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## NATURAL HISTORY.

### MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

In surveying the works of nature, in admiring their beauty, their order, their seasons, and the thousand attractions they possess, I sometimes think that the divine Author of our religion viewed them with corresponding feelings; and this reflection always affords me pleasure. He selected a garden, having a brook in it, as a place of frequent resort; and in a beautiful passage, we find him telling us to 'consider the lilies of the field, how they grow—they toil not!' he adds, 'neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' He delightfully reminds us, how seemly we may trust to his care and love, by desiring us to 'behold the fowls of the air, which neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns; and yet our Heavenly Father feedeth them.' Then, again, he tells us 'that we are his sheep, and that He is our shepherd.' And at another time he illustrates his kindness and compassion by referring to the care and protection afforded by a hen to her chickens; and further assures us, that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the knowledge of our beneficent Creator. These and other illustrations of our Saviour's precepts, were taken from objects of nature, which probably immediately surrounded him, and may be admitted as a proof of the justice of the observation I have hazarded on the subject.

Throughout the whole of the New Testament the images taken from nature leave a stronger impression on the mind than almost any others. And sure I am that the close contemplation of those which assure us of the ever wakeful care and kindness of our Maker will bring with them a peaceful serenity of mind, which would be envied, if it could be justly appreciated, by persons who have hitherto thought but little on the subject.

I was occupied the other day for a few moments, in reflecting on the benefits accruing to mankind, from a remarkable instinct impressed by the great Creator on that insignificant grub the silk-worm. What warmth and comfort does it afford us! How useful, convenient, and, I may add, elegant, is the clothing we derive from it! But this is not all. Let us, for one moment consider how many thousands of persons are absolutely indebted to it for almost their very existence, in consequence of the employment it affords in nearly every country of the known world.

There is, however, another striking and interesting peculiarity attending the silk-worm which I have not observed to have been hitherto noticed. It is the fact, that while the caterpillars of all the other tribes of moths and butterflies, when they have

arrived at a certain state of maturity, show a restless disposition, and wander about and hide themselves in a variety of places in order to spin their cocoons, preparatory to their making their escape as moths, &c; the caterpillar of the silk-worm, on the contrary, may almost be considered as a domestic insect, and is content to remain stationary in the open tray, or box, in which it may be placed. After consuming its immediate supply of mulberry leaves, it waits for a further quantity, and when the period is arrived for spinning its cocoon, instead of showing any migratory disposition, it seems to place itself with confidence under the care of man for the providing it with a suitable place for its convenience and protection. In the fly or moth state, the female is quite incapable of flight; and the male, although of a much lighter make, and more active, can fly but very imperfectly. This latter circumstance insures to us the eggs for the following season, thus completing the adaptation of the insect in its different stages to the purposes it is destined to fulfil for our advantage. To my mind this striking peculiarity in the habit of the silk-worm beautifully illustrates the care and kindness of the Almighty, in thus making an apparently insignificant reptile the means of conveying so many important benefits to man.

The migratory disposition of the common moths and butterflies is not however, without its use, though we may not so immediately profit by it. I have before observed, that the caterpillars hide themselves in a variety of places. These, in the pupae state, furnish food for our soft-billed birds during the winter, who search for and feed upon them. Without such a recourse many of them must perish during a severe frost. Numerous insects also lay their eggs in living caterpillars; who die before they change into pupae; so that the very existence, as it is well known, of some insects is perpetuated by the destruction of others.

In noticing these facts, it seems impossible to withhold at least that silent admiration, which the ways of Providence in the works of the creation claim from every one, by whom they are properly contemplated. Trifling as the relation may appear to some persons, it ought to carry the conviction with it, that we are under the care and guidance of an all-wise and bountiful Creator. Happy shall we be if this instructive lesson is not lost upon us.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

### A STRANGER IN LONDON.

(CONCLUDED.)

