Mr. J. Parkinson

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THE GARLAND.

Conclusion of a POEM, *lately published, entitled,*

"PELICAN ISLAND."

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The world as it hath been in ages past,
The world as it now is, the world to come,
Far as the eye of prophecy can peiree;—
These I beheld, and still in memory's rolls
They have their pages and their pictures; these,
Another day, a nobler song may shew.
——Vain boast! another day may not be given!
This song may be my last: for I have reach'd
That slipery descent whence man looks back
With melancholy joy on all he cherish'd.
Around with love unfeigned on all he's losing;
Forward with hope that trembles while it turns
To the dim points where all our knowledge ends.
I am but one among the living
Among the dead I soon shall be; and one
Among unnumbered millions yet unborn
The sum of Adam's mortal progeny,
From natures birth-day to her dissolution:
——Lost in infinitude, my atom life
Seems but a sparkle of the smallest star
Amidst the scintillations of ten thousand
Twinkling incessantly; no ray returning
To shine a second moment, where it shone
Once, and no more forever: so I pass.
The world grows darker, lonelier, and more silent,
As I go down into the vale of years;
For the grave's shadows lengthen in advance,
And the grave's loneliness appals my spirit,
And the grave's silence sinks into my heart,
Till I forgot existence in the thought
Of non-existence, buried for a while
In the still sepulchre of my own mind.
Itself imperishable;—ah! that word
Like the Archangel's trumpet wakes me up
To deathless resurrection. Heaven and Earth
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me
Must think forever; that which feels must feel;
——I am, and I can never cease to be,
O thou that readest! take this parable
Home to thy bosom; think as I have thought,
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes,
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors wrought,
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,
And thou shalt find this moral to my song:
——Thou art, and thou cans't never cease to be:
What then are Time, Life, Death, the World to thee?
I may not answer; ask Eternity!

THE BAPTISM.

She stood up in the meekness of a heart
Resting on God, and held her fair young child
Upon her bosom, with its gentle eyes
Folded in sleep, as if its soul were gone
To whisper the baptismal vow in Heaven.
The prayer went up devoutly, and the lips
Of the good man glowed fervently with faith,
That it would be, even as he had prayed;
And the sweet child be gathered to the fold
Of Jesus. As the holy words went on
Her lips mov'd silently, and tears, fast tears,
Stole from beneath her lashes, and upon
The forehead of her beautiful child, lay soft
With the baptismal water. Then I thought
That to the eye of God, that mother's tears
Would be a deeper covenant, which sin
And the temptations of the world, and death,
Would leave unbroken, and that she would know
In the clear light of heaven, how very strong
The prayer which press'd them from her heart had been
In leading its young spirit up to God.

THE MISCELLANIST.

GIBRALTAR, IN 1827.—The following description of this celebrated place, was written by an intelligent American Captain, and is copied from the *Philadelphia Aurora:*—

The rock of Gibraltar is a high and almost perpendicular promontary nearly surrounded by the sea, being connected with Spain by a low isthmus of sand, nearly level with the sea, and not more than half or three quarters of a mile wide. It is about two miles and a half long, three quarters wide, and fourteen hundred feet high, composed of a species of lime stone; without any soil, except a few spots about the south end, that exhibit some little verdure. The town is situated on the face of the hill, rising gradually from the old mole at the northern extremity, and which is the landing place, until it terminates almost half way up the rock.

It contains about two thousand houses, with a population of nineteen thousand, including the garrison, at present about five thousand. The civil inhabitants consist of English, Jews, and Spaniards, of which the two latter are far the most numerous, though all the principal merchants are British.

The streets for the most part are parallel, and from the steepness of the ascent, elevated one above the other, like stairs. Waterport-street, running the whole length of the town, along the bay, with the batteries in front, is quite a handsome street, and contains many good houses. It is secured at the landing place, to which it leads, by a porticullis and two massive gates of iron, that are always kept shut up at night, no communication with the town being allowed after the gun is fired at sunset. After eight o'clock, no person is permitted to be on the ramparts, and passports, as well as a light in a lantern, are necessary appendages to those who appear in the streets after ten o'clock.

