The Colonial Herald.

LITERATURE.

HELEN EYRE.

(Concluded.)

Thus was opening upon her the sweet and dewy prime of the orphan's life, when an annual meeting took place of all the first families in the county, and indeed of people of all ranks and conditions, on a large meadow by the river side, near the town, to witness the skill of the "Ancient Band of Border Bowmen." The sunny day flowed on in joyful and exhilerating pastimes, and in the evening there was a splendid Assembly. Mrs. Montgomery was there, and Helen Eyre by her side. All the youth, beauty, and grace of the south of Scotland were present together, and although Helen Eyre was certainly one of the loveliest of the lovely, it could not be said that she attracted universal attention. There were many circles formed round many attractive centres—none shone exactly like the moon among the lesser stars—but of these stars themselves, some were brighter than others, or diffused a mellower lustre.—Helen Eyre knew her own situation—neither proud nor ashamed; her dress was simpler than that of many others, but such as it became a lady to wear on such an occasion—a few pearls were round her soft auburn hair—and no eye looked upon her once, sitting half retired in her modest loveliness, without looking again and again—no heart, perhaps, but felt, after ranging over all the splendid galaxy, that there was one who had only to come forward, and seek, in order to gain, the prize of grace, elegance, and beauty. * * *

Mrs. Montgomery had her pride, too, in her orphan, as well as any mother in her child; and she took care that Helen Eyre should either have respectable friends, or none. This was the first public meeting at which Helen had been present; and when she saw every one dancing around her, her light heart longed to join the group. She looked with sparkling and delighted eyes on her sweet Constance, distinguished wherever she moved along; and at length that beautiful girl came up to her, and whispered in her ear, that her brother, who had arrived from England too late for the archery, desired to be made acquainted with one of whom he had heard so much—Helen Eyre. Helen looked to Mrs. Montgomery, and rising up, blushed, but, unembarrassed, joined the dance with Henry Beaumont. As they took their place in the good old country-dance, (not very far from the top,) there was much tossing of heads, pursing of mouths, bridling up of elegant and inelegant figures, loud whispering, considerable tittering, and some little downright rudeness. But beauty will have its triumph; and Helen Eyre stood unruffled in that small storm. Henry Beaumont, too, was a young man of birth and great estates—by far the most elegant and accomplished person in the room, and an officer in the Guards; and it was soon understood by the male part of the scorners, that it might not be quite prudent to express slight or scorn towards any body who stood opposite to him in the dance. There was a haughtiness in his eye somewhat distressing to upstart people, and he carried himself in a way not very describable, but very intelligible to the meanest and most vulgar capacity. He was likewise upwards of six feet high, and when it was his turn to lead off with Helen Eyre, there was a most polite attention shown to all their movements. It is no great merit, surely, to dance well; but now it seemed as if it were, for every eye was turned upon that graceful pair, and even the most senselessly and basely proud felt that it was a pity Helen Eyre had been so born, for that she excelled in every thing she tried, and was, indeed, most truly beautiful. Helen felt, and she enjoyed her triumph. To herself she attributed little of the politeness shown by young Beaumont; but her heart overflowed with gratitude towards Constance; and when she again took her seat beside Mrs. Montgomery, scarcely could she refrain from tears, so touched was she by the noble kindness of her friend. The evening passed away delightfully—Helen did not dance again—but she was frequently spoken to by young Beaumont, and whether her happiness gave a color to every thing around her, or it was really so, she thought that all her acquaintances looked less coldly and distantly upon her, and that little or no distinction seemed now to exist between herself and the other young and happy creatures laughing and talking on every side. She even dreamt of this meeting in her sleep; and in that dream it was not probable that she should see every body except young Henry Beaumont.

Henry Beaumont never concealed his feelings; and next day he declared to his mother that all Scotland did not hold such another delightful creature as Helen Eyre! The old lady heard these words with great gravity and solemnity, and said that she hoped her son would remember his birth, and not fall in love with such a person as poor Helen Eyre, however good and beautiful. "Fall in love, mother!—who talks of falling in love?—not I—but this much is certain, that I must inquire of all my partners how they are this morning;"—and with that he flung out of the room, mounted his horse, and galloping across the country, as if at a steeple chase, he soon found himself in a pretty little garden on Tweedside, with the good, worthy old Mrs. Montgomery and her fair Helen.—He called upon none of his other partners that day, at least, and his subsequent asseverations that he had not fallen in love became less and less vehement. The truth is, that he had fallen in love—that he was desperately enamoured—and being a young man of ardent feelings and headstrong will, he swore an oath within his soul, on parting from Helen that forenoon, that, if he could gain her love, he would make her his wife!

