

from the character of the persons who most largely patronise it. Who are these? Notoriously the leading proprietors of gambling-houses in London, and the principal frequenters of those houses. Who ever heard of a race of any note, without seeing Crockford standing on the course, with his hands in his pockets, and looking like one whose mind is occupied with some abstruse calculations as to the way in which the impending events are likely to come off? And see how the trio of Bonds, the next greatest gambling-house proprietors in the metropolis, dash about in their splendid equipages. As to gambling noblemen and gentlemen—why there is not one of any notoriety in our London hells, that is not equally well known on the Turf. I could here run over in dozens the names of dukes, of marquises, of earls, and of noblemen and gentlemen of every rank, professed devotees of gambling at the hazard-tables of the hells in town, who are equally notorious for their patronage of the Turf. And how many of these are there, who are bankrupt in fortune as well as character?

Then there are the false notions of honour that prevail on the Turf. Such are these notions, that Turfites feel bound to pay, provided they can at all raise the amount, any losses they may incur by betting, even though their tradesmen and families should not only be suffering the greatest privations in consequence of the non-payment of the amount due to them, but should be brought to the verge of ruin on that account. How many poor tradesmen suffered, and how many of themselves or their successors still suffer, from the non-payment by the late Duke of York, of the debts he contracted with them! And yet he always made a point of paying the losses he sustained on the Turf. It was the same in the case of his brother, George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales; and it is the same with numbers of noblemen whose names might be mentioned. Such is the morality which obtains on the Turf! Such are the notions of honour that are entertained by its votaries!

The Turf, then, is a most prolific source of social evil. I am convinced it would be impossible to estimate the amount of mischief it has done to morals, to families, and to society. It first destroys all the better feelings of one's nature, and then destroys one's fortune. Could all those that are still alive, who have been ruined by the Turf, be brought into one place, what a vast and wretched assemblage of human beings would they present! The victims of the Turf! Why, their name is Legion!

It is deeply to be regretted that when the results of betting on horse-races are so disastrous, those races should be specially patronised by the Queen. Of course the blame does not attach to her. The subject is one which, in all probability, has never been brought under her consideration. She subscribes to the Ascot Races, and patronises those races by her presence, because her predecessors have done the same before her. But it is to be regretted that there should not be those around her throne who would point out to her the frightful evils which are necessarily associated with the Turf, and suggest to her that she ought not to become the patroness, either by her purse or her presence—especially not by both—of a pastime which is productive of so much immorality, and of so much misery to individuals and families. I am sure, that were a sovereign possessed of such amiable feelings as is Victoria, and who is so exceedingly anxious to promote the cause of morals, and to increase the happiness of mankind,—only aware of the deplorable and destructive consequences of horse-racing, she would at once withdraw her patronage from that pastime.

YEARLY FAIR OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Perhaps the last idea that would ever enter into the head of a London or Parisian belle, when she is the envied possessor of a rich Cashmere, is the manner in which these costly shawls are transferred to European merchants. I have been witness to the extraordinary scene presented by a fair held for the purpose on the banks of the Volga, and I think that the ladies will be interested with its description.

A conflagration which took place on the confines of Europe and Asia, in 1816, burnt down the little village of Makarief. This event, unnoticed in the European journals, was of some consequence in the mercantile annals of the world, since in that miserable village had been held, from time immemorial, every year in the month of July, the fair where all the Cashmeres were sold that were brought by land into Europe. With the village were burnt the warehouses and shops used by the merchants. Ever since that time this fair has been transferred to Nishnei Novgorod. The Russian government had long been desirous that such should be the case, on account of the fine commercial situation of that town at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

Just at the confluence of these rivers, thousands of temporary shops are constructed with the promptitude for which the Russians are celebrated. We see rise with marvellous celerity, taverns, coffee-shops, a theatre, ball-rooms, and a crowd of edifices of painted wood, constructed with some taste, all ready for the opening of the July fair. A crowd of people from all corners of the earth assemble to fill these ephemeral streets. Russians, Tartars and Calmucks, are the natural population; these are joined by Greeks, Armenians, Persians, Indians, Poles, Germans, French, English, and even Americans. Notwithstanding the confusion of tongues, the most perfect order reigns among this assembly of

many nations. The riches amassed in this place are incalculable. The silks of Lyons and Asia, the furs of Siberia, the pearls of the East, the wines of France and Greece, and the merchandise of Persia and China, are seen on every side. But among the precious productions of Asia, certainly the shawls of Cashmere bear the first rank.

