

power. On late occasions, when the revolutionary spirit of the times nearly upset every throne in Europe, except of happy England, the red cap was chosen by the republicans, and the red flag was the ensign of the assembled revolutionists. When jacobin clubs were rife in Paris, the red cap was also made the badge of membership, and hence often known under the title of the 'jacobin cap.' In the last mentioned instances, however, the cap of liberty has certainly been used in a sense different from that originally attached to it, as in olden times it was solely used in the manumission of slaves. But its adoption in England on the spear of Britannia is just and well deserved, as in that favoured land slavery lives not, and the moment the bondsman sets foot on British soil he is free forever.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

HOLLAND.

Holland, or the Netherlands, comprising the territories formerly included within the Seven United Provinces, may be considered in many respects as the most wonderful country, perhaps, under the sun; it is certainly unlike every other. What elsewhere would be considered as impossible has here been carried into effect, and incongruities have been rendered consistent. The house built upon the sand may here be seen standing, for neither Amsterdam nor Rotterdam have any better foundation than sand, into which piles are driven through many feet of superincumbent bog earth. In Holland, the very laws of nature seemed to be reversed; the sea is higher than the land—the keels of the ships float above the chimneys of the houses, and the frog croaking among the bulrushes looks down upon the house top. Where rivers take their course, it is not in beds of their own choosing, they are compelled to pass through canals formed of human art and industry, and even the very ocean itself appears here to have half obeyed the command, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'

No description can convey the slightest notion of the way in which Holland has been gathered, particle by particle, out of the waste of waters, of the strange aspect of the country, and the incessant vigilance and wondrous precautions by which it is preserved. Holland is, in the fullest sense, an alluvion of the sea. It consists of sand and mud rescued from the ocean, and banked up on all sides. Produced by the most dexterous and indefatigable exertions, it can be maintained only by artificial means. If the efforts by which it was redeemed from the waters were to be relaxed, the ocean would reassert its rights, and the whole kingdom would be submerged. The slightest accident might sweep Holland into the deep. It was once nearly undermined by an insect. Indeed, the necessity of destroying insects is so urgent that the stork, a great feeder upon them, is actually held in a sort of veneration, and almost every species of bird is religiously protected from injury. Bird nesting is strictly prohibited by law. The drift of all this is palpable enough. But it is curious that the very existence of a great country should depend upon such guarantees.

Holland is destitute of iron, coal, and timber, and is commercial rather than a manufacturing country. In the manufacture of smalt, and the grinding of vermilion, rouge, &c., the Dutch have long been celebrated; and it is a curious fact that in some of these points neither France nor England can compete with them in point of excellence. The manufacture of white lead is carried to great perfection in Holland. Abundance of excellent wheat is grown near Utrecht, and the wheat of Friesland is extremely good. Woad and madder are also extensively grown, and flax is raised in large quantities in the south, especially round Dort, which is the centre of a considerable trade in that article. Chicory is also much cultivated, as well as the hemp, flax, and other oily seeds, especially colza and rape. Vast quantities of grain are consumed in the distilleries of Schiedam and other places. In Schiedam alone there are upwards of 100 distilleries, and 30,000 pigs are fed with the refuse grain after the spirit has been extracted. How many thousand families might be supported in the grain thus wasted!

The principal manufactures in Holland are those of woollen blankets at Leyden and Utrecht; of silks and velvets at Utrecht, Haarlem, and Amsterdam; of linen at Bostel; and of paper, leather, cordage, hats, ribbons, needles, glue, &c. Several cotton factories were established near Haarlem under the patronage of the late king; these have increased both in number and in quantity of goods manufactured since the separation of Holland from Belgium.

The extensive bleaching grounds of Haarlem are well known; they owe their reputation to some peculiar property supposed to exist in the water. Before the introduction of chlorine as a bleaching agent, the fine linens made in Silesia, as well as those of Friesland, were sent hither to be bleached; and being thence exported direct to England, were named after the country from whence they were embarked, not that in which they were made. Such fabrics are still known in commerce by the name of white Holland, brown Holland, &c.

