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THE GARLAND.

From the *AMULET*, for 1829.

THE SABBATH BELL.

The Sabbath Bell—how sweetly breathes
O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
When Spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
The cotter's humble porch around—
And glistening meads of vernal green—
The blossomed bow, the spruce corn,
Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
As shadowing forth a fairer morn.
The Sabbath Bell—'tis stillness all,
Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat,
Or the low wood-dove's plaintive call,
Are mingling with its cadence sweet:
Savannah the lark on soaring wing
Altogether's gone for ever,
Oh! thus shall leathern warbler sing,
Nor man the grateful strain prolong.
The Sabbath Bell—how soothing flow
Those greetings to the peasant's breast!
Who knows not labour, ne'er can know
The blessed calm that sweetens rest!
The day-spring of his pilgrimage,
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,
Turns meekly to a heaven-taught page,
And reads his hope recorded there.
The Sabbath Bell—yes, not in vain
That building on the gale is borne;
Glad raptures from the echoing wind,
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn:
Far other thoughts those notes inspire,
Where youth forgot his frolic pace,
And maid and matron, son and sire,
Their church-way path together trace.
The Sabbath Bell—ere yet the peal
In lessening murmurs melt away,
'Tis sweet with reverent step to steal
Where rests around each kindred clay!
Where buried love, and several friends,
Faint and fading shrouded lie:
The tear-drop falls, the prayer ascends—
The living mass, and learn to die.
The Sabbath Bell—'tis silent now;
The holy fan the throng recedes:
The pastor bands his aged brow,
And slowly turns the sacred leaves.
Oh! blast where bleeding ranks agree
To tread the paths their fathers trod,
To bend alike the willing knee,
One fold before one fastening God!
The Sabbath Bell—Oh! does not time
In that still silence all together breathe!
How many have listened to that chime,
Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!
How many of those who listen now,
Shall wake its fate-recorded knell,
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
A warning in the Sabbath Bell!

THE LACONIC FEMALE.

Celia her sex's frailties shuns;
Her tongue no length of raram runs
Two phrases answer every part;
One gain'd—she breaks her husband's heart;
I saw, through all her life beside,
I saw, through all her life beside.

THE MISCELLANEOUS.

SLEEP.
A question has been raised how much sleep is required, and how long it is necessary to be in bed, for the purpose of rest and refreshment.—Eight hours have been allotted for the labouring man, and six for the scholar and gentleman. Very few gentlemen, however, are satisfied with this scale; and a capacity for sleeping makes the greater part of this class of the community inclined to double the period. The capacity for sleeping, like the capacity for eating and drinking, is to be increased by indulgence. Much depends upon habit. Some people can sleep when they will, and wake when they will; and are as much refreshed with a short nap as a long one. Sea-faring people have this property from education. I have known persons who have never indulged in a second sleep. One gentleman, who entertained a notion that a second nap was injurious, invariably got up as soon as he awoke, no matter how early the hour—winter or summer. Others again will sleep for four and twenty hours. The celebrated Quin had this faculty. "What sort of a morning is it, John?" "Very wet, Sir." "Any mulet in the market?" "No, Sir." "Then, John, you may call me this time to-morrow." So saying, he composed himself to sleep, and got rid of the usual of a dull day in the arms of Morpheus. One gentleman, in the Spectator, used to sleep by weight. "I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, with a few grains more or less; and if upon my waking I find I have not consumed my whole quantity, I take the rest in my chair." A lazy old woman used to apologize for lying in bed by saying that "she lay in bed to contrive." Strange as this old woman's excuse was, it was an example followed by one of the most extraordinary men of this country, viz. Brindley, of whom it is recorded, that when any great difficulty occurred in the execution of his works, having little or no assistance from books, or the labours of other men, his resources lay within himself. In order, therefore, to be quiet, and undisturbed, what he was in search of the necessary expedients, he generally retired to his bed; and he has been known to lie there one, two, or three days, till he had obtained the object in view. He would then get up and execute his design without any drawing or model. There are different kinds of sleepers, as well as different kinds of sleep; some cannot sleep from home—others cannot sleep at home; some can sleep on a board, and snore on a carpet; while others tumble and toss on a soft bed, as if the down were concerted them. Some again cannot sleep in a noise; others cannot sleep out of it. A miller awakens the moment the mill stops; and a tradesman from Cheap-side cannot sleep in the country, because "it is so plucky quiet." Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, usually sleep with their eyes open; but without vision. Shakespeare, who may be considered a very good medical authority, makes Lady Macbeth a somnambulist with her eyes open—"but their sense is shut." This is not always the case, however, and there is a singular exception in the instance of Johannes Oporinus, a printer, who being employed one night in correcting the copy of a Greek book, fell asleep as he read, and yet ceased not to read, till he had finished not less than a whole page, of which, when he awoke, he retained no recollection. There are many curious histories of sleeping prodigies on record. The Philosophical Transactions have several; in one, a man slept from August till January. There is a case, read before a Society of Physicians in 1756, of Elizabeth Orin, who began her sleeping fit in 1738, by a four days' nap, and for ten years afterwards never slept less than 17 hours out of the four-and-twenty. Dr. Brady relates, that some strange methods were resorted to, to rouse her—such as rubbing her back with honey, and in a hot day exposing her to a live of bees, till her back was full of bumps—making a picusation of her, and performing acupuncture, with pins and needles—flacculation, and "other odd experiments," which the Doctor informs she thinks better, to "pass over in silence," all of which might well have been spared, for she was very stily and good for nothing when she was awake. This sickness, however, should be noticed, as being

