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## Weekly Almanack.

| June—1836. | Sun Rises. | Sun Sets. | Moon Rises. | Full Sea. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Wednesday - - | 4 21 | 7 39 | 10 29 | 0 15 |
| 2 Thursday - - | 4 20 | 7 40 | 11 21 | 1 3 |
| 3 Friday - - | 4 20 | 7 40 | 11 59 | 1 51 |
| 4 Saturday - - | 4 19 | 7 41 | morn. | 2 42 |
| 5 Sunday - - | 4 19 | 7 41 | 0 29 | 3 36 |
| 6 Monday - - | 4 18 | 7 42 | 0 53 | 4 35 |
| 7 Tuesday - - | 4 18 | 7 42 | 1 15 | 5 42 |

Last Quarter, 6th day, 2h. 21m. morning


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## The Garland.

### A MARRYING MAN.

Never warn me, my dear, to take care of my heart,
When I dance with you Lancer, so fickle and smart;
What phantoms the mind of eighteen can create,
That boast not a charm at discreet twenty-eight;
A partner, 'tis true, I would gladly command,
But that partner must boast of wealth, houses, and land;
I have looked round the ball-room, and, try what I can,
I fail to discover one Marrying Man?

Time was, in the pride of my girlhood's bright dawn,
All but talented men I regarded with scorn.
Wits, authors, and artists, then beaued me about,
Who might each have passed muster at Lady Cork's rout;
In duets, I had always a second well skilled;
My album with sonnets and sketches was filled;
I went on the brisk "march of intellect" plan,
But the "march" countermands ev'ry Marrying Man!

How oft, when mamma would sage counsels impart,
Have I pouted and wept at her hardness of heart;
She cared not for genius—her idol was pelf;
Now I've grown just as icy and hard as herself.
Alike I am rock to the handsome and wise,
To wit and to waltzing, to singing and sighs;
Nay, Phœbus himself would come under my ban
For *he* certainly is not a Marrying Man!

Finding London a failure, I varied my path,
I "took tea" with the painted old ladies of Bath;
At Hastings, the hills laboured panting to reach;
At Ramsgate, sat out with a book on the beach;
At Cheltenham, walk'd to the band's matin sound,
At Brighton, "missed aim" on the archery ground!
Through each place pointed out by the "Guide" have I ran,
But the Guide would not point to one Marrying Man!

*That* object seems still the philosopher's stone,
Another "ninth statue," a new "Great Unknown;"
I have tried all the schemes and manœuvres of old,
And must strike out some measure decisive and bold.
I'll try a *deep* plan in the diving-bell soon,
Or, with Green's assistance, I'll visit the moon!
Yes, yes—sure the last's an infallible plan,
If the "Man in the Moon" be—A Marrying Man!

—*Comic Offering*, 1835.

## Miscellanea.

The Backwoods of Canada,—*being Letters from the Wife of an Emigrant Officer, illustrative of the Domestic Economy of British America.* 1836.

It is needless at this time of day, to point out the discrepancies which exist between the tidings sent or brought home by emigrants, between the stirring anecdotes of "lions that save the settler the trouble of killing his own mutton"—and snakes that are most sociable when least welcome—of stale bread and stagnant water—and "grand pianos gutted to serve as corner cupboards,"—and the rose-coloured pictures of life and scenery done by the more fortunate or less veracious, who, not content with dwelling upon the blessings of exemption from taxes and poor-rates—upon the rough plenty of their allotment, and the healthy consciousness that they are thriving by their own industry—would have us believe the wilderness a perfect park—talk of their log-cabins with a quiet contempt for English country-houses; in short, accumulate around them, in their descriptions, all the luxury and refinement, which are scarcely separable from the artificial and over-burdened state of society, to deliver themselves from which they left their own country.

The little book before us belongs to the *juste milieu*. The lady, whose letters it contains, accompanied her husband, a British officer, to Canada in the year 1832, and here presents us with her experiences of the roughest years of an emigrant's life. She is obviously endowed with life's best blessing—an observant eye, joined to a cheerful and thankful heart; and it is pleasant to meet with one, delicately nurtured, who finds compensation for the difficulties and rudeness of an emigrant's lot in the strange and beautiful natural objects which surround her new home, and talks over the perils past, only to make light of them. For this as well as its subject matter, this book is welcome to us.

We find, of course, in its outset, the voyage from Greenock to Quebec described, and the further journey to Montreal; but the principal features of these have been presented to us some thousand times: we shall, therefore, push on to the backwoods, taking a sketch or two by the way.