There is a tradition among certain classes of the people here, that the religion derived from the writings of their sacred books will

one day or other overspread the whole earth: at a notion so preposterous you are probably inclined to smile; and yet, though I make a great secret of it, there are movements connected with this design not unworthy of notice. For the last thirty years several savans have been solicited to exert their skill in translating the sacred writings of the Christians into other languages; and, if fame can be depended on, something of this sort has been done. Beside which, they have here some method of multiplying copies of a book with rapidity so great, that I would submit to your better judgment whether or not some demon does not lend them a hand. Connected with this ominous evil, there is another, quite as mischievous, if not more so. Nothing is more common here, than certain dangerous assemblies, called Missionary Societies, who may often be detected in evening conclave, and whose professed object is to advance the religion of their obscure sect, by supplanting the ancient system of theology, now in the ascendant. Of the suspicious doings in these ill-looking divans, it is impossible to speak in terms sufficiently strong. The most active, and therefore the most dangerous of the set are the followers of a celebrated old mandarin, whose name, if correctly handed to posterity, was John Wesley. The worst feature in this fraternity is, they are so dreadfully united. Gain the assent of one and you have the consent of all. This principle of adhesion, in a cause of that sort, must be assailed, or there is no foretelling the consequences. These people have already insinuated themselves into divers places; and I have been credibly informed that their emissaries are busily engaged, not only within the limits of Europe, which is a matter beneath our notice, but have approached the shores of India; though no petition, requesting permission to take such liberty, has ever been laid at the foot of the golden throne.

But in the midst of these vexatious proceedings there are some encouraging thoughts. The inhabitants of this country are but few in number, and the island itself is a mere speck, which, for aught I know, may some day fall into the ocean, from which it appears to have emerged. Besides which,—and this gives me the greatest delight,—on looking at the conduct of the principal persons who profess christianity, it is clear they only profess it: and I incline to believe, that although you may here and there find a Priest remarkably zealous in promoting christianity at home, the far greater number never trouble themselves with the moral condition of other countries. On the whole my fears are rather diminished; for though the Missionary people I have spoken of would circumnavigate the globe twice over,

to disturb the creed of even a beggar, or as they term it, to save his soul, the number of these zealots, if we could but split them into parties, is too inconsiderable to excite alarm. My chief dependance, however, is on the quiet and easy indifference manifested by the superior orders both of priesthood and people. Deeply engaged as these classes are, in secular affairs, time for settling their own views is with difficulty found, and none whatever for meddling with those of other people. This I consider is a most happy and promising circumstance. Long life to these quiet and right easy disciples of Christ, both the Clergy and laity! Long may their gentle repose continue, for while that lasts never will the sage maxims of Confucius be assailed with the reasonings of the cross.

There are numberless peculiarities among this singular people to which I have not alluded, and on which, did the space of a single sheet of paper permit, passing attention might be given. They are not entirely destitute of genius. Not that I mean to institute any comparison, (for that would be ridiculous,) between them and the inhabitants of celestial dominions. The city in which I now write extends in length from east to west, nearly ten miles, and in breadth from north to south, about half that distance. Within that area about a million and a half of the inhabitants reside. The entire space is intersected with public avenues, along which are placed, under-ground, continuous lines of metallic tube, through which water is supplied, from distant reservoirs, to every house. Other tubes, only less in diameter, are placed in parallel lines, for the conveyance of fire; which is also transmitted from iron reservoirs, placed in the suburbs, in the form of an aerial fluid, wherever light is required. I have seen a man rise to the clouds, tied to the under part of a blown-out bag of silk. I have seen another descend to the bottom of a river in an iron case, and at the end of an hour come up unhurt; and what is more astonishing than either, I recently observed a company of travellers moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, without any visible cause, and as if the carriage-wheels were suddenly endued with instinct and animation. Perhaps you would like to know that the women of this country are highly respectable, and, if I had never seen our own country-women, I should think them beautiful. The worst is, the feet of an English lady are suffered to grow in their natural form, and are of equal size, so that they walk without limping, which you know is monstrous: besides, their foreheads have never been fattened. These as you perceive, are great blemishes, and account for the formalities generally practised. It is a fact, though I fear you will not believe me, that no Englishman can be induced to marry a woman until he has first seen her. Of the commendous and happy method of taking a wife upon report, agreeably with our judi-

