THE WEEKLY OBSERVER:

BEING

A NEW SERIES OF THE STAR.

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THE GARLAND.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1829.

SONG OF A GREEK ISLANDER IN EXILE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A Greek Islander being taken to the Vale of Tempe, and called upon to admire its beautiful scenery, replied, "Yes, all is fair; but the sea, where is it?"

Where is the sea?—I languish here—
Where is my own blue sea?
With all its barks of fleet career,
And flags and breezes free?

I miss that voice of waves—the first
Which woke my childhood's glee:
The measured chime—the thundering burst—
Where is my own blue sea?

Oh! rich your myrtles' breath may rise,
Soft, soft, your winds may be;
Yet my sick heart within me dies—
Where is my own blue sea?

I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree—
The echoes of my soul are mute—
Where is my own blue sea?

THE SHIPWRECK.

(From the same.)

Avo, press them to thy widow'd breast,
No longer now that place of rest,
Where free from grief, from danger free,
They slept the sleep of infancy.

Within yon tempest-stricken bark,
The billow's sport, the lightning's mark,
Weak and weary, faint and worn,
Their father, friend, their all is borne.

The storm is lowering from the sky,
The furious waves run madly high,
Loud and fearful is the roar—
Oh God! protect him to the shore.

'Tis vain—through many a danger past,
This scene of peril is his last,
Dear as he is to thy young heart,
The hour hath come which bids you part.

THE MISCELLANIST.

SPECIMENS OF A SERIES OF NEW READINGS IN BAILEY AND JOHNSON.

Assurance.—The chief ingredient in procuring the success of men of mediocrity. Once the word which signified conviction resulting from reason: now the sign of impudence, and index of a quicker method of mental travelling—to an agreeable opinion of one's self. A method of providing for future wants from present opportunities, whether by saving from pleasure or pilfering from credulity.

Bending.—The "first position" in the march of promotion.

Consignment.—A method of getting rid of goods men are tempted to prepare for a market where the chances are two to one that they will not sell, and twenty to one that they will never be paid for if they do.

Deserts.—What fortune *does* to merit;—seldom what she *gives*.

Envy.—The oxidation of the soul; but it is only the meaner minds and metals it can rust.

Fading.—See Miss Foote.

Hair.—The foliage of the human tree. The drapery of a fine woman's face, and that part of what is connected with their brains, which youngsters most carefully cultivate. The only crop which many *thick* soils can produce, and one that fifty thousand people in Great Britain live by cutting.

Imagination.—That power which can create without substance, paint without colour, and kill without crime.

Kissing.—The lover's employment of lips when words won't pass over them; the poetry of contact; the dram-drinking of boyhood; and the way Highlanders ascertain whether their female acquaintances have been tippling or not.

Libel.—What any body feels to be true, but fears to have known.

Moment.—A flap of the wing of time. The life of a thought.

Nose.—The seat of one sense which snuff takers gratify at the expense of the other four, and common sense besides. The tell-tale of conviviality, which will accompany one into his cups, and yet be the first to blush and blab about the matter. An annoying companion in Edinburgh, and in the neighbourhood of Gosedubs Street.

Originality.—The only thing impossible of attainment by perseverance. The mark no one ever hits by aiming at it.

Pun.—The paper currency representative of, but not always convertible into the bullion of wit.

Quibbling.—Treating words like caoutchouc, or using it to them. See the above.

Robbing.—Of all arts, that which admits of being done in the greatest variety of ways.

Scholar.—One who has been taught much and thought little.

Tavern.—An *independent* territory, where a shilling makes you a sovereign. A place where dinners are more cheaply bought by coin, than elsewhere by complaisance.

Unlike.—See half the portraits that are painted, and bu-bands and wives that live together.

Violin.—An instrument which a man seldom arrives at perfection in playing, till he is too deaf from age to hear his own notes.

Watch.—A machine which many wear with a golden cover, that they may have something about them of the same hue as their brazen face. Some lawyers carry one to measure the time when their clients' claims become due; and keep that specimen of the precious metals—as a proof that *paper*, (even *foolscap*,) can be converted into *gold*.

Young.—The ugly thing that the whole world agree in wishing to become again. The name of an eminent physician alive, and of a bad poet dead.

Zest.—What we feel in finishing a pleasant task—like that which this definition concludes.—*The Ant.*

MRS. DOROTHY RAMSBOTTOM TO JOHN BULL.

Cheltenham, April 11, 1828.

