

safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was declared to be suitable in form; yet the Indian declined the trial, and when pressed twice waved his thin, keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally he was forced to make trial, and the time fell open, cleanly divided, the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood!—*Sir Charles Napier's Administration in Scinde.*

Lord Palmerston and Lord Granville.

One of these coincidences in which curious people are prone to indulge is to be found in the mottoes attached to the coat of arms of the families of Lord Palmerston and Lord Granville. The device of the ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs is "*Flecti non Frangi*," while that of the Foreign Secretary is "*Frangas non Flectes*." The similarity in sound, and opposition in sense, of the two mottoes of the respective noble houses to which our late and present Foreign Secretaries belong, will strike at once the curious in such matters, when it is considered how these devices were selected long ago by the founders of these families, when the present events could scarcely have presented themselves to their imagination. The ingenious will further amuse themselves by making the application to the case of the accomplished nobleman, who may have "bent" to rise again, but who may not yet be "broken."—*Observer.*

Physicians.

The first who deserve the name of physicians started from the temples of Cos and Cnidos; they began to throw off the veil of mysticism, and to lay the foundation of an art founded upon the experience and observation of nature. Among them the most eminent places belongs to Hippocrates, the son of Heraclides. Next to Hippocrates, some other men deserve mention, for having added new medicines to those already known, or for having taught a better method of dispensing them, as Dioscorus, of Carystus; Praxagoras, of Cos; Chrysippus, of Cnidos; Theophrastus, of Eresus; Nicander, of Calopho; Heras, of Cappadocia. From these times, dates the separation of medicine from dietetics, surgery, and pharmacy, which was brought about by the school of Alexandria. This division has influenced the preparation of medicines, because, only those who cured by internal remedies, and prepared medicines were called pharmacists; whilst the physicians who cured only by the strict rules of diet, were called dietetics; and those who performed manual operations only, were called surgeons.—*Annals of Pharmacy and Practical Chemistry.*

Temperance.

Extracts from Mr. Gough's Lectures.

If I advise a young man to avoid drink, lest he becomes a drunkard, what will he say? "Do you take me for such a fool?" No, no man was ever such a fool as to become a drunkard intentionally, and at once. But you will say that every man who becomes a drunkard is a fool. There have been drunkards of such high intellect that they might stand "with one foot on the daisy while the other touched the dust of stars." It depends more upon the temperament and constitution of any given man than anything else, whether he becomes a drunkard or not, if he follow the drinking customs of the world. Take three young men as such a like as men can be who differ physically. One as a cold phlegmatic man who never laughs and wonders what any body can think it worth while to cry for; who never takes part in political nor any other excitement; who resembles an organ, on which by the same kind of grinding you can always bring out steadily the same tune—the Rose of Allendale—the Portuguese Hymn Di Tanti Palpiti, and so on. He is a good sort of man enough; but when he shakes your hand, he gives you only the tips of his fingers, or if you get more, the whole feels like a dead fish. It is hard to offend him,

for he does not readily understand an affront, and he wants every joke explained to him twice. Such a one makes your moderate drinker.

Another shall be so close-fisted, that he would, if he could, ring one of the pillars off a Spanish quarter dollar, like a man in Albany who said he had been a member of the church for thirteen years, and, thank God it never cost him a quarter of a dollar. "The Lord bless your stingy soul then," was the reply. Such a man would never become a drunkard. There was a man in Connecticut who could never become one. He one day went into a grocery and asked for a drink. When he had drunk it, he asked what was to pay. "Three cents." "Well," said he, "I'm a member of the house of Representatives—I am, and I guess I shall be here sixty or seventy days, according as business goes on. I'm in the habit of drinking—a little—according to my circumstances, may be three or four glasses a day, some more, some less. I guess I would like to find some steady place where I could liquor regular while I'm in the city, and I'll take it here if you will let me have it for two cents." "If such a man ever turned drunkard, that great hunter for curiosities, Mr. Barnum, would buy him and show him through the country.

Take another. He is of a nervous temperament, easily excited. He can sing a good song; tell a good story; make himself the life of society; and speaks, as it were, a garden of green things wherever he goes. Every one loves him for his open-heartedness; his very tread in the streets is full of good humour. Such a man will become a drunkard. And yet I hear young men say, "I'm not such a fool."