The town is bounded on the south by a wall which continues all the way to the top of the rock. Immediately outside of the wall there is a handsome alameida, or walk, where the inhabitants take their evening promenades, and an extensive level square on which the troops parade. A colossal figure of Lord Hatfield, Gen. Elliot, the celebrated defender of Gibraltar in the memorable siege by the Spaniards and French, during the American revolutionary war, carved in wood by a soldier of the garrison; the bust of the Duke of Wellington, and a figure head of the St. Juan, a Spanish ship of the line, taken at the battle of Trafalgar; adorn this place. The soil here, is of sufficient depth to admit of the place being ornamented with a number of beautiful trees, as well as plateaus of flowers, and for such a barren rugged situation as the rock, it is quite a handsome and pleasant spot.

The north end of the rock being quite perpendicular, from the base to the summit, would not admit of fortification, on its face, and as this end looks into Spain, and commands the whole of the isthmus that connects the rock with the main land, they have been at the pains of making excavations or galleries in which a number of pieces of heavy cannon are mounted.—Of these galleries there are two ranges or tiers. St. George's Hall is one of the largest and mounts about half a dozen large pieces of Ordnance. It commands the whole of the neutral ground as well as the Mediterranean shore.

The floor of this cave is so extremely level and smooth, that it is frequently converted into a ball room, by the ladies and gentlemen of the garrison.—On the west side of the rock is St. Michael's cave, with a level platform before the mouth of it, about thirty feet long and twenty wide. This is the arena where affairs of honour are adjusted. The entrance of the cave is sufficiently large to admit several persons abreast, and widens irregularly as you enter, at the same time descending rather abruptly. The large stalactite pillars formed by the water dropping from above, resemble, through the gloom of the cavern a collection of statues and busts. These petrifactions are much admired for the richness and variety of colors they exhibit, and are converted into handsome ornaments which are always in great request. It is rather singular, that this cave should be inhabited by a large number of monkies, an animal not to be met with in Spain, or indeed any other part of the Rock of Gibraltar, a circumstance, together with the unfathomableness of the cavern, that has given rise to the idea that it communicates under the Mediterranean with the African shore.

I am of opinion there are few situations that afford a finer and more extensive prospect than the top of the rock. Spain, with her lofty mountains; their summits yet covered with snow, her verdant vales, and numerous towns, villages and hamlets, whose whitened houses and numerous spires of churches, and monasteries enlivens the scene, spread before you, in the view from the bay of Cadiz to the city of Malaga. Almost immediately beneath lay the towns, or cities of Algeziras and Saint Roque; the one seven, the other six miles distant, and on the African shore the town of Ceuta stands very conspicuous.

The works of Gibraltar are said to mount one thousand pieces of cannon, and require in time of war, twelve or fifteen thousand men to man them. At present there's only one third of the number of troops, in the place, and they are, without exception, the finest looking soldiers I ever saw.

The Government of Gibraltar is entirely military. It has a civil tribonal for its citizens, in the place of courts martial, of which the governor is the judge. However, the inhabitants are so well satisfied with it, that on an occasion of a resolution having been agitated in Parliament to extend the English jurisprudence to this place, the inhabitants transmitted a memorial against it, in which they expressed their entire approbation of the present government, as having always respected and protected their persons as well as property. Gibraltar is completely a free port in every sense of the word, having no custom-house, nor duties on imports or exports, which give rise to an extensive system of smuggling along the Spanish coast. Many large and well armed brigs are employed in this illicit traffic, between whom and the guarda costas sanguinary conflicts frequently take place. One of the latter was sunk a few weeks ago, in the neighbourhood by a smuggler, and the crew were all suffered to perish.

