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THE GARLAND.

[The following effusions, we consider among the finest specimens of the poetical talents of Byron and Moore, who are justly regarded as two of our most illustrious bards. For beauty, sublimity, and genuine pathos, these productions have few equals, and no superiors, in any language.]—En. W. Observer.

2 *Kings, xix.* 35.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when the summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breath'd on the face of the foe as he pass'd,
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heav'd, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Byron.

1 *Corinthians, vii.* 31.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion giv'n;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow.
There's nothing true but heav'n.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb,
There's nothing bright but heav'n.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way,
There's nothing calm but heav'n.

Moore.

THE MISCELLANIST.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Post.)

There lived in a country not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse; for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent.—Betty allotted the tasks to the servants of the house; performed the labour within doors during harvest when all the others were engaged; she saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the single good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants, as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes, nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she told him the occurrences of the day, and the work done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanours. Her whole conduct was such that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain *maiden* lady in the neighbourhood, had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the neice of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of house-keeper. But with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavour to open the way for themselves. What they cannot effect by treaty they endeavour to do by sapping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. This maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and, at the same time, rewarded her for her services by taking her for his wife. By this event the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandising herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment; they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house; but it would appear she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbour could not, it would appear, believe that she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem; and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about "courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its naivete unless it was told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect in speech by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend:—

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come gi'e me a sketch, an' tell me a' about it, for I may hae a chance mysel'. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o haein' somebody to tell us the road when we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "'Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava. Our maister was away at the fair ae day selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam' hame. Our maister very seldom steys late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair hearty than I had seen him for a lang time, but I opine he had a gude merket for his lambs, and there's room for excuse whan ane drives a gude bargen. Indeed, to tell even on truth, he had rather better than a wee drap in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam' hame, when he was awa. When he cam' in and gaed up stairs, he fand his sipper ready for him.—'Betty,' says he, very saft-like—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day—a's right, I houp?'—'Ou ay, sir,' says I—'Verra weel, verra weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He gae me a clap on the shouther, and said I was a gude lassie. When I had tell't him a' that had been done throu' the day, just as I nye did, he gae me anither clap on the shouther, and said he was a fortunat man to ha'e sic a careful person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, tho' he often said mair ablut my back. I really thocht he was fey. Our maister, when he had got his sipper finished, began to be verra joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonny lassie. I kent that folks arna' themsels whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam' away doon into the kitchen. Na, my maister never offert to kiss me, he was owre modest a man for that.

"Twa or three days after that, our maister cam' into the kitchen—"Betty," says he—'Sir,' says I,—'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs, I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the beefer, or something like that. But when he telt me to sit doun, I saw there was something serious, for he never bid me sit doun afore but ance, and that was whan he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye ha'e been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sa gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Ha'e ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, Sir,' says I. 'A body canna just say hou they like a bargain till they see the article'—'Weel, Betty,' says he, ye're verra right there again. I ha'e had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find faut wi' ye for onything. Ye're carefu', honest, and attentif, an'——.' 'O, Sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.'—'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true, but when I mean to make amens t'ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the warld are taking the same liberty; sae, to stop a' their mouths, you and I shall be married.' 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I, 'for what could I say?'

"Our maister looks into the kitchen anither day, an' says, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gi'e in our names to be cried in the kirk this and next sabbath.'—'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"About eight days after this, our master says to me, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'I think,' says he, 'we will ha'e the marriage put owre neist Friday, if ye ha'e nae objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I—And ye'll tak' the gray yad, and gang to the toun on Monday, and get your bits o' wedding braws. I ha'e spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak' aff ony thing ye want, an' please yoursel', for I conna get awa that day.—'Verra weel, Sir,' says I.

"Sae I gaed awa to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things, but I had plenty o' claes, and I cou'dna think o' being stravagant. I took them to the manty-maker to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

"On Thursday night our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he, 'and ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he, 'an see every thing done yoursel',' says he, 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing feat and tidy in your ain way,' says he—'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

"I had never ta'en a serious thought about the matter till now, and I began to consider that I must exert mysel' to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean; I couldna think ought war dune right except my ain hand was in't.