"Among other objects my attention was attracted by the appearance of open burying-grounds by the road-side. Pretty green mounds, surrounded by groups of walnut and other handsome timber trees, contained the graves of a family, or may be, some favoured friends slept quietly below the turf beside them. * *

"Even the clay-built ovens stuck upon four legs, at a little distance from the houses were not unnoticed in passing. When there is not the convenience in one of these ovens outside the dwellings, the bread is baked in large iron pots—'*bake-kettles*' they are termed. I have already seen a loaf as big as a peck measure, baking on the hearth in one of these kettles, and tasted of it too; but I think the confined steam rather imparts a peculiar taste to the bread, which you do not perceive in the loaves baked in brick or clay ovens. At first I could not make out what these funny little round buildings, perched upon four posts could be; and I took them for bee-hives, till I spied a good woman drawing some nice hot loaves out of one that stood on a bit of waste land on the road-side, some fifty yards from the cottage. * *

"There is something very picturesque in the great spinning-wheels that are used in this country for spinning the wool, and if attitude were to be studied among our Canadian lasses, there cannot be one more becoming, or calculated to show off the natural advantages of a fine figure, than spinning at the big wheel. The spinster does not sit, but walks to and fro, guiding the yarn with the one hand, while with the other she turns the wheel. I often noticed, as we passed by the cottage farms, hanks of yarn of different colours hanging on the garden or orchard fence to dry; there were all manner of colours, green, blue, purple, brown, red and white."

From Cobourg the party proceeded to Amherst, on their way to Peterborough: the author gives us a pretty description of the Otonabee river, and of her first peep into a log house: "the interior," to use an artist's phrase, is not very inviting.

"As I felt a great curiosity to see the interior of a log-house, I entered the open door-way of the tavern, as the people termed it, under the pretext of buying a draught of milk. The interior of this rude dwelling, presented no very inviting aspect. The walls were of rough unhewn logs, filled between the chinks with moss and irregular wedges of wood to keep out the wind and rain. The unplastered roof displayed the rafters, covered with moss and lichens, green, yellow, and grey; above which might be seen the shingles, dyed to a fine mahogany red by the smoke which refused to ascend the wide clay and stone chimney, to curl gracefully over the roof, and seek its exit in the various crannies and apertures with which the roof and sides of the building abounded.

"The floor was of earth, which had become pretty hard and smooth through use. This hut reminded me of the one described by the four Russian sailors that were left to winter on the Island of Spitzbergen. Its furniture was of corresponding rudeness; a few stools, rough and unplaned; a deal table, which, from being manufactured from unseasoned wood, was divided by three wide open seams, and was only held together by its ill-shaped legs; two or three blocks of grey granite, placed beside the hearth, served for seats for the children, with the addition of two beds raised a little above the ground by a frame of split cedars. On these lowly couches lay extended two poor men, suffering under the wasting effects of lake-fever."

Three miles from Peterborough, the difficulties of the way may be said to have opened upon the emigrants, in the shape of wild trackless forests. Our lady, however, "roughed it" nobly, and, in her further or final journey to her settlement, dwells more upon the delight she received from fine scenery, and the striking vegetation around her, than the vexations of being jolted over a corduroy road, upon a *box*, compared with which Mr. Powers' (lately mentioned in our pages) must have been a *band-box* of ease and gentility,—or of sitting upon a stone at nightfall by the edge of a wild lake, when the departure of even this precious conveyance was felt to be an abandonment. She is very explicit in all the minute particulars which concern a settler's location. In a district, where labour is scarce and precious, the new comer would perish for the want of common shelter, if his neighbours did not come and lend him a helping hand in building his cabin and clearing his ground. One of these gatherings of good fellowship is called "a bee."

"It was the latter end of October before even the walls of our house were up. To effect this we called a bee." Sixteen of our neighbours cheerfully obeyed our summons; and though the day was far from favorable, so faithfully did our hive perform their tasks, that by night the outer walls were raised.

