

excellent judgment, but I do not see why you should think so much of him. You should not give him so many smiles while here, nor sighs while away, nor persist in considering him as a guest, who is an everyday inmate of the family.

*Perfectly disinterested—Ned has no fortune!* Humph, dear, nobody knows that better than your auntie. If I did not, perhaps you would have been spared this lecture; neither do I say you are blinded by love. It's all a mistake about love's blinding his true votaries; in his mischief, he claps golden specks on some eyes, and hangs the rosy veil of flattery over others; but I do not believe he has meddled thus with your bright orbs, if you are but in the humour to use them. You are young and confiding; and auntie is reasonable and experienced. If Ned had all the perfections in the world, it would not do for you to think of him, for, from the first of my acquaintance with him, I felt assured he would never marry. I have known him a long time, half his life. He was his mother's spoiled darling, a sulky, exacting little plague as ever I did see. When he grew up a clever lad, and ladies; who wanted his drawings for fire screens, and his complimentary verses to make their lovers jealous, praised and petted him, till, though he conceals it wonderfully, he has more conceit than any woman I know. He was having his picture taken—there was puppyism about him then: he's taken a better tone now, it's one of his virtues that he is improvable—having his picture taken, boy of sixteen, in a flowered dressing gown, with a guitar by his side. Then in his room he kept flower vases and a japanned cigar case. Don't tell him what I say, it would mortify him; and the advantage of this precocity is, that now he sees its folly and foppishness, though, to be sure, he only throws it aside for a graver affection.

*You believe I am in love with the boy myself!* Kate, I love thee not. What! I, in my summer-tide of life, reaching for unripe fruit, especially fruit that, hard and sour gives no promise of future raciness? Don't be jealous, dear; the neat plaits of my cap are never stirred by coquetish breezes. Not that I have any hesitation in saying, that, of the two, I would be his choice. He has long ago outgrown you. At this period of his life he cannot appreciate you; in eight or ten years it will be different; then he will begin to admire every young lady. It is one of the most convincing signs to me, that he now prefers ladies older than himself, gay and chatty widows, and even blue maidens like me.—*What! I've shown you nothing yet, nothing at all!* Well! perhaps there is nothing to show. I am mistaken. There is no preciseness about him, no self-sufficiency, no quiet sneers at the real excellence of woman, no stubborn determination to take his own way, no monopolising all the luxuries about him, no disposition to make everybody uncomfortable when he is sick—oh no, it is of some one else I am thinking, and perhaps it is St. Clair who is going to be the stagnant hearted, selfish old bachelor of my provision.

*Not he!* That's the first good word you've said for your old playmate, and my godson, this many a day. But trip up stairs with me into Ned's sanctum. Look at his shelves, every book covered with brown paper, and pasteboard slabs above them to keep out the dust. Here are his geraniums, with their ingenious supports of curlicued cane.—the finest plants in the neighbourhood. See his shiny brasses, his double curtains, his Sleepy Hollow rocking chair, with a patch on its chintz cover. Surely, nobody that knows so well how to take care of himself, has any business with a dear little wife to pet and nurse him, and think of all his small comforts. And if so particular now, have you any idea what he will gradually refine himself into? What poor creature could ever encourage all his whims?

Well, if I ever! Peep into this closet.—Here are his tea caddy and Etna, a parcel of chocolate, his sugar bowl, and some mouldy cake. Ah, the folded napkins lie as regularly as on my sideboard! Quite a perfect little establishment! Do you fancy you could be of use in such a one. He can handle that hair broom as tidily as yourself, and spies cobwebs a deal sooner. You are too flighty to sit still and be looked at, doll baby fashion, and I have seen you yawn when he spun out his story too unbearably. 'Tis true, that he talks beautifully, tells anecdotes with considerable point, and is never at a loss for a graceful compliment; but it is tiresome, now is it not, to be always listener, or to be listened to with an unmeaning inattentive smile.

*He has some good qualities, though!* Some! he has a great many. Don't quiver that pretty lip so, when I tell you that his acquired accomplishments set him as far above your mark as his real merits place him below you. He has been an indefatigable student, and his mind is one of those compact, memorising storehouses, which let not a title escape. He reads like a playactor; writes well though in a didactic vein; he is not really fond of music, but has learned to play artistically on some instruments. He draws charmingly—that crayon sketch on the wall has both spirit and correctness. These accomplishments may be esteemed by others, but no one values them so high as myself.