The sale of these beautiful articles is a sort of contract which never takes place excepting in the presence of witnesses. One of my friends, who dealt in this species of merchandise, requested me to be one of his witnesses. I therefore accompanied him to the fair, and by this means beheld all the proceedings of the negotiation. On our arrival, we were joined by the other witnesses and two Armenian brokers, and my friend led us to a row of stone houses, without upper stories; here we were introduced into a sort of a cellar. The Indian merchant, who was the seller, sat here, surrounded by immense riches, in the form of four score bales of Cashmeres, which were ranged and piled against the wall; he dealt in no other merchandise. The extraordinary part of the business is, that shawls of the greatest value are sold without the buyer ever seeing them opened; they are never unfolded; nor does the buyer even examine a corner; nevertheless he is perfectly informed of their state by the descriptive catalogues of the brokers, who obtain these catalogues from Cashmere, drawn up with the utmost care and fidelity.

As soon as we entered, we squatted on the ground without speaking a word, and the brokers who conduct the whole affair proceeded to business. They began by placing the buyer and seller at diagonal points of the apartment; they then ran perpetually from one party to another, making known the price asked and the price bid, in many mysterious whispers. This negotiation went on with great earnestness, till the prices seemed to approximate nearer, owing to one party lowering his demand, and the other raising his offer. The bale of shawls was then brought out, and placed between the owner and the buyer; the seller vaunted their beauty and value, and the buyer regarded them disdainfully, and hastily compared their number and marks with his catalogue. Then the scene grew more animated; the buyer made a positive offer, declaring it was the highest price he would give. The Indian merchant then rose to quit the warehouse; the brokers cried aloud with a high voice, and seized him by the skirt of the garment to detain him by force; one hauled him to one side, the other pulled him on the other, and, between them, they raised in a moment the most outrageous uproar. The poor Indian seemed very passive in all this confusion; I expected that the brokers in their zealous activity would do him a mischief, and I found that this is sometimes the case.

Now comes the third act of this odd farce. If a fair price has been bid, the brokers endeavour to force the Indian merchant to give the buyer his hand, who holds it open, and repeats his offer in a loud voice. This is the most amusing part of the business; for the brokers seize the poor Indian, and try to get hold of his hand. The Indian defends himself, resists, escapes to the other end of the warehouse, enveloping his hand in the large sleeve of his robe, all the time whining out his first price in the most dolorous tone of voice. At last they catch him, and, in spite of his resistance, and even his cries, place his hand in that of the buyer.

Complete tranquility succeeds this scene. The brokers congratulate the buyer. The Indian sighs piteously, and complains in a doleful tone of the violence and ill behaviour of the brokers. The brokers seat themselves, and prepare the bill of sale as the last act of the ceremony. All that has passed is pure acting, and considered indispensable to the etiquette of the sellers of Cashmere shawls; for if the Indian merchant has not been sufficiently pinched, and pulled, and pushed from side to side, and his head and arms bruised with the ardour of the sale, he will fancy he has parted with his goods too readily, and repent of the sale before the next July fair brings him to Nishnei again. The whole affair rested on this important difference: the Indian merchant asked two hundred and thirty thousand roubles for his bale, and the buyer gave him but one hundred and eighty thousand—of which the brokers receive two roubles out of every hundred.

The whole company, buyer, seller, witnesses, and brokers, then seated themselves cross-legged on a carpet with deep fringes. We were handed ice, served in vases of China porcelain. Instead of spoons, we had little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, whose silver handles were ornamented with a ruby or an emerald, or some other precious stone. When these refreshments were taken, the shawls were delivered. All the marks and descriptions were found perfectly right, the goods being precisely as the brokers had declared. The time of payment caused another contest; and when that was adjusted, all the parties concerned were expected to say a private prayer. I did as the others did; but I fear I was more employed in reflecting on the variety of religions that had met together on the business. There was the India adorer of Brama and other idols; two Tartars, who submitted their destinies to the regulation of Mahomet; two Parsees, worshippers of fire; a Calmuck officer, who, I verily believe, had a reverential regard for the Grand Lama; and three Christians, of different communions—an Armenian, a Georgian, and (meaning myself) a Lutheran. One of the company told me he had prayed that the ladies of Europe might abate their extravagant desire of possessing Cashmere shawls. As

he was like me, only one of the witnesses, I may venture to conclude, that he did not draw any profit from this article of luxury, or he would never have put up so perverse a prayer at the grand fair of Nishnei Novgorod.