icious custom, which goes far to ensure the bargain, they are evidently ignorant. The quickness of your apprehension has no doubt informed you, from the few scattered hints now forwarded, that although the inferiority of these outlandish people is easily seen, their intercourse with us has rendered some of them shrewd and intelligent; but while the precautions I have recommended are observed, and they are ambitious to procure our silks and hyson, compassion to the poor men may be shown with due regard to our safety. I am happy to tell you, that business goes on delightfully. Every one is dependant on our bounty; that is, every one takes tea twice a day. Congoo, that fetches three farthings per pound at Vuchang, sells here for seven shillings. That is good. May the three hundred and thirty millions of our fellow-subjects continue to repose in peace; and may His Imperial Highness never cease to knock his forehead upon the threshold of the gods for increased prosperity. Yours unchanged,

HOEI-TEL-EOU.

The big City, London,  
Eleventh Moon, Anno. 4040.

#### ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Most or all of our readers must have heard of the romantic episode in the loves and lives of the parents of the celebrated Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; being no less a circumstance than that the father of the Archbishop went to fight the Infidel Saracens in the Holy Land, and while there, he was wounded, taken prisoner, and was nursed by a beautiful young female pagan, who like most warrior's nurses fell desperately in love with the object of her attention and solicitude. After the elder Becket sailed from the Holy Land for England, she became absolutely inconsolable at his departure, and a short time afterwards she secretly left her father's house, with a little money and a few jewels, made her way to Acre, took her passage in a ship bound for England, landed in London—and although she could not speak a word of the language, except the name of the being loved, and only knew a part of this, viz. that his Christian name was Thomas, she went crying that word through the streets of the great city until she found him—soon after which they were married.

Singular as the above story seems, we have to record one to day almost equally singular and romantic. Some time in the course of last year, as one of our fast sailing Liverpool vessels was dropping down the Mersey, with a fair wind and tide, for New York, the hands on board observed a small sail boat in the river astern of the ship containing a party of pleasure, which was upset by a squall. The ship's yards were braced round, her topsails backed, and a boat lowered which made for the party in the water. They were all secured except a young lady who becoming separated from the rest, was

carried down the river by the rapidity of the tide and must inevitably have been lost, had it not been for the watchfulness and intrepidity of the mate of the ship, who instantly jumped into the fore chains, dropped into the water, swam to the drowning girl, and being a strong young man, supported her till the boat reached and took them both up. She was taken on board the ship (which was hove to) until she recovered, when the rescued party were ultimately landed.

Strange to say, the parties all separated without the name of the vessel or any of her people being made known to the rescued parties; and the ship was soon under way for New York. On her return to Liverpool, the mate—who was a fine handsome fellow, and who had not failed to observe, during their short acquaintance, that the lady he had rescued was a very beautiful woman—thought it might not be so much amiss to endeavour to find her out, and enquire after her health. With this object in view, he hurried over a file of Liverpool papers, and found that on such a day, 1834, a party of pleasure in a sail boat, including Miss Mary —, had been rescued from a watery grave by the crew of a vessel bound out; but as several of the vessels (which had been wind-bound) sailed the same day, the name of the vessel was not known. On making further inquiries, he found that the young lady's brother (a surgeon) was one of the rescued people, and that they had left Liverpool and gone to reside in the country.