MY DEAR B.—I have been prevented writing you of late; two of my youngest daughters have had the mizzles, which has been succeeded by a cough and considerable expectation, but I have changed my doctor, and shall do uncommon well now. The last person, who fancies himself a second Hippocrite, had the impotence to say my girls had a low fever—girls brought up as they have been, like duchesses—so I said nothing; but when he called again, I was denied to him, and sent for his arrival; and we are all going on well, and keep up our spirits accordingly.

A regiment is I believe the best thing after all; for I have just discovered that Shakspeare, the mortal bird, as my son calls him, died of indisgestion, which I did not know till my new doctor told me so; he said that poor Shakspeare was quite destroyed by a common tato's, which must have been some course sort of root in use in his time; and the Doctor also told me that he was attended by a Dr. Johnson and a Mr. Stevens; but I thought to myself, too many cooks spoil the broth; and even my medical said he thought he would have done better if they had left him *alone*. What made us talk about the great swim of Avon was my saying I thought She Stoops to Conquer a very droll play.

My son-in-law has bought a beautiful picture, a Remnant undoubted; it is as black as your hat, and shines like a tea tray, and is considered, as indeed it is, what the French call a *shade over* of that great master; he has also bought a jem of considerable vallew; he says it is an antic of a dancing fawn, but it looks to me like a man with a tail, a jumping. He has got several very curious things at shops here; but he goes poking his nose into all the oles and corners for curiosities, and sometimes gets into sad scrapes; he is a French Mounsheer, you recollect; and at one of the sails he scraped acquaintance with a young dandy-looking man with dark musquitos on his lips, which we had seen every morning a drinking the waters regularly, and so we let him walk and talk with us; and at last we was told he was no better than he should be, and had been convicted of purgery, which I did not think was so great a crime, considering where he was; however, he is gone away, which I am glad of.

I told you my son-in-law was a French Mounsheer, but I did not know till the other day that he was in the army, for he has been so sly as never to mention it; but I saw one of his letters from his elder brother, and in the direction he called him Cadet, which after all is no very high rank you know. I should, however, very much liked to have seen the boys from the Military Assium march to the Surrey Theatre; it must have been a beautiful site; I suppose they got leave through the Egerton General's Office.

Have you read Lord Normanby's *Yes or No*, or Mr. Liston's *Herbert Lucy?* I should think it must be very droll, he is such a droll cretur himself; and pray tell me if you have heard any news from Portingal of the Don. Major M'Pherson calls him Don *M'Gill* and Captain O'Dogherty, calls him Don *My jewel*—how do you pronounce it? I am told Lord Doodley used to call him, while he was in London, *My gull*.

There is not much stirring here; the good effect of the waters is quite aperient in our family; we are all mending, and exorcise ourselves for four hours at a time on what is called the well walk, which is a different place from the sick walk, which is entirely for the innphaleeds. Lavinia has got hold of a book called *Bookarchy*, containing the lives of a hundred Knights she says; but she won't shew it to her sisters as is not yet married; it is translated out of a foren tongue by a Mr. D. Cameron; all the Scotch is very clever.

Mr. Fulmer is going to Hauksvut next term, to be made a Doctor of Laws. He says he shall be away only two days, but I doubt its being over so soon, because he told me himself it must be done by degrees. After he is made a Doctor, he says he means to practise; but I told him I thought he had better practise first, in order to understand what he has to do afterwards.—A friend of his came here to see him from Hauksvut College, who I thought was a clergyman by his dress; but I found out, by what Mr. Fulmer told me, that it was an old lady in disguise, for he said she was Margaret Professor, and he even went so far as to call her a Divinity, which to me did seem uncommon strange. However, there is no understanding these scholars, for it is not more than a fortnight since, that Fulmer told me he expected a brazen-nosed man to dinner, and when the gentleman came, his nose was just like other people's: so I suppose it was to surprise Lavinia, who was reading a work on Nosology at the very time.

You will be pleased to hear that I have let my house in Montague Place, unfurnished with conveniences, for three hundred and twenty pounds a year; besides taxis; and I have skewered a very nice residence in the Regent's Park, within ten doors of the Call-and-see-um, where the portrait of Saint Paul is to be exhibited, and where I hope you will visit us; my two youngest, which is shooten up, is uncommon anxious to know you, now they have made their debutt into sauciyty. The young one is a feline cretur as ever trod shoe leather. The other is more of an orty crackter, with very high spirits. They are indeed quite Theliar and Molpomona of the Ramsbottoms.

If you should run down here before we leave for town, pray come and take pot-luck, which is all we can offer you at Cheltenham. You must take us as you find us: we are all in the family way, and, as you know delighed to see our friends, without any ceremony.

