

elapse before I was on my road home to countermand the destruction of the animal, and the proposed remedy was immediately put in operation. Between two and three hogsheds of water were thrown upon her spine, and repeatedly I thought she must sink under it, but, persevering, I at length perceived her skin as it were to creep upon her; this over, she was well wrapped up in blankets, and by kind treatment and diligent attention to her, with nourishing diet and gruel, she recovered, and has since been as well as ever she was, which circumstance is well known to nearly the whole of Ludlow." The owner of the animal is naturally anxious that the case should be made known for the benefit of the public, and because he thinks this is a striking proof of the utility of the hints frequently given in the newspapers.—*Hereford Journal*.

MORAL MUSIC.—Pure and surpassing music may be made on the same instrument, which under an ignorant and purposed touch will send forth discords in prodigious varieties. He who has become acquainted with the instrument, though not a master of it, well knows how to avoid those combinations of sound which are painful to the ear, and often tend to disturb feelings and passions. What tones are sweeter than those produced by the gentle breeze of heaven in passing over the strings of the Æolian harp? The reason is, those notes are so attuned as that their vibrations will not respond except in notes of harmony; but only disorder the strings, by increasing the tension of some and decreasing that of others, and the sweetest zephyrs will produce nothing but the vilest discords, resembling angry passions. Let us then, in our journey through the year on which we have entered, acquire, as much as possible, a knowledge of the science and the art of social and domestic moral music. Let us learn to measure our time with care, to cultivate our voices, that they may lose all harshness; let each stand to his part, and strive to excel in that. Let us consider our feelings, passions and dispositions, as the strings of the harp; if the ordinary events and these strings—our feelings, passions and dispositions—are in proper tune—under due regulation, and preserving a just relation, each to all the others, we have then all the elements of moral music, domestic and social, and in a few weeks, by due regard to all the principles and arrangements above mentioned, we shall soon be good scholars, giving and receiving all that pleasure which harmony can afford, and as the sober autumn advances, our taste for this kind of music will be more and more ripened towards perfection; and when the cold Decemberly evenings shall arrive, we can listen to the angry music of the elements abroad, full of discordant strains, sweeping by our peaceful homes, while within them all may be the music of the heart, in its gentle movements.

CONSCRIPTS ON THE SHORES OF THE DEAD SEA.—One third of the conscripts, I am told, on an average, die in a few years; some pine away with grief, and others, worn by the hardships of the service, leave their bones to whiten upon the deserts of Arabia. Sometimes an infirm old man, or a youth broken down by sickness, blinded with ophthalmia, or disabled with wounds, finds his way back, after a long absence, to his native village, a pitiable object of infirmity and destitution. Such are the horror and disgust felt by the poor inhabitants at the idea of entering the pacha's army, and such their desperation from the fear of being torn from their homes and families, and draughted into the military service, that some have broken out their teeth in order that they might not be able to bite a cartridge, others have cut off the fingers of their right hand, so that they cannot use a ramrod or draw a trigger, and some have knocked out an eye or blinded themselves with a red-hot needle. Nay, to such a pitch of desperation have even women been driven, that mothers whose extreme fondness for their children in this country I have often witnessed, have actually blinded their young male children, in order to prevent them from being separated from the paternal roof when they grow up, and to save them from the miseries of a military life. Men have been shot by the orders of the pacha for thus mutilating themselves, mothers have been executed for mutilating their children; but these terrible examples have not altogether repressed the practice, and the traveller is in every part of the country astonished by the vast number of blind people that he constantly meets with.—*Metropolitan Mag.*

THE FIRST LIGHT HOUSE.—The first light house ever erected for the benefit of mariners, is believed to be that built by the famous architect Sostratus, by command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. It was built near Alexandria on an island called Pharos, and there were expended upon it about eight hundred talents, or nearly a million of dollars. Ptolemy has been much commended by some ancient writers for his liberality in allowing the architect to inscribe his name instead of his own. The inscription reads: "Sostratus, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting deities, for the use of seafaring people." This tower was deemed one of the seven wonders of the world, and was thought of sufficient grandeur to immortalize the founder.

It appears from Lucian, however, that Ptolemy does not deserve any praise for disinterestedness on this score; or Sostratus any great praise for his honesty, as it is stated that the latter, to engross in after times the glory of the structure, caused the inscription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterwards covered with lime and thereupon put the King's name. In process of time the lime decayed, and the inscription on the marble alone remained.

