

endurable, even for a moment: the truth is, that until the perspiration is completely established, a sensation of fever is felt: with burning of the head and throbbing of the arteries; but when the pores are once opened, every uneasy sensation ceases, and you mount from stage to stage, wishing every two or three minutes for an increase of heat, until at last you actually find yourself, as I did, lying on the highest stage of all, at a temperature of 124 degrees, without feeling the slightest inconvenience. On the shelves which surround the room there is an array of bright brass basins; and on one side are two brass cocks, which supply cold and warm water, and a pipe with a large rose, which acts as a shower-bath. I went to the bath many times after this, and feeling much more at my ease, I proceeded regularly in the operation. First I mounted one of the lower shelves, and after remaining there a few minutes, I descended to the floor and washed the whole of my body in cold water. I then lathered myself from head to foot with soap, rubbing every part of the body with a handful of the soft inner bark of the linden tree. After a second sprinkling of cold water I mounted to the highest stage, and immediately the perspiration streamed from every pore in such profusion that I could hardly believe I had wiped myself dry before I mounted the stage. So case-hardened had I now become, that I sat some minutes on the top of the stove at a temperature of 132° without feeling more inconvenience than I had experienced when I first entered the bath-room. But I found afterwards that I had by no means felt the highest degree of heat which a Russian bath is capable of affording; for when I was in one at Moscow, our Italian *valet de place* suddenly entered the room, and seizing a large vessel of water, dashed the contents into the furnace, which is filled with hot cannon balls. Unfortunately I had not then my thermometer by me, but from the sensation I experienced, I should think the heat for two or three seconds could not have been much less than 170°.—*Rev. R. B. Paul's Journal.*

A BLIND HARPER.

The following is the description which Dr. E. D. Clarke gives of a blind female harper, of Aberystwith, and of the first effect of the native music of the country upon his feeling.

Here we had, for the first time since we entered Wales, the pleasure of hearing the music of the country, in its pure state, from a poor blind female harper. She could speak no English, nor play any English tunes, except *Captain Mackintosh* and the *White Cockade*. There was so much native simplicity in her appearance, and the features of sorrow were so visible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dressed after the style of her countrywomen, in a coarse woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had seated herself in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair close to hers. A predilection for Welsh music would alone have disposed me to listen to the harp; but our blind minstrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When she touched the strings, she displayed all the execution and taste of the most refined master. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpressibly sweet. We had never before heard such tones from the harp. She ran through all the mazes of Welsh harmony, and delighted us with the songs of the bards of old. She seemed to celebrate the days of her forefathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenour of her melody. It sung the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expressive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

All at once she changed the strain; the movement became slow, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the slaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pause, which vibrated upon our very heart-strings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, she told us the sad tale of her own distress. She sung the

blessing of light, and portrayed in cadences the sorrows of the blind.

Without any support but her harp, deprived of her sight, friendless, and poor, she had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of strangers. We were told that she contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for music, nor did we wonder at it, for who can refuse pity to the sufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf?—[*Bishop Otter's Life of Dr. E. D. Clarke.*]

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

AN EXTRACT.—By J. G. Percival.

There is a mourner, and her heart is broken:
She is a widow—she is old and poor:
Her only hope is in that sacred token
Of peaceful happiness, when life is o'er:
She asks nor wealth nor pleasure—begs no more
Than heaven's delightful volume, and the sight
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics! would you pour
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her being's night?

She lives in her affections; for the grave
Has closed upon her husband, children: all
Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save
Her treasured jewels; though her views are small,
Though she has never mounted high, to fall
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring
Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall
Her unpurged palate, but will bring
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave
Wells in the pathless valley, flowing o'er
With silent waters, kissing, as they lave
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,
Long bowed before her Maker; then no more
She muses on the grief of former days;
Her full heart melts and flows in heaven's dissolving rays.

And faith can see a new world, and the eyes
Of saints look pity on her: Death will come—
A few short moments over, and the prize
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb
Becomes her fondest pillow: all its gloom
Is scattered: what a meeting there will be
To her and all she loved here, and the bloom
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee—
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

A CLASSICAL TRIFLE.

