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TWO YEARS OLD.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

Playing on the carpet near me
Is a little cherub girl;
And her presence, much I fear me,
Sets my senses in a whirl;
For a book is open lying
Full of grave-philosophy,
And I own I'm vainly trying
There my thoughts to hold;
But, in spite of my essaying,
They will evermore be straying
To that cherub near me playing,
Only two years old.

With her hair so long and flaxen,
And her sunny eyes of blue,
And her cheek so plump and waxen,
She is charming to the view.
Then her voice, to all who hear it,
Breathes a sweet, entrancing spirit;
O! to be forever near it,
Is a joy untold,
For 'tis ever sweetly telling
To my heart with rapture swelling,
Of affection inly dwelling—
Only two years old!

With a new delight I'm hearing
All her sweet attempts at words,
In their melody endearing
Sweeter far than any bird's;
And the musical mistaking,
Which her baby lips are making,
For my heart a charm is waking,
Firm in its hold,
Than the charm so rich and glowing,
From the Roman's lip o'erflowing;
Then she gives a look so knowing!
Only two years old!

Now her ripe and honied kisses
(Honied, ripe for me alone)
Thrill my soul with varied blisses,
Venus never yet has known.
When her twining arms are round me,
All domestic joy hath crowned me,
And a fervent spell hath bound me
Never to grow cold.
O! there's not, this side of Aidenn,
Aught with loveliness so laden
As my little cherub maiden,
Only two years old!

[From the Foreign Correspondence of New York Organ.]

PARIS: ITS CLIMATE, POLICE, POPULATION, &c.

The weather in Paris during the summer months is warm and delightful, but in winter it is very cold—much colder than it is in London. But it escapes the horrible fogs which envelope London in November and December. But if the weather is cold and chilly there is a wholesomeness in the atmosphere which is beneficial to health. The two months of fog in London are called *the suicidal months*, because so many persons make way with themselves then. The Parisians could never endure it, with their spirits so liable to vary with the presence or absence of the sunshine. Fuel is very dear in Paris—coal is used very little, without it be charcoal; and you can imagine how costly wood must be in Paris. The majority of the people burn it, however, costly as it is. It is sold in small packages—is principally brought up to Paris by canal from the provinces. One of our western logs, which an Iowa farmer would think nothing of consuming in a winter's evening, would bring quite a handsome sum in Paris on any day of winter. There is little comfort to be had in Paris—to tell the exact truth—in the cold weather.—The spring, summer, or the autumn is the time to stay in Paris. The houses admit such

volumes of cold air, the windows are so loose and the doors such wretched things, and that too in the best of cities, that the American or Englishman sighs for the comforts of home. However, a man who sets out upon a year of travels should not let "comfort" be his main thought; if he does he will be most wofully disappointed. The longest day in Paris is sixteen hours; the shortest eight. Perhaps it would amuse you to know the distances of some of the capitals of Europe from Paris.—Brussels is distant 189 miles, Berlin 593, Frankfort 339, Lisbon 1,104, Rome 925, Madrid 775, Constantinople 1,574, St. Petersburg 1,405. You can get to Italy easily from Paris, by merely crossing France by rail to Marseilles, and then taking a French steamer direct.

The situation of Paris is favorable to health but in proportion to population it is not so healthy as London, which is a low plain.—Paris is much higher, and has an advantage; but London is far better drained than Paris, and that makes all the difference. Besides, twice a day the tide sweeps away all the impurities of the sewers. Some of the narrow streets are in the warm weather fairly insupportable from the intolerable stenches arising in them.

The population of Paris when the last census was taken, I think amounted to *one million and fifty-three thousand*. The year the last census was taken the number of births were nearly 30,000; of these over 10,000 were illegitimate. Facts are eloquent sometimes, and this fact will tell you volumes as to the morals of Paris. The deaths fell short the number of births only about 4,000. The increase of population is rapid, though now it is full of people. The increase in 40 years has been 9,000,000. The births in the whole of France last year amounted to about 897,000; the deaths to 865,000. Of this number 70,000 were illegitimate. It is calculated that over *one-half* the people of Paris are actually what are called *working people*; the rest either living by some trade or profession, or are persons of property. There are 80,000 servants in Paris, and 70,000 paupers. There is an average population of 15,000 in the hospitals. 20,000 foundlings are constantly supported by the state in the city, and the city jails on an average contain a population of over 5,000. One fact is striking—the annual number of suicides in France is nearly 6,000! Is not this a striking commentary upon the gaiety of the French?

The police regulations of Paris are very good, but nothing to be compared with those of London. Villains can flourish better in Paris than in London. You cannot tell a policeman when you see him, by his dress, or any thing of the kind, as in England. Late at night you may walk in many streets and not see a police officer. You may be attacked in some of these and call, but call in vain for the help of the police. This is hard, where cut-throats abound as they do in Paris. It is also a well-known fact that some of the police are in league with bad men and women. There are cases of exposure every day. I should not like to walk alone on a winter's night after midnight anywhere for half a mile on the southern side of the Seine. Some of the streets are exceedingly narrow, and they have a look which is anything but pleasant and safe. Still one might have many curious adventures and come out safe—only *La Morgue* tells a mysterious tale every day, of some dark deed—a suicide, perhaps, or a murder. Getting lost in the worst portions of Paris after midnight (as an English friend of mine did) is not a pleasant thing. Especially when a dark, suspicious-looking set of fellows are watching you, you dare not ask them the direction of your

place, and there is no one else to ask but them.

