

which he cannot climb is a fool; and so is the man who rushes into such a pit to save himself from obstacles and embarrassments in the legitimate walks of life. There is neither safety nor wisdom, but in a strict conformity to the line of justice and truth. It is a trite proverb that no man becomes base all at once; and in these times of intense business stir and strong temptations, it cannot be too faithfully borne in mind that it is the first step which costs.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

THE LEGEND OF THE KOHI-NOOR.

There is a strange and gloomy superstition in India respecting the possession of the Koh-i-noor—that famous diamond which all England went mad to see in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, which the Hindoos say entails ruin and destruction on every dynasty that possesses it. This is its history, as far back as it can be traced. The earliest years of the Koh-i-noor are lost, like the beginning of all great things, in the obscurity and mist of time. Meer Joomlah, its first historical possessor, is supposed to have torn it from a native Hindoo prince, and is known to have presented it to Aurungzeb, the Emperor of Hindostan. With him then begins its historical existence. At the death of Aurungzeb, the fortunes of his house declined, and the Empire, consolidated by him with so much skill and power, crumbled to pieces as soon as his powerful hand was withdrawn. A complete desolation came over India on the invasion of that tyrant robber, Nadir Shah of Persia. He took the Koh-i-noor from Mahomet Shah, the degenerate Emperor of Hindostan; and after plundering Delhi, and floating its streets in blood—after committing cruelties and excesses that make one blush for humanity, and after gathering up a fabulous amount of spoil from his victims, he set out on his return to Persia—but never to reach it. He was assassinated by his chiefs in the mountains of Cabul, and Ahmed Shah Durrane, the first king of Cabul, secured the Koh-i-noor as his share of the plunder. His dynasty lasted till our own times; but a fate hung over it parallel only to that which brooded so darkly over the fortunes of Egyptus. Parricide, murder, incest, treason, rebellion—these make up the annals of Ahmed Shah Durrane's house, the only alternations being from crime to misfortune, from sorrow to sin. Shah Soojah, driven into exile, sought hospitality as a fugitive king from Runjeet Sing. The fatal Koh-i-noor was still preserved to him—almost the only remnant of his former wealth. Runjeet Sing knew he had the diamond with him, and starved him till he gave it up to him, which the poor, weak, craven runaway was at last compelled to do. Soon afterwards Runjeet Sing entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with our Government, one of the objects of which was the absurd one of placing Shah Soojah on the throne of Cabul. When the alliance was concluded Runjeet Sing died, bequeathing the diamond to the God Jugernaut. His bequest was disregarded, and after a rapid succession of members of his family had each in turn obtained possession of the Koh-i-noor, and each in turn came to sorrow and ruin, the British Government destroyed the Sikh nation, and Lord Dalhousie sent the Koh-i-noor to Queen Victoria.

This, then, is the history of this famous diamond, and these are the facts on which is founded the superstition that no dynasty possessing the fatal gem can prosper or continue. This superstition has a material truth. So many foregone coincidences could not fail of leading to a like conclusion for that which is to come after; the dark shadow of such a past must inevitably fall on the pathway of the future. But it has also a spiritual truth, which is, that ill-gotten wealth seldom prospers with those who have gotten it, and that, if justice sleeps for one generation, she awakens up with her naked sword brandished before the eyes of another. The Koh-i-noor has been fatal to all its possessors, because they were all men of violence and crime; they ruled lawlessly, and they plundered ruthlessly, and that plundered wealth turned to cursings not blessings in their hands. With us—when the people of India shall be ruled in justice and in mercy—the chief ruler of England may wear the Koh-i-noor on a brow uninjured by its mystical blaze, but until then, until justice and not lawlessness, right and not violence, stand by the Indian throne in our British halls of Government, we may fear that the fate of the Koh-i-noor may be fulfilled here as in Hindostan, and that ruin may follow robbery, and judgement come after crime.—*Pen and Pencil.*

WAKING UP THE HEARERS.

One of the old divines said, 'He that sleeps in the place of worship is no better for the time than a corpse,

at whose funeral the minister is preaching.' And another of that worthy fraternity remarks, 'that sleepers in religious assemblies are public nuisances, and ought to be driven out from the place they so much disgrace.'

Several centuries ago, old Bishop Aymer, seeing his congregation pretty generally asleep, took his Hebrew Bible from his pocket and read a chapter, which roused attention, when the old minister sharply rebuked them for sleeping when they might have understood him, and listening when they know not a word he said.

Of the witty Dr. South, it is said, that preaching before King Charles, he saw that potentate asleep, he stopped short, and in a loud and altered tone of voice three times called out, 'Lord Lauderdale!' his lordship stood up and looked at the preacher, who addressed him with great composure, 'My Lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud, lest you should wake the king.'

A clergyman at Exeter, in England, named Nicoll, once saw several aldermen asleep, and sat down. The silence of the preacher, and the movement among the hearers, woke the worshipful magistrates, and they stood up. The clergyman then rose and said, 'the sermon is not yet finished, and now you are awake, I hope you will hearken more diligently.'

Many years ago, we heard an eccentric Baptist minister cry out in a sleeping congregation, particularly addressing one of his members: 'Brother Thomas Smith, if you don't wake up, I shall call you out by name.' There was no more sleeping in that house that day.

Andrew Fuller, one Sabbath afternoon saw the people during the singing of the hymn before the sermon, composing themselves for a comfortable nap; and taking the Bible, he beat it against the side of the pulpit, making a great noise. Attention being excited, he said, 'I am often afraid that I preach you to sleep, but it can't be my fault to-day, for you are asleep before I have begun.'