Let me explain how they become so.—They begin, not because they want to drink, but because it is genteel—at public dinners—at public suppers—or at private parties. While waiting for the railway cars, one day when I was so cold that I was absolutely forced against my custom, to go into a tavern, to warm myself at the stove, I met a gentleman of a class of which we have too many in the United States—fine gentlemanly looking men, with good coats, well put on. They are usually of a very social disposition, good address, popular with young men, and with some title, military or civil. They are generals, or majors, or colonels, or judges, or something of that sort. They are the greatest too that the community have. I have sometimes traced their lives till death's fingers were feeling their heart, and what then must be their reflection? "God has given me health, influence, fine appearance, the means of influencing young men, and I have never exerted one good influence." It was one of this class of whom I speak. Coming into the bar-room he approached a young man sitting there—"Jim, what will you take?" "Well, I guess, Judge, I won't take anything." "Oh, come along, what will you take?" "Well if I must, suppose I take brandy." That's the way young men begin. And yet at the beginning it is easy to avoid it. As the quaker told his boy, it is as easy to leave off drinking as to open his hand. "How?" said the boy. "Why John, when thou puttest the glass to thy lips, just open thine hand, and thou wilt drink nothing."

I speak as one who can look back to seven dreary years, during which, all around me, that was green, and bright, and beautiful, and lively, and touching, was covered into bitter ashes. When I was, as it were, in a fetid pool that constantly bubbled up around me and approached my lips. Oh, Father of Mercies, let me sow the whirlwind, and reap the tempest; let those whom I love hold me in derision; when I anticipate good, evil come upon me; let terror and death fall upon me—let all these things be; but save me from the death of the drunkard.

Bonze travelled in Connecticut with a driver whose conversation made up one of the most curious rides I ever had. He had a fine span of horses, and he said to me:—"If you had only seen me eight years ago, when I was carted out of Wellington with all my family, and all my goods in one horse cart—and such a horse! I could not see his head. When I pulled one string, he would turn round a little; and the only impression whipping made upon him was to

make him go sideways. Now, I'm driving back with a fine span, and a temperance man."

Literary.

For the Wesleyan.

Ecstasy.

FROM A LECTURE BY THE REV. R. COOPER, A. M.

Pursuing the plan of personification adopted in this address, I shall now introduce to your favourable notice, an individual universally admired and distinguished; his name is *Poetry*, and I shall now leave him to speak for himself.

"I am rejoiced, my dear friends, to have this opportunity of unreservedly, and out of the fullness of my heart, speaking to you. I entertain a great regard for you; and further, I am persuaded that you are kindly disposed towards me. I have been frequently introduced to you, and in all cases courteously received; and this has been the more gratifying to me, inasmuch as the candidates for your suffrage have been both numerous and popular. I have seen *Biography* here, and have heard him tell of feats more extraordinary than any performed by the Palladians of old—feats that surpass all the conceptions of Romance, and cast into the shade all the exploits of Eriqion and Necromancy. I have seen *Astronomy* here, clothed in garments of light, and displaying his sublime attainments. I have seen *Geology*, the venerable grave-digger of the antediluvian world, and *Chemistry*, the cook of physical science—I have seen *Philology* and *Physiology* standing on this dais, and have heard them expatiate in a most edifying manner, upon bumps, and lineaments, and peculiarities, &c. I have seen *Commerce*, with his shrewd and plodding aspect—*Agriculture*, with his rural simplicity and honest face—and *Lace* with his revelous, his demure, his non-*estis*, his *ca. sa's* and *fi. fil's*, &c. All these well known and reputable personages have repeatedly appeared before this audience, and have borne away appropriate and deserved prizes; but, nevertheless, the most beautiful chaplet and the richest crown have been invariably bestowed upon me. Allow me to say, my respected friends, that I esteem this discrimination very highly, and that I shall always be grateful for the decided preference with which you have honoured me.

"I am descended from very illustrious ancestors, for I include among them Jupiter, Apollo and Mercury, and on the maternal side I am greatly distinguished. I was born of no less than nine mothers—all sisters—they are called 'The Muses,' and they still dwell in their primitive abode—Mount Parnassus.

"I know, my respected friends, that in many cases, your pursuits and employments are full of prosaic tendencies, and that the cares and anxieties of mercantile life are inimical to poetry. But still, the kindness you have invariably shown to me is *poetry* itself. It is the *poetry* of benevolence—the *poetry* of politeness—the *poetry* of the heart.

"I am not so vain, or so exclusive, as to hope, for a moment, that I could enjoy a monopoly of your esteem—no, your impartiality would save you from indulging so unseeably a preference; and, hence, I not only admit that *History*, for instance, has great claims; but I even recommend them. He is a person of vast experience, and great and varied excellences; we have always been on the very best terms, and as a proof of the high place my favored friend occupies in my consideration, I need only say that I assisted him at his very entrance upon public life; and that a great deal of the popularity he enjoys, is attributable to the spirit I infused into his works, and to the grace with which I embellished them.

"To convince you that I am not a mere theorist, a creature made up of project and sentiment, I need only assure you that among my most intimate friends, there are none whom I more highly esteem than *Natural Philosophy*. He is, you all know, a pains-taking, a hard-working man; and the wonderful knowledge he has acquired has been obtained by a slow and painful process. His pursuits differ widely from mine; but, nevertheless, their diversity and elevation constitute the *poetry* of research, and make us of one heart, and one mind. My friend is often found in 'The Laboratory,' but seldom in 'The Forum.'—Museums and Libraries are among his favorite places of resort, and he is never more happy than when he is making experiments, and explaining mysteries. The powers of his mind are so expanded, and, at the same time, so condensed, so comprehensive, and yet so minute, that nothing is too high for his contemplation, or too low for his regard. The firmament, with all its shining hosts—the sea, with all its wonders—the earth, with all its treasures—the irrational tribes, in all their species and habits—and man, in all his phases and peculiarities, are alike familiar to him.

