

by it, but a outrage and a insult? As to the pace, what sort o' pace do you think I, Tony Veller, could have kept a coach goin' at for five hundred thousand pound a mile, paid in advance, afore the coach was on the road? And as to ingein—a nasty, wheezin', creaking, gasping, puffin', bustin' monster, always out o' breath, with a shiny green and gold back, like an unpleasant beetle in that 'ere gas magnifier, as to the ingein as is always a pourin' out red hot coles at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensibler thing it does, in my opinion, is, ven there's somethin' in the way, and it sets up that 'ere frightful scream, vich seems to say, 'Now here's two hundred and forty passengers in the very greatest extremity o' danger, and here's their two hundred and forty screams in vun!'

A LONDON NIGHT IN "OLD TIMES."

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London Bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of William Mark's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. At nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives; and even at this hour, robberies and murders were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favoured fellows lurked in knots of three and four; some standing upright against the wall, lying in wait, others skulking in gateways, and thrusting out their uncombed heads and scowling eyes, others crossing and re-crossing and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel, others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was the noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him; but Will, who knew the city and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water-spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses, swelled in no small degree. These odious matters being left to putrify in the close and heavy air, emitted an insupportable stench, to which every court and passage poured forth a contribution of its own. Many parts even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimnies than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumoured that some citizens had lately died; and few, who availing themselves of the light thus afforded, paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wonder at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry roads, that William Mark found the chief obstacle to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the city kept) who scented what lay concealed in the cart and fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements were wasted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamouring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked swords and hunted them savagely; there were drunken desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open streets where no man dared to molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where there had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home, and now two or three men would come down upon him together, and demand that upon peril of his life he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the city watch upon their rounds would draw across the road, and not satisfied with his tale, question him closely and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet-street, and reached the church at last.

London comprises an area of seventy square miles, or about nine and a half miles in diameter, and thus assumes a radius of five miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. Every year is adding to its population that of a city equal to York. The total population of the metropolis is 1,950,000, and by the end of next year it will exceed 2,000,000, in ten years a population of 400,000 has been added, which is as much as the ancient city in the time of Charles the Second.

Follow fashion, if reason leads her; when she don't kick fashion out of doors, or else she will turn you out.

A HYMN.

O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air!  
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And thy great ocean slumbers every where.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong with darken'd rocks and dells,  
And cloudless brightness opens wide on high  
A home ærial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,  
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,  
The distant voice of childhood's thoughtless glee,  
The maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass, a sunny play,  
Of flash and shadow, stirs like inward life;  
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,  
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

Upon the narrow bridge of foot-worn plank,  
The peasant stops where swift the waters gleam,  
And broods as if his heart in silence drank  
More freshening draughts than that untainted stream.

O Thou! the primal fount of life and peace,  
Who shed'st thy breathing quiet all around,  
In me command that pain and conflict cease,  
And turn to music every jarring sound.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

You stated some time ago in your paper, that the only efficient remedy against the canker-worm was the encouragement of the birds. Several means are now used to protect fruit trees against the ravages of this insect, at considerable expense, most if not all of which are not fully successful. The numerous insects that prey upon fruit trees and garden and field vegetables, are the proper food of small birds. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose, that if the birds be left to increase undisturbed, they will be able in a few years completely to protect vegetation. At least a few cheap remedies, in years particularly favourable to the growth of insects, will be sufficient. What has always been our conduct towards those useful creatures that Providence has designed for the especial benefit of man? We have allowed our boys to hunt them whenever a leisure hour occurred, and to rob their nests whenever they came across them. To destroy them has been a favourite amusement with worthless, idle, vicious men. If a person on the morning of Old Election day, in a neighbourhood where a hunt has been determined upon, listen at sunrise to the rich music of the woodlands and the joyous notes of the orchards, where every tree has its songster, and then on the following morning mark the diminished sounds, he will find the contrast melancholy enough. We have on our statute book a law protecting from injury during a part of the year, partridges, snipes, quails, woodcocks, larks, robins, and some other birds, which, except the robin, are the least useful of all our birds save for the table, and for that more useful than profitable,—the best sportsman rarely obtaining enough during a day's hunt, to pay the wages of a common labourer. The law was enacted for the good pleasure of the epicure. It has had a bad effect in giving permission to destroy all except those named in the statute. If a gang of boys enter a field with their guns, and the owner or any other person remonstrate with them, he is told that they kill no birds that the law protects, and the lads blaze away, in the full conviction that they are doing nothing wrong. It is to be regretted that many otherwise respectable persons, in the fall, indulge themselves in hunting robins, which at that season flock together and afford an easy game. Of the system of things on the earth, the birds constitute a part without which mankind could not in any considerable numbers exist. If they were exterminated a general desolation would come over the vegetable world, which the efforts of man could not stay. It is the sun and the rain, the labours of the husbandman and the labours of the birds, that bring to maturity the fruits of the earth. If the farmers consult their true interest, they will find some better amusement for their boys during holidays, than the destruction, oftentimes in a cruel manner, of useful creatures, and will secure the enactment of laws, deterring others from like mischief. We have laws punishing with severity the person found guilty of abusing a domestic animal, and the killing and wounding of useful birds and leaving their young to perish with hunger, should be punished in like manner. All the birds ask is protection; their weight is so small as not to endanger the tenderest twig; they will work in the orchard, the garden, and the field; their notes are soft, and they will give us music from morning till night, which has been admired by wise and good men in all ages, and which cannot be despised by any person having a claim to virtue or taste.—*New England Farmer.*