Among the principal articles of domestic produce exported from Holland to Great Britain, are butter, cheese, flax, seeds, grain of different kinds, tobacco, spirits, raw and thrown silk, and silk manufactures; and of colonial produce from Java, &c., coffee, sugar, nutmegs, cloves, mace, and other spices, Banca tin, &c., for which Holland takes from us in return, coal, cotton goods and yarn, earthenware, hardware and cutlery, iron, steel and

other metals, salt, linen, silk and woollen goods. 200,797 cwt. of butter, and 271,375 cwt. of cheese were imported into this country from Holland in 1849.

The Dutch herring fishery, although of some importance, has very much fallen off; scarcely 200 herring vessels are now sent out from the whole of Holland, instead of 2,000, the number employed in former days. The English word *pickled*, is derived from the Dutch *pekeld* (brine). Very strict regulations are in force relative to the taking, curing, and packing of herrings, with the view to secure to the Hollenders the superiority which they had early attained in the fishery, to obtain for the Dutch herrings the best price in foreign markets, and to prevent the herrings being injured by the bad faith of individuals.

Everybody knows what a Dutch cheese is; but everybody does not know that the manufacture of those little round balls of cheese is a matter of considerable importance, and a source of wealth to the provinces of North Holland. The cleanliness of the Dutch is proverbial, and nowhere is this fact more noticeable than the country farmhouses; nine-tenths of the poor people of Great Britain not being so well and cleanly lodged as the cows in Holland. At these farmhouses may be seen the cheeses in various stages of preparation; some in the press, others soaking in water and imbibing salt, and every part of the process distinguished by the most refined cleanliness. A vast quantity of the sweet milk, or Edam cheeses, as they are styled, are made in North Holland. They are sold at the markets of Alkmaar and Hoorn, &c., and are exported thence to the most distant countries of the globe. 9,000,000 lb. of cheese are weighed annually in the scales of Alkmaar; the quantity sold in 1845 was 1,300,000 Dutch pounds. The best is made in Gouda, and is called Gouda cheese.

From the Working Man's Friend.

LOOK UP!

BY JOHN CRICHEY PRINCE.

'Look up!' cried the seamen, with nerves like steel,
As skyward his glance he cast,
And behold his own son grow giddy, and reel
On the point of the tap'ring mast;
'Look up!' and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banish'd his brief alarms,—
Slide down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his fathers arms.

'Look up!' we cry to the sorely oppress'd
Who seem from all comfort shut;
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot;—
The one offers heights they may hope to gain—
Pure ether, and freedom, and room,
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger, and gloom.

'Look up!' meek souls, by affliction bent
Nor daily with dull despair;
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament
For heav'n and mercy are there.
The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night,
But it looks to the sun in the after hour,
And takes full measure of light.

'Look up!' sad man, by adversity brought
From high unto low estate;
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought
Nor murmur at chance and fate;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine;
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

'Look up!' great crowd, who are foremost set
In the changeful 'Battle of Life';
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife.
Look up, and beyond there's a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart;
Fruition of joys, unobloyed by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

'Look up!' large spirit, by Heaven inspired,—
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up, with endeavour and zeal untried,
And strive for the loftiest goal,
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail, with triumphant song,
The holier regions of mind!

A MAN OF WAR AND A MAN OF PEACE.

It will probably be remembered that, a few years ago, a great excitement was caused by the discovery of vast deposits of guano upon the Island of Ichaboe, situated on the west coast of Africa. The remarkable fertilising qualities of guano gave it great value as an article of commerce, and a large number of vessels were despatched from various ports to take in cargoes at the island. It was computed that at one time not less than 500 vessels were lying off Ichaboe, and as there was no settled authority to regulate the trade of the place, a scene of indescribable confusion and tumult soon presented itself. The crews of several of the ships having established themselves upon the table land at the top of the island (the island being a little more than a huge rock, rising with almost perpendicular