connected with the complaint. Previously to this somnolent disease, many of the persons have become uneasy, sulky, and surly. In all, the mind has evidently been affected; and in some, where there has been extreme asceticism, their waking hours have been characterized by decided mental aberration.—*Quarterly Jour.*

THE LADIES' LIBRARY.

But good sense alone is insufficient for the acquirement of grace. Unfortunately, we see many ladies, of the most excellent understanding, not only negatively without grace, but positively ungraceful. There are other requisites to grace, of the most essential kind.

An amiable temper, and an habitual disposition to please, are of the first consequence. The expression of all violent passion is destructive of grace. The expression of all feelings unpleasant to others is equally so. So is the expression of selfishness, in all its forms. The graceful female must, in appearance at least, be devoid of selfishness; and the best mode of achieving this is to direct herself, as far as she can, to the reality—at all events, as far as it is offensive to others. That violent passions are destructive of grace, may be easily illustrated. A lady in a violent rage is, in appearance, an ungraceful object as far as to be found in nature. Why?—Because she is necessarily destitute, at such a time, of all propriety, dignity, and ease. A tiger tearing his prey is no disgraceful being, although this animal, like all the rest of his tribe, is from his natural constitution, highly susceptible of the exhibition of graceful motion. But the expression of all feelings offensive to others, even though not so violent in their character, is equally ungraceful. It is proper to remark here—an error into which many young ladies, and English ladies in general, may fall, beyond all other females—are apt to fall. They think that the expression of pride, of disdain, of contempt, is graceful and becoming; but there never was a more fatal and absurd mistake. The wrong expression of pride is so far from being graceful, that it is the very antipode of all grace. To say nothing of its in a moral point of view—of its incompatibility with its good sense of its utter absurdities in human beings, however exalted—of its general variety among persons of real superiority, whether of rank or of talents, shall simply observe that it communicates to the manners, to the movements, to the looks, and to every action of its possessor, a constraint and stiffness at variance with all the principles of grace, and not less rigid, claims than requisite, and disagreeable. Disdain and contempt, which are only more active exertions of this quality, mingled, perhaps with resentment, are still more offensive, and even hateful. Those young ladies who indulge habitually in the expression of such feelings, would do well to inquire whether any body ever cared about their pride, their disdain, or their contempt—whether the opposite qualities are not infinitely more graceful and feminine—and whether they might not much better obtain their object, which, after all, is an influence over others, and even over their own, by the adoption of different means? We cannot help thinking that the result of such an inquiry must be favourable in all cases, except those cases of incurable folly.

