

petrified every spectator; the minister himself looked unutterable things, and after pausing and changing colour, he timidly inquired, "What, sir, do you mean by that?" "Only," said the other coolly, "to show you I'm a disciplinarian as well as yourself." This was too much; most people thought the man mad; and as there is no saying what a madman will do, no one seemed willing to incur the responsibility of securing and disarming so desperate a character. In this feeling the minister sympathised, and after a little time covered down in the pulpit, so as to be out of the reach of a weapon, which, for aught he knew, might be charged with ball or deadly slug. The belligerent doggedly maintained his ground, and without relaxing a muscle, kept pointing at the pulpit as unerringly as the needle points to the pole. For the space of ten minutes or so, the congregation was paralysed; after which, the clergyman called out from the place where he had ensconced himself, "Is the fellow away yet?" "No!" said the preacher, "he's still standing in the same bit, with the gun in his hand, ready to fire." "Then tell him from me to take himself off, and I'll forgive him this time"—an announcement which elicited a general titter, during which the recusant retired as proud, as he said himself, as "his ain cousin was when he captured the standard at Waterloo."—*Dumfries Courier*.

AIM AT INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.—There are some men who go in leading-strings all their days. They always follow in the path of others, without being able to give any reason for their opinions. There is a proper mental independence which all should maintain; self-respect and the stability of our character require it. The man who pins his opinions entirely on another's sleeve can have no great respect for his own judgment, and is likely to be a changeling. When we consider carefully what appeals to our minds, and exercise upon it our own reason, taking into respectful consideration what others say upon it, and then come to a conclusion of our own, we act as intelligent beings should act, and only then. This proper independence of mind is far removed from presumptuous self-confidence, than which there is nothing more severely to be condemned. Presumption is the associate of ignorance; and it is hateful in the extreme to hear some half-taught stripling delivering his opinions with all the authority of an oracle. This is not what we mean by mental independence; and it is hoped none will mistake what has been said. We refer to a modest yet firm and independent exercise of judgment upon subjects which the mind understands; in short, we intend only the opposite of that slavish habit which makes one man the mere shadow of another.—*Rev. J. Stoughton's Address*.

An exchange fears that "a great portion of our literary papers are more ornamental than useful."—People have different views of utility. If usefulness is exclusively confined to teaching men and women how to provide for the back and gizzard, then indeed many of our literary papers are not excessively useful; but if it is an object for rational beings to store the mind, improve the taste, sharpen the intellect, and cultivate the best feelings of the heart, it is very possible that a work may be ornamental and useful at the same time.

MELANCHOLY.—There is a vast difference between real and affected melancholy. The latter is frequently the bane of a person of delicate and sensitive feelings; and it may be doubted whether there ever was a truly original genius who did not, more or less, suffer from its inflictions. The former is a mere superficial vanity—an unmeaning pretence deserving nothing but contempt. That melancholy which prostrates the spirits and renders the sufferer utterly miserable is never experienced by the superficial, though more frequently affected by them than by any class of individuals.

CHARACTER OF WHITFIELD.—The following analysis of the character of Whitfield is from *Fraser's Magazine* for February, 1838: "He was a man of great, but peculiar, powers; and what gave them more than their just and natural effect was the fact, that they were developed at a period of profound deadness in the christian community. His soul burned with the love of whatsoever things are pure, and just, and lovely, and of good report. The enthusiasm of heaven was in the man's heart. An undying fire seems to have been lighted up in his soul. What he did, he did for eternity; its vastness absorbed his very perception of 'the things that are seen and temporal,' and poured into his soul its subduing and solemnizing effects. He saw every thing in its light. In the blaze of an eternal sun, he saw prince and peasant, rich and poor, purple and lawn, an insect flutter or a king die. The world above him had displaced the world beneath him from his soul. So truly was this the case, that the man had scarcely any fitness for the intercourse of earth. In making love to his *innamorata*, he could not help preaching to a sinner; in proposing marriage, he could not help stating the terms of a *holy espousal*. He drank divinity from air, ocean, earth and heaven. His very *fun* was tinctured with the hues of eternity. The imagination and intellect of the man seem to have been dipped in the fountains of light and life that are above. He was *totus in illo*. Would to God we may justly say, that all the inhabitants of Britain were not only 'almost, but altogether,' as Whitfield, except his peculiarities and eccentricities. The root of the matter was in that man, no doubt."

PRAYER.—Prayer is not a smooth expression, or a well-contrived form of words; not the product of a ready memory, or of a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw a neat picture of it, but still the life is wanting. The motion of the heart God-wards, holy and Divine affection, makes prayer real, and lively, and acceptable to the living God, to whom it is presented; the pouring out of the heart to him who made it, and therefore hears it, and understands what it speaks, and how it is moved and affected in calling on him. It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition, that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to that King who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which he only regards: he listens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer, is but the outside and fashion of it: this is the life of it.—*Leighton*.

From the New Monthly for January.

SONG.

THE GIPSY'S FOUNTAIN.

If thou wilt meet me,
If thou wilt meet me,
Where those bright waters flow;
Oh! I will greet thee
I will greet thee,
With music soft as low:
Tones that shall sadden
E'en while they gladden,
Songs,—like the star-light,—made
Half of day's gladness,
Half of night's sadness,—
Twin things of sun and shade!

There I will tell thee,
There I will tell thee,
On as the swift stream flies,
Tales that are ever
Whisper'd, and never
Whisper'd in words, but sighs:
Tales we should only
Tell, when the lonely
Moon—and one other—hears,
Tales that are meeting
Answer'd, and sweetest,
When their reply is—tears!