"But although 'my learned friend' is, among philosophers, what *Prospero* is among 'The Gods,' he feels not the power of the recollections and traditions by which I am enabled, nor the aspirations by which I am exalted.

"I taught the Egyptians in hieroglyphics; and I imitated the Persian Chronicles;—I inspired

Homer and Hesiod; and I taught Euripides and Pindar; Virgil and Horace, and Ovid and Tasso are indebted to me for all their renown. Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, &c., all of 'merry England,' were brought up at my feet. Ireland, too, is deeply indebted to me for her ancient lays, and for the rich and varied excellencies of her Carolans—her Swifts—Dermody—her Goldsmiths—her Sternes and her Moores. O bear with me in my foolishness—I took Allan Ramsey from the sheepfold; and I called Burns from the plough, and allured Campbell to 'The Pleasures of Hope.' I inspired Scott when he was studying Justinian; and Beattie, Ferguson, Cunningham, Högg, &c., &c., drank deep of the fountains that I opened in the land of Wallace and of Bruce. But what more shall I say.—Time would fail, were I to mention Byron and Savage; Chatterton and Cowley; Wordsworth and Southey; Coleridge and Thomson; Montgomery and Young; Cowper and White; Watts and Wesley. These are my children—singers and melodists all of them; and the world is filled with the music of their speech, and 'The Church' resounds with the voice of their praise."

"And other spirits there do stand apart,
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These—these will give the world another heart,
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."—KEATS.

Correspondence.

For the Wesleyan.

Sackville and Point de Bute Circuits,—Missionary Meetings.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — As no other brother has communicated respecting our missionary meetings on this and the Point de Bute Circuits, I must again ask a place in *The Wesleyan*, for a brief record of our labors in this department of the work of God. As stated in my last, the Brethren McNUTT, PICKLES, and CARDY arrived in time to commence our missionary services on the succeeding sabbath. In accordance with previous arrangements, sermons were preached in behalf of Christian missions in our Churches at Point de Bute, Sackville, and Dorchester. The weather was unfavourable; yet many of our people were much delighted, and we trust profited, by the services of the holy day. On Monday evening we held our first missionary meeting in our Chapel in Dorchester. The occasion was one replete with interest, and the brethren gave ample proof that Christian missions had drawn largely upon their attention and Christian affection; I only wish that all the Protestants, and Romanists too, in Dorchester, had been present. One theme, one object and one design was embodied in every speech; viz. the vast importance of communicating to every son of Adam — "heaven's best boon" enunciated in the humble shepherd's in this memorable language, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." All appeared to feel that we had come together for the promotion of an all-important object. The subscription taken was far in advance of the last year.

On the following evening, we held our meeting in Sackville. As the weather was exceedingly unfavourable, we had some doubts as to the propriety of proceeding; but the recollection that our friends did not regulate their offerings to this cause by the mere circumstance of a missionary meeting; (altho' no people perhaps like to listen to missionary speeches more than themselves,) such considerations, with others, led us to commence our contemplated service. The wise man, in designating one of the excellencies of a good woman, asserts, "she is not afraid of the snow." Well, of many of our people that evening, it might be said, they were not afraid of the rain. On this occasion we were favoured with a reinforcement of speakers. The brethren ALLAN, JOHNSTON, and BEALS, with the whole of the Reverend and Lay Faculty of the Academy, kindly came to our help. The chair was kindly taken by our much respected friend, the Hon. WILLIAM CRANE. My only regret on the occasion was, that such effective speaking on this noble theme, was not heard by the whole community. At the conclusion of the interesting addresses, the friends to our missions had their turn to speak, and they did so, with true eloquence. When the honourable list was presented, no waiting, no halting, no lingering, characterized the meeting—they all felt, and they were all determined to give expression to such feeling. And now our beloved brother and Secretary, C. F. ALLISON, Esq., who always places his desk, not on, but before the platform, had sufficient employment, until an almost universal enrollment had been made. The financial result of the meeting was most cheering.

On Thursday evening, we commenced our meeting at Point de Bute. The Chair was taken by the Rev. the Principal of the Academy, who after stating the object of the meeting, proceeded to call for the Report, and subsequently upon the different brethren, to address the meeting. The brethren BEALS, McNUTT, PICKLES, CARDY, and Allan, then, with much propriety, directed our attention to the great duty of sustaining and extending Christian Missions. Brother Cardy, who has but recently come from Haiti, where he