

clock, combined with its trifling expense, has in this utilitarian age gone far to supersede the use of both. Still our youthful associations linger around the old eight-day clock. How often have we listened to 'The Mill, Mill O,' and 'Ye Banks and Braes O' Bonny Doon,' chimed by one of these wonderful machines. How cheery, how comfortable, did it make the fire-side on a Winter evening, when seated in social compact, the conversation was at once lushed, and the sweet chime, 'I'm a poor but honest Sodger,' called forth a glow of sympathy which sweetened the conversation for the succeeding hour. We would much rather see such a clock in every house, as it would conduce greatly to social exhilaration. But we must bow to the progressive spirit of the age, and for this reason notice with the greatest pleasure the description of a most ingenious and elaborately constructed clock made by E. Henderson, L.L.D., of Liverpool. The Albion says the Clock is calculated so finely, that in many of the motions, by wheelwork, it will not err one minute in 1000 years. These calculations we understand, have received the unqualified approbation of the leading scientific men and astronomers of the day, both in Britain and foreign countries. The clock will show the minutes and hours of the day, the sun's place in the ecliptic, the day of the month perpetually, and take leap-year into the account; the moon's age, place, and phases: the apparent diurnal revolutions of the moon, the ebb and flow of the sea at any port in the world; the golden number, exact, solar cycle, Roman Indiction, Sunday letter, and Julian period; the mean time of the rising and setting of the sun on every day of the year, with its terms and fixed and moveable feasts. The day of the week will be indicated, and the year will be registered for 10,000 years past or to come. The quickest moving wheel revolving in one minute, the slowest in 10,000 years from the date. To show the very great accuracy of the motions of this complicated clock, a few of the periods may be noted, namely, the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon is accomplished in 24 hours, 50 minutes, 58 seconds, and 379,882,268 decimals of a second, which makes an error of one minute too fast at the end of 1470 years. The stars will make a revolution in 23 hours, 56 minutes, 4 seconds, and 69,087,281 decimals of a second, which gives an error of one minute too slow at the termination of 589 1.2 years. The synodical revolution of the moon is done by the wheels in 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 2 seconds and 372,514,288 decimals of a second, and this will give an error of one minute too fast in 1167 years. The sidereal year is done in 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes, 11 seconds, and 53,322,496 decimals of a second, which will make an error of one minute too slow in 1806 years. The clock will go 100 years without requiring to be wound up which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upwards of 300 distinct pieces.

### Miscellaneous.

#### ORIENTAL SAYING, FROM THE TALMUD.

When Alexander the Great was in Egypt, an Egyptian prince came to him and said, our Nation has always heard, that you are so benevolent as to pay, or cause to be paid, all the just claims of your poor subjects. I came therefore to enquire of you, if it is really the case. The King answered in the affirmative, and enquired of the prince the nature of his demand. The Egyptian

prince then stated, that the Jews, who were under his jurisdiction, had several hundred years ago borrowed jewels of silver and of gold from his people, and had as yet not returned them, nor paid for them, and he had now come to demand both principal and interest. Alexander wished to know what evidence he could adduce to substantiate his claim. The prince replied the Bible. This is indeed excellent evidence said the King, will you allow me three days to examine into the nature of your claim? The prince readily consented to this, and at the same time referred him as evidence of his claim to Exod III 22, and xi. 2. The King then consulted with his secretary Gaviah ben Pasca, who was a very learned Jew, and who on the morning of the third day called upon King Alexander, and told him, to get the prince when he came, to consent in the first place, that if a balance were due on either side, it should be paid with interest, secondly, that the Bible should be evidence for and against both parties; and thirdly, enquire of him if his law did not allow servants and slaves a just and equitable compensation for their services, all of which he will no doubt readily admit. Then refer him to the Bible where he will find that Jacob and his posterity took their cattle and all their wealth with them into Egypt. Also that the Israelites were there, three or four hundred years in bondage to his nation, and when they left Egypt they could not as slaves, take their property with them. Now then estimate the value of the property that Jacob and his family took into Egypt, and the interest of it, and also the services of all the Jewish nation for 400 years, at so much per day for each one, then add the interest, and double both principal and interest, for the Egyptians made them double their labour, and they had also to find their own materials to make brick. Let him then from that sum deduct the small amount of Jewels, and there will be such a great balance in our favour, that their whole nation will not be able to pay it. Besides he does not understand our language, for the word *Shaal* means to ask, to demand as a debt, or an equivalent, and not to borrow. In support of this allegation the learned secretary referred the King to numerous passages in the Bible. The King was delighted with this critical view of the case, and adopted the plan pointed out by his secretary, and when the prince came, in full confidence of gaining his point, and Alexander explained the whole merit of the case to him, shewing beyond doubt, that his nation was largely in debt to the Israelites, the prince fled into a foreign country. R.

