

POETRY.

WHERE IS THE LAND THE SPIRIT LOVES?

Where is the land the spirit loves?
Where finds the best its choicest treasure?
Where, in a new existence, proves
Unbroken rest, unending pleasure.
Where shall the instincts of the mind,
Those voiceless promptings, point for rest:
Or man another Eden find,
The brightest, fairest, best and best?

Beneath the tropic's fervid sway,
Where earth in rich abundance pours
Her glowing fruits—where smiles the day
On golden sands and glittering shores?
Or yonder, where the glorious lays
Of ancient bards the theme unfold:
The classic lore of other days,
The deathless memories of old?

Or far, by Jordan's sainted shore,
Or Shiloh's brook, or Salem's towers,
Where Israel's chosen race once more
Shall pass the consecrated hours?
Alas! the sunniest lands are still
With blood in ruthless passion shed,
And richest ore has been gained
Where slaves have toil'd and groan'd and bled.

And vainly might the poet mourn,
The mould'ring wrecks of elder time,
The spears and hand-bills, feathers and tins,
Those trophies of a worlded crime:
And Jordan's stream but sadly flows
Where Zion's songs no more are sung,
And Israel, in his wanderings, knows
The harp is on the willows hung.

But yet a land the spirit loves
Exists in its immortal bloom,
Where life exults and pleasure moves,
A part from time, and past the tomb.
I, hush and seen, nor ear discern'd,
Glad cannot crush, nor time destroy,
And earthly sense hath never learn'd
Its deep and mystic thrills of joy:

And poetry can we picture here,
By all as yet to mortals given,
The glories of that distant sphere,
Our bright home—our native heaven.

The following *Jeu d'esprit* contains much good sense. Note also the style which its author has chosen to adopt, his subject will be found interesting.

MAXIMS TO MARRY BY.
Addressed to the people generally.
To be, it is, nothing.
To be, it is, nothing.

I never knew a good fellow, in all my life,
That was not, some way or other, the duped
of woman. One man is an ass unconsciously,
another, with his eyes open; but all that are
good for any thing are duped and bridled
in some way, and at some time or other.

If a good fellow drinks, your best perhaps
won't drink very much now—but, if he does
drink, ten to one, it is because he is 'out of
amorous with some woman. If he writes, what
can he be about, but woman? If he games
why is it, but to get money to lavish upon
her? For all this courage, ardour, wit, vanity,
good temper, and all other good qualities that
he possesses, woman keeps an open market,
and she chooses them wholly. Why, then, my
dear, we have have abused women—which we
all of us do—and found out when they are
more to be trusted than fresh-caught monkeys.

Which the best of us are very likely to do
after all, what does it come to but this—that
they are the devil's plagues of our lives—and
we must have them?

For, if you are a five-and-twenty, or there-
abouts, and good for any thing, you'll cer-
tainly become attached to some woman; and
you'll find, I'm right, so take warning in time.
And, for the attachment, never flatter your-
selves that you are certain to get a third of
any woman with whom you constantly associ-
ate. Depend upon it, you are a great deal
more likely to become very inextricably fond
of her. Kick it all out of doors, the stale
trash, that men are naturally 'indifferent'
to their wives. How the deuce should a fine
woman be the worse for being one's wife?

And are there not five hundred good reasons
to every body but a puppy, why she must be
the better? Then, as you must all of you be
married, suffer in respectable company.

MARRY! Boys—it's a danger, but, though
it is a danger, it is the best. It is a danger!
I always feel thankful when a man is hanged
for killing his wife, because I should not
choose to kill a wife of my own—and yet the
crying of the "dying speech" for the bar-
barous and inhuman murder! &c. &c. is a
sort of warning to her—as one rat losing his
tail in the rat-trap, frightens the whole gang
full of danger. But, though marriage is a
danger, nevertheless, hazard it. Between
evils, boys—you know the proverb?—choose
the least. Marry, I say, all and each of you.
—Take wives; and take them in good time,
for your names may be long in the land.

