

part of the house the crowing of a dozen cocks enlivens the Assembly, donkeys, or the gobble gobble of some angry turkey-cocks, is imitated to the life by the representatives of this great people. A paper war is sometimes carried on by means of pellets hastily formed of official reports or the newspapers of the day, and thrown dexterously at the heads of drowsy or thoughtful members; and as each of them is provided with a thing called, I believe, a spittoon, and also with a whittling knife, there is, on the whole, no dearth of employment. . . . The hall is covered with a rich carpet, once new and clean, and the members are accommodated with comfortable arm-chairs; and in addition to these luxuries, they each receive the sum of eight dollars a day for their services, besides having their travelling expenses paid to and from the seat of government. After the description I have given you, you will at once perceive that it is neither the most talented, the most respectable, nor the wealthiest citizens who find their way into the lower house. The truth is, that few of those belonging to the above classes are willing to submit to the necessary degradation entailed upon the candidates for such questionable honors, and moreover it would seem that the people themselves prefer representatives whose habits and sentiments are somewhat on an equality with their own. The style of eloquence which prevails in the lower house may easily be imagined. . . . To parties interested in the reputation of this assembly it must be a satisfaction to feel that very little of what is said is audible in the gallery, or, indeed, anywhere else, for the hall is so badly constructed for hearing, that even were it possible for silence to be obtained, it would be difficult to arrive at the sense (supposing there were any) of any speech therein delivered.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE FISHERMAN OF THE HAVANNAH.

We were lying at anchor in the beautiful harbor of the Havannah, in the month of July, in the year of grace, 1849, in the stout ship *Dolphin* of Liverpool. I was the only passenger on board, the others having disembarked at Kingston, where we had touched first. We were at anchor inside the fort; and the delightful perfume of the orange and lemon trees, and of the other tropical fruits, came wafted towards us in the stillness of evening air. Night is only nominal in tropical climes; in my opinion it is 'the pleasantest part of the day.' This busy bustling city was sunk in repose, and the waters around were still, save where some ravenous shark glided noiselessly through the ethereal blue. I can never forget the delightful serenity of that evening. Among the merchantmen—their white canvass furling on the tapering spars, and their masts reflected against the summer sky—there was lying a Spanish corvette, her crew being all below with the exception of the watch on deck, and the grim sentry in the channels, musket in hand, pacing up and down. Leaning over the taffrail, I was watching the phosphorescent appearance of the water, when I heard a light splash in the direction of the ship's bow. At this time, with the exception of the mate, I was the only person on deck. I walked forward, and leaning over the starboard bow, I saw a man in a little canoe holding on by our cable.

'Hallo, my friend,' cried the mate, who by this time had also perceived the stranger—'hallo, what are you at there?'

'Soy pobre pescador (I am a poor fisherman),' replied a voice in Spanish. 'I am fishing, señores, for something to eat,' he continued, 'and my poor children are waiting hungry at home for me. To-morrow is Sunday, and if I don't catch something, they will be without food; for the last two days have been holidays, and fruit is forbidden.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed the worthy mate. 'Here steward, bring me a piece of salt junk—a good round, mind you—and some biscuit.'

'Ay, ay, sir?' and the steward dived down into the cabin, whence he quickly emerged, bringing the required provisions in a cloth.

The worthy mate took them from him, and hailing the fisherman in Spanish, desired him to come close under the ship's bows. As soon as the poor fisherman did so, the mate lowered the food into his canoe, and the pescador withdrew to his former post. In a few moments we heard a great splashing in his light skiff, and immediately he cried out, 'Oh, señores, I have now enough for my little things for some days.' And away went the poor fellow, after bestowing a thousand blessings—'Sobre los generosos Ingleses!'