Do right, dear, B., and send us the noore; for really the old Engines who are here for their health look so billyus, that without something to enliven us, we should get worse instead of better.—Ajew, ever yours,

D. L. RAMSBOTTOM.

THE LUXURIES OF THE EAST.—Of what are called in England "the luxuries of the East" I cannot give a very exalted description; all the fruits now in season are inferior to those of England. The oranges, though pleasant, are small and acid; the plantain is but an indifferent mellow pear; the shaddock has no merit but juicyness and a slight bitter taste, which is reckoned good in fevers, and the guava is an almost equal mixture of raspberry-jam and garlic. Nor are our artificial luxuries more remarkable than our natural. They are in fact, only inventions (judicious and elegant certainly) to get rid of real and severe inconveniences, while all those circumstances in which an Englishman mainly places his ideas of comfort and splendour, such as horses, carriages, glass, furniture, &c., are, in Calcutta generally paltry and extravagantly dear. In fact, as my shipmate, Colonel Pennington, truly told me, "the real luxuries of India, when we can get them, are cold water and cold air." But though the luxury and splendour are less, the society is better than I expected. The state in which the high officers of government appear, and the sort of deference paid to them in society, are great, and said to be necessary in conformity with native ideas and the example set by the first conquerors, who took their tone from the Mussulmans whom they supplanted. All members of council, and others, down to the rank of puisne judges inclusive, are preceded by two men with silver-sticks, and two others with heavy silver-maces, and they have in society some queer regulations, which forbid any person to quit a party before the lady or gentleman of most rank rises to take leave. There are some circumstances in Calcutta dwellings which at first surprise and annoy a stranger. The lofty rooms swarm with cockroaches and insects; sparrows and other birds fly in and out all day, and as soon as the candles are lighted, large bats flutter on their indented wings, like Horace's *cura*, round our *laqueata tecta*, if this name could be applied to roofs without any ceiling at all, where the beams are left naked and visible, lest the depredations of the white ant should not be seen in time.—*Bishop Heber.*

DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.—Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture; his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front; no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain; but, in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt; the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off, but the dying hero stopped him, saying, "*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me.*" And in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. From the spot where he fell, the General who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die in this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed, "*It is a great satisfaction to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" The battle was scarcely ended when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.—*Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula.*

WOMAN.—Women, in their nature, are much more gay and joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile, or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul; I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the guilt of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in the mind, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the path of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy women, by a thoughtless gaiety. Where these precautions are not observed, the man degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care, and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.—*Addison.*

SISTERS AND MOTHERS.—There are ties, which, like the invisible strings of conscience, bind man to the world of kindly affection, and are the last things forgotton when one leaves life. The married situation *may* be one of purer and uninterrupted felicity—there *may* be no cloud in its whole happy horizon—it *may* be ever sunny, and flowers spring up in every season of the age. But even these happy ones, who are in this clime of bliss, remember long and late the claims of a sister or mother to their best affections. In the life of the solitary and single, those who are said to be doomed to an *ennui* of loneliness, the claims of a sister and a mother should hold strongly, not only upon their feelings but duties. Those kindnesses which men bestow upon their offspring and their wives, and who possess each, and in whom their best views are concentrated, in the bachelor, are given to the (almost) sacred names which constitute this heading. In loving a sister, there is none of that earthliness of passion which degrades the heart—in the devotion due to a mother, comes none of the selfishness of man. The feelings inspired by both sister and mother, all are derived from sources as pure as the Divinity which inspires them.

It might be a singular speculation to inquire how many of the various matches which have been made have proved happy; how many who have been connected by wedlock, now mark the day of that connexion as blessed—and how many now would sing pœans of joy if the vow irrecoverable could at this hour be utterly cancelled. Yet aside from this speculation, all, whether single or married, ever are mindful of the duties and affections due to the sister or mother.—When the wife is forgotten, the mother is remembered, and why? Because in addition to the claim of nature, she has been our long and constant friend. Our errors she has viewed with leniency; our sins corrected with tears, and our virtues remembered and rewarded with her smiles. The attractions which a sister possesses are of a similar nature, and from similar causes. Few wish ever to sever that chain of affection which binds him in its maternal or fraternal wreath of flowers.—*Boston Bachelor's Journal.*

ADVICE TO A BRIDE.—"Hope not for perfect happiness." said Madame de Maintenon to the Princess of Savoy on the eve of her marriage with the Duke of Burgundy; "there is no such thing on earth, and though there were, it would not be found at the court. Greatness is exposed to afflictions often more severe than those of a private station. Be neither vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other, sallies of ill humour with patient mildness. Be obliging without putting great value on your favours. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants who would be free themselves and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well founded, it is enough if they are established. Pray God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour."