And then, seeing that you would, one and all
of you, have wives—comes the question,

how you should go about to get them?
Then, in the first place, I shall assume, that
he who reads this paper, and marries, marries
for a wife. Because, if he wants a "fortune"
to boot, or an "office," or to be allied to a
"respectable family," he had better apply to
an attorney at once. Don't make these things,
indispensable, any of you, if you can help it.
For the fortune, a hundred to one, when you
get it, if it does not over-ride you with "set-
tlements," and "trusts," and whole oceans
of that sort of impertinence, which every pro-
per man should keep clear of. No woman
ought to be able to hold property independent
of her husband. And if that is not the law,
all I can say is, that it ought to be so. Then,
for the "office"—it's very well to have an
office, where you can get one—but it must be
the very devil to have the donor's property, all
your life afterwards, reminding you how you
came by it. And, for the "respectable fam-
ily," why, shut the book this minute, and
don't have the impudence to read another line
that I write, if you would quit a brother-
in-law that was "an eternal office-holder, or
office distributor," with one impetus, from
Georgia to Maine, just as soon as a kinsman
that was a clerk in a lottery-office, provided
he deserved it, or you took it into your head
that it was convenient to do it! Besides, a
nice woman is worth all the money in the
bank. What would you do with it, after you
had it, but give it all for one? Please your
taste, my children; and so that you get an
honest woman, and a pleasing one, take no
care for the remainder. And then, to guide
your choice, take the following maxims, those
who have brains will perceive their value at
a glance; and such as are thick-headed, can
read them three or four times over. And let
such not be too hastily disheartened; for it is
the part of wit, to bear with dullness; and
one comfort is, that if you have at last beaten
any thing into a skull of density, stupidity
itself can hardly ever get it out again. "We
write on brass," as somebody or other ob-
serves, and somewhere, "less easily than in
water; but the impression, once made, en-
dures forever."

MAXIM I.
Now, in making marriage, as in making
love—and indeed in making most other things
—the beginning is, that is the difficulty.
But the French proverb about beginnings—
"C'est le premier pas qui coûte," goes more
literally to the arrangement of marriage; as
our English well illustrates the condition of
love. "The first step over, the rest is easy."
Because, in the marrying affair, it is, particu-
larly, the "first step" that "costs"—as 20
your god you will find, if that step happens to
go the wrong way. And most men, when they
go about the business of wedlock, owing to
some strange delusion, begin the affair at
the wrong end. They take a fancy to the
white arms—(sometimes only to the kid
gloves)—or to the neat angles of a peculiar
school-girl, and conclude, from these premises
that she is just the woman of the world to
sow a house full of servants, and to bring up
a dozen children! This is a convenient deduc-
tion, but not always a safe one. Pleasant,
like Dr. Maculoch's deductions in his Political
Economy, but generally wrong. "Let not
the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of
silk, betray the poor heart," as Shakespeare
says, &c. &c. "to woman?" Implying there-
by, that red rashes and face-flourishes are but
as things transient; and that she who puts
ornaments of gold and silver upon her own
head, may be a "crown to her husband"—and
yet not exactly such a "crown" as King Solom-
on's against a virtuous woman should be. He
that has ears to hear, (while he has nothing
worse than ears) let him hear. A word to
the wise should be enough. There are some
particular qualities now and then, very likely
to lead a gentleman, on the sudden, to make
a lady his wife; and, after she has become so,
very likely again to make him wish that they
had made her any body else's.

AGRICULTURE.
While all will admit the pursuit of Agricul-
ture to be one of the noblest of human em-
ployments, there are many Countries in which
practically, it is not so regarded;—other call-
ings are esteemed more honorable—a profes-
sion involving less labourious duties is thought
more respectable. The Farmer's is unques-
tionably the most useful occupation, and natu-
rally superior to all others, his labours are
nationally important and yet he is expected to
be content with an inferior social position.

A London Periodical in recently alluding
to the present and prospective agricultural in-
terests of Britain very justly boasts of her
Yeomanry—that as regards physical devel-
opment they are as fine a race of men as
the world can exhibit. The British Ameri-
can, we believe, to be no way inferior except
it may be that in the performance of manual
labour he should yield the merit for a greater
degree of diligence, a more patient endurance
of the fatigue incidental to the life of a hus-
bandman—while, in mental qualifications he
may perhaps, take precedence of his fellow
subjects in the father-land—with the former
ness of circumstance does not produce an idleness
of mind, he thinks, and so far as his op-

portunities permit, resolves and acts correctly.
To the English farmer now that protection is
withdrawn, and he is left to compete with
foreign and more productive countries, an ap-
peal is being made to his best energies—and
in a shorter which so deeply involves the pecu-
liar interests of a great class, who will not
hope that it may prove successful.

