

the river Elbe to Hamburg. The Cathedral of Our Lady is a fine structure, and the Church of St. Michael is celebrated for a tower of 390 feet high, on the summit of which many deeply interesting and important astronomical and physical experiments have been made.

Hamburg contains a population of about 140,000, and its history is very instructive. It was founded by Charlemagne in the ninth century, and is certainly the greatest commercial emporium of Germany, if not of the continent at large. It formed, in the Middle Ages, one of the free towns that comprise the Hanseatic League. This league was the famous confederacy of the great commercial cities of North Germany, which arose about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its title is derived from the Teutonic word *hansa*, an association; and the cities joining in it were styled *Hanse Towns*. Its object was to protect commerce from piracy, to procure the restitution of shipwrecked property, and facilitate the safe navigation of the seas. Besides Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, it embraced upwards of eighty towns at the time of its greatest power, the fourteenth century, ranging from the Scheldt to the Gulf of Dantzic. It fell gradually to decay—the general spread of civilization and advance of society rendering its machinery unnecessary, but it has still a nominal existence.

In both ancient and modern times, Hamburg has always been the refuge of the oppressed and the asylum of the destitute. In 1815-16 it acquired an access of prosperity through the navigation of the Elbe being, at the Congress of Vienna, declared free throughout its whole course.

This opened up the traffic of central Germany, and created new fields for the enterprise of capitalists and manufacturers. The trade between Hull and Hamburg is of great extent and the connection between the two towns extremely cordial. When the great fire in Hamburg almost destroyed that place, the inhabitants of Hull were among the foremost and most active of sympathisers in its behalf. Their subscriptions were generously bestowed, and to this day no town in England is held in higher or more grateful esteem in Hamburg than Hull.

THE DOMESTIC INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

How much the happiness of a household depends upon the conduct of her, who is placed at the head of domestic affairs. If she be one accustomed to view things on their bright side, she can do much towards ameliorating and perhaps dispelling many of those unavoidable petty annoyances of every-day occurrence. If her countenance wear a pleasing aspect, and she welcome her husband's return with a smile, how quickly does the feeling communicate itself to all around. If, on the other hand she be of a discontented, fault-finding disposition, she renders not only herself, but all around, unhappy and uncomfortable. If she be one who delights to fret and chafe her husband's temper, by harsh, unkind remarks, and takes the opportunity of exposing his real or pretended feelings in the presence of his children; call her not by the endearing name of 'woman'; such an one, whoever she may be, is a disgrace to her sex, she is unworthy to occupy the station, either of head of a family, wife, or mother; in a word, she is an anomaly, a wretch—a fiend. How will she answer for such conduct at the awful tribunal of Heaven.—*Hints on Domestic Duties.*

STATISTICS OF THE SOUL.

I would to God that statistics could be taken from within men as well as without. We can count their myriad numbers, record their ages, mark down where they live, register their stocks and count their sales. We know what seas receive their ships, and whither they send from fertile shores the vast productions. But who has yet taken register of the morning hopes and traced them to their evening exit? Who has noticed the mind's distraction, the alert fear, the wronged conscience, the chafed temper, the burning steam of avarice driving on the grinding machinery? Who has shown the daily strokes by which the onward graver has traced those hieroglyphics on the forehead which need no Champollion to decipher? We know what man is in the outside—in his noise and mad whirl; but only God knows what is man within. Six thousand annual suns have lighted the path of human desire to the eye of God. The registration of 6000 years of trial after happiness lies in the recording books of Heaven. On earth history records grossly here and there a feature of the landscape; but in Heaven we see the secret history: not temples, but the vanity of the builder and groan of the labourers; not the throne, but the heart of the restless occupant, not ships and shops, but the rise and result of the goading desires that employed them; not the palace and the mansion, but the dull plethora, walking in feverish desire, relapsing through craving gnawing ennui to gloomy unrest. Looking upon the passage of the human heart through life, God breaks forth and gives the secret of his own joy to man—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Ah! the chronometer has hitherto been bound up backwards. No wonder it kept no time.—*H. W. Beecher.*

EAGLE FANCY FOR CHILDREN.