He obtained leave of absence from the ship, and without any chart or compass to steer by, he mounted a horse and rode out of the town towards Warrington. He had not proceeded half a dozen miles before his horse took fright, ran off, and threw him violently on his head. He was taken up senseless and carried to the nearest house, which fortunately happened to be a surgeon's. He lay some days in a critical state, and the first object that met his vision on regaining his senses was the form of the fair Mary above alluded to, seated by his bed side, bathing his temples, and officiating as his nurse.—She blushed deeply on perceiving that he recognized her and hastily leaving the room, sent in her brother and an older (but less agreeable) female nurse.—Finding him still too weak to converse, they assured him that he was with friends, deeply sensible of their indebtedness to him, and who were but too happy to have it in their power to contribute to his comfort. He was now convalescent, and sinking into a sound sleep, they left him.

He awoke very late the next day much refreshed; but as neither his host nor the sister made their appearance, he inquired for them, and learnt that they had both been called up in the night, and had gone some distance to attend the dying bed of a near relative. Not thinking it necessary to explain to the old nurse, he did not state to her whom he was, but waited anxiously for the

re-appearance of Mary, whom he had already begun to feel an interest for.—The next day he was surprised by the visit of his captain, who stated that the horse had found its way back to the livery stable without a rider, which the owner reported to the ship: he had tried to find out what had become of the mate, but could not until that very day, he had heard at an inn that a young sailor had been hurt, and was laying at Mr.—'s. The captain added that the ship had been suddenly ordered to sea, had taken in her cargo and was ready to sail with that afternoon's tide.

There being no time to lose, the mate wrote a letter to the surgeon, which he left unsealed on the table and in which he said all that was necessary, including an intention to revisit them on his next voyage; a carriage was procured, and he, though feeble, went to Liverpool, and that evening sailed in his old vessel for New-York. The letter left by the mate, unfortunately was never received by those for whom it was intended, being, as was supposed, obtained, read and destroyed by a young lawyer, who had made Mary an offer of marriage, and been refused, but who still visited the house. Thus on their return home, Mary and her brother was still without the least clue to the "local habitation or name," of their preserver, with this exception that the lawyer, in the course of an incidental conversation, had sneeringly observed, that the mate was a "poor mean yankee," but denied knowing his name.

Mary fretted and pined away, and at last took to her bed, for almost unconsciously she had become deeply attached to the sailor; her illness assumed at last a serious character, and it being evident that she would not survive unless she again saw the object of her affections, her brother, (at her urgent request) took ship for North America, and landed in Boston a few days ago, whence they came on to this city on Sunday night. The passage, and the hope of meeting with one she loved, restored her to comparative health and strength, and they put up at a private boarding house, in Pearl street. Thus had Mary travelled double the distance of Becket's mother, without knowing the christian or surname of her beloved! In the meantime the mate arrived at New-York, was transferred to the command of a merchantman in the southern trade, was cast away, fell ill, wrote to Europe, his letter miscarried—he sailed himself for England, went to the surgeon's house, was told all about Mary, and that she had sailed about seven days for Boston.

He took passage in the first vessel, came on to New York and without knowing that they were in the house, actually put up at the same place, and slept beneath the same roof with Mary and her brother on Sunday night. In the morning, when he descended to the breakfast table, where he found the

family already assembled, the first object that met his view on entering the room was the form of the fair traveller. She saw his face—uttered no exclamation, but sprang from her seat towards him, and would have fallen had he not rushed forward and caught her in his arms, exclaiming "Good God! Mary, is this you?" as she fainted away. When she recovered, mutual explanations and greetings took place, and, we are happy to say, that they were married yesterday afternoon, and set off the same evening to spend the honeymoon at Albany, and by this time doubtless know one another as well as though they had been acquainted for years.

[N. York Transcript.]