MEXICO.
THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS.
Montezuma II. ascended the Mexican
throne, A. D. 1502, at the age of twenty-
three, before Mexico had been discovered by
Europeans. He died 30th June, 1520, in the
forty-second year of his age, of wounds in-
flicted by the Spanish discoverers whom he
invited to his royal palace. Historians agree
in admiring his character.

On ascending the throne, not content with
the spacious residence of his father, he erected
another, much more magnificent, fronting
on the plaza mayor of the present city of
Mexico. So vast was this great structure,
that, as one of the historians informs us, the
space covered by its terraced roof might have
served ample room for thirty knights to run
their courses in a regular tourney. His fa-
ther's palace, although not so high, was so
extensive that the visitors were too much fa-
tigated in wandering through the apartments,
ever to see the whole of it. The palace was
built of red stone, ornamented with marble,
the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle
bearing a tiger in his talons) being sculptured
over the main entrance. Crystal fountains,
fed by great reservoirs on the neighbouring
hills, played in the vast halls and gardens,
and supplied water to hundreds of marble
baths in the interior of the palace. Crowds
of nobles and tributary chieftains were con-
tinually sauntering through the halls, or loiter-
ing away their hours in attendance on the
court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the
ceilings, beautiful mats of palm leaf covered
the floors. The walls were hung with cotton,
richly stained, the skins of wild animals, of
gorgeous draperies of feather-work, wrought
imitation of birds, insects and flowers, in
glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense
from golden censers diffused intoxicat-
ing odors through splendid apartments occu-
pied by the wives and slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science and learning, and
public schools were established throughout
the greater part of his empire. The city of
Mexico in that day numbered twice as many
inhabitants as at present, and one thousand
men were daily employed in watering and
sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean
that a man could traverse the whole city with
as little danger of soiling his feet as his
hands. A careful police guarded the city—
Extensive arsenals, granaries, warehouses,
an army for the most beautiful birds, mena-
geries, houses for reptiles and serpents, a col-
lection of human monsters, fish ponds built of
marble, and museums and public libraries, all
on the most extensive scale, adding their at-
tractions to the great city of Aztecs. Gorge-
ous temples—in which human victims were
sacrificed, and blood bled in bread, or their
bodies dressed for food to be devoured by the
people at religious festivals—reared their pyra-
midal altars far above the highest edifices.
Thousands of their brother men were thus
sacrificed annually. The temple of Mexitla,
their war god, was so constructed that its
great alarm gong, sounding to battle, raised
the valley for three leagues around, and cal-
led three hundred thousand armed Aztecs to
the immediate relief of their monarch. So
vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a
building devoted to them, that 500 turkeys,
the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed
for their daily consumption. Such were the
"Halls of the Montezumas." The summer
residence of the monarch, on the hill of Chapo-
tepec, overlooking the city, was surround-
ed by gardens of several miles in extent, and
there were preserved until the middle of the
last century, two statues of the Emperor and
his father. The great cypress trees, under
which the Aztec sovereign and his associates
once held their moonlight revels, still shade
the royal gardens. Some of them, fifty feet
in circumference, and several thousand years
old, but as yet as green as in the days of
Montezuma, whose ashes, or those of his an-
cestors, render sacred, in the eyes of the na-
tive Mexicans, the hill of Chapotepec. Natu-
ral decay and a waning population now
mark the seat of the great Montezumas.

Curious jet tree.—A highly respectable
medical gentleman left in our office, last night,
a metal ring upwards of an inch in diameter,
which a member of his family had found em-
bedded in the heart of a potato on the previous
day while at dinner. How the ring got into
the tuber, which, unlike the greater proportion
of this valuable root, was free from taint, or to
whom it belonged, it is of course impossible
to say. That one time it may have ornamented
the person of an African chief and after-
wards found its way to this country in a cargo
of guano, we can easily imagine. Other
theories, equally plausible, may trace its origin
to a very different source; be what it may,
the relic, upon which a high value is placed,
is a curiosity of its kind. —Glasgow Citizen.

