

up to the brightest star of all and said:—

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C. is now a star in heaven. Before he died, he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's brink, where in spring-time the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears. How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this?—*Dr. Humphrey.*

Selections.

CHARMS OF AUSTRALIA.*

I should not be at all surprised to see Mr. O—n out here, since the whole world of shipping seems gradually concentrating within Port Phillip bay. Indeed one of the most remarkable sights resulting from the Gold discovery is the immense mass of vessels riding at anchor off the Yarra Yarra, the masts of which protrude in a thick forest above the belt of land stretching between Melbourne and the coast, to which daily, nay, almost hourly additions are being made, as the stream of emigrant-ships pour in from England, with their eager thousands expectant of the auriferous harvest.

Alas! What terrible disappointment awaits these ardent adventurers—it makes one sick to contemplate it! Dysentery is a most prevalent complaint throughout the year, as it raged both summer and winter at the diggings, and proves fatal in numerous instances, as was evident from the many graves to be seen in the gullies where the tents abounded. It is generally attributed to the badness of the water, though I imagine that the sudden changes of the climate have more to do with it, for although I have often drunk water so discoloured and putrid that I would not wash in it, I never suffered from the indiscretion; while, during wet weather and particularly when in town, I several times have had a tendency to the disease. To-day there is a hot wind blowing, and I am gasping for breath. It shrieks and howls as it pours in through the window sashes, bringing with it a thick impalpable sand which covers everything: while outside all is a tempestuous blank, shrouded as objects are by a whirlwind of dust. The heat is frightful, an unnatural, oven kind of heat, which dries up your blood in your veins, and this may last for three days before the wind shifts to the southward and brings rain. Then it will be disagreeably cold, and an entire change of clothing will be necessary. I have been in Melbourne a week, and this is the second visitation of the sort we have received. The first gave me a severe cold from which I am still suffering.

December 23.—Yesterday I called at the—'s and there I found the head of the Commissariat and his wife staying until they could find lodging. During my visit in came a pretty, interesting lady, just from home—she said that she was in despair, being obliged to share the half of a tent with another married couple, and to cook her own meals. No room was to be had anywhere, and they had to live exposed to the violent storms of dust and rain, and the terrible heat of last week. I pitied her from my soul. What a climate it is! Since the hot wind it has been so cold and rainy that people are wearing great coats, and the streets are covered with mud. Fancy from twenty to thirty thousands souls of all ranks living under canvas in such circumstances! Sydney is the true climate, so often quoted, of Australia, but there the heat is more intense—the dust nearly as bad—the mosquitoes worse, and the country burnt up with aridity. Here at times you have a green leaf to rest the eye upon—though it be but that of an evergreen, such as the tea tree, or the native cherry, a species of cypress. No! there is no beauty, no comfort, no interest in such a country. Every one feels it and laments the beautiful world they have left behind, for the illusive dreams of happiness and wealth which, in the majority of cases, will never be realized in this far off scene of turmoil and vicissitude. I could weep to think of the stricken hearts, the saddened prospects soon to result from all this. And yet there are thousands still pour in from all the world, full of life and enthusiasm and high hopes, which even the cheerless aspect of the scenery and the obstacles they have to contend with from the moment they put foot ashore, can scarcely check. The accursed thirst of gold is turning people's heads, and sad experience alone will set them to rights again. I have said enough in this letter to put you au fait relative to the gold diggings. Numbers of people disgusted with the mines and the

*Concluded.

country are returning home—happy for those who can do so without material sacrifice. As for a family of small means living here, how does that seem possible with the present prices? For a small cottage of two or three rooms a rent of from two to three hundred per annum is charged, and this is daily rising. What the case will be some months hence, heaven only can tell. Oh! how can I express my strong and daily growing love for America. I have seen and heard of no such land. The Commissary and his lady were from Canada, she a native of Montreal. He showed me a pair of snow shoes, I could have hugged them to my breast. They lamented their departure from that, as they termed it, "glorious country" and he knew several of my friends there. I have not yet met with any of the arrivals from British America, but hope to stumble upon them some day. The steam line now running will be of incalculable advantage to all now connected in any way with Australia.

The night dews here are drenching at every season, and bequeath to those who sleep exposed to them a bitter heritage of rheumatism, which they carry with them to the grave. My health is perfect now—glorious it was at the diggings, and I feel fresh and vigorous for a new effort.

The natives I have seen at various times both in camp and singly. The men are often intellectual looking and even handsome, with their curly beards—and some walk and attitudinize with the grace and dignity known only to uncivilized man. Strange to say, the women are the least interesting, being, with few exceptions, peculiarly attenuated, and very ugly, from an excessive profusion of the lower jaw: the only redeeming features about them being fine laughing eyes and a profusion of long curling hair. All of them seem to be cheerful and happy, and their activity and sagacity surpass belief. Now for the reverse—they have no religion—they eat their first born, ants and all of every kind. They murder their enemies most treacherously, and carry off their kidney fat as a trophy. They are universally cannibals and eat to excess, holding their wild dances (*cerobories*) by the light of the full moon. One day I came upon two of them in the forest, engaged in a curious manner. One, without a stitch of anything on him sat singing a song in a nasal voice, loud enough to awake the dead, to which he beat time with a tomahawk, while his companion, in an opossum robe and turban, went through a sort of pantomimic performance behind him, by moving his arms about, not ungracefully, in just accordance with the measure and changes of the tune. The language appeared to me to be very harmonious and soft, and the song, as far as I can remember, was an endless repetition of one or two verses, something like this—"Bullewal-la! na! ma! nalla—matta yanna! yanna!" and during all this noise a third slept coiled up in a blanket—dead to the earth and its affairs. The arms of the natives are the spear, tomahawk, waddy, and boomerang, in the use of which they have no superiors.

