

reasonable to suppose, that the promised peace will be, if it ever occurs, effected by the instrumentality of the disciples of Christ, that, by their pacific dispositions and conduct, they will lead the way to universal peace. But there is surely nothing in the present warring character of Christian nations, which affords any encouragement that such a blessed period will ever come. No people on earth are more addicted to war than Christians, none who are at more expense to "learn war" and to be always ready to fight.

Perhaps, however, the present nations of Christendom are to exterminate one another by their wars, and that in this way, wars are to cease. If this be the way that peace is to be brought about, the present policy of Christian nations is well adapted to the end. They indeed "learn war" and make preparations for war, under the pretext that these are the means of preserving peace. But with equal consistency, the people of a city might continually pile fuel upon live coals and employ the bellows, to prevent a conflagration. So far as I can learn, the Christians employ the same means for making war and for preserving peace! By this I mean, that in both cases they cultivate the spirit of war, praise the deeds of war, and prepare for conflict.

L. C.

A MOSLEM WEDDING.

"In the castle yard (said the lady) we were received by the Bey's Secretary-Minister, and conducted to the door of the second court. At the double door of the harem two Mamelukes were stationed on guard; one of whom summoned an Italian interpreter, who invited us in. The room into which we were introduced was hung with gold-embroidered red satin; gilt bird-cages were suspended from the ceiling, and even here the walls were covered with weapons. Opposite to us, on an ottoman, sat the Bey's wife, richly but not tastefully dressed. She rose, received us with the words, 'Blessed be your entrance! and may you stay as long as is agreeable to you;' and made us sit beside her. Her arms and feet were bare; on the latter she wore small embroidered slippers, which so little came on to the foot, that she held them fast when she moved between the great toe and the one next to it. From our seat we looked through several rooms, in which were crowds of black and white female slaves, sitting on the ground, some chattering, others variously occupied. Altogether I must have seen upwards of a thousand.

Two young Moorish girls now began a dance, too odious, indecent, and, to us, disgusting for description. * * We could look no longer, and rejoiced when the Princess led us into another room to partake of refreshments. Having been well instructed, I had dressed myself gaudily and strikingly, whilst my companions, happening to be in mourning, were all in black. I, therefore, pleased the Princess the best; she led me by the hand, and pressed me to eat. Our collation consisted of sweetmeats. * * When we had eaten enough, the remainder was packed into baskets, one of which was sent to each lady's house. Whilst we were eating, the Bey, his brother, and several of the Princes appeared, gazed curiously at us, and withdrew without speaking a word. Our visit ended by a tour through the harem, of which all the rooms were furnished alike; only a sleeping cabinet of the Bey's had anything remarkable, and of that the walls were decorated from top to bottom with small watches. The Princess accompanied us to the harem door.

"The wedding was far more interesting. The ceremonies were performed in a beautiful marble court of the harem, over which was spread a magnificent scarlet awning. At the door of every room were placed wax candles of a foot in diameter, and painted with red and green winding stripes. Over the fountain burnt hundreds of variegated lamps, and the whole scene recalled the Arabian tales. To the sound of music the bride, seated upon a cushion of gold brocade, was brought in by her brothers, and placed in an old-fashioned, very costly arm-chair, that stood in the centre of the court. Her dress was extraordinarily magnificent and heavy; the most remarkable parts being a diadem loaded with jewels, splendid anklets, and dazzling bracelets. Arms and feet were bare; the soles and a small portion of the sides of the latter, as well as the finger and toe nails, were coloured of a reddish brown with henna, and eyebrows and eye-lashes were dyed black. She appeared with closed eyes, which she was not allowed to open during the whole day; and the husband was not permitted to see her for the first three days of their marriage. Beside her stood two dancing girls, and before her a negress with a colossal lackered basin, in which were deposited the presents of gold-jewels, and other valuables offered to her, whilst the nature of the gifts and the names of the givers were rehearsed aloud. Every two hours the bride was carried to her room upon the same cushion, new dressed, and brought back to her arm-chair. During this whole day the poor soul must not eat; so that, between fatigue, fasting, and the weight of her dress and jewels, she was repeatedly near fainting, when an old negress always put a pastile into her mouth, which evidently strengthened her. Our repast, as before, consisted of sweetmeats and pastry, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, &c.; but the Bey himself was more conversible upon the present occasion, playing the friendly host, often telling us the house was ours, to use at our pleasure. He himself took a candle to show us the bridal couch, of white satin, tastefully embroidered with gold, and which, on account of its height, was to be

ascended by red satin steps. Suddenly the light he held went out, and we remained awhile in the dark; this was esteemed an evil omen. * * When the bridegroom is first admitted to the bride's presence, the custom is, that she should kiss his hand, and he place his foot upon hers, not as conjugal endearments, but in token of the husband's sovereignty. This Princess refused to conform to these customs, as unbecoming her birth."

Prince Puckler Muskau in Africa.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence of night;
The creatures of mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

"Let there be light!"—the Great Spirit descended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept;
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

"Let there be light!"—and the fruits and the flowers
Responded in smiles to the new lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the bower,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—and the mild eye of woman
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd;
There was joy—till the foe of all happiness human,
Crept into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defied life's object and end,—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandoned a God and conformed to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit, supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light!"—from Gethsemane springing
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb,
Joy, joy unto morals, good angels are singing,
The Ethioh has triumph'd and death is o'come.