cliffs from the ocean,) a dispute arose between them and their captains, which soon proceeded to open mutiny on the part of the men. The only access to their position being by long ladders, the men set their masters at defiance, and held possession of their stronghold, which was inaccessible, except by permission of the mutineers. The captains despatched a vessel to the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of laying a complaint before the governor, and soliciting his aid. The governor was about to despatch a man of war—the only remedy that is generally thought of in such cases—when a good, devoted man, a missionary at Cape Town, named Bertram, hearing of the affair, represented to the governor his earnest desire to spare the effusion of blood, and his conviction that, if he were allowed to proceed to the island, he could bring the quarrel to an amicable settlement. Mr. Bertram obtained the consent of the authorities, and the order for the sailing of the man of war was suspended. He proceeded to Ichaboe and being rowed ashore, began to ascend one of the lofty ladders. Two seamen, well armed, who had guard above, shouted to know who he was and what he wanted. 'A friend, who wants to speak to you,' was the reply. The guards seeing a single man, unarmed, climbing fearlessly towards them, permitted him to ascend. He called the men round him, spoke kindly but faithfully to them, heard their complaints, and undertook to negotiate for them. He did this with so much tact and judgment, that a reconciliation was soon effected, and harmony restored between the captains and their crews. Mr. Bertram remained ten days with the men on the summit of the island, employing the time to the best advantage in preaching and teaching amongst them. It was only on the plea of urgent duty that the men would permit him to leave them. They clustered round him, as he was about to descend from amongst them for the last time; each was eager to wring him by the hand, and tears rolled down many a weather-beaten cheek as he bade them a last adieu. 'God bless you sir!' they exclaimed; 'you have been our true friend; would that you could stay amongst us; for we feel that you have done us good.' It will be well for nations when they have more faith in the power of the man of peace, and less in that of a man of war.

FACTS AS TO OYSTER-EATING.

The consumption of oysters in London is enormous. During the season of 1848 49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in our metropolis. A million and a half of these shell fish are consumed during each season in Edinburgh, being at the rate of more than 7300 a day. Fifty two millions were taken from the French channel banks during the course of the year 1828; and now the number annually dredged is probably considerably greater, since the facilities of transport by rail greatly increase the inland consumption of these as of other marine luxuries. French naturalists report, that before an oyster is qualified to appear in Paris, he must undergo a course of education and discretion; for the artificial oyster beds on the French coast, where the animals are stored to be carried away as required, are constructed between tide marks; and their denizens, accustomed to pass the greater part of the twenty four hours beneath water, open their valves and gape when so situated, but close them firmly when they are exposed by the recession of the tide. Habituated to these alterations of immersion and exposure, the practice of opening and closing their valves at regular intervals becomes natural to them, and would be persisted in to their certain destruction, on their arrival in Paris, where they not ingeniously trained so as to avert the evil. Each batch of oysters intended to make the capital, is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out; until at length the shell fish has learned by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oyster man can tell the age of his flock to a nicety they are in perfection when from five to seven year old. The age of the oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth; it bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers or plates overlapping each other. They are technically termed 'shoots,' and each of them marks a year's growth; so that, by counting them, we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the epoch of its maturity, the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular, and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusc is capable, if left to its natural changes and unmolested, of attaining a patriarchal longevity. Among fossil oyster specimens are found occasionally of enormous thickness; and the amount of time that has passed between the deposition of the bed of rock in which such an example occurs, and that which overlies it, might be calculated from careful observation of the shape and number of layers of calcareous matter composing an extinct oyster-shell. In some ancient formations, stratum above stratum of extinguished oysters may be seen, each bed consisting of full grown and aged individuals.—Happy breeds these pre Adamite congregations must have been, born in an epoch when epicures were as yet unthought of, when