*Circumstantial Evidence.*—About fifty years ago, at one of the Provincial Assizes in England, a gentleman was tried and convicted, upon circumstantial evidence, of the murder of his niece. The circumstances sworn to were as follows: that the niece and uncle were seen walking in a field; that a person at a small distance heard the niece exclaim—"Don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!" and that at the instant, a pistol or fowling-piece was discharged. The body had never been found, and was presumed to have been secreted by the supposed murderer. Upon these circumstances the gentleman was convicted and executed—protesting, to the last, his innocence of the crime.—About twelve months after, the niece, who had eloped, returned with her husband; and the dreadful error was thus explained by her. She formed an attachment for a person disapproved by her uncle. When walking in the fields, he earnestly dissuaded her from the connexion; when she replied, that she was resolved to have him, or it would be her death; and thereupon used the expressions, "Don't kill me, uncle! don't kill me!" At the moment she uttered these words a fowling-piece was discharged by a sportsman, in a neighbouring field. That very night she eloped from her uncle's house; and the fortuitous concurrence of these suspicious circumstances led to the ignominious death of a near and affectionate relative.

*BIBLICAL STATISTICS.*—It was stated by Mr. Dudley, at the late meeting of the Gloucester Bible Society, that the parent society had printed and distributed 9 millions of Bibles and Testaments since its formation in 1804, and that during the whole of last year, excluding Sundays, and allowing twelve hours to each day, there had been a continual stream of the waters of life flowing from the depository, in London, at the rate of nearly three copies of the sacred scriptures every minute! Of upward of 300 known languages which are spoken in the world, no portion of the holy scriptures had ever appeared in print in more than forty nine, before the establishment of the bible society; but that now, by the blessing of God on the labours of that institution, the number printed, translated or translating, amounts to one hundred and eighty-five different languages. If the sacred volumes already issued by this society

were placed side by side, allowing two inches to be the thickness of each book, they would extend upward of four hundred and seventy-six miles. And yet there remain upward of six hundred and twenty millions of human beings whom the light of the gospel has never reached.

## THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1855.

By the Cordelia we received Boston Papers to the 13th inst., containing English dates a few days later than those received by the Packet, but nothing of importance.

Serious Riots attended with the loss of lives had taken place at Baltimore.

BOSTON, Aug. 10.

The Packet ship Sheffield, from Liverpool, London papers the 5th, and Liverpool to the 9th July have been received at New-York. Captain Allen of the S. informs the Editors of the Commercial, that on the morning of his sailing, a telegraphic despatch was received at Liverpool, announcing that an attempt had been made to assassinate the king of the French. No details were received. The papers are barren of intelligence of much interest.

An election was going on at Oldham, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Cobbett. The candidates were Mr. John Cobbett, radical; Mr. Lees, conservative; and Mr. Fergus O'Connor, of the O'Connell faction. The latter retired from the contest after a short trial, and it was expected that Mr. Lees would be elected.

FRANCE.—There is scarcely an item in the papers respecting this kingdom worth noticing. The latest dates are to the 6th July, under which date, a letter from Paris says—"No news afloat, save the statement of the Phare, a Bayonne paper, that Don Carlos has ordered the arrest of the physician who attended Zumalacarraguey, for having given him too much laudanum."

SPAIN.—From this distracted country there are rumours in abundance, and statements which contradict each other as flatly as yes and no. The seige of Bilbao does not appear to have been raised, but the following telegraphic despatch, dated, Bayonne, Saturday, July 15th, had been received at Paris.

"The Queen's troops to the number of 20,000 men entered Bilbao on the 1st inst., at 2 o'clock, P.M.—No fighting took place. Don Carlos established his head quarters, the preceding day, at Onate."

Sailed, Sunday, H. M. S. President, Vice Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, Capt. Scott, for Quebec. Lady Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, Miss Sims, Lords Jocelyn and Valenta, and the Hon. Lieut. Col. Dundas, have accompanied Sir George Cockburn in the President.

### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. William Jackson, Mr. Edward Middlemass, to Miss Abigail Keeler.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. McIntosh, Mr. Francis McKay, of Scotland, to Miss M. Smith, of Nova-Scotia.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, Mr. James M'Nab, of Brookfield, Dartmouth, to Miss Eliza Cameron.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Willis, Mr. John Delany, to Sarah Ann, daughter of Mr. James Tufts.

### DIED,

Tuesday evening, of Consumption, Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr. Robert Small, aged 19 years.

## POETRY.

## THE EVENING HOUR.

Sweet evening hour ! sweet evening hour !  
That calms the air, and shuts the flower ;  
That brings the wild bee to its nest,  
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour ! that bids the labourer cease :  
That gives the weary team repose,  
And leads them home, and crowns them there  
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O ! season of soft zounds and hues,  
Of twilight walks among the dews,  
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,  
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat !

Yes lovely hour ! thou art the time  
When feelings flow, and wishes climb,  
When timid souls began to dare,  
And God receives and answers prayer.

When trembling through the dewy skies  
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes  
Of angles, calm reclining there,  
And gazing on this world of care.

Sweet hour ! for heavenly musing made—  
When Isaac walked and Daniel prayed,  
When Abraham's offering God did own,  
And Jesus loved to be alone.

## QUEBEC.

The capital of the Province of Lower Canada, and the principal seat of British dominion in America, cannot be approached by the intelligent stranger without emotions of respect and admiration. It is situated on the north-west side of the great River St. Lawrence, in latitude 46 50 15, and longitude 71 13. A ridge of high land commencing at Cap Rouge, and extending for about eight miles along its bank, terminates at the eastern extremity in a lofty promontory, three hundred and fifty feet high above the water, rising in front of the beautiful basin formed by the confluence of the little River St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. There stands Quebec, formerly the seat of the French empire in the west—purchased for England by the blood of the heroic Wolfe, shed in the decisive battle of the Plains of Abraham. A commodious harbor, which can afford a safe anchorage for several fleets—a magnificent river whose banks are secured by steep cliffs—a position on a lofty rock, which bids defiance to external violence, together with extraordinary beauty of scenery, are some of the natural advantages which distinguish the City of Quebec. The River St. Lawrence, which flows majestically before the town, is one of the greatest, most noble and beautiful of rivers; and at the same time, the furthest navigable for vessels of a large size of any in the universe. From its mouth in the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the harbor of Quebec is three hundred and sixty miles; and vessels from Europe ascend to Montreal, which is one hundred and eighty miles higher up its course. A precipice of naked and rugged rock, nearly three hundred feet high, divides the Upper from

the Lower Town. The latter embracing the foot of the precipice, and skirting the base of the promontory to a considerable extent on both sides, is the mart of foreign trade and the principal place of business. It is built on ground made partly by excavations from the rock, or redeemed from the water; and contains numerous and convenient wharfs and store houses, for the accommodation of trade and navigation. The channel before the town is rapid—its breadth is about eleven hundred and thirty-four yards. The depth of the river opposite the city is about thirty fathoms and good anchorage is every where to be found. The Upper Town presents the picturesque appearance of a fortified city—whose houses rise gradually above each other in the form of an amphitheatre—embellished and diversified by large buildings and lofty spires, pouring a flood of light and splendor from their bright tiled roofs.—*Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.*