He will get on in the world very tolerably. The regulation of his talents will do more for him than his actual exertions. His quietude and sense of personal honour will prevent his making a fortune, but his frugal and delicate habits will prevent him exceeding his income. He will always seem richer than he really is. Every one will think him a fortunate, care-free, though fastidious man, but he will be subject to fits of morbid melancholy and most undignified fretfulness.

Now and then he will take it into his head to get married, but the fit will wear off, unless some heiress, that has also beauty and wit, should 'swim into his ken.' He might, under such circumstances, condescend to propose, but would, of a surety, be rejected, I can just imagine the cold stately manner of his address, and the unmerciful treatment he might receive from the hands of some coquette who would, for a while, parade him in her train, and then civilly dismiss him.

Kate, sweet Kate, thou hast a happy home. The passers by, on the dusty roadside, bless the humble parsonage roof, all matted with its flowering vines, and shaded by wide branched trees; it seems so fair in its lowliness. By the rough curbed well are showered the spotted helmets of the celandine, and the big bumble-bees are ever beating against the white wall, or diving into the ripe roses.—The white lilac boughs of the spring are ever more luxuriantly tufted here than elsewhere—thy father's favourite flower, which minds him always of thy graceful prettiness. Thou hast a home, and an innocent heart. Heaven keep thee from loving one whose heart is older than his years, who has no youthful faults, who has no gushing stream of affection to answer thine; one, whose life is all machinal and studied, who is too recherche to like us—your plain friends,—who despises the world's hollow ways yet bends thereto. You must not love him, for he will not love you. If ever you could pierce the ice around that icicle spark he calls his heart, if ever your eloquent lip could teach him that in this earth is a more delicious draught than he has yet dreamed of, his pride, his prudence would array themselves against you, the very action of that intellect you admire would assist to dispel your influence. His lot is cast. I read it in his quiet gait, in his cold monotonous speech, in his attention to form in the service that he demands, in the little need he finds for human sympathy. Ned Woodhouselee—handsome, harmless, gifted, as he now is—will, year by year, harden like the stalactite, and to his dying day be an unloved, unloving old bachelor.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

#### VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COLTAS.

THE distribution and development of plants on the earth's surface appear to be in proportion to the amount of heat and light received from the sun. In tropical countries, which may be truly termed the paradise of plants, the utmost variety and luxuriance of growth prevail. In those bright and sunny lands, vegetation positively rushes up from the earth's surface, the trees attain the most gigantic size, and are as numerous in species as herbs and shrubs are with us, whilst, within the compass of a few leagues, thousands of different kinds of wild flowers may be collected. As we pass from tropical into temperate latitudes, and the earth receives less heat and light from the sun, we find a corresponding decrease in the beauty, variety, and fragrance of flowers; whilst in the dark and snowy wilderness of Spitzbergen, an extensive tract of country lying within the polar circle, the trees are mere dwarf shrubs, and not more than thirty species of plants can be enumerated in an area extending for hundreds of miles. Plants seem, indeed, to be capable of enduring all extremes of heat and cold. In one of the Geysers of Iceland, a spring, the water of which was hot enough to boil an egg in five minutes, a species of Chara has been found growing and producing itself; whilst the snow which covers the mountains and valleys around the North Pole is reddened by the Protococcus nivalis, a minute plant that grows on its surface, and which, from its rapid diffusion, was supposed to fall from the sky.

Plants are, in fact, found growing almost everywhere. The lonely isles that rise above the waves of the Pacific Ocean, the snowy summits of the loftiest mountains, the deepest caverns of the earth, and waters of the sea, have all their appropriate vegetable forms. Even the desert has its spots of verdure; whilst the slightest crevice or inequality on rock, or wall, or mouldering ruin, is sufficient to arrest the progress of those invisible germs of vegetable life which are everywhere floating on the breeze.