We were to set sail for Kingston again on Monday morning, and during Sunday I confined myself to the ship, listening to the tinkling of the convent and chapel bells. At last Monday morning came, and we hoisted topsails and jib, and fired a gun as a signal to the pilot. Off he came, and we bore slowly out of the harbor. Suddenly I perceived a canoe shoot from the shore, and approach us rapidly, rowed by a single man; it was full of cocoa nuts, oranges, yams, and bananas all ranged round about the solitary occupant. I took the glass to see more closely, and discovered with some surprise the features of the fisherman. In twenty minutes he was alongside, for he was rather impeded by his freight, and we were catching the sea breeze; and a rope being thrown to him, the grateful fellow sung out for a basket to be lowered. This was quickly done, and having crammed the fruit into it, he cried out, 'Iza—iza (hoist—hoist), señores,' exclaimed he, 'wont you accept a little fruit, the produce of my garden,

and with it also take the benediction d'un hombre Espanol? Adios, señores!' With a quick stroke of his oars he backed his canoe dexterously, and with a heartfelt shout for 'los marineros Ingleses,' he rowed swiftly to the shore. We hoisted the spanker and flying jib, and with our sails full bore away for Jamaica.

From Hogg's Instructor.

ODE

COMPOSED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

By W. Leask.

The middle watch is past! Another year
Dawns on the human race with hope and fear.
The last has gone, with mingled sigh and song,
To join for ever its ancestral throng;
And time reveals,
As past it steals,
The potent hand of God, the Everlasting,
Guiding the sun, with all his blazing peers,
And filling up the measure of our years,
Until Messiah, Prince to Judgment hasting,
Shall roll the darkness from this world of sin,
And bid a bright eternity begin.

The years fly faster than they did whilom;
With greater speed they go, with greater come.
Has time renew'd its youth? or, fearing age
Perspiring pants it to fulfil its stage?
Perhaps men's fears,
And falling tears,
Oiling its wheels, have caused this rapid rolling;
Or, urged along by old creation's groans,
And sympathising with its piteous moans,
It flies to set their massive death-bell tolling;
When blooming paradise shall clothe the earth,
And angel's shout to heaven its second birth!

All years are like, yet no one like another;
Sons of one sire, yet no one like his brother.
All use one language, yet the tales they tell
Speak now of earth, anon of heaven and hell.
They all are sent,
With kind intent,
The messengers of God, the loving Father,
To tell his weeping children, that his eye
Watches their sorrows from his world on high,
Where, near himself, he means them all to gather;
Yet, when they reach this cloud-environ'd globe,
These messengers assume a sable robe.

And what of thee young stranger? Like a dove,
Cutting the heavens on rapid wing of love,
Bearest thou tidings of delight to men?
Or wilt thou fill their hearts with grief again?
Men prophesy,
Unusually,
Respecting thine unutter'd revelations,
Exciting expectation to a height,
That makes even prophets wish for clearer light
To understand thy message to the nations!
Be what they may, reveal thy secrets, year,
For I have much to hope, and nought to fear.

Fear? Why should I? The world and church combined
May use me coldly; yet the winged mind,
Soaring where neither can eclipse its view,
Sees with its inner eye a prospect new.
Do what they will,
They cannot still
The beating hopes which this sublime unfolding
Creates within the faith-illumined breast!
A cloudless day of everlasting rest
Presents itself to my entranced beholding,
When disappointment shall no longer vex,
Or temporal cares the anxious heart perplex.

On then ye years! accelerate your flight;
Ye'll sooner cross the realms of murky night.
On, on, unresisting! till your pinions, riven,
Drop down exhausted in the vault of heaven,
And thou, O time,
The sage sublime,
Nobly obedient to the King eternal,
Shalt lay thy silver'd head to peaceful rest,
Close by the mansions of the ransom'd blest,
Who on thy breast were borne to joys supernatural.
Then shall the memory of the faithful flight
Be set in music to the realms of light!

FORMATION OF DEW.

The air contains at all times more or less of moisture, though in a state so rarified as to be imperceptible. To prove this, it is only necessary in a summer's day to fill a glass with cold water, when, dry as the atmosphere may seem, its moisture will be condensed, and made visible in the form of small pellucid drops upon the outside of the glass below that of the surrounding atmosphere. On this principle [distillation is conducted; and in the same manner dew is formed. No sooner does the sun sink towards the horizon than the blades of grass which clothe the earth's surface give out the heat they have been receiving during the day, and consequently they become so much colder than the atmosphere that they condense in the form of dew part of the rarified moisture immediately surrounding them. Dew, being thus formed

is of course more abundant before and after rains, when the atmosphere is moistest.

