

BRITAIN'S CHURCH BELLS.

You hear, as I, the merry bells of England :
 Can any country of the same extent
 Boast of so many?—in their size and tone
 Differing, yet all for harmonies combin'd.
 Cluster'd in frequent bands, through towns and cities,
 Lodgment they find in many a village tower,
 And tapering spire, that crowns an upland lawn,
 Or peeps from grove and dell; while now and then,
 Modest and low, a steeple ivy-clad,
 Behind a rock, reveals its whereabouts
 To the lone traveller, only by their tongue.
 Art's work they are, yet in their tendency,
 Somewhat like Nature to the human soul.
 Rais'd up 'twixt earth and heaven, they speak of both;
 They speak to all of duty and of hope—
 They speak of sorrow, and of sorrow's cure.

REV. R. KENNEDY.

THUNDER AND ARTILLERY.—The third division was quartered in the little town of Huarte, about a mile and a half from the walls of Pampeluna, which city was then garrisoned by the enemy, and, consequently, till reduced, a bar to the progress of the allied army within the French territory. The battle of the Pyrenees had not yet been fought, and our troops were continually on the alert, ready to repel at a moment the menaces of Scult, whose line was extended in position on the heights contiguous to ours. At the time I am speaking of we were roused almost daily to a state of stirring excitement by the frequent brisk skirmishes that took place among the light troops on the hills, close above the town, on which occasion the drums and bugles of the division immediately sounded to arms, the general was a field, all staff officers were mounted and ready, and the commissariat stores packed on the mules' back, waiting to depart. One summer's evening the clouds looked particularly dark and lowering on the hills, a deep stillness pervaded the air, the swallows swept the earth with their besoms in depressed flight, large spreading drops of rain began to fall, when during those few moments of dreary expectant repose that invariably precede an approaching thunder storm, the universal silence of nature was broken by a rattling fire of musketry, and almost at the same instant the sky was rent by a vivid streak of white lightning, and loud thunder, simultaneously cracked from end to end of the horizon. Officers started quickly on foot, and called aloud for their horses; drums, bugles, and trumpets, burst forth in unison, and the "boot and saddle," all adding to the din, soon set in motion the rumbling wheels of the artillery. The firing among the troops and the storm's fury both increased together; the former affording reasonable apprehension that the enemy, then within the distance of a mile, were about to make a desperate attempt to break through our line, while rain fell in torrents amid glaring flashes of lightning, and explosions of thunder shook the mountains to their very foundations.

Some experiments have been made in lighting the House of Commons, with what are called the Bude lights, on a plan invented by Mr. Gurney. The effect produced is thus described by the *Times*—

"The light is now made to descend from the roof through ground glass plates, over which the apparatus is so contrived, that the light can with ease be varied from the colour of a pale moonlight to a bright sunlight, or be mellowed down to a rich autumnal glow; still giving sufficient light, without any unpleasant glare, to every part of the House. The glass through which the light is sent down is fitted air-tight into the bottom of the chandelier; so that no heat can be generated by it in the house, save the slight radiation from the surface of the chandelier itself; but, compared with the heat and the consumption of atmospheric air by the combustion (or rather the very imperfect combustion) of 240 wax candles, the heat and atmospheric combustion of the new plan are not (as far as the body of the house is concerned) as 1 to 100. Whatever heat may be generated by the new process, will be carried off through the roof, and never affect the body of the house. The plan consists in a number of burners (in each chandelier) supplied with wick and oil, somewhat like the Argand lamp, with the improvement, that in this there is only one circle or cylinder, while in the common Argand lamp there are two. Lighted in this state, the lamp would send off a very large and offensive mass of unconsumed carbon; but to prevent this, a stream of oxygen gas is made to pass through the centre of each burner, by which the total combustion of the carbon of the oil and wick takes place; and the light is consequently raised to a beautifully brilliant flame, the intensity of which may be increased according to the volume of the stream of oxygen passed through it; and, as we have already said, the light may be mellowed, as taste, fancy or convenience may suggest."