Henry Beaumont was not without pride—indeed, it was his besetting sin. But his heart was full of tenderness, and the situation of Helen Eyre was such as to bring all that tenderness up from its deepest spring. He was proud of his ancestry, perhaps of his own accomplishments, of his fine person, and of the power of his manners. He had been distinguished at a great public school, and afterwards at an English University, for the brilliancy of his talents. He no sooner joined the Guards, than he took his place, at once, among the most polished and elegant society in the world. He had met with universal admiration: and all these things together, although he knew they possessed little intrinsic or permanent value, could not but influence his temper and disposition, before the gradually acquired wisdom of riper years had mellowed the impetuosity of youth, and extended its range of feeling and of thought. He was, therefore, considered by many a haughty and arrogant young man, and not altogether unjustly; but the native generosity of his heart was continually showing itself, and although mere acquaintances or strangers might be repelled by his demeanour, no man could be more esteemed or beloved by his friends. Now a new chord was touched in his heart. The sweet simplicity of Helen Eyre, combined, as it was, with perfect elegance and gracefulness, took his eye at the first glance, and although it could not be said to have gained, yet it certainly at once touched, his affections. As the innocence of her heart and the intelligence of her mind indicated themselves unconsciously in every artless, yet well-chosen word, love and admiration of a better kind stole into his breast; and her exceeding loveliness and beauty gave the warmth of passion to an attachment which was of rapid growth, and after a few interviews, was blended vitally with its very heart's blood. He thought of her, now in her virgin beauty, now as his bride, now as his wife, now as the mother of his children: and his heart was sick, his very soul was faint in the fever of tumultuous passion, till calmed again by solemn thoughts of eternal union between himself and Helen, here and in heaven.

The love which Helen Eyre felt towards him was of a very different kind. It was utterly hopeless, and therefore it was utterly indulged. She knew that she never could be his wife—that he would never stoop to marry her—that Constance even would not like to see her brother forming a connection below his own rank—and that his mother would rather see her poisoned or drowned, at least dead and buried, than the wife of her Henry. All these convictions gave her little or no distress, for they were not brought upon her unexpectedly, to damp a heart that had been warmed by other thoughts—they formed the habitual knowledge of that humble heart, and they and thoughts like them had been instilled into her bosom by her good and wise guardian, who knew that to save her from melancholy, it was necessary to show her the truth of life, and to remove all delusions. Helen Eyre, therefore, allowed her soul to rejoice within her, in the agitation of a new and heavenly happiness, whenever Henry Beaumont appeared with his smiling countenance, that brightened up the room, or the field, or the garden, with an effulgence of bliss. She knew her own innocence—her own resignation—and she knew, that if Mrs. Montgomery, who was now very old, were to die, most solitary would be her own lot. Therefore, she spoke, smiled, and walked with Henry Beaumont, as with the only being on earth whom, in the sacred silence of her soul, she would, till her dying hour, perfectly love. He could not penetrate into her thoughts—he could not look, with these bold, bright, beautiful eyes, into the covert of her inner spirit, where they all lay couched, night and day, for ever—he would place his love on some one of whom he had no cause to be ashamed, and who would be welcomed to the hall of his fathers—he would then only bestow a passing smile, or word, upon the orphan—but she, the orphan herself, would cherish him in blameless and indulged passion in her bosom—and call down the blessing of God, morning and evening, and many a time besides, on the heads of himself, his wife, whoever she might be, and the children that might rise up like flowers around their feet. A love so hopeless, so pure, so unselfish, and so unknown, it surely could be no sin for her to cherish, who had no relations of her own, and few friends indeed,—friends doomed, no doubt, to be fewer still, year after year, till at last she might have none to comfort her but her sweet Constance, whom other affections might also keep too often away, and the image of that brother—an image which, engraven on her heart, could only cease to be, when that heart was broken, or had wasted and withered away into the dust.