TURKEY.—Dr. Walsh in his recent work upon Turkey, says: "When I contemplated the extent of the territory, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of the resources, the cattle and corn it produced, and the interminable capability it possessed of producing more; the large cities of Adrianople, Shumla, Rutschuk, and the multitude of villages scattered over the country;—when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in whatever manner and to whatever extent it pleased, and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire which extended over three parts of the globe, it seemed as if the Turkish power was a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country,—its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated; in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilized life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only in having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on: when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few fierce convulsions, would never rise again."

ANOMALY OF VISION.—A child, seven years of age, the son of a distinguished artist, commenced taking lessons in drawing, from his father; but it may be imagined how great the parent's surprise was, at finding all the objects which the child represented, upside down. It was first supposed that the child might be practising this inversion of objects in joke, but he affirmed that he drew the objects as they appeared to him; and as the drawings were in other respects very accurate, there was no reason for doubting the child's word. Every time that the object was turned, before he took a sketch of it, he represented it in the natural position, showing that the sensation received by the eye corresponded perfectly with the inversion formed on the retina. This state of vision continued more than a year; after which time the child began to see objects in their natural position. Many analogous cases have observed: a very distinguished lawyer, for instance, saw, for some time, objects inverted; the houses appeared to him to rest on their roofs—men to walk on their heads, &c. This aberration of vision depended on a disturbed state of the digestive organs, and disappeared with the cause which gave it origin. Dr. Wollaston, after considerable exercise of body and mind, suddenly found that he could see but half of the figures of persons whom he met, as well as other objects which came before him. Dr. Crawford relates the history of a woman who was attacked with a slight hemiplegia of the left side, who, from that period, could see but half an object, not even after that the power of motion had been restored to the paralyzed side. Another person had, for several years, a derangement in the vision of the right eye, to which every single object was represented, multiplied 7 or 8 times.—*Lancet.*

NEREIDS OF THE OCEAN—The waters of New York harbour, more especially on the Long-Island side, near Brooklyn, have for several days been enlivened by uncommon visitors. These are animals about an inch and a half long, that swim near the surface of the tide water, with highly active and amusing motions. They make their appearance only in hot season, and not regularly then; their number is countless. It is reported, that after their arrival, during the years of their visitation, fish will not take the usual bait at the hook, these little creatures supplying them with an abundance of preferable food. After catching and examining some of them in their active state, Dr. Mitchell pronounced them to be *Nereids*—a poetical and classical name bestowed upon these curious inhabitants of the deep. They belong in modern classification to the class *Annelides*, of the great division of articulated animals; distinguished by having their organs, gills, fins, &c. distributed equally the whole length of the body.—*N. York Statesman.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—In private life, Sir Walter Scott is the delight of all who approach him. So simple and unassuming are his manners, that a stranger is quite surprised, after a few minutes have elapsed, to find himself already almost at home in the company of one, whose presence he must have approached with feelings so very different from those with which a man is accustomed to meet ordinary men. There is no kind of rank which we should suppose is so difficult to bear with perfect ease, as the universally honored genius; but all this sits as lightly and naturally upon this great man, as ever a plumed casque did upon the head of one of his graceful knights. Perhaps, after all, the very highest dignity may be more easily worn than some of the inferior degrees—as it has often been said of princes. When Sir Walter Scott sees company, either at home or abroad, which is not rare, it is not easy to describe the feelings of heartfelt joy that his presence spreads over a whole party. He is temperate in the extreme; but if he be master of the ceremonies, he is accustomed to send round the bottle more speedily than some guests could wish. In his conversation, however, there is nothing like display or formal learning. On the contrary, each one seems to speak the more that he is there to hear—and his presence seems to be enough to make every one speak delightfully. His conversation, besides, is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none can equal him.—*English paper.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SERMONS.—The history of these sermons, as we are informed, is rather curious.—During his incognito of the authorship of the Waverly Novels, Sir Walter had his MS. copied by a gentleman who was studying for the church; and when the time arrived for him to read two sermons before the Presbytery—the usual test of ability—he expressed to Sir Walter's hearing, his fear of success; upon which Sir Walter offered to write them for him, and did so, as we learn, the next morning. The Sermons were read, and the gentleman Mr. G. passed; but failing in getting any church employment, he obtained, through Sir Walter's interest, a place under government in London.—Mr. G. however, still wishing to turn these sermons to account, prevailed on Sir Walter to permit him to do so, and he accordingly sold them to Mr. Colburn for £250.—*La Belle Assemblee for June.*