Soldiers, in all its outward forms of politeness, vanity and apparent eagerness after self-gratification, is totally inconsistent with graceful manners; indeed, we might say, with the observation of the common forms of politeness. Equally, and equally disagreeable, is the display of ostentatious wealth. A female ought to possess, even more disagreeable than a male, because we are always inclined to concede the claims of a lady to attention, without this unnecessary and ungraceful enforcement. The motions of a vain person are equally ungraceful. The attention of such persons to themselves, to the different parts of their dress, their obvious consciousness of looking well, their own anxiety to appear to the best advantage, their sly glances to signify whether any body is admiring them, they must give rise to constrained and awkward movements, destroying all that ease (not to mention dignity) which is essential to grace. But let it not be supposed that we are so ungracious or so unjust as to tax the fair sex exclusively with faults like these. They are, we believe, still more frequent among ourselves. Many a night have we contemplated with pity a young comrade in company, adjusting his hair, or his cravat; taking an occasional peep at his own sweet person in a mirror; raising the most irresistible glances, as he conversed, at the ladies; smiling with the most delectable affectation, and fancying all the while, that he was the most exquisite in the universe, and most vehemently anxious to impress all others with the same opinion.

SUICIDE OF AN IDIOT.—In the present feverish and excited state of the public mind, owing to the recent atrocities in Edinburgh, the following circumstance caused an unusual degree of alarm and agitation in this town. In our Infirmary there has resided for many years a harmless idiot, named Archibald Macatwain, a commonly called "Arch of the Infirmary," who was at first placed in that asylum as a maniac, and, on his partial recovery, retained as a messenger; which office he discharged with a prudence and sagacity that earned him the good will and confidence of the Directors and all connected with the establishment. Poor Archy, it appears had accumulated a small *posse*, not amounting to two shillings, which he deposited in a hole above the door of the coal-cellar. The treasure was removed by some of the servants, in order that they might have a laugh at Archy's expense; but he took it in high dudgeon, left the Infirmary, and going to the house of his mother (a poor widow, living in Castle Street), told her he would not go back to his place. The mother attempted to reason with him, and at length succeeded, as she thought, in persuading him to return. He threw off his hat and handkerchief, and, putting on an old bonnet, left the house. This was on Tuesday evening; on the following night he was seen in the town, but nothing more could be heard of him. On Saturday morning, the whole of his clothes, even to his shoes and bonnet, were found in a garden in Academy Lane, belonging to the Reverend Alexander Clark, and this tended to increase the public anxiety as to the fate of poor Archy. The general opinion, however, was, that after stripping himself, he had thrown his clothes over the garden wall, and ran towards the river, on the beach called "the Longman," and there drowned himself. The surmise would now seem to be correct, for the body of the poor man (perfectly naked) was found yesterday, washed ashore on the sea beach below Ethie, near Fortrose. His sister repaired to the place, and having recognised the body, it was interred at Rosemark. It is but right to state, that, for the satisfaction of the public, an investigation into the case was made by the Sheriff, but nothing transpired tending to criminate any person.—*Inverness Courier.*

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO ENGLAND.—To whom this country is indebted for the blessed boon of Christianity, the mists with which antiquity has naturally enveloped the event, and the intercession of a long period of barbarism and ignorance, prevents its efficient from ascertaining. "The light of the word," observes Fuller, "shone here, but we know not who kindled it." The Apostles Peter, Simon Zelotes, and Paul, have each been mentioned as the evangelist of Britain. Of these the Romanists are most strenuous for the first; but the last is generally considered as having been the best claim of the three. Venutius, a native, an old Latin poet, in his life of St. Paulinus, thus speaks of the travels of the great Apostle of the Gentiles—

"He traversed ocean too, and preached his Lord
In every clime that could a port afford.
Through Britain's wide-spread realm the light he
And almost Thule brightened at his tread."

Southey, the latest and one of the ablest of our ecclesiastical historians, thinks that tradition most deserving of credit which ascribes the first introduction of Christianity into the island to Bran, the father of the celebrated Caractacus, who having heard and received the Gospel at Rome, while a captive there along with his son, became, on his return, the means of delivering many of his countrymen from a worse bondage than that it had so lately been his lot to endure. This was a short time before the great insurrection under Queen Boadicea.—Certain it is, that before the close of the first century, and in all probability about the middle, Britain received the glad tidings of a SAVIOUR.