In Hundwyl (Appenzell) such a daring robber carried off a child before the very eyes of its parents and neighbours. In the Silver Alps (Schwyz) an eagle seized a herdsman's child seated on the rocks, began forthwith to tear him to pieces, and dropped him into the abyss before the herdsman could drive the bird away. In Bernese Oberland, Anne Zurbuchan a three-year old child, was taken out by her parents during the haymaking, and placed by them on the ground near the stable. The child soon fell asleep. The father covered the child's face with a straw hat, and then went on his way to his labour. As he soon after returned with a bundle of hay, he found the child no longer there, and sought for it for a time in vain. In the meanwhile, the peasant Heinrich Michael passed by a wild path in the direction of the mountain brook. To his astonishment he heard a child crying. Proceeding in the direction of the sound, he speedily saw, from an adjacent height, an eagle rise, and for a considerable time hang poised above the precipice.—The peasant hastily ascended, and found the child lying on the very edge of the cliff with no other injury than to the left hand, and arm by which it had been seized, but with the loss of socks, shoes, and cap, dropped in her aerial flight. From that time the child went by the name of Eagle-Anne. . . . In Muru (above the Lauterbacher valley) the inhabitants show an inaccessible point of rock which lies exactly opposite to their elevated mountain village. Thither, across the deep Lutschinen valley, a lamb-vulture carried a child which it had caught up in Murru, and tore it in pieces on the ridge of the rock. For a long time after the little red frock of the luckless child could be discerned among the stones. . . . On the 8th June, 1838: two little children, Josephine Doler, and Mary Lombard, were playing together on a smooth spot at the foot of the rock, Majoni t'Alesk in Wallis, and about 120 feet distant from it. Suddenly Mary appeared crying at the door of a neighbouring hut, where she breathlessly related how her companion a three-year old, and very weakly child, had suddenly disappeared in the thicket. More than thirty persons explored the rocks and neighbouring precipices, and at last remarked on the edge of the former a shoe, and on the opposite side of the abyss a sock. It was only on the 18th of August that a herdsman named Franz Favolet discovered the body of the child in the upper part of the rock Lato, about half a league from the spot where the child had disappeared. The body was dried up, the clothes partly torn, partly lost. As it was impossible that the child could have crossed the abyss alone, so it must have been carried off either by a lamb-vulture or a pair of rock-eagles whose nest was in the vicinity.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Precious and delightful as children are, they are not like rare exotics or costly gems; they are here, and there, and everywhere, springing up like the wayside grasses, and are like the stars of heaven for multitude. There are few hearts that cannot, either in their own house or in the houses of others, rejoice in youthful sunshine—who can not study and help the infirmities of little children. Most of our readers, will understand, that the difficulty of realization is forcibly felt in going through a child's daily history. We find there fear of some supposed danger; pain caused by some little accident; weariness of constraint; despondency at tiny difficulties; naughtiness showing, like the serpent's trail in paradise; mingled with that bright light upon brow and lips, that sweet music of words and laughter, which make even our seared hearts feel child-like for the time.—In looking back on the day's alternations, we wonder how little effect we have had in equalizing the temperature. We have spoken of the love of gold, but the moment's fear, or pain or difficulty, has been too strong to realise it; we have appealed to their love for us, but the moment's temptation or passion has swept it away we have spoken of God's anger, but it has only made the little one shrink or shudder. It is clear that something more tangible is needed to impress. Those who have had the management of the young know well the effect of employment in alleviating sorrow and subduing waywardness. 'who will do this for me?' 'I, and 'I, and 'I,' will be cheerfully answered by little voices that had been previously choked with sobs. Now, when met by this difficulty, let us carry this principle of action to its highest extent. Let the child have a strong and vigorous motive for learning that spelling lesson, for resisting that piece of gluttony, for helping that helpless little sister, for giving the kiss of joyousness to that offending playmate. Let it be distinctly seen that here is something to be done for God; that He is watching to see how the trial is borne, how the temptation is resisted, how the service is performed: for, trifling as they may appear to us, they are not so either to the child or God.