A BAD WATCH.—The Duchess of Suther-
land, who had lately been called to the office
of Mistress of the Robes to the Queen of
England, occupied this position some years
since, and a singular anecdote, not generally
known, is attached to her leaving it. The
Queen Victoria possesses in the highest de-
gree the exquisitely national quality of exact-
ness, or rather punctuality, as the English call
it, and she makes a great point of finding this
quality in the persons who are about her. All
the Court were assembled one day to as-
sist in some official ceremony. The Duchess
of Sutherland, whose place was near the
Queen, alone was absent at the time; and her
absence retarded the departure. A quarter of
an hour passed, during which, several times,
some signs of great impatience escaped her
Majesty. At last, at the moment when the
Queen, tired of the warfare, was about to en-
ter her carriage without the first lady of honor,
the Duchess of Sutherland made her ap-
pearance out of breath, and stammered, out-
timidly some excuse. The Queen contented
herself with replying to her, "My dear
Duchess, I think you must have a bad watch,"
at the same time the Queen, unhooking the
chain of the magnificent watch which she
wore herself, pressed it about the neck of lady
Sutherland. "Though given as a rich present,"
the lesson made a lively and deep im-
pression. The proud Duchess turned pale
and blushed, in turn, and at the same time a
tear, which she vainly attempted to prevent,
was seen suspended at the long eyelashes. The
next morning she sent in her resignation,
which was not accepted.

Signor Blitz.—The Hartford Times tells
the following good story of the Signor, which
displays his dexterity and good humor in the
most enviable light.
A clergyman came into the public house
where he was stopping, and without knowing
the Signor was present, commenced talking
pretty severely against the trickery. The
Signor bore it very good naturedly, and step-
ping up to the clergyman, expressed his opin-
ion that such language came with an ill grace
from one who had 9 pack of cards in his pocket;
and who had probably come there for the
great purpose of gambling; this charge was
received with great surprise by the gentleman
present; and the person was in a towering
passion at the insinuation. The Signor re-
iterated his charge, and agreed to prove it.
The clergyman defied his examination but in
and behold!—he pretended to take from the
parson's bosom, a pack of cards; another pack
was found in his hat, and a box of dice in his
coat pocket!—If he had been caught with a
sheep in his pocket, he could not have been
more surprised; and joining in the general
laughter, he evinced a determination to be out
of the Signor's company as soon as possible.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.—
Mr. Jasper W. Rogers, a gentleman residing
in Dublin, and who has devoted a consider-
able portion of his time to the study of the
nature of the potato, and the most effectual
method of stopping the progress of the dis-
ease which last year was so destructive to
this useful and important article of food, and
which disease has again broken out in many
parts of the kingdom, has published a letter,
to the following extracts from which we in-
vite the earnest attention of our readers:—

"The diseased potato may be almost en-
tirely preserved from the effect of decomposi-
tion, by using pulverised peat or wood char-
coal; abundantly interspersing it between the
layers and in the interstices, in pitting or
storing—the pit or store being, of course, pro-
perly ventilated.

The action is thus: the charcoal absorbs
the over-abundant moisture, the attendant of
the disease, and instantly corrects the putre-
cent matter which it largely contains; there-
fore effectually protecting the whole from in-
fection or contagion, or the evil action of
heated moisture.

As a manure for the potato, the action
of charcoal when properly applied, is as fol-
lows:—It absorbs from the seed (which, un-
der existing circumstances, must be more or
less diseased, no matter how attended to, or
where procured in Europe), that over-moisture
already named; and instantly correcting all
putrescence, it leaves the soil around un-
contaminated, to act with purity upon the
growth, yielding to the plant abundantly that
of which the disease has robbed it—carbon,
and thus supplying a nutriment which con-
stitutional weakness (its real malady) essen-
tially requires.

It is not right to add, that peat charcoal
can be had to any extent from the bogs of Ire-
land, at a cost of no consideration; And that
its value as a manure generally will be found
of the highest consideration."

Sir James Knapp.—We believe it has been
decided that the Colonelcy of the Royals,
which has become vacant by the decease of
the late lamented Sir George Murray, is to
be bestowed upon General the Right Hon.
Sir James Knapp, G. C. B. who will be
succeeded in the Queen's Royals by Major-
General D'Oyly.