The inference arising from the comparison of a certain epigram of Martial with the twenty-first verse of the fourth chapter of Paul's second epistle to Timothy, seems decisive as to this point. The inspired writer desires his son in the Gospel to salute Pudens and Claudia, and the heathen poet, who was his contemporary, speaks of Claudia Rufina, the wife of Pudens, a Roman Senator in the days of Domitian, as the daughter of a Briton. The following version of his compliment to her, is close enough for our purpose—

"How comes it Claudia, sprung of British race,
Exerts at Rome so much in Roman grace?
What matchless charms adorn the British fair!
In form and face, ye Latin dames confess,
Ye Attic, that in mental loveliness,
No matron with Rufina can compare."

Pomponia Graccha, the wife of Plautius, a Roman General, who had the honor of defeating Caractacus in the early part of his career, is also supposed to have been a Christianess, a remark of Tacitus, who speaks of her as a lady of distinction, whom her husband indulged in the practice of the foreign religion with which she was tainted. She as well as Claudia, would be "of the saints that were in Casar's household," mentioned by St. Paul.—*Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

In the most country parishes in Scotland, where the hand of the modern architect has not yet displaced the hallowed remains of the old parish church, with its gray and venerable walls, consecrated by the devotional exercises of successive generations—we find that some gentle eminence has been generally selected for its site. The prettiest little mound in the parish is often that on which the church stands; and literally do we find that our pious ancestors have, in their days, like the Israelites of old, been accustomed to "go up unto the hill of God." So decided, in fact, was this predilection for building the parish Church on an eminence, that there are instances of artificial mounds having been formed in various parts of Scotland, which tradition has not failed to invest with peculiar legends. A correspondent tells us, that it is a curious fact, that in the parish of Bothkennar, there is not a stone but what has been carried to it, and there is scarcely such a thing as a rising ground, except that on which the old church was situated, which consists entirely of sand. If you ask the oldest inhabitants of the parish, how the mound of sand came there, they will tell you, that before building the old church, all the able-bodied men in the parish turned out, and carried the sand in sacks upon their backs, from some miles distance, and laid it there, in order that, when going to church, they might "go up the hill of God." Though not personally acquainted with the church of Bothkennar, we have no hesitation in believing what is here stated by our correspondent. We know of a similar mound of sand in the parish of Linton, in the South of Scotland, on which stands the ancient parish church. It is a beautiful eminence, formed of the finest sand, not so much as a stone of the size of a pea being to be found in its whole composition. It serves as the burying-ground of the parish, and we have seen the soil cut to the depth of 17 feet without meeting with a single stone. What makes the fact more remarkable, is, that there is no sand of a similar description to be found for a mile or two around. Tradition says, that in Popish times, two sisters jilted the whole sand of which the mound is composed, as a penance for their brother's crimes. One thing is obvious, the mound is artificial and affords a corroboration of our correspondent's remark, that such mounds have been raised in former times, for one purpose or another; and that our old parish churches are not infrequently found placed on them.—*Stirling Journal.*

ORDER IS HEAVEN'S FIRST LAW.—God himself is the example of it; and by nothing does he bless his creatures more, than by the steadiness of the order of nature and the regularity of the seasons. What uncertainty is there in the eb-

bing and flowing of the tides? What deviations in the changes of the moon? The sun knoweth his going down and his rising up. Even the comet is not eccentric; in travelling the boundlessness of space, he performs his revolutions of fifty or a hundred years to a moment. And in all the works of God what seems disorder, is only arrangement beyond our reach: "For in wisdom he has made them all." Hear the apostle: "Let every thing be done decently and in order." The welfare of your household requires that you should observe time. Every thing should have its season; your business, your meals, your devotional exercise, your things, and your state.

It is important to peace, and temper, and diligence, and economy. Disorder also multiplies disorder. For no one thinks of being exact with those who set at naught all punctuality.