"On Friday morning our maister says to me, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'go away and get yoursel' dressed,' says he, 'for the company will soon be here, and ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'till ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae mony gran' dishes to prepare for the dinner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel' dressed.

"Our maister cam' doon stairs and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel', for the minister was just comin' doun the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs, an' put on my claes.

"When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haaslybrae cam' and took me into the room among a' the gran' folk, and the minister. I was maist like to fent, for I never saw sae mony gran' folk thegether a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us, but I canna mind it a', and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should ha'e been worried wi' folk kissing me—mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

"After the ceremony was o'er, I slipped awa' doun into the kitchen again among the rest o' the servants, to see if the dinner was a' right. But in a wee time our maister cam' into the kitchen, an' says, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he, ye must consider that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he, 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit amongst the rest of the company,' says he." 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do but gang up stairs to the rest of the company, an' sit doun among them. I sat there in a corner as weel out o' sight as I could, for they were a' speaking to me or looking at me, and I didna ken how to behave amang sic braw company, or how to answer them. I sat there till it was gey late, and our maister made me drink the company's healths, and they gaed awa', and didna wait on the bedding, or ony thing like that, ye ken.

"When the company were a' gaen awa' I went doun to the kitchen, and saw that every thing was right; and after I pat a candle into my maister's bed room, I took another and gaed awa' up to my ain wee room in the garret. Just when I was casting off my shune, I hears our maister first gang into his ain room, and then come straight awa' up towards mine. I think I can hear him yet, for it was sic an extraord'nar thing, and I never saw him there afore, and every stamp o' his feet gaed thunt thunt to my very hert. He stood at the cheek o' the door, and said, very saftly, 'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'But what brought ye here, Sir?' says I—'Naething,' says he—'Verra weel, naething be it, Sir;' says I. 'But,' says he, 'remember that ye're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I, 'I will remember that.' 'And ye must come doun stairs and sleep in my room,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir,' says I; for what could I do? I had always obeyed my maister before, and it was nae time to disobey him now.

"Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship or marriage."

A correspondent of one of the London papers furnishes the subjoined account of the Dutch of our times.

"*The Hague*, Aug. 17.—The national sobriety and quietude of the Dutch is painted on every face you meet." Young boys are as staid and as cautious as the men of other countries; and even the pretty damsels one encounters have their smiles checked, if not clouded, by habitual sedativeness. Under this snowy mantle, at first so cold and so repulsive, there is much to admire and to love—much to study and to learn.—It is difficult to penetrate into the domestic arcana; but once admitted, a Dutch house is the temple—the neat and quiet temple—of peace and happiness. Few compliments are wasted there, even upon the visitor, who cannot see the workings of the social system, unless he be on such terms of intimacy as not to disturb it by his presence. Yet no people are more alive to the opinions of others than the Dutch, and many instances of extreme and unreasonable sensitiveness have fallen under my observation. As a people, they have been vituperated by *this* witling, and *that* poetaster, who have thought it a grand exploit to wound the feelings of a whole country, as Voltaire did, by some light and frivolous jest. I do not think that the Dutch are liberal in precisely the same way as some other nations may be. They look more closely at their daily expenditure; they do and suffer to be done, many little things which appear strange—perhaps mean, if tried by our standard. But there is no selfishness in this. The social rule is rather different from our own. The frugality has nothing in it of an unfair and over-reaching spirit. They watch their gains closely, gather them up industriously, part with them sparingly; they make an habitual application of the proverb "Waste not, want not," and "A penny saved is a penny got," would seem to be written on their philacteries. They have studied "Poor Richard" like a third commandment tablet, and have made his maxims their rule of life. There is nothing offensive in their thriftiness—nothing to outrage others—nothing to warrant a harsh word, far less a malevolent thought. If their doors are frequently shut to the stranger, who gives them reason to suppose he despises them, the better thing the stranger can do is to pass on in silence; or at least to pass on without misrepresenting what takes place within those walls which he has never entered. But touch the Netherlander's affections with kindness & equal feeling—he is of sterling, of essential excellence—calm and strong minded, sensible and social; and I would hope the honest evidence of one who knows them may weigh for something against the frivolous impertinencies of many who do not."

A CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON,

BY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON.

(From Mr. Jefferson's unpublished Manuscripts.)