#### A LOVE STORY.

Let us try to give you very briefly, reader, a little story that was told to us the other night in the sanctum. We will endeavor to present it as nearly as possible in the words of the narrator:—

"Did I ever tell you," said he, "about my first and last poetical effort? Reckon not. Well, thus it was. A considerable long time ago, when I was pursuing the law (*haud passibus equis*), and which I never overtook, I was sitting with my feet upon a line with my nose, my 'custom always in the afternoon,' when at the open door a veritable client appeared. His inimitable hitch at

the wristband spoke at once his occupation on the brink deep.

"Do you ever write letters here?" was his first question.

"Sometimes," said I, "although I am not exactly a man of letters."

"Well, then," said he, looking round carefully to see that his communication was confidential, "I want a first-rate one."

"To whom, and on what subject?" I asked.

"To a gal in Kittery," said he. "She ain't acting right, and I want to tell her so. She's been and gone to singing-school with another chap since I left. Now, take a sheet of paper and give her my mind, strong."

"I did my best, and put down in our good vernacular some emphatic expressions of indignation, and some hard knocks against the interloper of the singing-school."

"Hold there!" says he, "that is rather too much sail on that tack! Now put her off a few points on another tack, and give her some soft biscuit, for I don't want to break off entirely; only to scow her, so that she will mind her helm and steer straight."

"So I eased off, and put in some 'soft sawder' and love-sick nonsense. I read it to him."

"That will do," said he; "but tell her after all, it will be as she behaves!"

"So I qualified the honey with a little vinegar."

"That's all right," said he, "but I want you to put in some verses, to wind up the yarn."

"Such as what?" said I.

"This—

"My pen is poor, my ink is pale,  
My love for you shall never fail."

"I wrote at his dictation, until I came to the word 'pale.'

"That will never do," said I, "for this ink is most particularly black"—and it was 'black as Erebus,' or 'the ace of spades.'

"This was a puser. He scratched his head in most amusing perplexity. 'I must have the poetry,' said he, 'at any rate; and what if it ain't exactly true?—will that hurt?'

"Not as poetry," said I, refining, "but as fact. It will be a false statement of a matter of fact, and the falsehood will be apparent on the face of the record *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*, you know, Jack! How can Betsey believe a word you say, with such a black falsehood staring her in the face? (I was young and fresh from Blackstone, and talked learnedly.)

"What shall we do?" cried Jack; "you must fix it somehow."

"How will this answer, Jack?" I asked.

"My pen is poor, my ink is black,  
My love for you shall never slack."

"First-rate!" exclaimed Jack.

"And so it went, and so ended my first and last attempt at poetry. I wish I had kept a copy of that letter."—*Knickerbocker Magazine for September.*

#### COLD WINTERS.

We notice in an exchange paper a list of severe winters in the olden times, which may not be uninteresting now that our severe winter is so much talked of. The list is as follows:—

In 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

1695 the cold was so excessive that the famishing wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1696 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter called by distinction, the cold winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shore. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished in their houses.

In the South of France the wine plantations were almost destroyed, nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was