Helen was walking one evening by the river side, and had descended into a small green glade on a wooded bank, from which there was a cheerful and splendid prospect of the town and the rich country round, when Henry Beaumont was at her side, and taking her hand into his, pressed it to his heart, and then led her to a stone seat beside a little spring that bubbled up through the roots of the trees, and danced its short silvery course into the Tweed. Poor Helen's breath came quickly when he pressed her to his bosom, and with a few burning kisses and breathing words, declared his love and passion, and that she must become his wife.—A pang of joy went through her heart, and she could just faintly utter, "Your wife!"—"Yes—my wife—say that it will be so, and may God forget me if I am not kind to you, my best and most beautiful Helen, all the days of my life!" "Oh! Sir, you could be unkind to no one, but think, oh think, who I am, unfit and unworthy to be the wife of Henry Beaumont!" He had an eloquent tongue, an eloquent eye; and there was eloquence in the throbbing and beating of the heart that swelled his manly breast. He held Helen in his arms, as if she had been a frightened and palpitating dove—and she wished not to be released from that dear embrace.—She, the poor, despised and slighted orphan, heard herself blessed by him who was the pride and flower of Scotland's youth; his gentle, and tender, and respectful kisses stirred up all the holy thoughts that she had hidden in her heart, that they might lie there unseen for ever—and in that trance of bliss, they all overflowed—and a few words of confessed affection escaped her lips. "Yes, I love you beyond life and my own soul—but never, never, Sir, may I be your wife.—Think who you are, and then who I am, and a voice will tell you that we never can be united." With these words she broke from his arms, and knelt down, nor was it in his power, so confounded was he, for a few minutes to lift her up. "But though I know you never can marry me, remember—oh! never, never cease to remember—that I fell down on my knees before you, and vowed before that God who has hitherto preserved me in innocence and peace, to devote my soul henceforth to your love. Enough will it be for me to cherish your image for ever in my heart—to weep with joy when I hear you are happy—never to repine, nor envy her happiness who may one day lie in your bosom; but since God sent me into the world an orphan, unhappily born, let me strive to subdue my soul to an orphan's fate, and submit quietly and piously to the solitary years that may be awaiting me, when my mother's grey hairs are covered with darkness. Now, Sir, now, my beloved Henry Beaumont, let us either part or walk away in silence from this spot, which to me will be for ever a hallowed place—for of love and marriage never more must our speech be—they are not for us."

Helen separated from her lover within a mile of her home, and had on her arrival there sufficiently recovered her self-command to be able to appear composed before Mrs. Montgomery; but she had never concealed from her dear mother any incident that affected her happiness, and she knew that it was now her duty to make a full disclosure of what had passed. She did so, and had the satisfaction to find that her conduct brought tears of joy into her mother's eyes. The good old lady assured her God would reward her for the high-principled sacrifice she had made, and on retiring to her bed-room at night, she blessed her orphan with more than wonted fervour and solemnity.

No sleep was there this night for Helen Eyre. She had made a great sacrifice, and nature now rose up against it. Why should she not become the wife of Henry Beaumont, if he loved her, as he said, better than all the world? Ought her birth to be a bar between her and a whole life of bliss? Would she be violating any duty—doing injury or wrong to any living creature, by yielding herself up in wedlock to the man she so tenderly loved, and whom, she knew, she could make happy? Were all the deepest, holiest, most awful affections of the soul to be denied to him and to her, merely because their union might offend a prejudice, or at best a feeling that surely never could be vital, nor set in just opposition to all that the human soul felt to be sanctified in existence? What if his mother were to be offended—might she not be soothed and reconciled by constant esteem and humble respect, and be brought at last to look without reproachful eyes on the orphan who made her son happy? But then, this prejudice against her she knew to be with many "a second nature;" and that it could not be rooted out without shaking perhaps many other feelings, which, although not necessarily connected with it, had been so intertwined with it during the progress of life, that they too might suffer; so that to overcome this sentiment against her, a radical change or revolution never to be hoped for must take place in the mind of Mrs. Beaumont. She saw, too, that Mrs. Montgomery felt as she felt, and had approved of her conduct, solely because she knew that Henry's high-born and haughty mother would never acknowledge her as his bride. So Helen rose with the light, and as the bright, cheerful, singing morn advanced, her heart was insensibly restored to its former serenity, and the orphan was once more happy and contented with her lot.