BURNS' MODE OF ASKING A FAVOUR.—It seems to have been now, that Burns at last screwed up his courage to solicit the active interference, in his behalf, of the Earl of Glencairn. The letter is a brief one.—Burns could ill endure this novel attitude, and he rushed at once to his request; "I wish," said he, "to get into the excise. I am told your Lordship will easily procure me the grant from the commissioners; and your Lordship's patronage and kindness, which have already rescued me from obscurity, wretchedness, and exile, embolden me to ask that interest. You have likewise put it in my power to save the little tie of home that sheltered an aged mother, two brothers, and three sisters, from destruction. There, my Lord, you have bound me over to the highest gratitude. My heart sinks within me at the idea of applying to any other of the great who have honoured me with their countenance. I am ill qualified to dog the heels of greatness with the importunence of solicitation; and tremble nearly as much at the thought of the cold promise, as of the cold denial".—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

English and American Tars.—I have a thousand times observed one peculiar trait in the character of seamen. Whenever English sailors are in an American port, or Yankees in an English port, they seem to quarrel—but put the same men in a French or Spanish seaport, and they will unite most firmly against the common enemy. I have often been amused at the promptness and alacrity with which the English sailors uniformly espoused our quarrels on the coast of South America. Without stopping to count noses, to make any tedious and unnecessary investigations of the cause of the row, we commonly received the first "advices" of their arrival and co-operations from seeing half a dozen of the enemy rolling in the gutter, and the rest in full retreat. It was enough for them to see "one of us put upon" by the natives, to induce them to lend us their aid. Another trait, more amiable than "combativeness," is their unreflecting generosity to each other. Many a time I have seen a group of English and American seamen, whose money was expended before their "liberty" was out, disencumbering themselves of jackets, shoes and silk handkerchiefs, to "make a raise" for the mutual accommodation of the party.—*Mariner's Sketches.*

THE OCEAN—*An Extract.*—"There is a fearfulness in the solitude of the ocean which every one feels under whatever circumstances he traverses its mighty depths.—Night, with its storms and tempests, may add terror to the sensation; but there is in the very vastness of the water, in the awful uniformity of their murmurs, and in their unchanging aspect, a loneliness so deep and perfect, that the human heart has no passion, either of hope or fear, which it does not deepen or overcome. The moonlight of a desert solitude, the gloom of evening or midnight in a ruined city, may carry the traveller's thoughts through years of bygone happiness; but it is in his passage across the deep, in the hush and loneliness of the ocean, that the visions and bodings of his spirit became palpable and real. The 'world of waters' is a strong and beautiful expression. It speaks of new forms and new modes of existence; of a separate part of creation, in which the substantial realities of life are lost in dim and indistinct visions, and where the farthest waves meet the horizon we seem to see the actual brink and verging step of eternity."

TRAVELS.—There is nothing very new in books of travels being written by persons who never travelled. On the contrary, that excellent book, known as Marco Polo's, is supposed to have been compiled from conversations and scraps of memoranda of the traveller while in prison. The travels of honest John Bell of Antermony, are said to have been compiled by Professor Barron, of the University of Aberdeen. It is still a matter of doubt whether Gemelli Carreri, who has published so entertaining account of his travels round the world, was ever out of Italy. The adventures and discoveries of Mungo Park are said to have been drawn up by Byran Edwards. The enterprising Belzoni could not write English; and the amusing travels of M. Le Vaillant among the Hottentots, full of fiction and romance, are the production of a French Abbe, who had probably never passed the barriers of Paris.—*Quarterly Review.*

PETTY CONSTABLES.—The petty constables in towns ought to be of the better sort of residents in the same, save that they be not aged or sickly, but of able bodes in respect of their keeping watch and toil of their place; nor must they be in any man's livery. The high constables ought to be of the ablest of freeholders, and substantialest sort of yeomen, next to the degree of gentlemen, but should not be encumbered with any other office, as mayor of a town, under-sheriff, &c.—*Lord Bacon.*