A CHIRAVARI.—On Thursday night, a riotous assemblage, known by the name of a Chiravari, took place in the Quebec Suburbs of this city. This is an occurrence which has fortunately been so rare of late, that to some of our readers who have not been long in the country, some explanation may be necessary. When any marriage took place between persons differing much in age, or when one of them had been wedded before, a crowd of persons in disguises of different sorts, were accustomed to assemble before the door of the parties, whom they annoyed by all sorts of noises, until they gave the performers something to drink, or bestowed money on some charitable institution. Ever since a fatal transaction which took place several years ago, an event of the kind has seldom or never occurred in this neighboured until Thursday, when the police took three of the principal masqueraders into custody. Yesterday morning they were marched from the Watch House to the Police Court, attended by an immense assemblage of people. One of them had his face painted and his body ornamented with pieces of cut paper, and a girdle hung with bells round his middle; the other two were in female habiliments.—*Montreal Herald.*

POWER OF HABIT.—In regard to food, it is very certain that habit can raise us above the standard of ordinary men.—"Meat and drink to which we are accustomed," says Hippocrates, "agree with us, though naturally pernicious; but not those aliments to which we are unaccustomed, though naturally wholesome;" and henceforth he concludes, that it is more beneficial to adhere to the same sorts of food than to change them abruptly, even though we substitute better in their stead. Alexander the Great, when in India, found it necessary to forbid his army the use of wholesome food, because it carried off the men, owing to their not being accustomed to it. So true is the observation of Celsus, that "whatever is contrary to their habits, whether it be hard or soft, is prejudicial to health."

Liban informs us, that the Ethiopians eat scorpions, and Mercurialis states that the West Indians eat toads; neither of these facts is without a parallel in Europe. At Padua and Rome there were two children who ate scorpions, and a girl took pleasure in eating frogs, lizards, serpents, mice, and all sorts of insects. Another ate live lizards and caterpillars with pepper and vinegar. Of spider eaters, who grew fat upon those distinguished insects, we could collect half a dozen instances from different writers. Galen relates of an old woman, that she had gradually habituated herself to make a meal of hemlock; and Sextus Empiricus assures us, that there have been persons who have taken thirty drams of that poison without injury. A student at Halle accustomed himself on purpose to arsenic, which he took with his food, from a boy; and though it at first occasioned vomiting, yet in time he could bear a considerable quantity. Hence it is evident, how one who habituates himself needlessly to physic, breaks down the bridges which, in case of emergency, might carry him in safety over the abyss of disease.—*New M. Mag.*

Chief Justice Mansfield.—This great lawyer, probably with a view to prolong his own days, was always anxious, when old witnesses were in Court, to know their customary habits of life. It so happened that two very old men by the name of Elm were one day the objects of his enquiry. "You are a very old man," said his lordship to the elder brother; "I suppose you have lived a very temperate life. "Never drank any thing but water, my Lord," said Mr. Elm. "Nor you neither? I suppose," said the Judge, addressing himself to the younger brother.—"When I could get nothing else, my lord, was the reply: I always took my glass with my friend." "Well," replied his lordship, "all that we can say is—*an elm will flourish wet or dry.*"

Stephens, the celebrated classical printer, is thus mentioned by Baillet, in his Judgment des Savans:—"The economy of Robert Stephens' house was excellent. He received no workmen into his printing house but such as were skilled in Greek and Latin, and capable of being masters elsewhere. He had, besides this, men and maids, who were not allowed to talk any thing but latin, as well as the workmen in the printing house. His wife and daughters understood it perfectly, and were obliged, with all the domestics, to talk nothing else. So that the storehouses, the chambers, the shop, the kithen—in a word, from the top of the house to the bottom, all spoke Latin at Robert Stephens'."—This generous printer had usually ten men of learning in his house, all of them foreigners, who corrected his impressions under him; and, not satisfied with the application he gave to the correction of the several proofs which came from his presses, he publicly exposed the printed sheets before they were taken off, and promised a reward to such as should find any faults in them.

The other day a little boy, not many miles from Falkirk, having absented himself for a whole day, excited considerable alarm among his family for his safety. In the evening his mother, in her search, at length spied him busily engaged in digging a hole in the sea bank, at some distance. On asking him where he had been, and what he had been doing, the little fellow answered, "I heard my father's siller was in the Bank, and I was just trying to find it."

