

advised unfriendly to the Society. He would not, however, occupy much time, as his friend, Mr. Smith had taken most of his work from him. He felt great interest in the cause, and although he had withdrawn himself from one part of the Society—the Floating Chapel—and had not taken any active part in the other—he heartily rejoiced at its prosperity. He was extremely anxious that any difference which had existed should be forgotten, and that the Society should go on in peace. He had also heard defamatory reports of Mr. S., but concurred with the advice already given, that all hostility should be laid aside, as the work in which they were engaged required more than their every effort. He would not occupy the time of the Meeting longer, as there were others more competent who would have to address them.

MISCELLANY.

A SCENE IN AFRICA.

I stood on Capo Montserado—night had spread over its her shadows—silence reigned, broken only by the sound of the distant, dashing waters. As the bright and beautiful constellations moved through the heavens in their illustrious and unchanging courses, evidences of invisible glory—of an eternal and immutable God—what scenes of horror—of relentless cruelty, said I, have you witnessed, along the whole border of this afflicted, this injured land.—Here, every day for centuries, has the human body been bound in chains, the ties of kind fellowship, of nature's strongest affections, ruthlessly sundered, and hope, which smiles in death, made to perish by living agony. Here has manly courage been subdued by torture—parental love punished as a crime, and female tenderness been rewarded by the keenest sufferings. If the pure spirits which inhabit you, can look upon human affairs, must they not suppose that knowledge and civilization harden the heart, and that sympathy lives only in the breasts of barbarians. Rejoice they must, that the fair planets roll so far above the unholly and contagious influences of our world. What multitudes of human beings on this shore, have been immolated on the altars of avarice—how many have wished to die, as they bade a final farewell to their lovely homes, and saw for the last time their wives, children, and friends! My God! who can describe the miseries of those crowded to death in a slave ship? But shall everlasting night cover this land, and the records of African history forever contain nothing but mourning, lamentation, and woe? Heaven forbid it. The Omnipotent will not suffer it. A universe beautiful, harmonious and grand, arose at his word from chaos; from the ruins of human virtue and hope, his wisdom is displaying a new moral creation, and the exile, sufferings, and degradation of the Africans, may be succeeded by their return, felicity and honour.

African Repository.

“*Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.*”

“It is vanity to seek after riches which must perish, and to trust in them. It is vanity also to be ambitious of honours, and to raise one's self to a high station. It is vanity to follow the lusts of the flesh, and to desire that for which thou must afterwards be grievously punished. It is vanity to wish for a long life, and to take little care of leading a good life. It is vanity to mind only this present life, and not to look forward into those things which are to come.

“He who would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ, must study to make his whole life conformable to that of Christ. What does it avail thee to discourse profoundly of the Trinity, if thou be void of humility, and consequently displeasing to the Trinity?”

“I had rather feel compunction, than know its definition. If thou didst know the whole Bible by heart, and the sayings of all the philosophers, what would it all profit thee without the love of God and his Grace?”

THOS. A KEMPIS.

ELEVATION OF SCITE AND OF CHARACTER.

Any man in any country will enjoy higher and better spirits in travelling along an elevated open road, than he will along a bottom confounded by hedges; and the same will be the effect of living in a house in a high situation. Even a house the prin-

cipal floor of which is ascended by a few steps is felt to be more dignified, and known to be dryer and healthier, than one to which you descend by a few steps, and there can be but little doubt that the mere circumstance of a man in London lodging on the parlor floor or on the first floor, will have an influence on his sentiments and character. In the endeavors of the wealthy of any country, therefore, to raise and ameliorate the lowest classes, the first thing should be, to raise and ameliorate their dwellings, the next thing to place them above absolute want by a large garden; and the third thing to place near them, good infant and Lancasterian schools.—*London.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

The first young lady with whom I was particularly interested, was the daughter of a farmer of considerable property and respectable connexions. She was intelligent and unassuming; possessed of great sweetness of disposition, and an easy and fascinating address. For several weeks, I fondly hoped and believed the long-wished-for “good” was obtained. But as my brief acquaintance in the family ripened into an intimacy: I at length discovered that my idol, though a farmer's daughter, was wholly uninitiated in the mysteries of domestic management.

