

recently lent to Titmouse, he stopped short—paused—and returned home. There he had hardly been seated a moment, when down he pelted again, to buy a sheet of paper and a wafer or two, to write his letter to Mr Gammon; which, having obtained, he returned at the same speed, almost overturning his fat landlady, who looked after him as if he were a mad cat scampering up and down stairs, and fearing that he had gone suddenly crazy.

From the Boston Mercantile.

FISHING STATIONS.

LIFE OF THE FISHERMEN DOWN EAST.—The editor of the Kennebec Journal has been making a tour along the coast of Maine, and he gives us some graphic sketches of a region and a people that, near neighbours as they are to us, and have been so long, may be said to be almost unknown. There is almost as much novelty in his observations as if they were genuine discoveries, accomplished by a Smith or a Cabot, a few hundred years earlier. The following is an account of the fishing craft, used in and about the Penobscot Bay. The "Bangor Packet," of Deer Isle, is the specimen in this case:—

"He [the Captain] lives on a small island between Deer Isle and the main land, and has a good house, barn, &c. He either owns or hires the fishing vessel, for these smacks may be hired by any responsible individual who will fish with him for four months, without paying anything whatever for their use, the owner merely receiving the fishing bounty. The smack is without a cabin, and has narrow berths from six to eight feet square, exclusive of the berths, and so low that a tall man cannot stand upright in it; and this serves for kitchen, parlor, saloon, and dormitories. The pantry is under the stairs, and the ceiling is garnished round with handsaw, knives, gimlets, tobacco pipes, and other furniture and implements of the trade. The fare is salt pork, hard bread, potatoes, tea, beans, and fish, the latter not often being fresh, for I am told fishermen do not eat a great deal of fresh fish.

The salt pork is a constant dish at every meal, and potatoes are so much valued that the Captain told us he would sooner dispense with bread than this wholesome esculent. On the deck are coils of rope, numerous small anchors to sink and fasten nets to catch herrings or small fish for bait, and buoys to float the top of the nets; cod lines and hooks are rolled up all around. By each side of the vessel are two more kids, or boxes, on the top of which the fish are cleaned and dressed, and then thrown into them. Below the hatches are the hogheads of salt, and the salted fish, and other heavy articles. These vessels are good sailors, and will ride safe in almost any storm, if they do not strike the rocks; but the Islands and rocks are in such countless numbers on this coast, that I can hardly comprehend how any one can ever learn where they all are. At high tide the water will appear to be a smooth sea for many miles; at half tide there will be fifteen or twenty rocks in sight, covered with sea weed and barnacles; and at low tide there will be a hundred of them, or long rows of ledges and sandbars laid bare."

Speaking of the Islands in and beyond Penobscot Bay, more generally, we are told that the inhabitants keep a few cattle and many sheep, cut their own hay, and raise some wheat, oats, and a few other things, and potatoes enough for their consumption, but for the most part they buy their corn and flour with the proceeds of their fish. Sheep do remarkably well on the islands. The winters are not so cold for them as might be supposed. The snow never lies deep. "Feed may always be had, and little hay is wanted. The hogs also can get their living in clams and muscles if allowed, but such food makes the pork fishy. As for the people themselves;

"The inhabitants are the hardest looking set of people I ever saw. They care no more about being wet with salt water or rain, than we should be of being fanned by a zephyr. The vessels which I have already described, are those which go down to the Grand Banks, and elsewhere, outside the islands and on the eastern coast, and among the islands, by the inhabitants, near where they live. They go out at night, or in cloudy weather, get a load of fish, and come in to some store or trading establishment on the coast, and exchange their fish for flour, corn, meal, clothes, or other goods, and return to their homes in the islands. The trader salts down the fish, then spreads them on his flakes and dries them, and exchanges them for goods with which to supply those fishermen who do not cure their own fish.—I have been at one of these stores for a few days, and seen the customers as they come in. Nearly all came by water, in boats from twelve to eighteen feet long, which cut through the brine at a rapid rate. A small sail might be seen at the distance of two or three miles, and in a short time it would be at the wharf, and two or three stout weather-beaten men, with tarpaulins and heavy boots, would come up to the store. Frequently women and children would be in the boat, and sometimes women alone. I noticed one of these boats yesterday. It was a rainy morning, when we could not go out. A short, thick set, hard featured man, with small black eyes, came in: he was dressed in a hair seal cap very much worn, a thick monkey jacket, large horse-hide boots, and Indian-rubber-cloth pantaloons. One of his sons with him, and another was left behind in his boat. He had a boat load of fish, which the three had caught the day before. He wanted a barrel of flour and some other articles. He soon made a bargain. He got about fifteen dollars for his fish; took his provisions into his boat, and was soon out of sight behind the islands. This man seemed to be about forty, and was quiet and

active as a cat; but we found on inquiry of those who knew him, that he was sixty-two years old. He lived on Mount Desert, with the rocks rising into mountains, bare and naked, above his rude dwelling, and the broad Atlantic rolling at his feet."