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order, his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal danger with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed: refraining if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacle opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expences he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it. His person, you know, was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in a correct style.—This he had acquired by conversation with the world; for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.—His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leasure hours, within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a great man, and to place him in the same constellation with the worthies who have merited an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of his independence—of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train—and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. How, then, can it be perilous for you to take such a man on your shoulders? I am satisfied that the great body of republicans think of him as I do. We were, indeed, dissatisfied with him on his ratification of the British treaty; but this was short-lived. We knew his honesty, the wiles with which he was encompassed, and that age had already began to relax the firmness of his purposes; and I am convinced that he is more deeply seated in the love and gratitude of the republicans, than in the pharisaical homage of the federal monarchists. For he was no monarchist from preference of his judgment. The soundness of that gave him correct views of the rights of man, and his severe justice devoted him to them. He has often declared to me, that he considered our new constitution as an experiment on the practibility of Republican government, and with what dose of liberty man can be trusted for his own good; that he has determined the experiment should have a fair trial, and would lose the last drop of his blood in support of it. And these he repeated to me the oftener, and more pointedly, because he knew my suspicions of Colonel Hamilton's views, and probably had heard the declarations which I had heard, to wit, "the British Constitution with its unequal representation, corruption, and other abuses, was the most perfect Government that had ever been established on earth, and that a reformation of those abuses would make it an impracticable Government."

I do not believe that General Washington had a firm confidence in the durability of our Government. He was naturally distrustful of men, and inclined to gloomy apprehensions; and I was ever persuaded that a belief that we must at length end in something like a British Constitution had some weight in the adoption of the ceremonies of levees, birth-days, pompous meetings with Congress, and other forms of the same character, calculated to prepare us gradually for a change which he believed possible, and so let it come on us with as little shock as might be to the public mind.—These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch at the judgment seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years.

Bonaparte.—The frugality of Napoleon was such, that his taste gave the preference to the most simple and the least seasoned dishes; as *œufs au mirior* and *haricots en salade*. His breakfast was almost always composed of one of these dishes and a little Parmesan cheese. At dinner he ate little, rarely of ragouts, and always of wholesome things. I have often heard him say, "that however little nourishment people took at dinner, they always took too much." Thus his head was always clear, and his labor easy, even when he rose from table. Gifted by nature with a perfectly healthy stomach, his nights were as calm as those of an infant; nature, also, had bestowed on him a constitution so admirably suited to his station, that a single hour of sleep would restore him after 24 hours fatigue. In the midst of the most serious and urgent events, he had the power of resigning himself to sleep at pleasure, and his mind enjoyed the most perfect calm, as soon as directions were given for the necessary arrangements.—*Anecdotes of the French Court by M. Beausset.*

By the arrival of the ship Thomas Gelston, of this port, from Africa, we learn the following particulars of a singular escape of one of the crew of that vessel. The Thomas Gelston, Capt. Martin, was taking in African oak, at the island of Tombo, in the Sierra Leone river, in the month of June last; and Capt. Martin perceiving the river crowded with sharks, cautioned his crew not to bathe. To facilitate the operations of loading the ship, he had a stage rigged from her raft port, nearly level with the water's edge. Disregarding the caution of the captain, one of the crew, named Wm. Davis, resolved to bath in the river, and he took with him a boy for the same purpose, with whom he was swimming on his back, when his foot was seized by a shark. The boy was flung from the back of the sailor, and succeeded in gaining the stage; but the sailor himself was instantly pulled under water. In a moment however, the unfortunate man rose again, having escaped from the jaws of the fish, and with all his energy he endeavoured to reach the stage on which stood the carpenter of the ship and the boy. In this endeavour he was sufficiently successful as to seize it with his hands. The carpenter stooped and seized him by the arms, and when in the act of helping him out of the water, he was again seized by the shark. In this horrible situation, the shark striving to pull him into the water, and the carpenter to pull him out of it, poor Wm. Davis remained until the shark succeeded in tearing away his leg. He was then brought on board, and Capt. Martin having bound up the stump as well as he was able, sent a boat to Sierra Leone with him. On his arrival in the colony, the stump was skilfully amputated, and he is now in this port and is doing well. The name of the carpenter by whom he was rescued is John Bully.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

The Light of Nature.—The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature, and the no less celebrated Robertson wrote on the necessity of revelation and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson and the evening was spent on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccustomed clearness and power: whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not, we cannot tell; but at any rate he did not acknowledge his conviction. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he rose to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door: "Oh, sir," said he to Robertson, "I find the light of nature always sufficient," and continued, "pray, don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he bowed on. The street door was opened, and presently, as he bowed along in the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down the stairs. Robertson ran after him with the light, and as he held it over him, whispered softly and very cunningly, "You had better have a little light from above, friend Hume;" and raising him up, he bid him good night, and returned to his friends.