A SALVE FOR EVERY SORE.—Lord Braxfield was an eccentric Scotch judge, with a bad tempered wife. His butler determined to leave because Lady Braxfield was always scolding him. 'John, exclaimed the old judge, 'ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her.

MR. HOWE'S LETTER.

To THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, M. P., &c. &c. &c.

Sir,— You refer to my letter to Mr Smolenski.— But what are the facts of this case? Mr Smolenski had gone to Halifax on his own accord, to offer his sword and his services to the British Government. I never saw or heard of him till he called on me, at the Tremont House, as I was returning home through Boston. He represented to me that there were in the United States a large body of Polish officers and men, anxious to join the allied armies and fight against the enemies of their beloved country,—that he possessed their confidence,—that they would follow him voluntarily, without any breach of law, or offence to the authorities of the United States, to Nova Scotia, if assured that, when there they would be embodied into a Polish Regiment, under officers enjoying their confidence and speaking their language. I gave him this assurance in writing, taking care to stipulate that the Regiment should be "raised in Halifax." Where the men were to come from I neither knew nor cared. On my return home, having reason to apprehend that an improper use might be made of this letter, it was formally cancelled and withdrawn. That an improper use was made of it I have little doubt, the three important words which guarded it from any pretext for enlisting men on American soil, having, as I afterwards learned from a Boston paper, been erased. Mr Smoleski may have "persuaded" men to come to Halifax, but he certainly represented to me that they would come without persuasion; and, in giving him an assurance of the honorable treatment that they might expect there, if they did I certainly never dreamed, that I was violating any law, human or divine. But even if I had any doubts, with your Foreign Enlistment Bill, and Mr Sidney Herbert's Despatch on one side of me, and Mr Smolenski's magnificent promises on the other, you must admit even if I erred, that you are greatly to blame, and that the temptation to serve my country could hardly be resisted by any body thinking less of himself than of the exigencies of the public service. "Slippery" I may be, but I am above the meanness of doing what I am ashamed of, or disavowing what I did.

You express your regret that "a cordial understanding with America has not been preserved" by the government of Lord Palmerston. But will you have the goodness to inform us how this good understanding is to be preserved, and how an achievement is to be accomplished which certainly has baffled the skill and ingenuity of almost every administration that I can remember, including that very remarkable one of which you were the Chancellor of the Exchequer—I mean of course the government of Lord Aberdeen.

This "good understanding with the United States," is a favourite hallucination in the mother country. A sort of dissolving view of peace and concord, out of which bullying and bad language ever come, and through the prime rose paths of which, rifles and bowie knives are poked at us whenever we feel most assured of harmony and affection. I regret this state of feeling, but the fact will not be denied, because the people of the United States are trained systematically to hate and to despise the English.

In 1850 I had occasion to address a letter to Earl Grey, the object of which was, to call the attention of her Majesty's government to the resources and requirements of the North American Provinces, and to inculcate the sound policy of Great Britain strengthening herself, by all legitimate means, on that side of the boundary where she was most beloved. Let me call your attention to a single extract from that letter.

"I am aware, my lord, that is the fashion in certain quarters to speak of the fraternal feelings which, henceforward, are to mutually animate the populations of Great Britain and the United States. I wish I could credit the reality of their existence; but I must believe the evidence of my own senses.

"A few years ago I spent the 4th of July at Albany. The ceremonies of the day were imposing. In one of the largest public Halls of the city, an immense body of persons were assembled. English, Irish, and Scotch faces were neither few nor far between. In the presence of that breathless audience the old bill of indictment against England, the Declaration of Independence, was read, and, at every clause, each young American knit his brows and every Briton hung his head with shame. Then followed the oration of the day, in which every nation eminent for arts, or arms, or civilization, received its meed of praise, but England. She was held up as the universal oppressor and scourge of the whole earth,—whose passage down the stream of time was marked by blood and usurpation,—whose certain wreck, the troubled waves, was but the inevitable retribution attendant on a course so ruthless. As the orator closed, the young Americans knit their brows again; and the recent emigrants, I fear carried away by the spirit of the scene, cast aside their allegiance to the land of their fathers.