The prisons of Paris are *nine* in number: one receives a certain class of convicts, another another, and so on. The prisons are well conducted. The males are allowed a pound and a half of bread per day, the females a trifle less, but no meat is allowed them—a nice regulation, as the vegetarians would say, to reduce their uncurbed passions. There is a debtor's prison. By having so many prisons, the different grades are not mixed—which is a capital idea. Nothing is so hurtful to society as the crowding into one prison of all manner of convicts. The young man who is just entered upon an evil course only needs to be in jail a few months with an "old one," and he is sure to be a confirmed villain—there is no mistake in it.

I noticed one pleasant feature of Paris, while there—the great number of baths. You can go into the Seine any day, under a large network roof, and generally out of sight, for six cents. A gentleman would hardly like to try such a place, but the working people are not particular. It is cheap, and in the hot weather it is a great luxury to bathe, to say nothing of its being a necessary. But private and public baths are to be had in Paris, of all prices and of all descriptions, at all seasons of the year. I believe this is one reason why the Parisians are so clean-looking always. It would never do to call the common people of Paris "*the great unwashed*," but in England that phrase exactly hits the nail on the head.

The people are lately getting into the English way of making pleasure-trips over the provinces, and the railway companies reduce their fares for these trips *du plaisir* to a very small sum. One day I noticed the walls covered with advertisements of a pleasure-trip to Havre and back for only *seven francs*! The second and third class of carriages on the French railroads are quite comfortable, but the first are magnificent—luxurious. Only six persons can ride in one car, and if your time is very pressing and you must travel by night anywhere on the roads, you can sleep very well in a first-class car. And the trains run just about as often night or day. A train leaves Boulogne for Paris, 170 miles distant, at 8 o'clock in the evening and 3 o'clock in the morning. From Paris to Boulogne, at 1 in the morning: 8, 9, and 11 at night. No arrangement could be more accommodating, and the officers are always gentlemanly.

Geographical Discovery in South Africa.

In the Journal for April the discovery was announced of a great interior lake in Southern Africa. When the facts were made known to the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, its council determined to acknowledge the service thus rendered to the cause of science, by awarding Mr. Livingstone, the discoverer, *twenty-five guineas*, one-half of the "Royal Premium" for the present year. As Mr. Livingstone is in the service of the London Missionary Society, its Directors were invited to send a deputation to its anniversary meeting, to receive the premium on his behalf.—Accordingly, Rev. Dr. Tidman, Foreign Secretary of the Missionary Society, and Mr. Alderman Challis were present on the occasion, and listened to the following complimentary and interesting remarks made to them by the President of the Geographical Society. They illustrate the great change of feeling which has taken place within a few years, in regard to missions, among literary and scientific men.

Geographical discovery in Africa has long commanded, and will ever command, a greater degree of interest than in, perhaps, any other portion of the globe; and with reason: for while it was one of the earliest inhabited por-

tion's of the world, and some of its people shone before all other nations in the scientific and industrial arts, it is now the least known and the least civilized of any. Indeed, the intelligent races of Europe have less knowledge of it in the present day than they had two thousand years ago; and ignorance, with debasing and repulsive barbarism, reign almost supreme from one end of that vast peninsula to the other.

Yet nowhere else has so much been done, or rather attempted, by travelers: a faithful, a zealous, and a sacred band has, for the last hundred years, been proceeding towards that forlorn hope of Geography. Though frustrated and baffled, if not actually defeated and destroyed, they steadily kept the prize in view. All the properties and means of men and nature seemed leagued against those adventurous spirits: either a climate peculiarly pestiferous carried them off at once by disease, or arid wastes, of an intensity and extent unknown elsewhere, presented insurmountable obstacles to journeying through or sojourning in the land; while a warlike, and generally an implacable population, from the Arabs in the North to Caffirs and Bushmans in the South, terminated the career of many whom the elements and sterility of the country had spared. Add to this the very small number of Europeans on any part of that continent, the enormous spaces to be traversed and the much greater distances from supplies and resources than in any other land, and some idea will be had of the peculiar difficulties besetting the African traveller, and the too powerful reasons which have acted in keeping up, even to the present time, so vast a *terra incognita* as the interior of the ancient land of Ham and of Cush still presents to our view.

Assure Mr. Livingstone, therefore, that we think his researches the more creditable to him, on considering his success where so much is imperatively required to be done: where so many have failed and so many have fallen.

And, gentlemen, I cannot but consider it peculiarly fortunate that you have been commissioned to receive this award, inasmuch as I could not with any justice forbear on such an occasion to allude honorably to the particular Society to which the Rev. Mr. Livingstone belongs: for the present signal result is but one of the steps of the beneficent scheme which is carrying out in South Africa, in a spirit of perfect unity, by missionaries of every European nation.

It will be needless for me to refer here to the innumerable instances of "black coats," to use a local but expressive phrase, becoming the pioneers of geographical discovery; of their preceding both the travellers and the traders from the Cape; and of their afterwards smoothing the way for them, civilizing and humanizing, if not always Christianizing, the wild and lawless tribes. But some reference may, with propriety, be made to the great attempt under Dr. Andrew Smith, in 1834. This expedition, the largest and best appointed that ever left Cape Town, had in view the discovery of the long talked of, but still almost fabulous lake in the interior. Having penetrated to Kuruman, the station of the Rev. Mr. Moffat, he accompanied and carried it through the Zoola country, as far as 23 deg. South latitude; but that proved to be the utmost distance they could reach, and they were compelled to return.

The failure of this grand enterprise, as far as the lake was concerned, seemed to dishearten further pursuit; the colonists never ventured again, so that traders and hunters alone have since been wandering on the tracks of the party. The only scientific traveller, Captain Sir James E. Alexander, subsequently sent out from England by this Society, in despair of the lake and of discovery by the