The same principle requires that you should keep every thing in its place. Subordination is the essence of all order and rule. Never suffer the distinction of life to be broken down. All violations of this kind injure those who are below the gradation, as well as those above it. The relinquishment of authority may be as wrong as its exercise. He that is responsible for the duties of any relation, should claim its prerogatives and powers. How else is he to discharge them? Be kind and affable to servants; but let nothing divert you of the mastery. Be the tenderest of fathers; but be the father. And no sensible woman will, I am sure, be offended if I add, be the most devoted of husbands; but be the husband.—*July.*

A SCENE ON THE GANGES.—One day as I was walking on the banks of the Ganges, I saw a group of people sitting together and musing something to themselves. Near them I saw a corpse, wrapped in a white sheet, with its feet covered with water. A few moments after, a young man, I should think about twenty years of age, shouldered the corpse, and walked slowly to an elevated bank, he hurled it into the river, in the same manner you would a log of wood. He then plunged in after the body, and deprived it of the winding-sheet, leaving the corpse to float down the tide in a state of nudity. When the youth reached the shore, I asked him who the young person was that he had thrown into the river? He replied, "I know not a kind of grin." "My wife!" I said, "You don't seem to be very sorry about her." He said, "No; it was God's pleasure." I asked him how long she was; and he said, "Thirteen years old." I then inquired if she had any family? He replied, "Not now; she had one, a little girl, but that the Ganga had got the day before." I then asked him how long his wife had been dead, when he informed me that she died the moment before I came up. The father and mother of the unfortunate girl were both there, but seemed as indifferent as the rock on which they had perched themselves, to watch her progress down the rippling stream, the cold grave of millions.—*Memoirs of John Shipp.*

POWER OF THE SUN'S RAYS.—Mr. Macintosh, contractor for the government works at Stonehouse Point, Devon, lately had to descend in the diving-bell with workmen to lay the foundation of a sea-wall. The machine is fitted with convex glasses, in the upper part, to serve the purpose of windows; and Mr. Macintosh states, that on several occasions, in clear weather, he has witnessed the sun's rays so concentrated by the circular windows, as to burn the labourers' clothes, when opposed to the focal point, and this when the machine was twenty five feet under the surface of the water.—*From the MS. Journal of the British Nursery Library.*

TURPENTINE.—Common turpentine is the produce of the Scotch pine. Trees with the thickest bark, and which are most exposed to the sun, generally yield the most turpentine. The first incision is made near the foot of the tree, and as the resin flows most abundantly in hot weather, the operations are begun about the end of May, and continued to September. The juice is received into holes dug in the ground, is afterwards taken out with iron ladders, poured into pails, and removed to a hollow trunk, capacious enough to hold three or four barrels. Essential oil of turpentine is obtained by distillation. Common rosin is the residuum of the process for obtaining the essential oil. Tar is obtained from the roots and other parts of old trees.—*Med. Botany.*

PREPARATIONS FOR CINNAMON.—The rough bark is first scraped off with knives, and then with a peculiar instrument, the inner rind is stripped off in long slips; these are tied up in bundles, and put to dry in the sun, and the wood is sold for fuel. The operation was thus explained to Bishop Heber, by the cinnamon peelers; but in the regular preparation, the outer bark is not scraped off; but the process of fermentation, which the strips undergo when tied up in large quantities, removes the coarse parts. The peelers are called Chaliers.

CULTIVATION OF COFFEE.—The first coffee tree was planted in Jamaica in 1728; and the berries from this tree were sold at sixpence each; but in twenty years from that date, so rapid had been the extension of its culture, that the exportation of coffee amounted to 60,000 lbs. In 1808 the exports were estimated at 21,528,373 lbs.

A TRUTH.—Mr. Croly remarks, in one of the tales of the Great St. Bernard, that mankind, like the lion, never springs upon him that looks them firmly in the face.