MENTAL POWERS PRESERVED.—Fatuity from old age cannot be cured, but it may be prevented by employing the mind constantly in reading and in conversation in the evening of life. Dr. Johnston ascribes the fatuity of Dean Swift to two causes; first to a resolution made in his youth that he would never wear spectacles, from the want of which he was unable to read in the decline of life; and second, to his avarice, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself to company, by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired, or old ones renovated. His mind languished from want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiocy, in which state he spent the close of his life in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder, of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relish for books; when they lose the ability to work, to go abroad, from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatuous; especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of their families; in consequence of which their minds become torpid from want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities than in country places, only because society and conversation can be had in them on more easy terms, and it is less common among women than men, only because their employments are of such a nature as admit of their being carried on by their firesides, and in a sedentary posture.

The illustrious Dr. Franklin exhibited a striking instance of the influence of reading, writing, and conversation, in prolonging a sound and active state of all the faculties of the mind. In his eighty-fourth year, he

discovered no one mark in any of them of the weakness or decay usually observed in the minds of persons at that advanced period of life.—*Dr. Rush.*

TOBACCO AND BRANDY.—The New York Times calls attention to the astonishing fact revealed by the Treasury tables just issued, that we smoke up in Spanish segars our whole export of wheat, and guzzle down in French cogniac, our entire export of Indian corn. For the rest of our breakfasts, the flour sent abroad suffices for something like two-thirds of the interest on the foreign debt, leaving the rice of South Carolina, and the deferred faith of the repudiating States to settle the remainder.

SCOTCH COLLEGE IN SPAIN.—A vessel sailed from Greenock recently for Santander, with fourteen lads on their way to the Scotch college, which has existed since the times of our Reformation, in the ancient but now decayed city of Valladolid, in the interior of Spain.—The young men, one of whom belongs to Greenock, and the others to Glasgow, Edinburgh, &c., are under the charge of a priest. The Superior and Professors in this College are all Scotchmen, and the lads are intended to be trained as priests of the Church of Rome.

PETRIFIED MAN.—The Morris (Illinois) Yeoman states, that not long since, while some men were digging in a coal bank near the canal, they exhumed the body of a man in a perfect state of petrification. From the corduroy cloth in which the legs were encased, the cords and seams of which are perfectly defined, it is supposed to be the body of one of the Irish labourers engaged in the construction of the canal. The limbs are nearly perfect, and are completely transformed to stone.

CREDIT.—Is your credit good? Keep it so. Never say to a creditor, 'I will pay you to-morrow,' and then put him off a day or two longer, perhaps a week. We know of many a man who might have been the 'lord of his neighbor's purse,' who cannot obtain a dollar's worth on credit. The reason is, he never does as he agrees. His most solemn obligations are broken; and when a man's credit is gone, he is ruined. It is next to impossible for him to secure what he has unwisely and wickedly lost. A young man starting in life should on no account whatever lose his credit. It is his hope. Prompt payment has made a thousand fortunes. Remember this and act accordingly.

CONTENT.

When in the soul Content celestial reigns.
A heaven of happiness seems still in store
When the heart mourns in agonizing pains.
Sweet scenes of nature offer bliss no more;
Earth's lovely landscapes cease to give delight.
Bright scenes, clear skies, in vain do then appear,
The sufferer's sorrow, changes as to night.
And spring seems winter in the inverted year,
Fruits not for such, luxuriantly grow;
Flowers not for such, delightful sweets exhale;
Pleasure is lost in prevalence of woe.
Soft music drowned in sorrow's saddening wail—
From heaven above be the sweet angel sent,
To whisper in my soul, "I am content."

IGNORANCE THE SOURCE OF INFIDELITY.—Ninety-ninths of all the infidelity in the world, and of the errors that exist on the subject of religion, are the result of ignorance. Go where you will, and you will find that our infidel young men, however talented and intelligent on other subjects, are extremely ignorant on the subject of religion. Hence by a compliment paid to their talents, they are duped by some infidel knave into professed error or infidelity. Scriptural instruction is one of the best barriers against this that can be erected.

The eye of faith regards Christ sitting on the summit of the cross, as in a triumphal chariot; the devil bound to the lowest part of the same cross, and trodden under the feet of Christ.—*Bishop Davenant on Colossians.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—In Christ's humiliation stands our exaltation; in his weakness stands our strength; in his ignominy our glory, in his death our life.—*Cudworth 1616.*

A GRATIFYING EXCHANGE.—Two hampers—one of cod liver oil, the other of claret—recently entrusted to the Eastern Counties Railway, suffered a change of address on the road, and were cross-delivered. The doctor's patients who get the claret are said to have been more gratified than the gentlemen's friends who got the oil.