

THERMOMETER.

Mean height of the Standard Thermometer,	68.02
Highest of the Maximum do. the 4th day,	91.00
Lowest of the Minimum do. the 17th do.,	41.00
Monthly Range,	50.00
Mean of Humidity,	.867
Greatest Intensity of the Sun's Rays,	112.0
Amount of Evaporation in inches,	2.62
Rain fell on 9 days, amounting to 4.127 inches, and unaccompanied by Thunder and Lightning on 2 days.	
Most prevalent Wind,	E.N.E.
Least do. do.,	N. by E.
Most Windy day the 19th day, Mean miles per hour,	14.75
Least Windy day the 27th day, Mean Miles per hour. Inappreciable.	
Aurora Borealis visible on 4 nights, at 10 p. m.	

For September, 1852.

BAROMETER.

(Corrected and reduced to 32° F.)

Highest Reading, the 17th day,	30.042
Lowest do. 12th day,	28.832
Monthly Mean,	29.645
Monthly Range,	1.208

THERMOMETER.

Mean Reading of the Standard Thermometer,	59.15
Highest Reading of Maximum Thermometer, the 8th day,	96.0
Lowest Reading of Minimum Thermometer, the 26th day,	25.0
Monthly Range,	71.0
Rain fell on 10 days, amounting to in inch.	6.252
Amount of Evaporation, do.	2.020
Mean Humidity,	.920
Most prevalent Wind,	W.
Least do. do.	E.S.E.
Most Windy day the 26th day, Mean Miles per hour,	12.83
Least Windy day, 11th day, Mean Miles per hour,	0.153
Aurora Borealis visible on 6 nights.	
Lunar Halo on 1 night.	

IF I WERE A VOICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land or sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
And save them from despair.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind,
And whenever I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind,
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the thunder-crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash;
And, all their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

If I were a voice, a pervading voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide them right—
Lessons of priceless worth;
I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard—
Truths which the ages for aye repeat—
Unknown to the statesman at their feet,

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.
I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice—
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

THE BRANCH OF WILD HOPS THAT GREW OVER THE STREAM.

I love the bright tints of the rich summer rose
As its petals unfold to the sun.
What floweret a fragrance so sweet can disclose,
As that of this loveliest one!
The lily and cowslip were friends of my youth,
And daisies—a glittering store—
They taught lessons of purity, sweetness, and truth,
And I feel that I love them the more;
But the fairest of all in my memory's dream,
Is the branch of wild hops that grew over the stream

I remember the time, it is long since gone by,
When I sought out the shadiest spot.
The beauties of summer were faded, and I
Was sad—for the blue-bells were not;
And I longed for a wreath to entwine in my hair.
But no favourite bud could I see,
Till my eye caught a branch that was streaming in air
From the stem of the sycamore tree.
And my garland was formed of its pale yellow beam—
Twas the branch of wild hops that grew over the stream.

Since then, I have wandered by streamlet and fell,
'Mid scenes that were lovely and new,
With friends that I love and who love me as well;
But they are not so dear to my view
As my own native Kent with its turf growing wild,
The home and the blue-fly and bee,
Were gaily I frolicked, a mirth-loving child,
In the shade of my favourite tree;
And I long to be twining its beautiful frame
With the branch of wild hops that grows over the stream.

A VOICE FROM HAMPSHIRE.