THE CONTRAST.

BY DR. PALEY.

There are two opposite descriptions of character, under which mankind may generally be classed. The one possesses vigour, firmness, resolution; is daring and active, quick in its sensibility, jealous of its fame, eager in its attachments, inflexible in its purpose, violent in its resentments. The other, meek, yielding, complying, forgiving; not prompt to act, but willing to suffer; silent and gentle under rudeness and insult, suing for reconciliation where others would demand satisfaction, giving way to the pushes of impudence, conceding and indulgent to the prejudices, the wrong-headedness, the intractability, of those with whom it has to deal. The former of these characters is, and ever hath been, the favorite of the world. It is the character of great men. There is a dignity in it which universally commands respect. The latter is poor-spirited, tame and abject. Yet so it hath happened, that, with the *Founder of Christianity*, this latter is the subject of his commendation, his precepts, his examples; and that the former is so in no part of its composition. This and nothing else is the character designed in the following remarkable passages: 'Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also: and if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also: and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain: love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' This certainly is not common-place morality. It is very original. It shows at least, that no two things can be more different than the HEROIC and the CHRISTIAN character.

Now the author of *The Internal Evidence of Christianity*, (Soame Jenyns, Esq.) has not only marked this difference more strongly than any preceding writer, but has proved, in contradiction to first impressions, to popular opinion, to the encomiums of orators and poets, and even to the suffrages of historians and moralists, that the latter character possesses the most of true worth, both as being most difficult to be acquired or sustained, and as contributing most to the happiness and tranquillity of social life. The state of his argument is as follows:—1. 'If this disposition were universal, the case is clear: the world would be a society of friends. Whereas, if the other disposition were universal, it would produce a scene of universal contention. The world could not hold a generation of such men.—2. 'If, what is the fact, the disposition be partial; if a few be actuated by it, amongst a multitude who are not; in whatever degree it does prevail, in the same proportion it prevents, allays, and terminates, quarrels, the great sources of human misery, so far as man's happiness and misery depend upon man. Without this disposition, enmities must not only be frequent, but, once begun, must be eternal: for each retaliation being a fresh injury, and, consequently, requiring a fresh satisfaction, no period can be assigned to the reciprocation of affronts, and to the progress of hatred, but that which closes the lives, or at least the intercourse, of the parties.—*Evidences of Christianity.*

For the Pearl.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. I.

In acceptance of your invitation to furnish original contributions for the Pearl, I propose, with your approval, to prepare a series of Essays on that most interesting of all studies, Physiology. Not that I have ought very original to make public, but merely to prepare a popular outline, which may, peradventure, excite some of my young fellow-townsmen to enquire for "*further particulars.*"

The range of subjects over which Physiology takes cognizance, is very wide, and it may be as well in the outset to lay somewhat of plan for future proceedings.—All organic bodies, whether animal or vegetable, together with the phenomena they present, and the laws that govern them, are cognizable by the Physiologist,—inorganic bodies are the subjects of the Chemist; and having used these terms, organic and inorganic, it may be well to become acquainted at once with their signification and difference. Both classes of bodies are composed of precisely the same elements; though organized bodies indeed are possessed of certain substances peculiar to them, and which cannot be produced by any artificial process—such are the fibrin, albumen, gelatine, etc.—but these may be reduced by the Chemist to their ultimate or elementary parts by analysis, yet he always fails in every attempt to re-form them synthetically. An inorganic body differs from an organised in the homogeneous appearance it presents. A piece of ice, or mass of stone, for instance, is broken, and each fragment is a perfect representative of the whole mass, except with relation to shape, weight, etc.; each particle of the ice, no matter how minute, may by heat be converted into water, which will contain the same relative proportions of its elements, as did the whole mass. Not so, however, with a vegetable or animal; each portion, if