We are accustomed to admire the magnificent spectacle of the starry heavens; but let us look on the earth, at the splendors of the vegetable creation. From the lowly moss and lichen that cover, with their minute, but exquisitely beautiful foliage, the rugged rocks and the bark of trees, to the tall and stately palms, the noble arborescent ferns waving their crown of leaves in the pure breezes of heaven, far above the hot vapors of the Brazilian forest; from the minute inconspicuous aquatic plant, called the duckweed, which covers the surface of pools and stagnant waters with its scum-like vegetation, to the splendid Victoria Regia, the queen of water lilies, cradled in the floods of the Amazon—what differences in size! Yet nature has every variety of intermediate form. From the six thousand years Baobab on the shores of the Senegal, to the fungus or mushrooms the growth of a single night, what difference, in duration! Now the whole of this vast assemblage of organic being, this wealth of vegetable form, is the result of the operation of a few simple laws. We shall endeavor to show with what simple means nature accomplishes these magnificent results; and let adoring thought rise to the Author of nature, whose is the plan and the building up of this beautiful fabric of vegetation, and of whose being and perfections we have the most abundant proof everywhere, whether the object of our contemplation be a moss or a sun.

If a section be taken through any part of a plant vertically or horizontally, and the section be placed under a microscope, between two plates of glass with a drop of water, so as to give the object the necessary degree of transparency, it will present to the eye the appearance of a network of cells, forming a structure not unlike a honeycomb.

The cells are, in almost every instance, so small that it is impossible to see them without the microscope; so that this instrument is essential to the student, and without it no progress can be made with security in these researches. The primitive, or normal form of the cells is supposed to be a sphere, and from this type every variety of form takes its rise, owing to the influence of pressure. It is by the growth of the plant that pressure is produced on its cells and their form altered. If the growth of the plant takes place more rapidly in one part than in another, the cells commonly elongate in that part, and become oblong or tubular when full and prismatic, if laterally compressed, as is the case in young shoots and branches. In the parenchyme, or stratum of green vegetable matter in the leaf, where they do not impress each other, they are globular; so also they assume this form in the loose and pulpy parts of fruits. In the pith, where they are exposed to pressure on all sides by the adjacent cells, they become hexagonal. It will be easy to see from this how, from so simple an element as a cell, may proceed a countless number of different forms of tissue.

In the fruit of the orange, the cells are of considerable size, and may be readily perceived by the naked eye. This cellular appearance is visible in all plants, when submitted to the microscopic inspection. It is therefore evident that a plan is built up with cells, much in the same manner as a wall is built up of bricks. Its whole fabric consists of a countless number of cells, which assume a determinate form, according to certain fixed natural laws, and the whole progress of vegetable growth consists, in its essential elements, in their continued and rapid multiplication. A knowledge of the processes of nature in the formation, growth, and propagation of cells, is therefore of the utmost importance, to enable us to understand the structure of plants, and clearly forms the foundation of the science of botany.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

#### INDUSTRY AND PUNCTUALITY.

We scarcely know of any other word in our language which has been so completely and so justly misapplied as a word 'genius.' Young men too commonly suppose that genius—or, in other words, aptitude for a particular pursuit, conjoined to inclination for it—exempts them from aiming at any other requisite for success in it. They seem to suppose that there is something vulgar and unworthy in that steadfast application to any given pursuit, which they think proper to speak of as 'plodding.' And yet the history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalized himself and served mankind, abounds with proofs that to steady industry, fully as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have always been, not merely laborious, but they have also studied both methodically and regularly; they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would they allow any one portion of time to be encroached upon by the study to which another portion was especially appropriated in their fixed plan of action. The numerous and—considering the barbarous state of learning in this time and country—the really marvellous attachments of Alfred the Great, king of England, were won far less by any very striking and brilliant original capacity than by his Herculean powers of application, and by the steady resolution with which he applied the various portions of his day to the pursuits in which he found it necessary to engage. And surely, if he could do this, it would ill become the more humbly gifted and infinitely more humbly situated student of our own times, to think industry and steadiness otherwise than necessary. Another important virtue which the inordinate admirers of the fits and starts, which they call genius, and think so brilliant an acquisition, are too commonly in the habit of both thinking meanly of, and speaking meanly of, is punctuality; and yet there is not a quality of greater importance to the man who would be either useful or prosperous. Lord Nelson attributed his success in life far more to his punctuality than to his genius. Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Washington, Napoleon—in short, all men of great merit and success have been distinguished for industry and punctuality. To those who never nerved themselves to the task of being industrious and punctual, the wonderful power of being so can scarcely be imagined.