The following story of Porson is in Burke's Notices of Dr. Parr:—"There was a large company, and the Doctor addressed Porson nearly in these words—"Mr. Porson, pray what do you think about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world?" This was a knotty question. *Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.* Porson, after a moment's pause for reflection, answered with great solemnity or dryness of manner, "Why, Doctor, I think we should have done very well without them."

Curious Discovery.—It is a fact, as strange as it may seem, says the Providence American, that a number of manuscript volumes (we believe 18) undoubtedly genuine, containing the journal of the British House of Commons during the Protectorship of Cromwell has been discovered among a mass of books and manuscripts belonging to a literary society in New-York, which for many years had remained undisturbed. This journal has heretofore been lost, and no traces of it discovered by the British historians and antiquarians who have been compelled to supply this gap in their historical records from other less authentic sources.

The manuscripts were undoubtedly brought to this country by the Regicides, who fled hither on the restoration, with a view to prevent the attainder of their friends, and to conceal the proceedings of the Rump Parliament. From these persons they can be traced with tolerable certainty into the possession of the society, among whose books they have been found by an industrious and intelligent searcher for the curious. The books have not remained so long concealed, but it is their contents which have now for the first time been discovered. Heretofore they have passed as some old manuscripts only curious as the specimens of the writing of an early period. We presume that the literary public will before long be favoured with a minute account of this discovery, through the society which has the honour of having made it by means of one of its officers.—*New-York Statesman.*

Singular Directions for his Funeral, by the late Dr. Parr.—"My hands must be bound by the crape hat-band which I wore at the burial of my daughter Catherine; upon my breast must be placed a piece of flannel which Catherine wore at her dying moments at Teignmouth. There must be a lock of Madelina's hair enclosed in silk and paper with her name; there must be a lock of my late wife's hair, preserved in the same way; there must be a lock of Sarah Wynne's hair, preserved in the same way. All these locks of hair must be laid on my bosom as carefully as possible, covered and fastened with a piece of black silk to keep them together."—*Field's Life of Dr. Parr.*

Singular properties of the Hair.—"The hairs have been represented destitute of life; but they have turned gray in a single night from distress of mind (and other causes.) In illness they often grow soft and hang about the head. I know a lady whose hair will not keep in curl if she is in the slightest degree indisposed; and a young gentleman whose profuse curly hair becomes straight under the same circumstances. On the other hand, a case is recorded, in which it always curled in a fit of the gout, &c."—"*Elements of Physiology.*"

Reflection of Sound.—A plan for increasing the power of the voice, has been carried into execution at Attercliffe church, Sheffield, (Eng.) by erecting a concave sounding board, to act as a reflector behind the reading desk and pulpit, with the speaker's voice near the focus of the concave. The effect of this reflector, it is said increases the power of the voice five times beyond its ordinary volume, so that it can be heard in the most distant corners of the church.

Hardening of Steel by a current of Compressed Air.—From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the time when North winds occurred, M. Anozoff made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments, by putting them, when heated, into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water.—From the experiments already made, he expects ultimate success. He finds that, for very sharp edged instruments, this method is much better than the ordinary one; that the colder the air and the more rapid its stream, the greater is the effect. The effect varies with the thickness of the mass to be hardened. The method succeeds well with case hardened goods.