Calm and clear nights are essential, also for the copious deposition of dew; for then the glassy blades, emit their heat freely, and it is dispersed through the atmosphere without any equivalent return. On the contrary, however, if the night be cloudy, then the clouds, by abstracting the heat from the atmosphere, contribute in some degree to keep its temperature on a level with that of the glassy blades, and thus so nearly equalize the two that but little dew is deposited. If, in addition to clouds, a high wind is blowing no dew will be formed; for then the temperature of the grass is prevented from sinking by the agitation of the air continually bringing a warmer current by which it is surrounded; or may be the night winds being generally cool, so rapidly reduce the air's temperature as to bring it below that of the grass.

As substances differ in their power of losing their heat, so they differ in their attraction for dew. On the grass, swan's down, and other filament as substances which readily part with their heat, dew copiously condenses. The mechanical condition of objects likewise affect the formation of dew, as shavings attract it more than wood. Dew is more plentifully deposited on meadow grounds than on the plowed lands; and cultivated soils are refreshed with abundance of dew, while barren rocks and sandy deserts, not needing, do not receive the genial moisture. Indeed every plant possesses, according to its kind, the power of condensing as much dew as is necessary for its peculiar and individual exigencies. Thus not even a dew-drop seems to have been formed by the blind action of chance, but is gathered by the hands of infinite wisdom for a definite and benevolent end.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

It is seldom we meet with so sweet a sentiment, illustrated in so appropriate a figure and expressed in such beautiful language as the following:

Chority.—Night had kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew drops hung upon its blushing bosom and watched its sweetest slumbers—Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-dog sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost broken hearted it drooped to the dust in loneliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home bound bark, sweeping over the hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook, turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood, came tripping along on his errand of mercy and love; and when she saw the young rose she hastened to kiss it; and fondly bathed its forehead in cool refreshing showers; and the young rose survived, looked up and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze!; but she hurried quick away; her kind task was performed, yet not without reward—for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose; and the kind breeze was glad in heart, and went away singing among the trees. Thus, real true charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals upon the heart, like rich perfume to bless and cheer.

CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM.

Opium, says Dr. Ball of Canton, is becoming a very serious obstacle to the successful progress of the gospel. We do not know how far back into the country it has found its way, but there is reason to fear that it is well known and used to a very great extent along the seacoast and up the large rivers. I am more and more convinced that we have as yet but a limited knowledge of the fearful ravages which this demon is making with the happiness, the property and the lives of the inhabitants. There is very good reason to believe that the smoking couch, (the Chinese recline when they smoke opium,) the pipe, and other smoking apparatus, are found in many of the trading-houses and shops, and in the dwellings of the rich and indeed of all ranks. In other words, these things are becoming fashionable. There are, besides, multitudes of smoking-shops, where the smokers meet by day and by night to refresh themselves with the fumes of this exhilarating, stupefying, drug, to pass a merry hour, or to drown their sorrows and their cares in a profound stupor. If those who are engaged in producing and in vending this destructive poison, and are making their thousands out of the lives and property of this unfortunate people, could pass through these streets and see the withered, smoked, walking skeletons: (the smoker never, I believe, becomes more fleshy by the use of the opium,) could they go to their dwellings and see families wretched and haggard by drugged fathers and husbands; if they could see the multitudes, who have lost house and home, dying in the streets, in the fields, on the banks of the river, without even a friend to care for them while alive, and when dead, left exposed to view until they become offensive masses; if those who are directly or indirectly engaged in this trade could but witness such scenes, their souls would rise in indignation against a traffic so vile, so destructive to the lives, property and

happiness of their fellow creatures. They would abominate it and abandon it.