And finally, we have heard of an old minister in Kentucky, who purchased a whistle, and when his hearers went to sleep as usual, he emitted from it a very shrill sound. All were awake, and stood up to hear him say, 'You are a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't ye?' as he slowly gazed at his wondering people; 'when I preach the gospel, you go to sleep; when I play the fool, you are awake, and look like a rush of hornets with a pole in their nest.'

Gentle reader, accept a hint, and keep AWAKE.

SHUTTING DOORS.—Don't look so cross, Edward, when I call you back to shut the door, grandpa's old bones feel the wind; and besides, you have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now.'

'Do forgive me, grandpa, I ought to be ashamed to be cross to you. But what do you mean. I ain't going to be a sexton. I am going to college, and then I am going to be a lawyer.'

'Well, admitting all that; I imagine 'Squire Edward C——' will have a good many doors to shut, if ever he makes much of a man.'

'What kind of doors? Do tell me, grandpa.'

'Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list.'

'In the first place, the door of your ears must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will be at school or college with, or you will be undone. Let them get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward C——'s future prospects.'

'The door of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low, wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up a useless, ignorant man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed to sale in the store windows, or you will never learn to lay up money, or have any left to give away.'

'The door of your lips will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open; and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or at least till you have something valuable to say.'

'The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation, for conscience, the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call; and sometimes drops asleep at his post, and when you may think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin. If you carefully guard the outside

doors of the eyes, and ears, and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin, which get in before you think.

'This shutting doors, you see, Edgy, will be a serious business; one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends.'—*Am. Miss.*

CURLING.—Many of our young men and some who are not so very young, have been improving the recent bracing pure atmosphere in the enjoyment of this exciting and manly game.—We also observe by the *St. John Morning News*, that on the Lake near that city, a club of gentlemen may be daily seen participating in this exhilarating and healthy exercise.

For the information of some of our readers who may not understand the nature of the game, we copy the following description from that paper.

'It is played by a party forming rival sides, each in turn being possessed of a circular hard stone of about nine inches in diameter, flat and smooth on the under side, and on the upper having a handle fixed to the stone. Each player is likewise armed with a broom to sweep the ice, in order to accelerate the progress of the stone. An open space of ice of from 30 to 40 yards in length, and 8 or 9 feet across, called a rink, being cleared, and a mark, or tee, being made at each end to play to, the contest takes place by each person hurling or causing his stone to slide towards the opposite end of the rink. A certain number being the game, the object of each side is which will have the greatest number of stones nearest the tee; and all play from end to end alternately, till that is ascertained. To hurl these stones with precision in this species of sport is exceedingly difficult; much depends on the keenness of the frost, the tone of the ice, and the stone.—Sometimes the best and oldest players have placed their stones in a cluster round the tee, one rapid shot from an antagonist will disperse the whole in all directions. Occasionally it happens that in hurling the stones come far short of the mark—but if they do not get beyond a line called the hoggscore, they are dragged aside and not counted. A more than usually extensive match is called a *bonspiel*. The taste for this invigorating sport is every day increasing, and the game bids fair to become very popular.'—*Pictou Eastern Chronicle.*

GENUINITY.—On the evening of the 8th Jan., being the 8th anniversary of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, the hands employed at the Establishment (upwards of sixty in number, twelve of whom are clerks), partook of an excellent supper, at which a very interesting ceremony took place, viz., the presentation of gold watches by Professor Holloway to five persons, each of whom had been ten years in his employ.—The Professor has also made provision for all who may continue in his service a certain number of years, to save them from penury in old age, an act which renders him deserving of the great success he has experienced. We may add that the worthy superintendent of the establishment, Mr. John Driver, was presented by the employes with a very handsome silver snuff box, as token of his kindness and consideration to those over whom he has been placed for the last five years.—*London Papers.*

The dissolution of the French Polytechnic School has been decided upon, owing to its revolutionary character. It was remarked that it passed the Imperial Guards silent to a man, when every other corps was *frénétique* with enthusiasm. The Emperor, who was in a balcony, remarked the affront thus offered to the army then drawn up in the Place Vendôme. A lady standing by observed—'Que votre Majesté n'y fasse pas attention. Les Polytechniques ne sont pas des officiers, ce ne sont que des architectes! Voilà nos St. Cyrains; ce sont eux, après tout, qui commandent les gros bataillons.'

The *Sicde*, referring to the paction of the Zouaves in the Crimea for their stage, says that during the fighting of the 7th of June, one of the actors, after penetrating with his comrades into the Russian works, threw himself upon a Russian officer, dashed him to the ground, and began unbuttoning his prisoner's regimentals. 'I don't want to kill you,' he cried, 'but give me your coat—it's for the theatre.'

The *Gazette du Midi* announces that Louis Philip's widow has had a relapse. Dr. Astruc, of Marseilles, left on the 16th for Nervi, to visit the ailing patient.

Monsieur Antinori, one of the auditors of the Sacra Rota tribunal, has, with his Holiness's permission, doffed the prelatical garb to enter the holy state of matrimony.

The General Vicariate of Rome has just published an official census of the population of Rome for the year 1855. In all, there are 177,461 inhabitants, among whom there are in all, 8,024 priests, monks, nuns, or seminarians—that is to say, one to every thirty-five inhabitants.

The Cathedral of Ulm has long been in a very dilapidated state; workmen have been at length employed to make the necessary repairs to the church, which dates as far back as 1277, and is now higher than any other in Germany. The tower has remained, since 1597 in an unfinished state.

Prince Gortchakoff, late Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces in the Crimea, is to succeed Prince Paskewitch as Stadtholder (Viceroy) of Poland.