Then, too, she thought what a heartless sin it would be, even if her marriage with Henry Beaumont could take place, to leave her old mother, who was now so weak and frail. She had been taken, when a baby only a few days old, under the protection of that saint, and would she fly off on the wings of a selfish and ungrateful love, and forgetting these tottering steps and dim eyes, sink into the bosom of one whom she had known for a few weeks only, and to whom she owed nothing but a few impassioned words and vows? Such thoughts came across her heart. But she was no weak enthusiast even in virtue. And her own pure heart told her, that though it would never have allowed her to leave her mother, who was much broken down, and too plainly sinking into the grave, yet that she might, without any violation or forgetfulness of her filial duties, have given Henry Beaumont a pledge to become his wife, when the event she feared, and shuddered indeed to name, but which every one knew was near, had taken place. All these were bewildering thoughts, and when poor Helen went into her mother's room, which she did every morning at a stated hour, her heart was labouring under a heavy load of emotion.

Helen drew the curtains, and was about to kneel down at the bedside, and bless her aged benefactress in prayer. But it seemed that she had not yet awoke; and, stooping down, the orphan affectionately whispered a few words into her ear, that she might gently dispel the slumber. But that was a sleep which neither low whisper nor loud thunder crash might disturb. Helen knew that her mother was dead! And, for the first time in her life, for her heart was the mistress, and not the slave of its passions, she fainted at the side of the motionless body, with her arms laid softly over its breast.

Before the sun had reached its meridian, the death of Mrs. Montgomery was known for many miles round the town, where she had led more than twenty years of a benign and charitable life. The melancholy tidings soon reached Hirst, and Constance Beaumont flew to comfort her dearest friend.—Nor did her mother, who yet knew nothing of Henry's avowal of his love to Helen, think of preventing Constance from carrying comfort to the bereaved orphan. Hers was a proud but a warm heart; and having truly loved Mrs. Montgomery, it was in tears that she saw Constance depart to cheer the poor creature who was now sitting by the corpse of her whom she had loved and respected from childhood, and whom she was ere long to follow to the grave. The thought of their ages being the same, was at once tender and solemn; and something of the sanctity of that pure unmingled affection with which she regarded the memory of Mrs. Montgomery, could not but attach to Helen Eyre, who had so long tended her declining age, and repaid, by the most beautiful constancy of filial love, the cares which had been lavished in the warmth of nature, and the charity of Christian faith, upon her orphan head.

Helen knew that Constance would, immediately on hearing of Mrs. Montgomery's death, write her a letter of tender condolence; but she was not prepared for such excessive kindness, when that most amiable girl opened her bed-room door with her own hand, and with soft steps and streaming eyes went up to her and kissed her cheek. The orphan felt, in that embrace, that she was not yet solitary in the world. There was nothing to break this friendship, although much to crush that other love, and she was glad, even in her sorrow, to know, that thro' all the changes and chances of this life, she would still hold a place in the heart of Constance Beaumont. The dead stillness of the house was supportable, now that the arm of her sister was round her neck, and they soon went hand in hand together, and gazed on the beautifully serene countenance of her whose spirit was in heaven. Of the two, Constance most loudly wept, for her tears fell more for the living than the dead. Who in all the world could be more solitary than the orphan Helen Eyre? Yet her brow, eyes, cheeks and lips were all calm; there was no agitation, nothing like despair in her quiet motions, and the light of God's mercy shone radiantly upon her as she knelt down to a prayer of thanksgiving in that desolate house. Never before had the full perfection of her character been made manifest. Now it was tried, and met the sudden and severe demand. Her voice faltered not, nor did her heart quake. She was alone on the earth, but God was in heaven, and with that sublime thought Helen Eyre was now stronger in her utter destitution, than if without it she had been entrenched in the midst of an host of mortal friends. The spirit of her piety kindled that too, of her beloved Constance, and they sat together in the silent house, or in twilight walked out among the secret trees perfectly composed and happy, till the day of the funeral.