"The work went merrily on, with the help of plenty of Canadian nectar, (whiskey) the honey that our *bees* are solaced with. Some huge joints of salt pork, a peck of potatoes, with a rice-pudding, and a loaf as big as an enormous Cheshire cheese, formed the feast that was to regale them during the raising. This was spread out in the shanty, in a very *rural style*. In short, we laughed and called it a *pic-nic in the backwoods*; and rude as was the fare, I can assure you, great was the satisfaction expressed by all the guests of every degree, our 'bee' being considered as very well conducted. * * *

"The following day I went to survey the newly-raised edifice, but was sorely puzzled, as it presented very little appearance of a house. It was merely an oblong square of logs raised one above the other, with open spaces between every row of logs. The spaces for the doors and windows were not then chopped out, and the rafters were not up. In short, it looked a very queer sort of place, and I returned home a little disappointed, and wondering that my husband should be so well pleased with the progress that had been made. A day or two after this, I again visited it. The *sleepers* were laid to support the floors, and the places for the doors and windows cut out of the solid timbers, so that it had not quite so much the look of a bird-cage as before.

"After the roof was shingled, we were again at a stand, as no boards could be procured nearer than Peterborough, a long day's journey through horrible roads. At that time no saw-mill was in progress; now there is a fine one building within a little distance of us. Our flooring-boards were all to be sawn by hand, and it was some time before any one could be found to perform this necessary work, and that at high wages—six-and-sixpence per day. Well, the boards were at length down, but of course of unseasoned timber; this was unavoidable; so, as they could not be planed, we were obliged to put up with their rough, unsightly appearance, for no better were to be had. I began to recall to mind the observation of the old gentleman with whom we travelled from Cobourg to Rice Lake. We console ourselves with the prospect that by next summer the boards will all be seasoned, and then the house is to be turned topsy-turvy by having the floors all relaid, jointed, and smoothed.

"The next misfortune that happened, was, that the mixture of clay and lime that was to plaster the inside and outside of the house between the chinks of the logs, was one night frozen to stone. Just as the work was about half completed, the frost suddenly setting in put a stop to our proceeding for some time, as the frozen plaster yielded neither to fire nor hot water, the latter freezing before it had any effect on the mass, and rather making bad worse. Then the workman that was hewing the inside walls to make them smooth, wounded himself with the broad axe, and was unable to resume his work for some time.

"I state these things merely to show the difficulties that attend us in the fulfilment of our plans, and this accounts in a great measure for the humble dwellings that settlers of the most respectable description are obliged to content themselves with at first coming to this country,—not, you may be assured from inclination but necessity; I could give you such narratives of this kind as would astonish you. After all, it serves to make us more satisfied than we should be, on casting our eyes around to see few better off than we are, and many not half so comfortable, yet of equal, and in some instances, superior pretensions as to station and fortune."

With these extracts, and a recommendation of the work for its spirit and truth, we must conclude.—*London Athenæum.*

From the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

### *Progress of Agriculture in England.*

"The introduction of fallows between successive corn crops, was a very great improvement on the previous practice; but the substitution of green crops for fallow, on all but stiff clay lands, has been the greatest of all improvements ever made in agriculture; and has effected as great and beneficial a revolution in it as the introduction of the steam engine and of the spinning frame has done in manufactures. There is abundant evidence to show, that the culture of turnip, as a field crop, was carried on to some extent in several English counties, in the latter part of the 17th century. But the practice spread only by very slow degrees; and it was not till its introduction into the county of Norfolk, in the reigns of George I, and George II, when it was prosecuted on a large scale by Lord Viscount Townshend and others, that its signal importance became obvious. At the period referred to, the whole northwestern part of that county, which has long been one of the best cultivated districts of the empire, consisted of mere sandy wastes, sheepwalks and warrens, worth little or nothing. These were converted into highly productive arable land, by enclosing, marling, and the aid of the turnip husbandry, which is, as it were, the corner stone of the Norfolk, or improved system of husbandry. The same practice that had produced such splendid results in Norfolk—that had made sandy wastes yield the most luxuriant crops of wheat and barley—have been gradually extended, with similar effects, to many other parts of the kingdom. The produce in corn of the light soils, in all the moderately well cultivated districts of the empire has, in consequence been more than trebled; at the same time that a vast supply of green food has been obtained for the feeding of cattle and sheep, and the production of the most valuable manure.