## PARIS AND LONDON.

“In making a survey of both capitals, one cannot help being struck with the distinctive differences of national character, which are so strongly marked in the leading features of the one and the other. *Comfort* seems to have presided at the buildings of London, and *show* at that of Paris. A drive through the streets of Paris will explain to you at once, that it is the capital of a people who have no taste for the privacy of home; but who prefer to live in the glare and glitter of public amusements. The houses are of an immense height, but then no man's house is his castle; each story has its tenants, and if the effect of such wholesale buildings be magnificent, it is obtained at a prodigious sacrifice of domestic comfort. But, to make comfortable homes is not the object of Paris; on the contrary, it is upon the public places that attention and expense are almost exclusively employed; and these are made as luxurious as possible. The *cafés*, the *restaurants*, and the thousand establishments for the entertainment of the public, will be found in the highest state of perfection; and it is to enjoy themselves in such places, that the French escape from the comfortless retreat of their own dwellings. In London we find the reverse of all this. For, though our public buildings are in the grandest style of magnificence, yet perhaps the most striking feature in London is the evident and paramount object of all the vast sums expended in its improvement, namely, the individual comfort of the inhabitants. Witness the paving and lighting the streets! the admirable, though invisible works, by means of which water is circulated through all the veins of the metropolis, works of which Paris is wholly destitute, and the capacious laying out of the squares, which, splendid as they are, seem less intended for show, than for the health and enjoyment of those that live in them.”

## POMPEII.—BY N. P. WILLIS.

We have just returned from our first excursion to Pompeii. It lies on the southern part of the bay, just below the volcano which overwhelmed it, about twelve miles from Naples. The road by along the shore, and is lined with villages which are only separated by name. The first is Portici, where the King has a summer palace, through the court of which the road passes. It is built over Herculaneum, and the danger of undermining it has stopped the excavations of unquestionably the richest city buried by Vesuvius. We stopped at a little distance in the midst of the village, and taking a guide and two porters, descended to the only part of it now visible, by near a hundred steps. We found ourselves in the back of an amphitheatre. We entered the narrow passage, and the guide pointed to several of the upper seats for the spectators, which had been partially dug out. They were lined with marble, as the whole amphitheatre appears to have been. To realise the effect of these ruins, it is to be remembered that they are embedded in solid lava, like rock, near a hundred feet deep, and that a city which is itself ancient, is built above them. The carriage in which we came stood high over our heads, in a time-worn street, and ages had passed, and many generations of men had lived and died over a splendid city, whose very name had been forgotten! It was discovered in sinking a well, which struck the door of the amphitheatre. The guide took us through several other long passages, dug across and around it, showing us the orchestra, the stage, the numerous entrances, and the bases of several statues which are taken to the museum of Naples. This is the only part of the excavation that remains open, the others having been filled with rubbish. The noise of the carriages overhead in the street of Portici was like a deafening thunder.

In a hurry to get to Pompeii, which is much more interesting, we ascended to day-light, and drove on. Coasting along the curve of the bay, with only a succession of villas and gardens between us and the beach, we soon came to Torro del Greco, a small town which was overwhelmed by an eruption thirty-nine years ago. Vesuvius here rises gradually on the left, the crater being at a distance of five miles. The road crossed the bed of dry lava, which extends to the sea in a broad black mass of cinders, giving the country the most desolate aspect. The town is rebuilt just beyond the ashes, and the streets are crowded with the thoughtless inhabitants who buy and sell and lounge in the sun with no more remembrance or fear of the volcano than the people of a city in America.

Another half hour brought us to a long, high bank of earth and ashes thrown out from the excavations; and, passing on, we stopped at the gate of Pompeii. A guide met us, and we entered. We found ourselves in the ruins of a public square, surrounded with small low columns of red marble. On the right were several small prisons, in one of which was found the skeleton of a man with his feet in iron stocks. The cell was very small, and the poor fellow must have been suffocated without even a hope of escape. The columns just in front were scratched with ancient names, possibly those of the guard stationed at the door of the prison. This square is surrounded with shops which were found the relics and riches of tradesmen, consisting of an immense variety.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

† Pompeii, as my readers know, was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius about thirty years after the crucifixion of our Saviour, and was accidentally discovered some eighty years ago, by the laborers in a vineyard over it, after lying forgotten near seventeen centuries? The shower of “cinders, hot water and ashes,” which buried it, settled into a loose mass, which was easily removed, and about one-third of the town is now cleared and open to the sky.

Printed by H. W. BLACKADAR, at his Office, head of Mr. M. G. Black's wharf.—Terms, five shillings per annum—half in advance.