That day indeed was one of sore trial, and Helen needed the support of her friend. Often, often, on every day since her death, had she stolen into the room where her mother laid, and sat by the bed-side as motionless as the figure that lay there; but the hour was come when these visits were to end, and the phantom was to be borne off into the chambers of decay. In the silence of her darkened bed-room, with Constance sitting at her couch, the orphan heard the frequent feet of the company assembling at the funeral.—The friends were silent. At last the funeral was heard to be departing from the house.—At that moment Helen rose, and looking through an opening of the darkened window, she saw the bier in motion, slowly borne away up the avenue, below the shadow of the trees. A tall figure was at the right side of the coffin, one of the mourners. It was Henry Beaumont; his head was bowed down and his face sedate in a manly sorrow. "See how my brother weeps!" said Constance, and Helen did not fear then to call down the blessing of God upon his head, and then turning to Constance, she said, "Happy, happy, art thou to have such a brother!" And as they were kissing eath other, the funeral disappeared.

Two days after the funeral, Mrs. Beaumont came after her daughter. She behaved with the greatest tenderness and sympathy to Helen Eyre, and had not sat long in company with the orphan till her soul was even awed by the sanctity of her resignation. The flowers that the old lady had so carefully tended did not miss her hands; the room bore no mark of the distraction and forgetfulness of passionate grief; Helen's dress was simple and graceful as ever; and except that her face was somewhat wan, and her voice occasionally tremulous, there were no other outward symptoms of sorrow. If the orphan had thought of the future, it was plain that she felt that vista to terminate in the mystery of a darkness spread out in mercy from the hollow of God's awful hand, and that she was not about to terrify herself with phantoms of her own creation. If sorrow, sickness, or desertion by friends, were to be her lot, she would lay her hands upon the Bible, and endure the decree. But from the mildness of her expressive countenance, it seemed that her heart was confined chiefly to dreams of the happy past. She had no sins, and not many frailties, with which to reproach herself—for these her contrition needed not to be bitter; no harsh or hasty words, no unamiable or unfilial looks had ever pased from her towards her benefactress—and as the humblest are permitted to enjoy the delight of conscious piety, and of a sincere wish to do well, so was Helen Eyre now happy in the remembrance of all her affection to her mother, and of every little daily and hourly act performed, not from duty, but in love.

Mrs. Montgomery had bequeathed to the orphan the pleasant dwelling in which she passed all her days; and Helen desired no other place of retirement, till she should be called to the last final and profound repose. The sacred influence of death had quite suppressed, not extinguished, her pure passion for Henry Beaumont; and without agitation she sat now in the presence of his stately mother, nor feared ever to deserve her frowns. She had seen Henry walking a weeping mourner by the side of that coffin, and the remembrance was now sad and delightful to her soul; nor, if he could be happy without her, did she wish ever to behold him more. A lonely life needed not to be a melancholy one—she had stores for thought laid up in her heart, young as it was, and powers of thought, too, confirmed by nature, and strengthened by contented innocence. And she feared not, when the years of her youth had glided away in the seclusion of those peaceful shades, that age would bring its own happiness and its own wisdom; nor was there any reason to fear even the coming on of feeble foot steps and of grey hairs.—Henry Beaumont's impassioned vows never could be realized—but that place where she had heard them might be visited often and often—and hers, she knew, was not a weak repining heart, that would die of hopeless and unfortunate love.