THE EYE.—Wonderful is the eye! all the feelings of our soul replay themselves in its magic sphere. It is the throne of love; there passion is, and in all the purity of nature's language; there the lover learns his doom; nor are words wanted to explain it. It is an index of all the works within us;—if it flows from the cheek, the eye gives energy to its meaning; if pleasure fills the heart, the eye glows with rapture; if sorrow sets her seal upon man, the eye pours forth its tears, and tells the tale of woe unutterable; if anger, the eye flashes forth vengeance; if pity moves, the eye still records the genuine feeling of the soul.—*Wonderful then is the eye!*

FORGIVENESS.—A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury begun on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

SPEED THE PLOUGH.
"The task of working improvement on the earth, is much more delightful to an undebauched mind, than all the vain glory which can be acquired from ranging in the most unintermitted career of conquest."

EVERY MAN A FARMER.
The cultivation of the earth is congenial to the nature of mankind; and a very large proportion of men, during some share of their lives, either do, or have a desire to, become farmers. Besides those who, in civilized countries, are bred to the culture of the soil, and make it their sole pursuit, through life, there are thousands of others who retire from the bustle and anxieties of trade, the vexations of a professional, or the turmoils of public life, to rural quiet and the undisturbed cultivation of a few acres of land. The merchant, whose youth has been spent behind the counter, whose prime of life and middle age have passed between the ledger and the strong box, between the pursuit of gain and the fears of loss, having at length realized a plum, retires from the crowded city and the anxieties of trade, to the pure air of the country and the peaceful cultivation of a farm. The lawyer, having acquired wealth and professional fame, abandons his causes for a more tempting cause, the pursuit of agriculture, or mingles with his professional labors the exercise of the spade and the plough. In like manner the physician and the divine, the curers of physical and moral diseases, consult their own health and quiet, and find a balm for body and mind, by watching a few hours from the calls of professional duty, to apply themselves to the grateful pursuit of tilling the earth. Why should we mention the statesman and the warrior? They too are inclined to become farmers; the one leaving the field of ambition, the other his harvest of laurels, both seek a soil more congenial to the best feelings of man, and the career of life, like Cicero's, at the plough. Even the mercenary, the voracious son of Neptune, whose home has been for many years, professionally and practically, on the deep—who has sailed to all lands and visited every sea, bringing with him the rarities of every country and the products of every clime—purchases a home on the land, transplants his exiles into his native soil, and prefers that his last rest should be in the rural church yard with his kindred, to finding a bed in the bosom of the deep. The mechanic too is fond with the tilling of the soil, and the dust of every clime—purchases a home on the land, transplants his exiles into his native soil, and prefers that his last rest should be in the rural church yard with his kindred, to finding a bed in the bosom of the deep. The mechanic too is fond with the tilling of the soil, and the dust of every clime—purchases a home on the land, transplants his exiles into his native soil, and prefers that his last rest should be in the rural church yard with his kindred, to finding a bed in the bosom of the deep.

Nor is this prevailing love of agriculture, which sooner or later in life discovers itself, to be wondered at, whether it be the result of reason and experience. If we be honest, it is merely kept down for a while by the engrossing pursuits of wealth, the calls of ambition, or the strife of glory. But these being unaided or disappointed, the mind set free, returns to its native desires, and applies its remaining energies to their peaceful gratification. But reason and experience may well be allowed their share in bringing so large a portion of mankind ultimately to the cultivation of the earth. Who, that values his native dignity and independence, would not prefer to be lord of a few acres of land, with nobody's honors to consult but his own, and nobody to please but his Maker, to the cringing, the fawning, and lying that are apt to enter so largely into political, professional, mercantile, and mechanic life? If any man on earth can emphatically say, "I am no farmer," let it be the farmer. Skillful and honest labor is all that the earth requires, and it yields a due return—no favors dearly bought with the surrender of independence, of honor, of truth, and of all noble and manly feelings; no truckling for office, no fawning for popularity, no lying for gain. No man can say of farming, "I have served a faithless master! I have sacrificed honor, and conscience, and independence of mind, and all that I value in life, to a few acres of land, with nobody's honors to consult but his own, and nobody to please but his Maker, to the cringing, the fawning, and lying that are apt to enter so largely into political, professional, mercantile, and mechanic life? If any man on earth can emphatically say, "I am no farmer," let it be the farmer. 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