Poor-House Farms.—Poor houses in many of the New-England towns have been connected with farms, on which the labour of the paupers has been advantageously employed to the relief of the public from the heavy burden of their support. The new poor-house to be erected near Philadelphia is to be conducted on a plan similar to that adopted by the towns in this State. A committee concerned in the erection of the establishment near Philadelphia, were sent, last summer, to visit some of the establishments in Massachusetts. The method of managing paupers in that State seems to be exerting an influence abroad.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Painting Houses.—A writer for the New-England Farmer, says, "I believe it is a general practice for people to do their painting sometime during the three Summer months; but repeated experiments have been made within a few years, which prove that a house painted late in Autumn, or in the Winter, will hold the paint more than twice as long as one painted in warm weather. The reason is obvious—for when paints are applied in cold weather, the oil and other ingredients form a hard cement on the surface of the clap boards, which cannot easily be erased; whereas, a building painted (as usual) in the heat of Summer, will soon need a new coat; for the heat causes the oil to penetrate into the wood, and leaves the other component parts dry, which will soon crumble off."

Mode of marking Sheep without injury to the Wool.—An English writer gives the following: Mark on either side of the *nose* of the sheep, the initials of the owner's name, and on the opposite side any number by which he may choose to designate the particular sheep, by means of a small iron letter or figure about an inch long; which being dipped in common oil colours, mixed with turpentine to dry them more readily, is placed on the part described, and will continue until the next shearing season. The process is easy, and will give the animal no pain; the marks cannot be readily obliterated, which is not the case with tattooing or cauterizing.

Valuable Recipe.—Dr. Goodman has recommended the following certain and simple remedy for a common and fatal disease among children. He says, whenever they are threatened with an attack of *croup*, I direct a plaster covered with dry Scotch snuff, varying in size according to the age of the patient, to be applied directly across the top of the thorax and retained there till all the symptoms disappear. The remedy is found to be always effectual when applied in the first and second stages of the malady." The plaster is made by greasing a piece of linen, and covering it with the snuff.—[*Mer. Adv.*]

Salt again a cure for Epilepsy.—On Thursday afternoon, a decent looking woman was observed to stagger to the pavement at the foot of High-street. Immediately afterwards she fell back—her eyes were shut—her arms extended—her mouth open—her lips pale—and to all appearance fast stiffening into death. A woman approached with a handful of salt, and a gentleman ordered it to be handed to a police officer, that it might be put into the mouth of the sufferer. The salt had not lain half a minute on her lips till she licked it in with her tongue, and in a minute afterwards she opened her eyes, rose, and went away. The gentleman who ordered the salt to be applied, followed her a few yards, and enquired if she was subject to such fits, "O yes," she replied, "but I never was so soon cured before." This is the third instance of the kind we have detailed within these few months; because so efficient and simple a remedy for such an afflicting disorder cannot be too generally known.—*Scotsman.*

THE REFLECTOR.

On Death.—Some have styled this certain, but at most times unwelcome visitor, the King of Terrors, when he might, with less impropriety have been termed the terror of Kings. The Poet has lent his fictions, the Painter his colours, the Orator his tropes, to portray Death as the grand destroyer, the enemy, the prince of phantoms and of shades. But, can he be called the destroyer, who, for a perishable state, gives us that which is eternal? Can he be styled the enemy, who is the best friend only of the best, who never deserts them at their utmost need, and whose friendship proves the most valuable to those who live the longest? Can he be termed the prince of phantoms and of shades, who destroys that which is transient and temporary to establish that which alone is real and fixed? And what are the mournful escutcheons, the sable trophies and the melancholy insignia, with which we surround him—the sepulchral gloom, the mouldering carcase, and the slimy worm? These, indeed, are the idle fears and empty terrors, not of the dead, but of the living. The dark mountain of Death we dread, indeed to enter but we ought rather to dread the ruggedness of some of the roads that lead to it. But if they are rugged, they are short; and it is only those that are smooth that are wearisome and long. But perhaps he summons us too soon from the feast of life. Be it so; if the exchange be not for the better, it is not his fault, but our own: or he summons us late—the call is rather a reprieve than a sentence; for who would wish to sit at the board when he can no longer partake of the banquet, or live on to pain, when he has long been dead to pleasure? Tyrants can sentence their victims to death, but how much more dreadful would be their power could they sentence them to life? Life is the gaoler of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer is Death: what we call life is a journey to Death, and what we call death is a passport to Life. True wisdom thanks Death for what he takes and still more for what he brings. Let us, therefore, like sentinels, be ready because we are uncertain, and calm because we are prepared. There is nothing formidable about Death, but the consequences of it. The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest is too short if it do not.