COINCIDENCES OF THE SAME DATES.—Cromwell was born the same day Queen Elizabeth died. Sully and Henry IV. came into the world on the same day; and Cervantes and Shakspeare died at the same time.

POPULATION AND GENERATION.—Father Peters, the Jesuit, calculated that in 260 years four men might have 268,719,000,000 of descendants. Enough to people many such worlds as ours. Sir W. Blackstone shows that in twenty generations every man actually has 1,048,576 ancestors. Thus the provisions of nature are made against every contingency. In the animal world, 342,144 eggs have been found in a carp only 18 inches long; and 600,000 have been reckoned in the roe of a salmon.

A valuable Dairy.—We are informed that Mr. Israel Cole, of this town, has made this season 16,000 pounds of cheese from the milk of only 28 cows—being on an average 571 pounds to each cow. We understand he increases the quantity of milk by giving his cows daily the whey mixed with meal. His cheese is of the best quality, and fetches, with his established customers in New-York, one or two cents per pound more than that of ordinary dairies. Such a dairy, when cheese was at the price of 12½ cents per pound, would make a man rich in a few years, and even at the present moderate prices, is no contemptible income.—*Berkshire American.*

Diurnal variation of the Barometer.—In tropical climates, the weight of the atmosphere is at its *maximum* at 10 A. M.; it then decreases till 5 P. M., when it begins to regain a part of what it had lost in weight from the sun's rays. At 11 P. M., it is nearly, though not quite so heavy as in the forenoon; its weight then gradually diminishes, as in the day-time, though not in so great a degree, till about two hours before sunrise when the weight begins again to decrease.

Dr. Chapman has found the inhalation of the vapour of tobacco to succeed in several cases of spasms about the upper part of the windpipe, approaching either to spasmodic croup or asthma. He recommends the vapour to be produced by smoking a cigar, during which the patient should frequently attempt to make a deep inspiration, so that the internal surface of the air vessels may be exposed to the action of the vapour.

To preserve Polished Iron from Rust.—Dr. Hall, in the last number of the "Quarterly Journal of Science," states that polished iron goods may be effectually preserved from tarnish or rust in damp weather or situations, by covering their surface with lime mixed with water.

Receipt for making an Indian Pudding.—Scald two quarts of skim milk; stir it in one pint of Indian meal, or enough to make very thin mush, and a little salt, a tea-cup full of molasses, a great spoon full of ginger, or a little of any other spice you may like. Put it in a tin or earthen pan, and bake it in the oven three hours. It eats well without, but better with a lump of butter, and is a luxury superior to rice or custard.

CHRISTIAN TRUST AND SERENITY.—A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady who was sitting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose from the chair lashed to the deck, supporting himself by a pillar of the bed place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed,—"Are you not afraid?" she instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why," said the officer; "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves my too well to hurt me." "Well then," said he, "remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand."

CHILDHOOD.—There is in childhood a holy ignorance—a beautiful credulity—a sort of sanctity, that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings with which one should approach being of celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this withering world. One trembles, lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children, feel and repeat to their own hearts—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"—Aye which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child?—Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own.

POWER OF THE COUNTENANCE.—One of the Editors of the Youth's Companion states the following fact, which he recently witnessed while on a visit at the Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb:—"Mr. Gallaudet, the Principal of the Asylum, remarked that he would endeavour to communicate a distinct idea by *changes of the countenance*, without the use of the arms or fingers. He would not promise that he should succeed; but he would make the trial. Mr. G. signified to the pupils what he wished to do, which excited a smile at his novelty. (He *told us* that the idea was a *description of the Judgment of the great Day.*) He then folded his arms, stood erect, and, by a most surprising flexibility of muscles, was enabled to communicate his meaning, so that two of the pupils wrote the sentence, 'In the day of Judgment, all mankind will be assembled, and the righteous and wicked will be separated before Christ, the Son of God.'"

As we cannot judge of the motion of the earth, by any thing within or upon the earth, but by some radiant and celestial point that is beyond it; so the wicked, by comparing themselves with the wicked, perceive not how far they are advanced in their iniquity. To know precisely what lengths they have gone, they must fix their attention on some bright and exalted character that is not of them but above them. When all moves equally, (says Paschal,) nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none seem to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.

BEAUTY, as the flowery bloom, soon fades; but the diviner excellencies of the mind, like the medical virtues of the plant, remain in it when all these charms are faded.