WINE DRINKING.—Light dry wines, such as Hock, Claret, Burgundy, Rhenish and Hermitage, are generally speaking, more salubrious than the strongest varieties, such as Port, Sherry, or Madeira; Claret, in particular, is the most wholesome wine that is known. Champaigne, except in cases of weak digestion is one of the safest wines that can be drunk. Its intoxicating effects are rapid but exceedingly transient, and depend partly upon the carbonic acid, which is involved from it, and partly upon the alcohol, which is suspended in this gas, being applied rapidly and extensively to a large surface of the stomach.—*Mackik.*

A FISHING CAT.—There is now, at the battery on the Devil's Point, a cat which is an expert catcher of the finny tribe, being in the constant habit of diving into the sea, and bringing up the fish alive in her mouth, and depositing them in the guard-room, for the use of the soldiers. She is now seven years old, and has long been a useful caterer. It is supposed that her pursuit of the water rats first taught her to venture into the water, to which it is well known puss has a natural aversion. She is as fond of the water as a Newfoundland dog, and she takes her regular peregrinations along the rocks at its edge, looking out for her prey, ready to dive for them at a moment's notice.—*Plymouth paper.*

CHEESE.—Several reasons have been suggested for cheese being sometimes poisonous;—Another has occurred to the writer, from observing a number of thirsty cows drinking the "green mantle of the standing pool" in a pasture, for want of pure water.—*Boston Palladium.*

A preacher hearing the cry of an infant among his congregation, commanded that the child should be removed—observing at the same time, that a crying child in a place of worship, was like the tooth ach—there was no cure but having it out.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—There is a mystery in the sway which beauty exercises over mankind. How happens it, however, that Helen, and Cleopatra, and Mary Queen of Scots, "rule our spirits from their urns," and inspire a kind of passion for their names? Do we love women for their names? Do we love women for their minds? Do we remember the intellectual Elizabeth, the intrepid Catherine, or the Maid of Orleans, with the same kind of emotion with which we recal the beauties of past times—the women who depended for immortality upon their face and form, and that air of enchantment which surrounds loveliness like an atmosphere? That men should stand up the champions of living women, from whom they may expect the reward of love, is not, by any means, matter of surprise; but that, after the lapse of hundreds or thousands of years, they should grow enamoured of a shadow, and contend passionately for the glory of four or five letters of the alphabet, is really extraordinary. The pale student, sitting by his lonely lamp indulging his imagination, seems to call up from the tomb the names of departed beauty, to hold passionate communion with them, to delight in being alone with them, as with living loveliness, and by degrees erects himself into their protector and defender. We knew a young poet who used to console himself for the solitude, in which he was condemned by fate to live for a while, by kissing the portrait of a beauty of ancient times, which hung in his room. This was Platonic love. It is the same thing as love of the absent, except that distance of time is not to be travelled over, while distance of space, in some instances at least, may.

MEDICAL.

SEPTEMBER.—Fever, cholera, and dysentery, spread their pestiferous influence through every district, and break with unrelenting force the ties of family, kindred and friends. Infants and the aged suffer most from the diseases of this season—as though the dearest and most defenceless members of the community are the most likely to fall victims to the ravages of death. It is certain that much may be done by a judicious attention to clothing, exercise and diet, to defend weak constitutions, and fortify strong ones, against the attacks of disease. But there is such a thing as too much, or a mistaken kindness; mothers are too apt to be entirely dosing, and forcing down the throats of their children a jargon of nostrums and nursery specifics, which by interrupting the natural functions of the digestive organs, disturbing the healthy circulation of the blood, and effeminating the whole system, are, certain, if any thing can do it, to kindle up the flame of a fever, or whatever disease the habit is most predi-posed to take, instead of extinguishing it. Let mothers and nurses at once renounce this pernicious custom of blindly experimenting with the health of their children, which is nothing less than tampering with machines, the organization of which they are entirely ignorant. Medicines, to do good in any case, must be stronger than the cause of the disease which they are intended to counteract. If employed in a manner to be efficient, and without a clear understanding of the object to be attained, they will be as likely to confirm and strengthen the disease, as to oppose it. If, as is generally the case in nurseries, such articles only are made use of, and in such quantities, as *cannot do any hurt if they do no good*, nothing can be gained, and the time will be lost in worse than useless delay, which might have otherwise been employed in overcoming incipient disease, and rescuing from premature death an object of the fondest hope, and of the utmost solicitude.