While they were sitting together, calmly and kindly, and the time was just at hand when Constance was about to give her friend a farewell kiss, she saw her brother coming down the avenue, and could not but feel agitated at his approach. For although Helen had said nothing to her of the avowal of his sentiments, he had himself told his sister of all that had happened, and sworn her for the present to secrecy. He entered the room, not with the same fervent air and expression as when they last met, but with a tenderness that was far more irresistible to poor Helen's soul. A visit to an orphan who had just buried her best, not her only friend, was not to be a visit of avowed love, but of sympathy and condolence; and Henry looked upon her with such profound pity, and such consoling gentleness of eye and voice, that his mother saw and felt that Helen Eyre was dearer to him than life. That sudden conviction gave her a pang, and her countenance fell and was darkened. It is a sore affliction to a mother's heart to have her fond, and proud, and aspiring hopes of an only son crushed, and nothing substituted in their stead, but what she conceives dishonour and degradation. But she knew the depth of her son's affection for Helen Eyre, from his anxiety to restrain and to conceal it, and being well aware of his determined character, she perceived that there was no chance of averting from her house the stain of such a marriage, except it were found in the quiet and humble soul of the orphan, who might now be dissuaded from entering into a family to which an alliance with her would be considered a disgrace. Mrs. Beaumont's agitation at last became manifest, and as frequently feelings are brought to a crisis of a sudden, and by some unexpected movement or sally of temper, so was it now—for Henry discerned what was passing in his mother's mind—and from an uncontrollable impulse, avowed his love for Helen Eyre and his resolution to make her his wife. "She has confessed that she loves me, and no power on earth has a right to keep us asunder; mother, I grieve to offend you, but you must receive Helen Eyre as your daughter."

At any other time, this bold avowal would have sent as much anger as grief into the proud spirit of Mrs. Beaumont. But she had loved her dear friend with exceeding affection—her voice seemed yet to whisper along the walls; they were all sitting together in deep mourning for her loss; and the meek face of the guileless orphan was enough to quiet all angry emotion, and to inspire something of the same calm spirit with which it was so serenely suffused. Helen sat almost unmoved, nor did she utter a word. But Henry's mood soon changed, and he knelt down at his mother's feet, along with the affectionate Constance. Each took hold of one of her hands, kissed it, and bathed it in tears. "O mother, withhold not your blessing from sweet Helen Eyre," said Constance, with a dewy voice of supplication. "You know she will be the blessing of Henry's life here, and prepare his soul for Heaven. You know that she will be as loving and dutiful a daughter, even as myself—you know how your friend loved her, and blessed her name to you, and wept for the sake of all her goodness. O mother! fear not, this marriage wants only your sanction to make it a happy marriage indeed!" The lady's heart was melted within her, and she said, "Helen Eyre, thou art an orphan no more, come and kneel down between my children." Helen did so with many sobs of overwhelming happiness, and bowed down her head almost to the floor. The mother of her lover laid her hand upon that head, and blessed her in God's holy name; and then all rising from their knees, Henry Beaumont pressed Helen Eyre to his bosom, and kissed away her tears then and for ever.

Summary of London.—London is the largest and richest city in the world; occupies a surface of thirty-two square miles, thickly planted with houses, mostly three, four, and five stories high. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark, and Lambeth districts. The two latter are on the south side of the Thames. It contains 300 churches and chapels of the establishment; 364 dissenters' chapels; 22 foreign chapels; 250 public schools; 1,500 private schools; 150 hospitals; [illegible] almshouses, besides 205 other institutions; 550 public offices; 14 prisons; 22 theatres; 24 markets. Consumes annually 110,000 bullocks, 776,000 sheep, 250,000 lambs, [illegible]000 calves, and 270,000 pigs; 11,000 tons of butter, [illegible] tons of cheese, 10 million gallons of milk, a million quarters of wheat, or 64 millions of quartern loaves, 65,000 pipes of wine, two million gallons of spirits, and two million barrels of porter and ale. Employs 16,602 shoemakers, [illegible] tailors, 2,300 blacksmiths, 2,013 whitesmiths, 5,030 house painters, 1,076 fish dealers, 2,662 hatters and hosiers, [illegible] carpenters, 6,822 bricklayers, &c., 5,416 cabinet makers, [illegible]004 wheelwrights, 2,180 sawyers, 2,807 jewellers, [illegible] clothesmen (chiefly Jews), 3,628 compositors, 700 pressmen, 1,393 stationers, 2,633 watch and clock makers, 4,227 grocers, 1,430 milkmen, 5,655 bakers, 2,091 barbers. 1,040 brokers, 4,322 butchers, 1,586 cheese-mongers, 1,082 chemists, [illegible] clothiers and linen-drapers, 2,167 coach makers, [illegible] merchants, 2,133 coopers, 1,381 dyers, 2,316 plumbers, [illegible] pastry cooks, 869 saddlers, 1,246 tinmen, 803 tobacconists, 1,470 turners, 556 undertakers. (The above are all males above twenty years of age.) 10,000 private families of fashion, &c. About 77,000 establishments of trade and industry, 4,400 public-houses, 330 hotels, 470 beer-shops, [illegible] spirit and wine shops. There are six bridges over the Thames at London, besides a Tunnel under the river; London docks cover 20 acres; 14 tobacco warehouses, 14 acres, and the wine cellars 3 acres, containing 22,000 pipes. The two West India docks cover 51 acres. St Katherine's docks cover 24 acres. The Surrey docks, on the opposite side, are also very large. There are generally about 5,000 vessels and 3,000 boats on the river, employing 8,000 watermen, and 4,000 labourers. London pays about one-third the window duty in England; *the number of houses assessed being about 120,000, rated at upwards of five millions* sterling. The house rental is probably seven or eight millions.—*Knight's London.*