NERVOUS SYMPATHY.—That the nervous system is especially concerned in the process of digestion, attentive observation is sufficient to establish; and in proportion as the nervous system has difficulties to contend with, is the process of digestion imperfect.

Difficulties may be opposed to the due exercise of nervous influ-

ence, first, by imprudence in the use of unsuitable aliment; second, by the casual accession of mental disturbances, in all their varieties; and third, by bodily disorders, whether arising from irregularities of habit or local injury.

We know that sudden intelligence which alarms or rejoices us, or the sudden accession of any powerful impression, makes us forget hunger; that a fatigued horse is suddenly excited to complete forgetfulness and activity on hearing the hounds; and that he will go through a long chase with alacrity, notwithstanding his previous exhaustion. We know, too, that under extreme mental depression from disease and pain, cheerful society will sometimes so awaken our animal spirits, upon some occasions, as to lead us to energetic conversation. But it is to be remembered that these excitements are not effected without considerable expense to the constitution, through the exhaustion they afterwards occasion. The exhaustion is that of the nervous system; and the whole economy suffers until the natural tone of the nerves is restored.

Affections of the nerves produce affections of the stomach and alimentary organs. Affections of the stomach and alimentary organs are equally active in producing affections of the nerves.—*Lib. of Health.*

A LESSON TO TEACHERS.—At a Common School Convention in Hampden county, we heard the Rev. Dr. Cooley relate this anecdote. He said that, many years ago, a young man went into a district to keep school, and before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told, that there was one boy in the school whom it would be necessary to whip every day; leading him to infer that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But when the persevering kindness of the teacher begat a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil; and now, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the Chief of a neighbouring state. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow soldier in battle, what honours are too great for the teacher who thus rescued a child from ruin?

WYKEHAM CHAPEL, WINCHESTER.—Perhaps the most curious things about the chapel are the ancient stall-seats now affixed to the walls of the chapel. These have their seats so fixed upon hinges, that those who sit in them can only maintain their position by balancing themselves with care, and resting their elbows on the seat arms; so that if the monks who used them dropped asleep during service, the seats came forward and pitched them headlong upon the floor; nay, if they only dozed and nodded the least in the world, the hard oak seat clapped against the hard oaken back, and made a noise loud enough to attract the attention of the whole audience. Nothing ever was more cleverly contrived to keep people awake at church and chapel; and no doubt most of us know where they would be especially useful now.—*Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places.*

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE UNTO.—The horse of a pious man living in Massachusetts, happened to stray into the road; a neighbour of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after he told him what he had done: 'and if I catch him in the road again,' said he, 'I'll do it again.' 'Neighbour,' replied the other, 'not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my meadow, and I drove them out, and shut them up in your yard—and I'll do it again.'

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

TAX ON BACHELORS.—A lady having remarked in company, that she thought there should be a tax on the single state—"Yes, madam, replied Colonel —, who was a most notable specimen of the uncompromising old bachelor, 'as on all other luxuries.'

ENDOWED CHARITIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—The recent publication of the last division of the Report of the Charities Commissioners closes an inquiry which has occupied upwards of twenty years, and cost the country at least £200,000. It is supposed that the total annual income of endowed charities amounts to nearly £1,500,000.

PAYING FOR NEWS.—On returning to his family after an absence of some weeks, Captain Johnson had been driven from Kingstown to Dublin by a carman, who, looking discontentedly at the fare paid him, said, 'Shure your honor will give a trife more than this?' 'Not a rap,' said the Captain. 'But you would,' persisted Pudge, 'if you knew all, then.' 'What do you mean?' asked Johnson, anxiously. 'Dat's tellins, any way; and is it only for my fare I'm to tell my news?' 'Well, well,' said the Captain, 'here's another shilling; now what has happened?' 'Sorra the harm at all, only I thought you'd not begrudge a little som'at to know, that I drove ye the last three miles without a lynch-pin.'