A young lady, whose name was *Mayden*, having married a gentleman named *Mudd*, gave rise to the following:

Lot's wife, 'tis said, in days of old,  
For one rebellious halt,  
Was turned as we are plainly told,  
Into a lump of salt;  
The same propensity of change  
Still runs in womans blood,  
For here we see a case as strange—  
A *Mayden* turned to *Mudd*.

## The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

### From the Head Quarters. THE GREAT RAILWAY.

The contracts for this gigantic enterprise have been executed—the executive Government, the directors of the European and North American Company, and the Contractors have adjusted every preliminary, and but one condition is wanting—the Legislative sanction—to make the accomplishment complete. We feel so perfectly assured that this will not as it ought not to be, even delayed, that we shall in our few remarks deal with the subject as already *fait accompli*.

The more we ponder over this vast undertaking, the greater seems its value, the more astonishing our success. Even yet we can scarcely realize its certainty, for accustomed as we have been of late to regard these Railway enterprises in the light of Provincial undertakings, to be carried out from Provincial resources, we find it difficult to reawaken the hope and faith of earlier times, even in the presence of this glorious fulfilment of the one and justification of the other. Yet here are both—the capitalists of Britain for the convenience of universal commerce and travel, have engaged to build a Railroad from the Nova Scotian to the American frontier, and uniting Miramichi on the one hand, and Fredericton on the other, at a cost so small to the Province that when this cost is compared with the magnitude of the advantages to us, it would seem just and only sufficient to save us from the ignominy of getting our Railroad upon charity.

Substantially our liability is limited to £1200 per mile, and this for a first class English road, with all appointments; the lands remain to us, the loan is so secured as to be exempt from possibility of risk, and even this £1200 is subscribed, not given, and will yield us the same dividends which the surplus earnings of the road afford to the Company.

It cannot be denied, it ought not to be forgotten, that such terms could never have been obtained, that no capitalists, foreign and domestic, would ever have entertained such terms if larger, infinitely larger interest than those of this Province, or even of all the Provinces were not concerned in the great enterprise. The concurrence of these larger interests with our advantage is not only fortunate to us in the event so far, but in the future will utterly destroy our isolation, give favourable prominence to all the facilities we possess for the employment of capital and labor, in a word open to our country all the innumerable benefits which flow from commerce and converse with the world.

Now, standing as we do on the threshold of this magnificent consummation, and looking forward with what of hopeful and prudent foresight we can command, over the illimitable expanse of progress and prosperity which spreads before us—we desire first—in obedience to the claims of dutiful gratitude, to acknowledge the sovereign beneficence of Heaven which in its mercy hath wrought out this great good for our country; and as the honored instrumentality employed by Providence in this accomplishment, we rejoice in feeling free to speak our plain, emphatic, and unqualified approbation of the conduct of our Government in trying and most critical circumstance. We have never been afraid to speak our censure of the powers that be when it seemed just and expedient so to do, and we are not afraid as distinctly to articulate our hearty satisfaction and admiration of the course they have pursued in this momentous settlement. We trust to see them vindicate their own policy by an honest, united, and earnest concentration of every legitimate influence to obtain the sanction of the Legislature, and willingly assure them that if they prove but true to their present position, they will find as far as we are concerned, that Railways like charity will cover a multitude of sins.

The Directors of the E. & N. A. Company are not to be overlooked or unenumerated when we are acquitting ourselves of obligations for the success attained and hoped for. Their discretion at sundry times and in divers manners, in doing and leaving undone, in bearing and forbearing, has in the end been of signal service, and does them infinite honour.

New Brunswick occupies at this point of time a position which is surrounded with circumstances of great interest, but the long avenue of glorious hope will, and must, engross our present musing. 'The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us, no shadows, clouds, or darkness rest upon it,' we cannot tear ourselves from the contemplation of the great results which loom in the future, and beckon 'our native land' to fortune and to happiness.

### From the Fredericton Reporter. PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

If ever a doubt existed in relation to the capabilities of the Soil and the genius and industry of the sons of this Province, that doubt is happily removed by the present Provincial exhibition; and if ever the enemies of the country sought its ruin through the medium of falsehood and calumny, their 'occupation is gone' forever. The thousand products of the earth, rich, rare and plenteous—the numerous specimens of art, industry and science—the gorgeous display of the beautiful and the useful in design and execution—the bold product of honourable labor—the beautiful creations of combined skill and fancy—rich in their native usefulness, or fair and