The importance of warm clothing, both in the prevention and cure of bowel complaints, is too obvious to require much said on the subject. We will only observe therefore, that warmth should be the first object; for if a person only wears his ordinary clothing, he will receive comparatively little benefit from the use of any other meads. A waistcoat of flannel or fleecy hoisery ought always to be worn next the skin when there is the least appearance of disorder in the bowels, and should be laid aside with the greatest caution. The bowels should be kept lax, and free from whatever has a tendency to create irritation and griping. Epsom or Glauber's salts are better for this purpose than castor oil or most other purgatives. In the beginning of bowel complaints, particularly dysentery, it is improper to employ either opiates or astringents; but in the advanced stage of diseases of this description, when the patient's strength is exhausted by frequent returns of the complaint, proceeding rather from a relaxed state of the bowels, than from an active stage of the disease, a judicious use of these remedies will be proper and beneficial, taking care to obviate costiveness, and evacuate the contents of the intestines from time to time, by administering some gentle laxative. A few grains of rhubarb at this time is the best. Every sort of food which readily tends to putrefaction, also all kinds of fermented or spirituous liquors ought carefully to be avoided throughout the whole course of this class of disorders.—*Boston Med. Int.*

THE REFLECTOR.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.—"There is an eventide in human life; a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is the most analogous; and much it becomes and much it would profit you, my elder brethern, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone and with them, not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and repose yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

"It is now you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you in these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can conduct to those green pastures and those still waters, where there is an eternal spring for the children of God."

Allison.

THE GRAVE.—Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily course of intimacy; then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendance, its mute watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love; the feeble fluttering, thrilling: Oh! how thrilling is the pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint, faltering, struggling in death, to give one more assurance of affection. Aye, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience of every past endearment unregarded of that departed being who never, never can return to be soothed by contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the sole of a furrow in the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a *friend*, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour out the unavailing tear, more bitter because unheard and unavailing.

THE DUTY OF LIVING.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self destruction, is very beautiful and touching. "I was weary of life, and after a day, such as some have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look was irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt: "There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food." "Why should I not," said I to myself, "relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does?" The scene of misery he conducted me to, I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. "I will call to-morrow," I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheap.—*Rogers' Italy.*

SWISS CUSTOM.—Richard describes a custom which amidst the sublime scenery of that country, must be peculiarly impressive. The horn of the Alpe is employed, in the mountainous district of Switzerland, not solely to sound the Cow call (Othreihn, Ranz des Vaches), but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the Vallies, and its last rays are just glimmering on the sunny summit of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth. "Ruft durch diess Spraeh orohr," "PRAISE GOD THE LORD." All the herdsmen in the neighbourhood on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, whilst on all sides the mountains echo the name of GOD. A profound and solemn silence follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees, and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark.—"GOOD NIGHT," trumpets forth the herd on the loftiest summit; "GOOD NIGHT" is repeated on all the mountains from horns of the sheperds and cliffs of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest."

The Roman Matron shewed her Children as her most precious Jewels. How anxious must she have been to have had them grow up with augmented lustre and value! And how much agony must she have felt, if she perceived they began to tarnish and decay, in contempt of all her efforts and solicitude—and that those occasionally entrusted with their care, instead of striving to preserve them pure, contributed to fix an incurable canker on them!

Pythens, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked which was the most beautiful color, answered, that of MODESTY.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision in old age.—*Aristotle.*