Extraordinary Preference.—The Rev.
Joseph Lambert, Curate of Marwick, York-
shire, has been presented by the Marquis of
Lowdown to the valuable vicarage of Sea-
ham, near Sunderland. The venerable gen-
tleman who is 54 years of age, read himself
in on Sunday last, and performed the whole
duty without apparent fatigue. He has reach-
ed a patriarchal age on a humble curacy in
a remote dale, and like Goldsmith's pastor
"passing rich on forty pounds a year." He
has since unexpectedly obtained a benefice
with £800 a year, within vicarage house de-
lightfully situated, and fit for an episcopal pa-
lace. The noble patron had no previous ac-
quaintance with the gentleman whom he has
selected for this desirable and valuable living.

A Novel Enterprise.—We understand that
an expedition, which promises the most im-
portant results both to science and commerce,
is at this moment fitting out for the purpose
of navigating some of the most important un-
explored rivers in South America. It is to
be under the command of Lord Ranelagh.
Several noblemen and gentlemen have al-
ready volunteered to accompany his lordship,
and the enterprising and scientific band, it is
said, will sail as soon as the necessary ar-
rangements shall be completed.

P. E. Island.—Melancholy Accident.—On
Thursday evening the 3d inst. eleven labour-
ing men loading a Brigantine at Orwell, left
the vessel on a small raft for the purpose of
going on shore, a distance of about 150 yards;
after proceeding a short distance the water
became too deep for poling, and the wind
blowing rather fresh at the time, causing a
swell, the parties found themselves drifting
up the river, and eight out of the eleven
jumped off the raft to swim on shore, when
melancholy to relate, three only succeeded in
reaching the shore, two were picked up, and
three met a watery grave, namely: Donald
Campbell of Grand River, aged 20, and Mc-
Kenzie and McDonald, belonging to the Mur-
ray Harbour Road. About 2 hours after the
accident the bodies were found and brought
on shore. It appears Campbell was an ex-
pert swimmer, and the two latter getting ex-
hausted, clung to him, and all went down to-
gether. This morning the Coroner left town
for the purpose of holding an inquest.—P. E.
Islander, Sep. 4.

The Confession.—A cloud seemed to pass
suddenly over the fair features of Maria.
The lustre forsook her dark eyes. Her spirit
seemed troubled.
"Triumphed the lily now on that young cheek
Where bloomed the rose."
"Tell me, that evening did Edward importune
her to acquaint him with the cause of her
sadness, but not a word escaped her lips.
Said and silently she sat."
And now and then a sigh she stole,
And tears began to flow.
Breathes there a witch so fair as to in-
jure you—my dearest—by word or action?
Tell me—and by this heart as pure as I am
green! I swear, never to rest till I've redressed
thy wrongs! Is any awful mystery locked
up in that bosom—that I must not know?
Tell me the secret—and by the ringlets of thy
hair! I'll swear, never to reveal it, though
the most infernal torments rack me! Pour out
thy soul—tell thine own Edward, what thy
heart is thy breast.

She blushed—she placed her fair hands
across her snowy bosom—looked languidly
into her lover's face, and softly—like the last
low breathings of an expiring saint—she thus
confessed: "Is there one green apple, Ned?"
New Light House.—A Light House is in
course of erection on Beaver Harbour Island,
to the eastward of Halifax—and will be in
operation in the course of the ensuing Fall,
of which due notice will be given.—Times.

A man was up yesterday before the
Recorder for whipping his better half—says
the N. O. Delta—an amusement it appears
in which brute as he is, he often indulges.
A hard featured child of the parties, a boy
about eight years old, was in court. He, too,
seemed to take the affair as a matter of course.
Your father is, in the habit of beating your
mother—is he not my good boy? said the
Recorder.
Yes sir he is, said the young hopeful firing
one marble after another at the same time
across the floor.
Does he beat her severely? said the Re-
corder.
What's that said the boy, still firing his
marbles, and evincing a marked want of re-
spect for, or at least attention to the court.
Does he beat her severely, I say? repeated
the Recorder.
Well, I'll tell you what it is judge, said the
boy, when Dad goes it, he goes it.

To cure Gapes in Chickens—take as much
soft soap as will cover the thumb-nail, and
mix it with meal-dough. Give it to the chick-
ens at any stage of the disease. If this fails
on the first application, surely does on the
second.