its widest extent, as that which treats of the functions or properties of ani-

* Continued.