neither Sweeting nor Lynn had come into existence, and when there was no workers in iron to fabricate oyster knives. Geology and all its wonders, makes known to us scarcely one more mysterious or inexplicable than the creation of oysters long before oyster enters and the formation of oyster banks—ages before dredgers! What a lamentable heap of good nourishment must have been wasted during the primeval epochs! When we meditate upon this awful fact, can we be surprised that bishops will not believe in it, and, rather than assent to the possibility of so much good living having been created to no purpose, hold fast with Mattioli and Fallopio, who maintained fossils to be the fermentations of a *materia pinguis*; or Mecati, who saw in them stones bewitched by stars; or Olivi, who described them as the 'sports of nature;' or Dr. Plot, who derived them from a latent plastic virtue?—*Westminster Review*, Jan. 1852.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Bless me! I'm thirty nine to day; six feet in my stockings, black eyes, curly hair, tall and stright as a cedar of Lebanon, and still a bachelor. Well, it's an independent life, at least; no it isn't either! Here's these new gloves of mine full of little rips, string off one of my most faultless dickeys, nice silk handkerchief in my drawer wants hemming, top button off the waistband of my pants; what's to be done? How provoking it is to see those married people looking so self satisfied and consequential, at the head of their families as if they had done the State a great service. Why, as to children, they are as plenty as flies in August, and almost as troublesome; every alley, and court, and garret are swarming with 'em'; they're no rarity, and any poor miserable wretch can get a wife, enough of them, too, such as they are. It's enough to scare a mar, to think how much it costs to keep one. Young folks have to begin where their fathers and mothers left off. Silks and satins, ribbons and velvets, feathers and flowers, cuff pins and bracelets, gimcracks, and fol-de-rols; and there's no help for it in my case, for if I married a woman I loved, and the dear little thing should ask me for my scalp, I should give it to her, I know I should. Then, there's the tapestry, carpets, and mirrors, and sofa's and ottomans, and damask curtains, and pictures and crockery, and (you must look at the subjects in all its bearings) little jackets, and frocks, and wooden horses, and dolls, and pop guns, and ginger bread; don't believe I can do it, by Jupiter! But, then, here I sit, with the toe of my best boot kicking the grate, for the want of something to do; it's coming awful cold, dreary weather, long evenings, can't go to concerts forever, and when I do my room looks so much the gloomier when I come back; and it would be cosy to have a nice little wife to chat and laugh with. I've tried to think of something else, but I can't; if I look in the fire, I am sure to see a pair of bright eyes; even the shadows on the wall take fairy shapes, I'm on the brink of ruin—I feel it; I shall read my doom in the marriage list before long—I know I shall.

CURIOUS, BUT NOT AGREEABLE

I have little sympathy for machinery; the action of machines of great power always terrifies me by its impossibility. There are some above all, employed for beating out metals, which do so to an alarming extent. Whatever these may happen to seize between their iron teeth, once seized, the thing must pass through a hole more or less great, towards which all fabricable substances are conducted. Of whatever size the thing may be when it goes in, let it be a beam of the greatest thickness, it will come out stretched into a knitting needle of the greatest fineness. As for the machine, it merely turns, that is its business and its duty, and it matters not to it what the substance may be which it has to crush and draw out. You offer it an iron bar, the monster draws it to itself, and devours it. You don't take your hand back quickly enough, the machine pinches the end of your finger, and all is over. You may cry out, but if there be no workman present with a hatchet to cut your wrist off, after the finger comes the hand, after the hand the arm, after the arm the head, after the head the body. Shrieks, oaths, prayers, nothing will avail you; the shortest plan for your friends or family is to look out for you on the other side of the machine. You went in a man, and came out a wire; in five minutes you have grown two hundred feet; it is curious, but not agreeable.

A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

A favourite temperance lecturer, 'down South,' used to relate the following anecdote, to illustrate the influence of a bad example in the formation of habits, ruinous in their effects:—

Adam, and Mary, his wife, who lived in one of the old States, were very good members of the church, good sort of folks any way, quite industrious and thriving in the world, and Mary thought a great deal of the minister, and the minister thought a good deal of a glass of good toddy.

Whenever the minister called to make Mary a visit, which was pretty often, she contrived to have him a glass of toddy made, and the minister never refused to imbibe. After a while Adam got to following the example of the minister to such an extent, that he became a drunkard—drunk up all he had, and all he could get. Mary and he became very poor in consequence of his following the minister's example so closely; but the good minister continued his visits,