WORDSWORTH'S CHARACTER.—Wordsworth's attachment to nature in her grandest forms grew out of solitude and the character of his own mind; but the mode of its growth was indirect and unconscious, and in the midst of other more boyish and more worldly pursuits. In moments of watching for the passage of woodcocks over the hills on moonlight nights, oftentimes the dull gaze of expectation, after it was becoming hopeless, left him liable to effects of mountain scenery under accents of nightly silence and solitude,

which impressed themselves with a depth for which a full tide of success would have allowed no opening. And, as he lived and grew among such scenes from childhood to manhood, many thousands of such opportunities had leisure to improve themselves into permanent effects of character, of feeling, and of taste. Like Michael he was in the heart of many thousand mists. Many a sight, moreover, such as meets the eye rarely of any, except those who haunt the hills and the farms at all hours, and all seasons of the year, and had been seen, and neglected perhaps at the time, but afterwards revisited the eye, and produced its appropriate effect in silent hours of meditation. In every thing, perhaps, except in the redundant graciousness of heart which formed so eminent a feature in the moral constitution of that true philosopher, the character, the sensibility, and the taste of Wordsworth, pursued the same course of development as in the education of the pedlar who gives so much of the movement to the progress of "The Excursion."

PENNY POSTAGE.—The Penny Postage is in full operation in England, and every one is pleased with it. So far as the present appearances show, the reduced rate of postage will cause a great loss to the revenue for a time. But the increased consumption of paper will contribute to the excise revenue, (as paper is a taxed article,) and in a few years, the revenue from letters will be as great as it was before the change. On the average, we dare say that every one will now write four letters for every one he has heretofore written. Franking is wholly abolished much to the grief of certain Peers and M. P.'s who thought that to scrawl their names on the cover of a letter, one of the chief ends of being legislators! The Prime Minister himself can neither send nor receive a free letter. There were about 1200 persons qualified to send and receive free letters. They could send ten and receive fifteen daily. The privilege was used in most cases to the utmost limit. About 200 of the 1200 could frank any number and weight of letters, so that on the whole the daily average of 26 may be taken for the whole. This gives 30,000 free letters per diem, (nine tenths of which were double and treble, as the frank covered an ounce,) and if we take the average postage at one shilling and sixpence, we have £2250 per diem, or £821,250 per annum—nearly three millions and a half of dollars. Now that franking is abolished this will be at an end, and the post office revenue will be advantaged thereby.—*N. Y. Star.*

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.—A good story is told by a Yankee editor, in illustration of the folly of judging from appearances. A person who wore a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in Boston, on some business, where several ladies were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked (in a low voice, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger,) that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun; the following dialogue ensued:

'You're from the country, I suppose?'
 'Yes, I'm from the country.'
 'Well, sir, what do you think of the city?'
 'It's got a tarnal sight o' houses in it.'
 'I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?'
 'O yes, a wondrous sight, jist for all the world like them there,' pointing to the ladies.
 'And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?'
 'Yees, I beau's them to meetin and about.'
 'May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine,' said one of the company.
 'Thank'e, dont care if I do.'
 'But you must drink a toast.'
 'I eats toast, what aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin, I never seed the like.'

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause, thought these men to be gentlemen; the deception is mutual—I wish you a good evening."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Girls should be educated at home, with a constant recollection that their brothers, and the future companions of their lives, are at the same time at school, making certain acquisitions, indeed, dipping into the Greek drama, and the like, but receiving a very partial training of the mind in the best sense; or, perhaps, only such a training as chance may direct; and that they will return to their homes, wanting in genuine sentiment, and in the refinements of the heart. Girls well taught at home, may tacitly compel their brothers to feel, if not to confess, when they return from school, that, although they may have gone some way beyond their sisters in mere scholarship, or in mathematical proficiency, they are actually inferior to them in variety of information, in correctness of taste, and in general maturity of understanding, as well as in propriety of conduct, in self-government, in steadiness and elevation of principle, and in force and depth of feeling. With young men of ingenious tempers, this consciousness of their sisters' superiority in points which every day they will be more willing to deem important, may be turned to the best account under a discreet parental guidance, and may become the means of the most beneficial reaction in their moral sentiments. * * Whatever