POCKETS.

"La tasca e proprio cosa da Christiani."

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

My eldest daughter had finished her Latin lessons, and my son had finished his Greek, and I was sitting at my desk, pen in hand and in mouth at the same time, (a substitute for biting the nails, which I recommend to all onyophagists,) when the Ehow Begum came in with her black velvet reticule, suspended, as usual from her arm by its silver chain.

Now, of all the inventions of the tailor, (who is, of all artists, the most inventive,) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and, saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw, ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach, the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing, makes for himself a pocket, if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff-box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupet, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements: *certainly*, a more sensible bag than such as is worn at court. The New Zealander is less ingenious: he makes a large opening in his ear, and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality is in proportion to their bulk, are said—upon the authority of tradition—when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth, as a place of security, till breakfast; whence it may be inferred, that they are not liable to toothach, and that they make no use of toothpicks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity much might be said, for it would not be difficult to show—with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whitaker of Manchester to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood—that pockets are coeval with clothing; and as erudite men have maintained that language, and even letters, are of Divine origin, there might, with like reason, be conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover, nature herself shows us the utility, importance, nay, the indispensability, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our diplomatists, the *sinequanonness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever: some are without eyes, many without noses, some have no heads, others no tails, some neither one nor the other, some there are who have no brains, others very pappy ones, some no hearts, others, very bad ones; but all have a stomach; and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket? Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*saccus vel pera est, ut ciborum olla?*"

Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of capacity to hold a quarto volume, a wise custom, but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly commend the humour of Dr. Ingenhousz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in his latter years, when science had become to him as a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments, among the rest, so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For, mark, me, gentle or ungentle reader, there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition; and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket-handkerchief, and his pocket-book, and the key of his door, (if he be a bachelor living in chambers,) and his knife and his loose pence and halfpence, and the letters which, peradventure, he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the post-office—twopenny or general—as he passes by, and his snuff, (if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits,) or his tobacco-box, (if he prefer the masticable to the pulverised weed,) or his box of lozenges, (if he should be troubled with a tickling cough,) and the sugar-plums and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design;—who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first fated always to be undermost?—(Mr. Wilberforce knows the inconvenience)—the snuff working its way out to the gingerbread, the sugar plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket-handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters.

Now, forasmuch as the commutation of female pockets for the reticule leadeth to inconveniences like this, (not to mention that the very name of "commutation" ought to be held in abhorrence by all who hold daylight and fresh air essential to the comfort and salubrity of dwelling-houses,) I abominate that bag of the Bhow Begum, notwithstanding the beauty of the silver chain upon the black velvet. And perceiving at this time that the clasp of its silver setting was broken, so that the mouth of the bag was gaping pitifully, like a sick or defunct oyster, I congratulated her as she came in upon this further proof of the commodiousness of the invention; for here, in the country, there is no workman who can mend that clasp, and the bag must, therefore, either be laid aside, or used in that deplorable state.—*The Doctor.*

DISCIPLINE OF THE MIND.—In the present multiplicity of books of all kinds and every character, we are surrounded by many temptations to indulge in a vein of light reading, or in glancing over many works, rather than examining those which are substantial and tend to the most perfect development of the mental powers. The mind naturally dislikes hard study. But when once these faculties have been well developed, when they have become accustomed to vigorous intellectual effort, it becomes a pleasure rather than a hardship. The habit of light reading is directly opposed to this proper discipline of the mind. In order to possess a well disciplined mind, we must acquire such a power over our thoughts as to bring the whole energies of the mind to bear upon that subject which is the immediate object of inquiry. In light reading we are wafted along like the soft perfume upon the summer breeze, almost without any intellectual effort. There is a delight in it. There is pleasure in it, but it is but momentary. The energies of the mind become enslaved, and it is with difficulty we can break away to pursue something which requires mental effort. The mind requires something more deep, something that will bring all its energies into vigorous exercise. The mind can only be well disciplined by studying those sciences which require deep thought. It may cost severe effort; but what is there, that is great or noble, that was ever attained without it? At the present day we are too much disposed to be superficial, and likewise devote too much time to the acquisition of the more polite branches of education. These I would not condemn. They are the refiners of the mind. No person, however, can possess a great mind who allows himself to be engrossed by those objects which do not awaken all his mental powers and call forth all the god-like energies of the soul with which his Creator hath endowed him. Let them who would possess deep, clear, and vigorous minds, capable of fathoming the most abstruse subjects, direct their attention to those branches which require deep thought, and thus fix the undivided attention of the mind. The mind needs a firm basis as the foundation of its character, and in this way alone can it be acquired.—*Evening Visiter.*

HAVING AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The son of a brewer, whilst under an examination at an academy in this county as to his knowledge of the numerals, was asked by the master what was meant by double X? "Good malt and hops" was the prompt reply of the little urchin, who was, of course, immediately elevated to the top of the class for his sagacity.—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*