A dark cloud immediately gathered over my hymenial prospects; and threatened an abrupt termination of my fondly cherished hopes. Painful as was the effort, I resolved on an immediate and final abandonment of the pursuit, unless, indeed, by great gentleness, she could be reclaimed.—Thus determined, I sought an opportunity to introduce the subject of domestic economy into conversation, without very distinctly intimating my own opinion,—endeavouring to elicit her's. After some little hesitation, she frankly avowed her conviction, that it was grossly indelicate for a lady of fashionable education to superintend in person domestic concerns; and that she had come to the settled conclusion never to appear in her kitchen. I cordially thanked her for this full and frank disclosure of her sentiments; and as frankly communicated my deliberate resolution not to make any person mistress of my family, who would not be mistress of my kitchen. After playing off some few airs of coquetry,—as sighs, and tears; and of diplomacy,—as regrets and unchangeable opinions,—the negotiation was terminated. Her mother at this moment coming in, bearing her arms full of wood, not a little increased my disgust at the above sentiment, and hastened my departure. In bidding her farewell, I expressed an earnest wish that she might never experience the disastrous consequences of indulging in such high-toned and ruinous doctrines. I could not forget her; and often enquired of my friends near her, after her welfare. She soon after married a young merchant in fair business, and carried her high notions into full operation. The consequences may be easily guessed. With extravagant furniture, numerous servants, and attendant expenses; her husband's affairs became embarrassed, and his creditors alarmed for the safety of their debts. Hoping to find a reformation in his domestic management, they delayed pressing him till hope had fled,—when they seized his effects; and the high-minded and accomplished Zelia had the mortification of returning to her father's house, in less than one short year, a victim to her conceit.—*American paper.*

From the Cooperstown Watch Tower, August 10.

On the poisonous property of the Black Cherry tree. The “*Prunus Nigra*” of Botanists.

The fact, that the withered leaves of the cherry are a deadly poison to cattle, has been long known in the country; but I never recollect to have heard of any ill consequences from the use of the bark, a domestic remedy very much celebrated for the cure of Jaundice &c. The following case is perfectly satisfactory to my mind, and must establish the fact of its poisonous properties beyond a doubt. On Thursday, July 23, I was called in great haste to visit a young lady who had been seized with vertigo, insensibility and syncope, followed by an alarming difficulty of respiration, in consequence of a draught of about half a pint of cider, taken from a closely stoppered bottle which was filled the evening previous with cherry bark, fresh from the tree. The symptoms were followed by a small pulse, nausea and vomiting. The more violent symptoms passed off in

about twenty or thirty minutes, and before I saw her, yet I am inclined to believe, that a larger dose might have proved fatal without any return of sensibility. In this case, it returned and the patient soon recovered with no ill consequences, except extreme languor and debility.

Another young lady in the family, who had good health and constitution, took also, about the same time, a very small quantity of the contents of the bottle, and was immediately affected with faintness, giddiness of the head, and tremor of the whole body, which lasted about a half an hour.

Whether the bark in these cases was more poisonous in consequence of the small sprout, from which it was taken, being broken down and partly withered, (which is known to be the case with the leaves,) or whether such effect will be uniformly produced when the bark is put immediately into closely stoppered bottles, I will not attempt to decide. I relate the facts only, and hope they may lead to farther enquiries.

The discoveries of the French chemists have recently revealed the truth, that the deleterious principle of the leaves of the cherry and laurel, the kernels of the peach, and some other vegetables, is very analogous to the Prussic or Hydro-Cyanic Acid. This acid in its condensed form is one of the most virulent poisons in the world; snuffed up the nostrils incautiously, it produces sickness, and even syncope; a feather dipped in it and drawn across the eye ball of an animal produces instant death—[a method often resorted to by physiologists, to terminate the sufferings of animals which have been made subservient to their experiments.] Two drops have been known to kill a vigorous dog in an instant. The whole body of animals killed by it, exhales the odor of bitter almonds, no disorganizations or evidence of inflammation ever being discovered.

HEALING POWERS OF THE LIVERWORT.

A. P., a young man between 25 and 30 years of age, has been apparently in consumption for two years, or more.

In the winter of 1827-8, he was confined to his room with every symptom of confirmed consumption; pulse 110 to the minute; hectic fever, incessant cough, with expectoration of matter, which in March amounted to full a pint a day, night sweats, debility, and great emaciation.

After having tried the usual means to no effect, the Liverwort was resorted to. It was first taken in decoction without any apparent benefit; a concentrated syrup was then taken, and to the astonishment of all his friends he rapidly recovered so far as to be able to attend to business, and the summer following worked a small garden, and has continued mending gradually in health and flesh to this date.

New Lebanon, April 16, 1829.

N. B. The above account is taken from the case book of the Physician to the Society of Shakers in New Lebanon, and may be relied on as correct.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

BONES.—A commercial friend has furnished us with a list of 24 vessels which arrived at Hull, England from different ports of the Netherlands and Germany, between the 13th and 26th of June inclusive, with an aggregate of 1308 tons of cattle's bones, besides 3650 shank bones. They are then ground up, and afterwards used as manure. We understand that a ship cleared from this port recently for the same destination, having on board 200 tons of bones which had been collected in this city. It is rather a new article of exportation with us, but will probably receive more attention hereafter.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

ELDER-BERRY SYRUP.—Take of the juice of elder-berry one quart; boil to one pint; strain and add two pounds of double refined sugar; again place it over the fire; so soon as it shall have boiled, remove it from the fire; and when cold bottle it for use, taking care to have it well corked. Should they neglect to put in the above quantity of sugar there will be danger of its becoming mouldy. As a gentle purgative, this syrup is an excellent medicine, of very pleasant taste; and is particularly serviceable for children who are not inclined to take medicine. The dose for an adult is a wine glass full.