

of his piety in having written St. Matthew's Gospel.—*Prior's Life of Malone.*

Home's Harmony.

The lark may sing her sweetest song,
As rising from the waving corn,
On soaring wings, she skims along
To welcome in the rising morn;
Her sweetest song is nought to me,
Compared to home's sweet harmony.

Deep in the woods, the nightingale,
At midnight hour, may tune her lay,
May pour upon the list'ning vale
Her loveliest streams of melody;
Lovely her midnight lay may be,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

Sweet are the songsters of the spring,
And of the summer's sunny days,
And autumn's feathered warblers sing
In rapturous strains their sweetest lays;
Lovely the songs of bower and tree,
But lovelier home's sweet harmony.

But O, what cheers the winter's night,
When all around is dark and gloom,
When feathered songsters take their flight,
Or fill a gloomy little tomb?
'Tis at such hours as these that we
Prize most our home's sweet harmony.

O, when dark clouds above us lower,
And life's drear winter o'er us comes,
'Tis then we feel your magic power
Ye songsters of our hearts and homes;
For soon the lowering clouds do flee
From our dear home's sweet harmony.

THE FIRST ROBERT PEELE.—When Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight and sixpence per week for board and lodging. "William Yates' eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at 'The Ground,' he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, 'Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?' to which the child would readily answer, 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else.' And Robert did wait. As the girl grew in beauty towards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after a lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year: and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and her father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of

the future prime minister of England. Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, of grace any station in life. She possessed powers of mind, and was on every occasion the high-souled and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent almost unintelligible writer. She died only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that her London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to at home—proved injurious to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards accustomed to say, "if Robert hadn't married Nelly a Lady, she might have been living

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.—The salutation between two Chinamen when they meet, is each clasping and shaking his own arm instead of each others, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?"—is "Have you eaten rice?" The great article of food throughout the empire, and forming the chief and indispensable part of every meal—it is taken for granted that every man has "eaten rice" you are well. It requires that in conversation each should compliment the other and everything belonging to him, in a most laudatory style; and do himself with all pertaining to him, to the highest possible point. The following is not the exact expression, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"
"My insignificant appellation is Wu."
"Where is your magnificent palace?"
"My contemptible hut is at Suchan."
"How many are your illustrious children?"
"My vile worthless brats are five."
"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old wife."

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.—It has been said about the harmlessness of locusts, which we were disposed to put to rest. Their history, undoubtedly, is a wonder of the most striking, indeed, in the whole of insect life; but recent observation has led us to put them in the same category with the cut worm, the wheat fly, the cut worm, destructive pests, to be destroyed with fire. The woods in some portions of New Jersey as if a fire had passed over them. The ravages of the Locust is not confined to the wood of the present year, as is generally supposed, we have seen innumerable instances of wood two, three, and four years old also seen hundreds of young pears, apple trees, shrubs, &c., completely killed, the incisions, in many of the trees being carried down the body of the tree within a foot of the ground. Many