"But, signal as has been the improvement in arable husbandry since 1760, the improvements made in stock husbandry, or in the breeding and fattening of cattle, have been still more considerable. No efforts for this purpose seem to have been made with judgment, and proper perseverance, till after 1750, when Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, in Leicestershire, began his career. Mr. Culley, of Northumberland, soon after entered on the same course; and the signal success by which their efforts were attended, roused a spirit of emulation in a host of others. But the rapid increase of manufactures and commerce, and, consequently, of the town population, after the Peace of Paris, in 1763, by creating a corresponding demand for butchers' meat, gave the principal stimulus to the improvements that have since been made in stock husbandry. It is not easy to over-rate their importance. We have already seen that, at an average, the weight of cattle and sheep has been a good deal more than doubled since about 1750; so that a stock of 5,000,000 head of cattle, at present, would be more than equal to one of 10,000,000 at that epoch. But the number, as well as the weight of cattle, having been very materially increased in the interval, the supply of butchers' meat must have increased in a corresponding proportion, or been at least trebled. There has also, owing to the same cause, been a very great increase in the product of wool. The supply of the fabric article, produced in England and Wales, in 1800, was estimated at about 384,000 packs, of 240 lbs. each. But, owing to the increased size of the animal, and the greater weight of the fleece, the same number of sheep that produced 384,000 packs in 1800, were estimated by the best informed wool growers and woolstaplers, to produce 463,000 in 1830, being an increase, in the interval, of no less than 20 per cent. It is true that the quality of the wool has rather deteriorated, for it seems to be impossible to procure both a heavy and a fine fleece. Taking, however, the increased weight of the carcass and the increased weight of the fleece into account, sheep are believed to be more profitable at present than at any former period; and, for the last three or four years, they have been the most productive species of stock kept in the kingdom.

"It would be curious to trace how, in husbandry, as in other things, one improvement grows out of, and is dependent on another. The grand improvement in modern agriculture—that by which it is mainly distinguished from the old—the universal introduction and superior management of green crops, may be in no inconsiderable degree ascribed to the anxiety of the farmers to procure an abundant and suitable supply of food for their stock; the increased demand for the latter being, as already stated, occasioned by the wonderful growth of commerce and manufactures.

"From the close of the American revolutionary war, the progress of improvement in Scotland has been rapid beyond all previous example. This has been owing to a variety of causes; but principally to the extraordinary progress made in commerce and manufactures, since that period. In the distracted state in which Scotland was formerly placed, there could be no considerable progress; but, after the battle of Culloden had extinguished the hopes of the Jacobites, and the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions had paved the way for the introduction of a regular system of government, a spirit of industry and enterprise began to be diffused on all sides. A good many branches of trade and manufacture carried on in England were introduced into Scotland soon after the peace of 1763; and not a few of them were prosecuted with much success. Their progress was checked for a while by the American war; but after the treaty of Paris, in 1783, they acquired more than their former vigor; others were introduced, and all of them have since continued, with few, and those but transient, interruptions, to advance with a rapidity that could not previously have been supposed possible.

"This unprecedented extension of manufacturing and commercial industry, occasioned a corresponding increase of wealth and population, particularly in towns and villages. Improved accommodations of all sorts began to be in universal demand: and besides the greater quantity of the inferior sorts of food required to supply the increasing population, a novel, or at least a vastly increased market was opened for wheat and butcher meat. These circumstances had the most astonishing influence over agriculture. The new, and constantly increasing markets, established at their very doors, stimulated the farmers to put forth all their energies, and to avail themselves of discoveries and practices to which they had hitherto been total strangers. In a few years the face of the country was completely changed; and its productive capacities increased in a degree that the most sanguine projector of any previous period could not have conceived possible."