Moral Weakness of the Victim.—When it was ascertained that ardent spirit was killing annually in the United States thirty thousand persons, a universal cry was raised against the destroyer. Combinations were formed of all classes, even of the manufacturers and venders, to stay its progress and rescue from his grasp his deluded victims.—But the Chinese have not the aid and influence of such efficient associates. The most of them do not see the evil, at least do not feel it, till it is too late to recover themselves. When the victim reaches the borders of the grave, completely prostrated, often without cash or any means to procure the drug to satisfy his raging appetite, he then frequently desires most sincerely to reform; and were there a specific for such persons, a remedy that would at once destroy the tormenting desire and relieve them from the death-like debility that follows, when the regular use of it is omitted, a Colifortian fortune could be easily realised.

DOGS IN SIBERIA.

Man's friend and companion in almost every clime is the dog, but in Northern Siberia, without this invaluable animal, to live would hardly be possible. He is harnessed to the light sledge, which carries no small load, and in which during winter, the natives travel to an incredible distance. The Siberian dog looks much like a wolf. He has a long, pointed snout, sharp, upright ears, and a long bushy tail. Some have short hair, others a tolerable thick fur. In size they differ greatly; but a dog is not thought fit for the sledge if less than thirty inches high, and three feet long. Their bark is not of the most melodious character, being much like the howling of the wolf. They always remain out of doors. In summer they cool themselves by digging holes in the frozen earth, and against the cold of winter they seek shelter by burying themselves in the snow. The rearing of these dogs is an occupation requiring great skill and judgment. A team seldom consists of more than twelve dogs, of which one is used as a leader. He must be perfectly trained to obey his master's voice, and to continue on his course regardless of all temptations in the shape of game. This last point is very important; for if he turns to pursue some chance animal, the whole pack will follow open mouthed, to the great consternation and perplexity of the bundle of skins calling itself their master. A leader who is like Virgil's calf, as Dryden renders it, and been 'betimes to school,' is not only proof to all seduction, but will often evince wonderful tact in restraining the animal appetite of his yoke fellows. During a dark night, when a blinding snow storm is sweeping over the boundless plain, it is the intelligence of this leader that saves the benighted wayfarer. If the animal has travelled the path but once before, he fails not to find the customary halting place, even beneath the snow. Suddenly, when the driver's eye can perceive no signs of human habitation upon the trackless and unbroken surface, he will halt, and by the smiling shake of his tail inform his master that he need only fall to work with his snow shovel, that indispensable part of a Siberian's travelling equipment, to find the door of the hut which offers him a comfortable lodging for the night. In summer the dogs are no less serviceable than in the winter. They are then employed to drag the canoe up against the stream, and here they display an equally surprising amount of sagacity. At a word they halt, or where an imposing rock bars the progress on the one side, they will plunge into the water, swim across the river, and resume their course on the opposite bank. In fine, the dog is as necessary to the Siberian settler as the reindeer to the Laplander, or the camel to the Arabian; and the mutual attachment between him and his canine friend is in proportion to their mutual dependence on each other.

KNOWLEDGE IN AMERICA.

The observer who is desirous of forming an opinion of the state of instruction among the Anglo-Americans, must consider the same object from two different points of view. If he only singles out the learned, he will be astonished to find how rare they are; but if he counts the ignorant, the American people will appear to be the most enlightened community in the world. The whole population is situated between these two extremes. I have lived a great deal with the people in the United States, and I cannot express how much I admire their experience and good sense. If you question an American respecting his own country, he will inform you what his rights are, and by what means he exercises them; he will be able to point out the customs which prevail in the political world. You will find that he is familiar with the rules of the administration, and that he is well acquainted with the mechanism of laws. The American learns to know the laws by participating in the acts of legislation; and he takes a lesson in the form of government from governing. The great work of society is ever going on beneath his eyes, and, as it were, under his hands. In the United States politics are the end and aim of education. In Europe, its principal object is to fit men for private life.—*De Tocqueville.*

An old Paris paper has the following singular remark. "The Americans and English educate their children in the fear of God and the love of money."

It is easy in the world, to live after the world's opinion.