

inner court;) the roofs are flat, and form pleasant terraces; some houses have small domes. There are three rows of arched bazaars in decay; and near them is a street, about half a mile long, with piles of ruins on each side, in heaps twenty or thirty feet high, having the appearance of the remains of some great fire, of which no tradition exists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

The Hindoo sacred books declare, that the sight, the name, or the touch of the Ganges, takes away all sin, however heinous—but that thinking of the Ganges, when at a distance, is sufficient to remove the taint of sin—but the bathing in the Ganges has blessings in it, which no imagination can conceive. In one of these books it is said, "He who thinks on Ganga, though he may be 800 miles distant from the river at the time, is delivered from all sin, and is entitled to heaven. At the hour of death, if a person think on Ganga he will obtain a place in the heaven of Siva. If a person, according to the regulations of the Shaaster, be going to bathe in the Ganga, and die on the road, he shall obtain the same benefit as though he had actually bathed. There are three millions five hundred thousand holy places belonging to the Ganga—the person who looks at Ganga, or bathes in this river, will obtain all the fruit which arises from visiting all these three millions five hundred thousand holy places. By bathing in Ganga, accompanied with prayer, a person will remove at once the sins of thousands of births."

THE SEA.

The sea is his, and he made it." Its beauty is of God. It possesses it in richness of its own—it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadow as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in

it its many coloured feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeam retreats from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire—the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light too of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars; and often does the ship which cuts its surface leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre like that which is shining deeply above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds, both with the night and the day. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells and scattering charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

Let young men acquire a taste for reading, and they will have less expensive and more substantial pleasures than those which conduct their votaries to the abyss of perdition.

Lord Craven lived in London when the plague raged in 1663. His house was in that part of the town since called Craven Buildings. On the plague becoming general, his lordship to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his negro postillion saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country and not in the town." The poor black said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing that there were different gods having power in different places.