### MAN.—By Rev. J. N. Maffitt.

Man is perishable, and like himself are all his works; eternity is not his gift; and the operations of his arm, though they may be beautiful while they last, like the summer cloud must melt away. He steps upon the stage of action, the proud lord of all created nature, he erects the pillars of brass and marble statues, that continue for ages, and seem to bid defiance to the ravages of the destroyer; he rears up the towering monument to perpetuate his greatness, and tells the tempest and storm to beat it down if they be able; he sinks amid his glory, and his sons and successors with tearful eyes view the wasting away of all his works. In the full tide of his zeal he builds a church and dedicates it to the living God; 'now,' says he, 'with the armies of heaven upon my side, my labor shall last forever;' and as though he had entered the dwelling place of a Deity, and by his good works bribed him to sustain him, he exultingly cries out to the destroyer, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther, here at this temple's base shall thy proud waves be stayed." But time! triumphant time!! he comes either in the still small voice, or like an avalanche from the eternal hills, and the proud effort, together with the prince that planned it, are buried in one unceremonious ruin. But more than these; he has erected the temple of fame, and upon its heavenward arch he has inscribed the burning letters of immortality; he has blown up the enduring flame of his own renown, and after ages have been illumed by its light; he has climbed the slippery steep of literature, and from her wide spread arena has looked abroad unto all the world; he has counted and named the stars; scanned the orbits of a thousand planets, and marked the revolutions of the great centre of the solar system, like a blazing beacon, whose flame is gathering from the four quarters of the earth; his deeds are held out to the gaze of the universe and the admiration of celestial intelligence: but to expire amidst the halo of his hard earned glory, is the consummation of his highest hopes and the end of his fondest expectations; he cannot rescue from ruin, one single performance, or bring back the faintest breath of life; all his days have been spent in forming and fashioning anew, the wonderful works of an all-powerful Creator, and the best operation he ever accomplished, was nothing more than the transformation of the material placed into his hands; one jot or one tittle has not been added since the Almighty spoke from chaos this mundane fabric, perfect then in all its parts, forming a wondrous whole; so it has remained, and through the changes of six thousand years, and the decomposition over and over again, of the flowers and herbs and fruits and animals, that lived and glowed and died upon its surface, the rolling away of the tides, and the bursting of volcanoes, the evaporation of fluids and melting of clouds, it has continued the same in quantity: and the untiring efforts of man, though repeated and continued through every hour since its creation, have mutilated its surface comparatively but little deeper than his own grave shall be; but the conclusion of the whole matter is, the worm shall feed on man's mortality; and then turn itself to the dust from whence man was taken.

Poisons of the Ancients.—At the College of Physicians, London, Sir Henry Halford lately read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage, which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomitting of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer, and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked, that the course of treatment for this disorder prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time, namely, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins; it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery, ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient amongst the Romans, and died in ten days, aged seventy-seven. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of dispatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same given to other condemned criminals, viz *cicuta*, hemlock. Juvenal attributes his death to hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation; for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute, it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It is improbable we shall ever know. Modern chemistry has discovered a variety of subtile poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthagenians were acquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtile and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that, Sir Henry Halford observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told Sir Henry that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the matador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug.

Early Home.—There are few minds so callous as to revisit the scenes of their childhood, without experiencing some emotion. And whether those are in the crouded city amidst all the coarse and ordinary objects of vulgar life, or in the lonely valley with its green hills and gliding streams, the same feelings swell the heart, as the thoughts of the past rush over it; for they speak to us of the careless days of our childhood, of the gay dreams of our youth, of the transient pleasures of our prime, of the faded joys of our old age. They speak to us of parents now sleeping in the dust, of playfellows in a far distant land, of companions altered or alienated, of friends become as strangers, of love changed into indifference. They speak to us also, it may be of time mispent, of talents misapplied, of warnings neglected, of blessings despised, of peace departed.

They may speak to us perhaps, of God's holy law slighted, of his precepts contemned, of himself forsaken; of hearts, alas! not purified and renewed by that grace which they never sought for; but like the wasted volcano, parched and blasted in their own unholy fires.—Fairer scenes all may have viewed than those on which their eyes first opened; but in them we behold only the inanimate objects of nature, which, however they may charm the senses, or fill the imagination, yet want that deep and powerful interest, which seems entwined with our existence, and which gives a local habitation and a name so powerful a mastery over us.

The Two Story-Tellers.—The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present there was a constant and keenly-contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story he poured hot water into the teapot; and so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, "Aye, ye may stop noo—it's running out at the door!"

There is much hypocrisy in affecting to give up the pleasures of the world from religious motives, when we only withdraw from it because we find a greater gratification in the pleasures of retirement. 'My dear children,' said an old rat to his young ones, 'the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me, that I have determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance, in a narrow and lonely hole which I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasure; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction—never to come near my retreat. God bless you all!' Deeply affected, snivelling audibly, and wiping his paternal eyes with his tail, the rat withdrew, and was seen no more for several days, when his youngest daughter, moved rather by filial affection than by that curiosity which has been attributed to the sex, stole to his cell of mortification, which turned out to be a hole, made by his own teeth in an enormous Cheshire cheese!"—*Tin Trumpet.*

English and American Rain.—The author of "The American in England," adverting to a wet day in London, says, "It did not rain with that earnestness and common energy which in our climate conveys the idea of a thing to be done as a matter of business, and despatched with business-like rapidity; but in a deliberate, cool-blooded way, as if it might continue on thus for ever, without exhausting its capacities to annoy." The same writer subsequently adds, that in America an umbrella is useless and disagreeable; but that "in England a man without an umbrella is as incomplete as a man without a nose."