

gnominious lodgings in the county jail. As for his daughter Maria, she becomes, at her first entrance into life, an object of heartless calculation to half the young men about town, and, ten to one, is either married to a bairn youth, who requires to be supported by her father all the rest of his days, or to a less indigent person, who does not give her the honour of a slave. Even after he has got her fairly off, he labours under the fear of her coming back upon him, with a family of three girls and a boy—the youngest just cutting its first teeth—all delicate ailing children, affected with measles and hooping cough, and so requiring nurses, doctors, and drugs, without end.

It must not be supposed that the wealthy who have no families are much better off as to the amount of their happiness. No rich man can be happy who is without some one, either nearly related to him, or bound to him by ties of affection, to whom he may bequeath his wealth with the expectation that it will not be squandered foolishly. Rich men without families are, therefore, apt to be peevish, and their feelings are not improved by having a shrewd guess that their death is longed for by some distant relations. Such persons are also objects against whom all kinds of subscription papers are regularly levelled. When an operative distiller or brewer has fallen into, and been boiled in one of his own coppers—when a house-mason has fallen from a scaffold, and fractured his skull—or when a neighbouring farm-servant has been torn in pieces by a thrashing-mill—and in whichever case, a widow and a numerous family of children being to be provided for, or set up in business with a mangle, then a large subscription is expected from them; and so frequently are they thus called upon for contributions, that they at length begin to believe that mankind have entered into a conspiracy to ruin them.

Besides these sources of irritation to the minds of many of the rich, there is yet another, which is the cause of unceasing discontent. This is idleness. To have nothing to do, is a dreadful evil, and ten times worse to bear than hard labour. It is so grievous that many individuals so situated fall into very bad habits, and frequently commit extravagances which they would not do were their minds in a healthy state of action. Idleness is also productive of bodily diseases; and these, whether real or imaginary, are not borne without repining. The very circumstance of having no appetite is in itself frequently a subject of bitter lamentation to the rich and the indolent, and of this the poor man generally knows nothing. But why pursue this catalogue of miseries endured by the wealthy? for they might be lengthened out to any extent, and yet not be half exhausted. Let us therefore try to impress it indelibly upon the minds of the humbler classes of society, that happiness is distributed with the most astonishing impartiality, in even measure, over the whole human race. Its amount would certainly increase in proportion to the wealth and the rank of the individual, were it not, that, as we have already said, every new acquisition brings with it a new care, not formerly taken into account, and which, therefore, forms an immense discount off the anticipated aggregate sum of pleasure. Cares, it has been said, are our comforts; and every class possesses its own peculiar vexations. It is invariably felt, that, no sooner is one cause of disquietude mastered, than another rises up in its place; and when it, in its turn, is put down, yet another, and another, come up before us. These cares haunt every human being more or less through all the stages of life; and so ceaseless are they in their iteration, and varied in their character, that when they are not of a substantial, they are of a visionary nature; and it is generally found that the latter are as little endurable as the former.

The moral to be drawn from such a picture of human disquietude is, that the poor man should not in any case, be envious of the condition of the rich, or discontented with the lot into which he has been cast. Nevertheless, we would not that he sat down in stupid indifference, or was regardless of all feasible and honourable means of rising to better circumstances. The consciousness of rising in the world through industry, and the force of genius and virtue, yields in itself great comparative happiness, and the possession of wealth so acquired affords innumerable opportunities of doing good, and exercising some of the best principles of our nature. Yet, true unmingled happiness is certainly not attainable in this lower world; and, to be found, it must be sought for in another and better state of existence. While, therefore, prompting the poor man to seize upon every opportunity of acquiring, in an honest manner, opulence and distinction, we may remind him of the penalties under which both are secured. In the language of John Bunyan, he will recollect, with thankfulness, that

“He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble, ever shall:
Have God to be his guide.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE BEE.]

MR. DAWSON,—Sir—I have just been looking over the first volume of the Penny Cyclopædia, and feel compelled to recommend its purchase to such of your readers as may not be disposed to expend all their earnings on the outward man. Such opportunities as exist at present, of acquiring knowledge cheaply, did not occur to previous generations—and it speaks little for our population, unless they plead ignorance of the fact, that your shelves should so long bear several copies (as far as it is published) of this excellent work. I fear some do not, from your advertisement, understand the character of the Book.—“Penny Cyclopædia” is the title. Persons who do not examine it may think a penny book cannot be very valuable; and that a Cyclopædia is not an Encyclopædia. These are both serious mistakes—in the first place, the present is an Encyclopædia in every respect, but the first syllable of the word being of no use has been dropped. As to the character which may be ascribed to it from the word *Penny*, mistakes may arise from remembering “Jack the Giant Killer,” “Tom Thumb,” and other penny books with which our grandfathers and our young days were abundantly supplied.—Now, the case is, that in consequence of a scheme suggested, and still headed, by the greatest man of Great Britain or any other country, every variety of knowledge, the every day-useful and profound; literary and entertaining, is brought to the doors of the whole population in the smallest quantities; and hence the first word of the title of this book. In our day for a *Penny* the poor man may be provided with a week’s supply of study and rational improvement, whilst in past years, three times the sum would only purchase a glass of spirits, for a momentary gratification of sensuality. What a change is here, and who will argue against changing with the times. If none, let all unite in encouraging each other to commence a valuable Library, by procuring this Penny Publication, which may be laid in after the purchase of the past Numbers, at about ninepence a month. Every person may in this manner have such a Library in a few years as is not surpassed by a dozen in the District. He will have every particle of knowledge which can be useful to him, that is afforded by that great pile of volumes called the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” of which, the Edition now publishing, is to cost £50. I have compared the first volume of this Penny Book with other Encyclopædias, and I have little hesitation in making the assertion that not only for those who cannot, but for those who can buy the larger, it is, for nineteen out of twenty, the superior article. In this, every species of knowledge is discussed at moderate length, while in the Britannica, half a volume is sometimes occupied by a science not studied by one in ten thousand.