"Had this scene, my lord, occurred in a single town, it would have made but a slight impression; but on that very day it was acted with more or less of skill or exaggeration, in every town and village of the Republic. It has been repeated on every 4th of July since. It will be repeated every year till the end of time. And so long as that ceremony turns upon England every twelve-month, the concentrated hatred of Republican America, it cannot be a question of indifference whether the emigrants who desire to leave the mother country, should settle within or beyond the boundaries of the Empire."

When this letter was published, a good many well meaning people regarded my views of the state of feeling in Republican America, with about as much indifference as they used to regard the speeches of the Duke of Wellington, when, a few years ago his Grace endeavoured to make England understand that she was unprepared for a great war. A good deal of nonsense was talked and written between 1850 and 1855, about the Mother's and Daughter's reciprocal feeling of attachment and respect. We used to hear Manchester rhetoricians winding up very windy orations upon the subject of universal peace with the assurance that if the despots of Europe would not be quiet—if they would not take note of Peace Conferences, and beat their swords into ploughshares—then England and America—the two most free, enlightened, and friendly nations on the face of the earth—would combine their fleets and armies, and go into the last "holy war," in defence of freedom and civilization!

Down to the very moment when, in 1855, the real state of feeling in the United States became too painfully apparent to be disguised, this vision of fraternal love flitted before your eyes in the mother country. I have read the correspondence accurately, there is evidence to show that Mr Buchanan favored this delusion, and led Lord Clarendon to believe that, in the event of Russia breaking the peace, England might count on the sympathy of the United States. If he did the sin of any deception practised against his Government thereafter, should sit lightly upon the conscience of any Englishman. There were not five well-informed men in Republican America who did not know at that moment that the sympathy was all the other way. There was not one sagacious observer of the past history of the United States, and of the peculiar elements of their social and political organization, who is not well assured that England can never count upon their friendship, or upon the free play of natural instincts and sympathies, that however amiable it may be to attribute, have been trampled out by two wars, or weeded out by a long course of cultivation.

If we were to believe in Mr Gladstone, we should believe that all the bad feeling, unseemly bullying, and official discourtesy which have recently exhibited in the United States, are to be attributed to Lord Clarendon and Mr Crampton. But what was the state of feeling in the United States long before any attempt was made to draw volunteers from that country? What was it, in 1812, when Republican America fell upon the flank of England, while her fleets and armies were engaged in the great struggle with Bonaparte?

What was it in 1838, when Governor Fairfield's militia hovered upon our frontiers because Great Britain hesitated to yield to years of diplomatic menace, and newspaper bluster, that valuable territory which split the Provinces of Canada and New Brunswick nearly in two.

What was it from 1837 to 1840, when swarms of sympathising filibusteros, with arms and ammunition, and even cannon, taken from the public arsenals of the United States, invaded the frontiers of Canada, and slew, within our borders, more men than we ever drew out of the Republic under your Foreign Enlistment Bill. Where were the Neutrality Laws—the District Attorneys—the Marshals, in those days? Powerless, because the sympathies of the country were against England. Unrestrained by laws, human or divine, armed ruffians marched out of the United States in military array to shed our blood and violate our soil, as Walker and his armed band has marched into Nicaragua, while you have been debating about your right to publish a handbill or to open a depot upon your own soil.

What was it, when your first movement of resistance to Russian aggression in 1854, was met by Soule's blustering at Paris and Madrid, and by Buchanan's famous Congress at Ostend?

Sir, if you search the Diplomatic records, you will find that every American Administration, for thirty years, has had its theme for jarring disputation with England, and that the formula has been ever the same. No Statesman in the United States who is even suspected of sincere attachment to the mother country. No opportunity has been lost of taking her at disadvantage. The United States joined the French in 1812, because they were at war with England; in heart and soul, it not with arms, they joined the Russians in 1854 and 1855, for the same reason. before a single recruit was drawn across their border.

It is true that, while the long-cherished desire to secure the North American fisheries was