A SMALL BUDGET OF AMERICANISMS.—The following are a few among many instances of the misuse of English words in this country, cited in a Grammar recently published at Philadelphia:

Got and get, signify mere possession; as, Have you got a knife? instead of, Have you a knife?

Hadn't ought, for ought not; as, You hadn't ought to.

Clear out, for go away, is very vulgar.

Hold on, for wait or stop, is very vulgar.

If for though; as, I feel as if it was so.

So as to, awkwardly combined; as, He did it so as to, for, he so did it as to.

Such a large, for so large a; as, Such a large company, for so large a company. Such and a ought to be separated.

Community, for the community. The word has not yet become technical so as to admit of being used with the article. It is proper to say, injurious to society; but not proper to say, injurious to community.

DEATH FROM FRIGHT.—On Wednesday afternoon, as Miss Susan Shiply, a maiden lady of independent fortune, residing at No. 28, Devonshire Place, New Road, was walking in the Regent's Park, a large dog of the Newfoundland species, in a fit of playfulness, sprang up and put his paws on her. Such was the alarm created that she immediately fainted, and fell upon the pavement. On recovery she gave her address, and was placed in a hackney-coach and conveyed to her residence. On her arrival she appeared much excited, and shortly after getting in doors was seized with violent fits. She continued getting gradually weaker, and medical aid was called in, but in the course of a few hours she died. Information of the occurrence has been forwarded to the coroner, but no one has been found who saw the deceased at the time the animal jumped at her.

THE PLANT INSECT.—At a very late meeting of the London Zoological Society, a communication was read from Mr. Mackey, of the British consulate at Maracaibo, on a plant called *Projojoy* in the country from which it is derived, and which attains the condition of a plant from the strange metamorphose of an insect. In the insect which was described some of the legs have already changed into roots, and in that state it was presented to the contributor. It was announced that a similar insect had lately been discovered in North Carolina. When the creature assumes the form of an insect or animal, it is about an inch in length, and must resemble a wasp in appearance. After it has reached its full length it disappears under the surface of the ground and dies, soon after which, the two fore legs begin to sprout and vegetate, the shoots extending upwards, and the plant in a short time reaching a height of six inches. The branches and the leaves are like trefoil, and at the extremities of the former there are buds which contain neither leaves nor flowers, but an insect which, as it grows, falls to the ground, or remains on its parent plant, feeding on the plant till the leaves are exhausted, when the insect returns to the earth, and the plant shoots forth again.

SLAVERY.—Let not the slaveholder take courage from the hope that our efforts will prove ineffectual. His iron despotism shall not continue. By the pledged word of the Almighty—by the voice of all history—by the upward tendencies of man's immortal nature—by the ever-accumulating sense of wrong among three millions of our countrymen in chains—by the deep vows of vengeance from the victims of the infernal slave traffic, in the slave ship and the coffee—by the father's curse upon the ravisher of his child—the son's upon the ruffian scourger of his mother—by all that can goad and stimulate the heart to a deed of desperation,—we tell the slaveholder that he cannot have peace in his guilt. Peace! there can be no peace between the slave and his master. There is none at this moment, from the Potomac to the Sabine. Or, if the treacherous calm at present be called peace, it is that which exists between two mortal combatants, when the foot of one is planted upon the breast of the other.—*Pennsylvania Freeman*.

MONASTERIES IN THE METROPOLIS.—It is not generally known that there are several religious establishments for Catholic ladies in London and its immediate vicinity, where they devote their lives to the education of the children of the indigent, the largest of which is in Clarendon square, where 240 girls are clothed, fed, and brought up as good and trustworthy servants. A monastic institution is now erecting in Bermondsey, adjoining the new Catholic Chapel, for the Order of the Sisters of Mercy. The ladies who are about to take possession of this establishment are pledged to visit and administer to the wants of the sick and poor of the neighbourhood, regardless of their religious creed, their sickness and poverty being their only recommendation to the good offices of the nuns. A similar institution is to be instituted at Whitechapel, about Christmas next.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR.—A rich man was passing along the road in a splendid coach, when a cur rallied out, snarling and biting, and trying to stop his horses by getting before them. A beggar was sitting by the road side, gnawing a bone, and apparently half-famished, while his clothes were falling from him in rags. The cur, seeing him thus employed, ran towards him, and fawned at his feet. "You should teach your dog better manners," said the rich man. "He is not mine," said the other. "Why, then, does he bark at me, and fawn on you?" "Don't you see I've got a bone to throw away," replied the beggar.

ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG is common in newspaper intelligence. "We learn from the Allgemeine Zeitung," says a daily paper, "that Prince Metternich is at present in a declining state of health, and intends visiting," &c; or, "It is confidently reported by the Allgemeine Zeitung, that an important meeting is shortly expected to take place between the ambassadors of the leading European powers at Toplitz," &c. &c. The term Allgemeine Zeitung is, in short, constantly before the public; every body has seen it hundreds of times; there is no end to it. But who knows exactly what it means? Is it the name of a newspaper, a magazine, or a human being—what is it? We shall explain. The Allgemeine Zeitung is a newspaper published daily in the German language at Augsburg, in Bavaria. The name signifies Universal Gazette or Intelligence, the word Zeitung being from the same root as our English word Tidings. The Allgemeine Zeitung is to Prussia, Austria, and various other continental powers, what the Times or Morning Chronicle is to England, with the superior attraction of being written upon a plan of more general interest. It is, we believe, the best newspaper in Germany, and is particularly celebrated for the correctness of its intelligence from Turkey and the adjacent countries. The Allgemeine Zeitung has existed for upwards of forty years, and is now or was lately the property of Baron Cotta, who employs regular correspondents in Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Smyrna, and all the chief capitals in Europe; also in America. It is occasionally made use of by Austria and other states as a kind of demi-official organ, and therefore exerts an influence to a certain extent in continental politics. It is small in size, cheap in price; and its circulation, it is believed, is not above five thousand copies. People in Germany care little for newspapers, and grudge spending money for them.

DISASTERS AT SEA IN THE YEAR 1839.—A record has been kept at the office of the American Seaman's Friend Society, during the year just closed, as in past years, of disasters at sea, so far as they could be ascertained, which resulted in a total loss of the vessel. The following is the result:

The whole number of vessels lost is 442.

Of these there were ships and barks, 74; brigs, 124; schooners, 187; sloops, 16; steamboats, 9; unknown, 32.

Of these there were lost towards the close of 1838, but were reported in 1839, 52.

Added to the above entire and known losses, there has been reported 37 missing vessels during the year, which with their crews, have most probably been entirely lost. 537 lives have been reported as lost, but the loss of life is undoubtedly greater than this, as many vessels were reported as abandoned, or bottom up, where the crew was missing, and no intelligence has been received from them. The above statements speak a language concerning the sorrows of seamen not to be misunderstood, and they should be most solemnly pondered by those who have a heart to feel and a heart to relieve.—*Sailor's Magazine*.

A GREENWICH PENSIONER'S DESCRIPTION OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.—"Why, sir, after we skivered the mounseers away from Acre, Sir Sidney was looking as taut set up as the mainstay by a new first lieutenant; but for all that, Sir Sidney was a weaselly man—no hull, sir—none; but all head, like a tadpole. But such a head! it put you in mind of a flash of lightning rolled up in a ball; and then his bleak curly nob—when he shook it, made every man shake in his shoes!" "Was he then handsome?" "Blest if I can tell! You know, sir, as how we don't say of an eighteen pounder, when it strikes the mark at a couple of miles or so, that's handsome, but we sings out 'beautiful!' though, arter all, it's nothing but a lump of iron. You're laughing, sir. And so you think I'm transmogrifying Sir Sidney's head into a round lump of iron shot. Well! I'm off like one. All I can say is, that he was most handsome when there was the most to do."—*Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith*.

Two officers laid claim to a supposed invention of a "sweep piece," applied to the gun carriages of ships of war. While this mighty question was pending, and proofs on both sides collecting, Colonel Paisley fished up from the wreck of the Royal George, a lower deck gun carriage, having the new sweep attached to it! As the ship was sunk some years before either of the aspirants for fame were born, they could neither be the copyists nor the inventors!—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

The catalogue of last autumn's book fair at Leipsic, which may be regarded as a fair index of the literary and scientific activity in Germany during the last six months, announces 4,071 new works published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half year of 1829 was about 3,600, and that of the corresponding period in 1819 only 1,300. It is said that this increase, judging from the business which is doing by printers and booksellers, will still go on in a similar proportion.

A HINT TO GIRLS.—Rev. Mr. Morrison, of New Bedford, in his Peterborough centennial sermon, says:—"Early in our history, the hand card, the little wheel and the loom, with the hand shuttle, were almost the only instruments of manufacture in the place. The grandmother of Governor Miller paid for four hundred acres of land in fine linen, made entirely (except getting out the flax) by her own hands."