To conclude, what farmer will not feel himself a better man; will not feel that he has more rationally enjoyed his prolonged life, when he looks at the volumes which he has read, and which he is leaving to his children, than at the produce of the same cost in any other shape. But perhaps some of our people who have the means to purchase, have no taste for reading.—Have they no children, I ask? Have these been baptised? Did not the parent promise to educate them as God should give the means? Has he not given means, and can an education be bestowed without books to read? Those who do not think of these things had better begin.—It will be more gratifying for them individually on their death beds to be able to say—“I have given my children knowledge and habits of reading, which will keep them from bad company and vice,” than to say—“I have scorned the advice to buy a few books to improve my family, but I have left them a pair of oxen *extra* of equal value.

Yours,

A:

[FOR THE BEE.]

GO AHEAD!!! ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

Some poor wights on going to examine their Salmon nets the other day, on a River not nine miles from Pictou, found, in place of their nets, the following note:—

Gentlemen,

Your nets are taken, and you will never have them, again; and, if you make twenty new ones, they will all be taken; until you leave off fishing on Sunday.

Yours,

A FRIEND TO THE SABBATH.

MORAL QUALITIES.—There is in the very taste and feeling of moral qualities, a pleasure or a pain; and the argument is greatly strengthened by the adaptation to that constitution of external nature, more especially, as exemplified in the reciprocal influences which take place between mind and mind in society. The first, the original pleasure, is that which is felt by the virtuous man himself; as, for example, by the benevolent, in the very sense and feeling of that kindness whereby his heart is actuated. The second is felt by him who is the object of this kindness; for merely in the conscious possession of another’s goodwill, there is a great and distinct enjoyment. And then the manifested kindness of the former awakens gratitude in the bosom of the latter; and this, too, is a highly pleasurable emotion. And lastly, gratitude sends back a delicious incense to the benefactor who awakened it. By the purely mental interchange of these affections, there is generated a prodigious amount of happiness; and that, altogether independent of the gratifications which are yielded by the material gifts of liberality on the one hand, or by the material services of gratitude on the other. Inasmuch, that we have only to imagine a reign of perfect virtue; and then, in spite of the physical ills which essentially and inevitably attach to our condition we should feel as if we had approximated very nearly to a state of perfect enjoyment among men; or, in other words, that the bliss of Paradise would be almost fully realized upon earth, were but the moral graces and charities of Paradise firmly established there, and in full operation. Let there be honest and universal good-will in every bosom, and this be responded to from all who are the objects of it, by an honest gratitude back again; let kindness, in all its various effects and manifestations, pass and re-pass from one heart and countenance to another, let there be an universal courteousness in our streets, and let fidelity and affection in all the domestic virtues take up their secure and lasting abode in every family; let the succour and sympathy of a willing neighbourhood be ever in readiness to meet and to overpass all the want and wretchedness to which humanity is liable; let truth and honour, and inviolable friendship between man and man, banish all treachery and injustice from the world; in the walks of merchandize, let an unflinching integrity on the one side, have the homage done to it of unbounded confidence on the other, inasmuch, that each man, reposing with conscious safety on the uprightness and attachment of his fellow, and without rejoicing as much in the prosperity of an acquaintance, as he should in his own, there would come to be no place for the harassments and heart burnings of mutual suspicion, or resentment, or envy.—CHAMBERS.

ELEGANCE OF VEGETABLE FORMS.—Nothing can excel the elegance of those forms which are presented in every part of the vegetable kingdom, whether they be considered with reference to their direct utility for the support of individual life, and the continuance of the species, or whether they be viewed as component parts of that beauty which is spread over the scenery of nature, and is so delightfully refreshing to the eye of every beholder alive to its fascinating charms. How enchanting are all the varieties of flowers, that decorate in gay profusion every part of the garden of creation; and into which, the further we carry our philosophic scrutiny, the more forcibly will our hearts be impressed with the truth of the divine appeal, that “*Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*”—ROGET.

A right profession aggravates the condemnation of a wrong conduct; and a wrong conduct discredits the very name of a right profession. Indeed, the bare profession of that which is good, carries with it an explicit censure upon every thing, that is bad.—KNOWLES.

Whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.—JOHNSON.