



From the Imperial Magazine.
THE NORTHERN STAR.

The howling winds around us swoop,
The storms about us roar,
And we, we skim the foaming deep,
A thousand miles from shore.
Fierce o'er the wave the tempests ride,
And far from land are we.
Star of the North; with none to guide,
But Providence and thee.

When o'er our deck the billows dash,
And howls the rushing blast,
When from afar the thunder-flash,
Has split our gallant mast;
When darkness deep has veiled the sky,
Star of the troubled sea,
The sailor turns his anxious eye
Confidingly to thee.

One beam of thine, O welcome star,
The seaman's beacon light,
Cheers his lone heart when wandering far
In dangerous luring night.
Fierce o'er the deep, the whirlwinds ride,
Far, far, from land are we,
Star of the north with none to guide
But Providence and thee.

THE PERIODICAL RECURRENCE OF FEELINGS.—It is evidently owing to the established periodicity of actions and feelings, that those who retire from active business almost uniformly fail in finding the comforts and enjoyments they had anticipated. It is not many years since an eminent surgeon, having accumulated a handsome fortune, retired to an estate in the country, to enjoy the fruits of his professional success, but he soon grew weary of farming and gardening, and improving inanimate objects, so different from his periodical visits, to his patients; and his professional ideas recurring and re-recurring, he at length betook himself to the hopeless experiment of bringing old jaded horses into condition. He might as well have tried to rejuvenilise himself into second boyhood or youth; and as all unsuccessful experiments, when often fruitlessly tried, end in tiring out the experimenter, he soon abandoned the hopeless attempt. But what was he to do with his time? Farming, gardening, architectural and other improvements, had all been successively abandoned. He had no other resource, therefore, but to go back into the bustle of active practice, and, to save himself from any drudgery, he might not relish, took a junior partner. Retired merchants usually feel the time hang exceedingly heavy, if they retain any of the activity which helped them in earlier life to make a fortune. No rural interest can ever be brought to replace periodical habits which have been the growth of half a lifetime; for though they may do very well for an hour or a day, for a holiday or a by-start, as the man of business, finds in his suburban-villa, in the mornings

and evenings or on Sundays, yet they will not supply the staple of his every-day life; and unless he becomes besotted, or dozes away his hours in sleep, he must be miserable in retirement. In a word, all our actions and feelings have a very strong tendency to become periodical, the bad no less than the good. It therefore behoves us to watch well over the first symptoms of periodicity in any action or feeling that it may be improper or inconvenient to indulge. More particularly, those who have the management of children young people ought to foster the tendencies in question, in all circumstances of a beneficial kind, and as carefully check the growth of habits of an objectionable nature.

ECONOMY IN LINEN-WASHING.—A correspondent of the Dundee paper writes as follows:—After many experiments made by myself and others, I find that pipe-clay, dissolved among the water employed in washing, gives the dirtiest linens the appearance of having been bleached, and cleans them thoroughly with about half the labour, and full a saving of one-fourth the soap. The method adopted was to dissolve a little of the pipe-clay among the warm-water in a washing-tub, or to rub a little of it together with the soap on the articles to be washed. The process was repeated as often as required until the articles to be washed were made thoroughly clean. All who have made the experiment have agreed that the saving of soap and labour is great; and the clothes are improved in colour equally as if they were bleached. The peculiar advantage of employing this article with the soap is, that it gives the hardest water almost the softness of rain water."

POWER OF NATIONAL MUSIC.—No man who has lived among the peasantry of Scotland will deny the effects produced on them by their popular songs. During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier, while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, charmed with the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he expressed this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him; but, leading him, to his tent, he placed him by his side and sung him "Lochaber nae mair." The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and, wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "Lochaber nae mair!—I maun gang back—Na!" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.

A miracle of Honesty.—At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested

the honor of having done the most extraordinary things—a certain learned gentleman was appointed to be the sole judge. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it—a buzz went through the room that this would not be undone; when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent him. "The palm is his," was the universal cry; when a third observed, "Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house." "I'll hear no more," shouted the arbiter—"This is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds, the prize is yours."

SCIENTIFIC PUN.—A gentleman was showing a friend a balloon of an ox-bladder inflated with oxygen. "But (observed the friend) if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?" "That is not the difficulty (quoth a by-stander), it is not how to get the oxygen into the bladder again, but how to get the bladder into the ox-again!"

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