James I. is said to have told his English subjects, during some of the explosions of pedantic flattery with which they hailed his accession to the throne of the Tudors, that, in his pronunciation of the vowels in the Latin tongue, he followed the example of his old teacher, "Maister George Buchannan, who was weel kent to be ane of the greatest scholars of his time." That is to say, the king pronounced the Latin *a* with its broad sound, as in war, bar, &c.; not with its soft sound, as in day, way; which mode the English did then, and do still use. In like manner, he gave *e* sound of the soft *a*, while the English sounded it as in these; the *i* was sounded by James as the *e* in the same word these, and by the English it was pronounced with the full sound of the word eye, or of the *i* in size; and so on. Now, it is curious, that till this day the English and Scotch differ upon this score, each retaining their distinct mode of pronouncing the Latin vowels, and many are the quarrels which they have had upon the subject. It happens very oddly, that we have a record which shows that the Scottish scholars themselves, at a period very shortly antecedent to the time of George Buchanan, pronounced the Latin vowels as the English do now, and have all along done. Sir David Lindsay, an accomplished scholar, chances to use several Latin words at the end of lines in his poems, which exhibit his mode of sounding the vowels from the words that rhyme to them. For example, in "the Three Estates," scene 1st,

Because I haif been to this day
Tanquam tabula rasa,
That is as meikill as to say
Redie for gude or ill.

The *a* in day and say could never, at any period, be pronounced daa or saa; and it is therefore plain that honest David Lindsay of the Mount, "Lord Lion King-at-arms," sounded his *a*'s as Anglified-ly as the most thorough-bred Oxonian could desire. In another place we find *sapientia* rhyming to say, and more instances of a similar kind might no doubt be found in the old Scot. As for the pronunciation of the *e*, in one line we discover the *et* in *manducet* rhyming to eat; and surely our ancestors never sounded this word *ait*, as the Irish of the present day are wont to do. So far all goes in favour of the English Latinists, but with the third vowel, the *i*, the tables are turned. Here Sir David favours the adversary. The last *i* in *Domini* rhymes to the *e* in the French words *qualite* and *chastite*, the sound of which approaches nearly to the Latin *i* of the Scotch, but never can be sounded like the English *i*.

The majority of vowels here is in favour of the English mode; and in strict justice we are bound to conclude, from Sir David Lindsay's evidence, that the early Scottish mode was nearer to that of England than to that of Scotland, as it has been in vogue since King James's time. Perhaps, all the length-we ought to go is to conclude, that even in Lindsay's time it was a controverted and undecided point, and that the poet might be inclined to adopt either as it suited his verse for the time.

A SCARCITY OF EVIDENCE.—Some time ago, a judiciary trial took place at the Glasgow circuit court, of a girl, for inflicting a serious wound on an aged female. It was suspected that the whole affair was got up with a view to ruin the culprit. The evidence of the person who had suffered the injury was first taken. In the cross-examination she was asked,—"Well, you say it was the prisoner who inflicted the wound?"—"Yes, I did."—"You're sure of that now?"—"Sure, as my name is what it is."—"Did any body see her do it?"—"My own tochter Mary heard the quarrel, and she might have seen it, but she had gone to the barn for strae to the cow."—"Did you not make a noise?"—"Oh yes, made a noise as loud as I could, but nobody heard it."—"was there no dog in the house to protect you? in the farmhouses you usually have dogs."—"Oh, yes, there was a tog, too, and a very good tog he was; but he was an English tog, an did not understood the language."—*Laird of Logan.*

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERLASTING SHOES.—A nobleman of Gascony (for all Gascons are nobleman) complaining that his pumps did not last long enough, the humble shoemaker, asked him of what stuff his lordship should like to have them made. "Make the vamp," said he, "of the throat of a chorister; the quarter of the skin of a wolf's neck; and the sole, of a woman's tongue." The astonished Crispin made bold with a second question, in the shape of a timid and hesitating "Pourquoi?" "Why you blockhead," replied the wag, "because the first never admits water; the second, because it never bends on either side; and the last, because, although always in motion, it never wears out."

A SAD CASE OF DISTRESS.—A man in the last stage of destitution came before the sitting magistrate at Lambeth Street, and stated, that, having, by the operation of the New Poor Laws, been suddenly deprived of parish assistance, he was reduced to such extremity, that, if not instantly relieved, he must be driven to a deed that his soul abhorred. The worthy magistrate instantly ordered him five shillings from the poor-box, and, after a suitable admonition against giving way to despair, asked him what dreadful deed he would have been impelled to, but for this seasonable relief. "To work!" said the man, with a deep sigh, as he left the office.—*Comic Almanack.*

CANDOUR.—An honest brewer divided his liquor into three classes—strong-table, common-table, and lamen-table. This, at least, was honest.