certainty parents may have of securing future competence, or even affluence, for their children, there can be no doubt of the desirableness, in regard as well to physical health as to the moral sentiments, and even the finest intellectual tastes, of a practical concernment with domestic duties.—*J. Taylor.*

WOMAN.—"As the dove will clasp its wings to her side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercise that gladdens the spirits, quickens the pulses with new existence, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, 'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailment. Look for her after a little while, and find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wiry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler."

EQUESTRIAN HINTS.—There is a race of young sportsmen who, though they mayn't shine in after years, can make horses go that nobody else will ride—butchers' hoeses. A horse that can't be kept upon his legs will carry them along as briskly as a five-year-old, and never make a false step; there must be something between them and the animal that nobody but a butcher's boy can understand. The reins hanging as loose as a halter, and, with their baskets across their arm, they sail on full gallop as easily as madam in a sedan chair. I always think when they are on the back of a horse that they are the most saucy, independent and happy rogues in the world. I remarked this the other day, when a spruce looking gentleman was riding along, and his horse shied at a coal-cart, and threw him over the pommel of his saddle. A butcher's boy riding after sings out—"I say, mister, the next time you goes by a hos, I'd recommend you to get inside and pull up the blinds;" with this he dashed past, and only laughed at the gentleman, who whipped and spurred to overtake and punish him for his impudence. There's nothing like a butcher's hos and a boy for a trotting match.

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.—When the fog which overspread the horizon at Dover recently had cleared away, the sky became so bright that one of the most imposing views of the opposite coast presented itself that ever was witnessed from our shores. It was dead low water, which favoured the view, and it seemed as if a curtain had been suddenly withdrawn, exhibiting the whole line of the French coast, as distinctly as if it had only been a few miles off. Calais was so plainly distinguishable that comparatively minute objects were plainly discernible. Boulogne piers were perfectly visible; the sails of the vessels in that harbour were observed outspread, and the whole of the villages along the coast seemed so close at hand that the spectator on Dover pier might fancy them as near as the martello towers immediately adjacent to Folkestone.

EXTRACTS FROM BULWER.—Secure the approbation of the aged, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love of the young.

Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Olerie—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity than they are transformed into birds and fly away.

A man of an open character naturally discovers his faults more than his virtues—the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen.

For the Pearl.

MR. EDITOR,

In answer to your request, respecting the crust of the earth not being destroyed by the internal heat, the existence of which was contended for in the lecture, delivered at the Institute on last Wednesday evening—as readily as a sheet of writing paper would be by a red hot cannon ball which it enveloped, the Lecturer replies—the answer is ready. 1st. Because the crust of the earth is not a sheet of writing paper. 2nd. Because the crust of the earth is incombustible. 3rd. Because the inner layer of the crust of the earth is granite rock.

You have requested that the answer should not be lengthy, and the lecturer's time would not admit of its being so. But for this he might enlarge to a considerable extent on the indestructibility of carbon, by heat, and say much about the probability that all that part of the primary formation that comes in contact with the central fire, is granite in a carbonated state, from which all the atmospheric properties that generate combustion are effectually excluded by the heavy and bulky layers above.

Would you now, Mr. Editor, or the gentleman who made the objection, answer the following questions:

Admitting that our globe was composed of the same materials to the centre that we find on the surface, and the objector could apply sufficient heat to it, to melt it to a liquid mass, if he withdrew the heat, would it not cool?

Again—If the earth or any smaller body of materials was so liquified, and then left to its own natural operation by withdrawing the heat that reduced it,—would it not cool on the outside first?