

or become unsophisticated, and go back to the innocent enjoyments of your childhood while gazing on the crimson sided apples. I like, too, Hungerford Market; it gives one the idea of a Dutch picture. People wear mere bargaining faces; fruit and flowers have their price, but fish were sent into the world, at least into the market, to be cheapened.—Every body beats down the price of a fresh pair of soles, or a fine turbot. By the by, Kensington Gardens are just now singularly beautiful; I do not mean the walk *par distinction*; for I am writing of the picturesque, not the social pleasures of London:—no, go among the old trees, whose depths of shade are as little known as the depths of the Black Forest. The fine old branches will close over your head, the caw of the rooks is heard in melancholy but musical monotony, while their flight ever and anon disturbs the quiet leaves, and lets in fantastic streaks of sunshine on the soft grass. From afar off comes the perpetual and deep voice of the huge city,—that human ocean, whose waves know not rest. After wandering through many a shadowy walk—all, darkly green, for there no flowers—you arrive at the square old palace,—associate with William and Mary; formal, staid, suiting the town portion of a period when the tangles of *Nemra's* hair were powdered, and “the silver footed Thetisians” wore high heeled slippers. During this time the sun has been setting; the fine old trees stand still and solemn in the crimson air; the Park is empty; the smoke has rolled away, and rests, like a thunder storm, over the distant buildings. A clear and softened atmosphere is immediately above you; a few light clouds are flushed with lights of fugitive red; a deep purple hue is upon the Serpentine, along which are floating, still as shadows, snowy as spirits, two or three white swans. They alone share with you the silence and the solitude to be found even in London.

BY THOS. CAMPBELL JONES.

THE EARTH.

A valley broad, that's shaded
By storm, and mist, and night,
Whose flowers soon are faded
By some untimely blight;
Where youthful hearts are aching
With pains of frame or mind,
Where olden men are shaking,
Like winter leaves in wind;
Till, having measured out their days
In folly, shame or pride,
An epitaph doth speak their praise,—
Their deaths,—to whom allied.

THE GRAVE.

Rest hath made her dwelling here,
Though the living call it drear,
Beauty, youth, and wisdom, meet
In this meek and low retreat.
Generations without end
Here in silent ashes blend;
As the sands upon the shore,
Here they lie for ever more,
Waiting the life giving call
That shall break Death's sullen thrall.

HEAVEN.

Where flesh and blood hath never been;
Where mortal eye hath never seen;
A mental sphere; a flood of light;
A sea of glory, dazzling bright;
Where the crown of eternal life's placed on,
And the righteous kneel round their Father's throne,
Singing the songs of praise and bliss.
O for a sight to a sphere like this!

HELL.

A hopeless gulph of ruin and dismay,
Where rage and darkness never pass away;
In which lost spirits writhe God's curse beneath,
Bound with the chains of everlasting death.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF CANTON.

The literary institutions of China, are the pillars that give stability to the government. Her military forces are utterly inadequate to hold together the numerous and extensive provinces and territories that constitute the wide dominions of the reigning dynasty. With great difficulty the Tartar troops overrun the country—conquering province after province, and gradually extending their authority over the territories on the west of China Proper. But for a long period both the discipline and the energies of the Chinese soldiery have been on the wane: and at this moment the imperial hosts present nothing formidable but their numerical amount;—the recent insurrections at Leen-chow and Formosa have afforded the most complete evidence of this imbecility. And not only in this part of the empire, but along the whole coast up to the great wall on the north, and even beyond that in Mantchou Tartary, both the land and naval forces have become so exceedingly enervated and dissolute, that they exercise no salutary influence or control, except it may be over a few who are equally debased with themselves. As policemen, in the capacity of lieters, thief-takers, and executioners, they are not less detested than feared by the common people. They are in fact, for all purposes of defence, little better than *dead men*; nay, were they stricken from the catalogue of the living, we can scarcely doubt that the stability of the empire would remain unimpaired.

Many there are who look with astonishment at the magnitude of this empire, and believe it strong and immovable as the everlasting hills. But an examination of its history and present organization, would show them that it has been frequently rent and broken by rebel chieftains and ambitious statesmen and haughty kings; and that its present greatness is chiefly attributable to its peculiar literary institutions. These, though they are the glory and strength of the nation, are, for mere purposes of government, amazingly deficient; and it is their relative rather than their intrinsic value, that renders them worthy of special notice. Wealth and patronage have great influence here; they often control the acts of the government, stay the course of justice, cover the guilty, and confer honours and emoluments on those who deserve them not. But as a general rule, *learning*, while it is an indispensable prerequisite for all those who aspire to places of trust and authority in state, is sure to command respect, influence, and distinction. Thus, without the dreadful alternative of overthrowing the powers that be, a way is opening to the ambitious youth, by which he may reach the highest station in the empire, the throne only excepted. Usually the most distinguished statesmen are those who have risen to eminence by intellectual efforts, and they are at once the philosophers, the teachers, the rulers of the land. These distinctions they cannot maintain, however, without yielding implicit obedience to the will of the monarch, which is most absolute and uncontrolled. Let them honor and obey the power that is over them, and they stand—dependant indeed on the one hand, but on the other—in proud and envied distinction. High rank in the state is the brightest glory to which this people aspire: and with them learning derives its chiefest value from the simple fact that it brings them within the reach of that dazzling prize.

Strict examinations, regulated by a fixed code of laws, have been instituted and designed solely to elicit from the body of the community the “*true talents*” of the people, with the ulterior intention of applying it to purposes of government. At these examinations, which are open to all except