French Lawsuit.—A novel kind of lawsuit has just been carried on not far from Paris. An aerolite, in the form of a large black stone, fell lately in a gentleman's park. The proprietor, partaking of the superstition of the country, would not upon this dare to enter his park. A young *esprit fort*, however, attempted this exploit, after having confessed himself, and received absolution from the priest. This stone was supposed to be diabolical. The audacious youth seized hold of it and put in into his pocket. A doctor in the neighbourhood suggested that it would be better to send it to the "Academie des Sciences." The proprietor then perceived that this stone might be turned to some account, and he directly consulted an attorney whether, the *devil* having fallen in his domains, he had not the right to him. "Undoubtedly," answered the man of law. The actual possessor of the wonderful stone consulted, on his side, another lawyer, whether he could not plead a right of first possession. "Certainly," answered the other. A lawsuit followed. The judges decided in favour of this latter; but consoled the proprietor, by assuring him that it *was not the devil at all.*

Fatal Duel in Cadiz.—Senor Reisch, the political chief of Cadiz, having taken offence at some article which had appeared in the *Globo* journal, sent a hostile message to the editor, Senor Llorente. The latter having accepted, they repaired, accompanied by their friends, to a pine wood near Chiclana. Senor Reisch refused to listen to any terms, and several shots having been fired without effect, he proposed that they should fire at "cloth-burning proximity," which was agreed to. The toss to see who should fire first having been won by the journalist, he made a movement to discharge his pistol in the air, when his opponent declared that if he did so he should still insist on his shot at him, and kill him if he could. Senor Llorente, to save his own life, was obliged to fire, and shot Senor Reisch through the heart. He and the seconds then fled and took refuge on board a French ship of war in the bay.

The Spirit of Rum, versus the Spirit of Peace.—A short time back a missionary arrived, for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state; a house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching, and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday, a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk; on this occasion the worthy and reverend gentleman was more than usually eloquent, when one of the chiefs arose, and quietly said, "All talk—no grog—no good!" and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present.—*Residence on the Mosquito Shore.*

Hydrophobia.—In the month of April last, a dog kept at the farm of Seafield, near Annan, became mad, and bit various animals within its reach, before the discovery was made. In consequence of this, a horse which had been bitten became affected with hydrophobia, and died, after bearing all the usual symptoms of that fell disease. Since that the farmer has lost, successively, every one of his milch cows, amounting to 18 in all. The poor animals appeared to lose their nervous power, their spine and hind legs became affected, they foamed at the mouth, and died in great agony.—*Dumfries Courier.*

Danger of Inconsiderate Offers.—A gentleman in this County, who was much annoyed by wasps, rather thoughtlessly offered a shilling for every wasp's nest which could be brought to him. All hands in the neighbourhood immediately set to work, and the unlucky gentleman had to pay about £40, there being nearly 800 nests brought to him.—*Derby Mercury.*

Lately, at Boynes (Loiret), a vine-dresser committed suicide in the following extraordinary manner:—After having harnessed his horse by means of a rope to the two extremities of a scythe, viz. the handle and the point of the blade, he tied himself to a post before the blade, and, whipping his horse, the scythe came against his neck and cut off his head.

Charlottetown: Printed and published by Cooper & Bremner, at their Office, East corner of Pownal and Water Streets.—Terms, 15s. *per annum, payable half yearly in advance.*