And I will teach thee,
And I will teach thee,
How each bright star we see,
And the flow'rs and birds
Have their voiceless words,
And tell all their loves,—like me:
And oh! 'twill be sweet,
Oh! 'twill be sweet,
In our own cold planet's bowers,
To think that we love
Like the bright things above
With the love of the stars and flowers!

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.—"I love," says a correspondent, "to see two persons meet on a rainy day on a narrow curbstone, bounding a sidewalk, where no pavement has been laid, and observe both step off simultaneously into the mud. It proves them mutually actuated by a spirit of benevolence, and submissive to personal inconvenience for a neighbor's accommodation."

Our correspondent takes a right view of the matter, considering the "equality of all men," and the folly of assuming a right of precedence in such a situation. He has reminded us also of a circumstance which occurred three winters since. We were crossing from the corner of Derne and Hancock streets to the corner of Hancock and Myrtle; at a time when the streets were flooded by a thaw, and having reached the centre of an ice bridge, on which only one person could pass at a time, we suddenly encountered a gentleman crossing in the opposite direction. To retreat was impossible, without plunging ankle deep into the water. We looked up and paused. Our antagonist was also taken by surprise—for both of us had been more intent on our footsteps than noticing who approached us—and as our eyes met, he deliberately put his hand into his pocket, and drawing forth a cent, "head or tail," said he, presenting his hand towards us, palm on palm. "Tail," said we. "Tail it is," said he, and off he jumped into the water, and ran to the sidewalk, without giving us time to thank him for his courtesy, and proceeded on his way, leaving us the remembrance only of the politest street encounter with a stranger that ever occurred to us.

Pearl & Galaxy.

HUMAN VOICE.—One remark must be made on the beautiful arrangement of the apparatus of the human voice. No musical instrument can be compared with it, for even the most full organs and pianos are in some respects incomplete. Some of these instruments are incapable of passing from the piano to the forte, as in the labial pipes; others cannot rest long on the same note; as all those which sound by striking. The organ possesses two scales, from the labial and the tongue pipes, and is in this respect comparable with the human voice, with its chest and falsetto notes; but none of these instruments unite all advantages like the human vocal organ. It belongs to the class of those who have tongues; and these when uniting a system of compensating pipes are next

to the violin, the most complete of all. Yet, the vocal organ has this perfection, that from one tongue pipe the compass of the whole gamut and all the required variations may be produced, while in the most complete artificial apparatus each note must have its own pipe. An artificial imitation of this organ would be in some measure attained by the arrangement of a tongue pipe with an apparatus easily manipulated to produce the required degrees of tension of the elastic bands; but the tone of such an instrument, for which only dry elastic bands could be used, would not be able to imitate the soft full tone of the moist animal elastic tissue, and there always would be a great difficulty in manipulating it.—*Prof. Muller in the Medical Gazette*.

PLAIN TALKING.—A village parson having in his sermon taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows:—Respected friends: My oral documents having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain eloquence or supererogation, if I laconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, peripatetical propositions—all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philologically, politically or polemically considered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be definitely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to the occiputs, caputs, and cerebri of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory.

BERNARDIN DE SANTA CLARA, treasurer of Hispaniola, amassed, during a few years residence there, 96,000 ounces of gold. This same *nouveau riche* used to serve gold dust, says Herrera, instead of salt, at his entertainments.

UTILITY OF LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh is occasionally an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills.

BIGOTRY.—Bigotry has no head, and cannot think—no heart and cannot feel—when she moves it is in wrath—when she pauses it is amidst ruin—her prayers are curses—her god is a demon—her communication is death—her revenge is eternity—her decalogue is written in the blood of her victims—and if she stops for a moment in her infernal flight, it is upon a kindred rock, to whet her vulture-like fang for keener rapine, and to replume her wing for a more sanguinary desolation.

A great lady noticing that a peasant's boy looked admiringly upon her countenance, asked him, with a smile, how he liked the drops which she wore in her ears.

"They are very large and curious," said he, "and a notion sight prettier than the one which father's barrow hog wears in the end of his nose."

The lady was, no doubt, flattered by the comparison.

NOTHING FOR NOBODY.—A newspaper called the *Bulletin*, printed away off in the woods, at Warren, (Pa.) where there is nothing to see, and nobody to see it, says: "We have glorious times here in Warren—nothing to sell and no money to buy it with.—Glorious times indeed!"

"Won't you write some lines on me?" said a scoffer to a roguish young poet. "Certainly, sir,—answered the other with a polite bow.

As soon as the other's back was turned, he chalked the word 'sheep-stealer' between his shoulders.

A man very jealous of his honor, may, by resenting every trifling indignity, maintain his independence; so far as men are associated with him; but what avails such independence, when he is constantly the slave of his passions?

A pill-vender advertises his article as a cure for *stiff-neck*. Pity that poor Moses had not several tons of them when in the wilderness with the 'stiff-necked' Israelites.

MORE RINGS.—Professor Encke, of Berlin, has discovered that the planet Saturn has three rings instead of two, as heretofore believed.

THE OYSTER.—It is said that even an oyster may be crossed in love; but that it may also be loved, not for the sake of its fish, but for itself, will be evident when I inform you that the late eminent Professor Young, having kept some oysters for some time, to investigate their habits, became so interested in them, that when done with his observations, he actually had them conveyed back to Edinburgh, and put into the sea.—*The Juvenile Calendar*.

MODEST WANTS.—Monsieur de Vivonne, who was General of the expedition against Messina writing from that place to the King, closed his letters in these words:—"To finish the affair we only want ten thousand men." He gave the letter to send to Du Perron commissioner for the army, who was bold enough to add—"and a General."

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill, but neither of them ever learn their master's trade. *Lacoe*.

A prudent woman is in the same class of honor as a wise man. *Tuller*.