Even in this desert place, it seems there are many inhabitants, and some of them are wealthy, as many might be, for even the women can make money in fishing. "A boat came in yesterday morning, with two women and two or three children, no man being with them. These women had themselves caught two dollars worth of fish the day before, and now brought them in to exchange for tea, raisins, rice, cap ribbons, and other finery. At another time they might go out and catch nothing, perhaps be upset in a gale and lost. Thus people live in various ways, and all seem to like "their native land the best." For a summer ramble, these rocky islands have many attractions.

These are pleasant sketches, and we hope the writer will continue them. The more we know of our own country, the better.

Considerable excitement exists on the desert little sand band near the Narrows, called Coney Island. Some of the Mexican dollars buried some years since by Gibbs the pirate, have been found, and the beach is now strewed with diggers. The amount of this gold-fishery, it is said, is already some thousands of dollars. The whole of the plunder from the Vineyard, which Gibbs and his associates took out of her before scuttling, was 54,000 dollars.

BENEVOLENCE AND REVENGE.—Benevolence, itself of immortal quality, would immortalize its objects: malignity, if not appeased by an infliction short of death, would destroy them. The one is ever strengthening itself upon old objects, and fastening upon new ones; the other is ever extinguishing its resentment towards old objects by the pettier acts of chastisement, or, if nothing short of a capital punishment will appease it, by dying with their death. The exterminating blow, the death which "clears all scores"—this forms the natural and necessary limit even to the fiercest revenge; whereas, the out goings of benevolence are quite indefinite. In revenge, the affection is suddenly extinguished, and if returned it is upon new objects. In benevolence, the affection is kept up for old objects, while ever open to excitement from new ones; and hence a living and a multiplying power of enjoyment, which is peculiarly its own. On the same principle that we water a shrub just because we had planted it, does our friendship grow and ripen the more towards him on whom he had formerly exercised it. The affection of kindness, for each individual object survives the act of kindness, or rather is strengthened by the act. Whatever sweetness may have been originally in it, is enhanced by the exercise; and, so far from being stifled by the first gratification, it remains in greater freshness than ever for higher and larger gratifications than before. It is the perennial quality of their gratification which stamps that superiority on the good affections we are now contending for. Benevolence both perpetuates itself upon its old objects, and expands itself into a wider circle as it meets with new ones. Not so with revenge, which generally disposes of the old object by one gratification; and then must transfer itself to a new object, ere it can meet with another gratification. Let us grant that each affection has its peculiar walk of enjoyment. The history of the one walk presents us with a series of accumulations; the history of the other with a series of extinctions.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

LOVE OF HOME.—I have at times tried to image the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never again will look upon his native land. To my mind it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy that it was going away to die—going to live somewhere until death came—in some huge prison, with a jail like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles, with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul to regain my native land. Every thing would be strange to me; the landscapes would call up no recollections, I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could call my own. Ah! after all, it is something to look upon the churchyard where those we loved are at rest, to gaze upon their graves, and think over what we have gone thro' with them, and what we would now undergo to recall them from the dead. There seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it, because it can never again be recalled; even as a fond mother broods over the memory of some darling that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it.—*Miller's Rural Sketches.*

A gentleman of noble extraction had held, during many years, different commissions in the army, and had risen to the rank of one of his Majesty's aids-de-camp. Shortly after, he became a convert to some religious tenets, which seeming to him inconsistent with the profession of a soldier, he sent his resignation. The king, unwilling to part with the services of one who had held his commission from boyhood upwards, sent to command the attendance of his ci-devant aid-de-camp, who of course, immediately obeyed the summons. The King took the officer into a private apartment, and demanded the cause of his resignation. When it was explained, his Majesty condescended to argue the subject with his scrupulous servant, who still remained unconvinced by the King's reasoning. At length the aid-de-camp was desired to withdraw, with an injunction to return next morn'g. When he appeared, the King received him coldly, and only said, "Go to your quarters, and re-

main there; the proper officer will bring my commands to you." The aid-de-camp retired, and was soon after waited upon by an official who put a paper into his hands, which he doubted not was an order for his arrest or disgrace; but judge his surprise, when upon opening it, he found it to be the king's patent, presenting him to a civil appointment about court, the emoluments of which were nearly equal to those of the office he had relinquished.—*Anecdote of the King of Denmark, from Conway's travels in that country.*

METALLIC SOLUTIONS.—Let one grain of copper be dissolved in nitric acid. A liquid will be obtained of a blue colour; and if this solution be mingled with three pints of water, the whole will be sensibly coloured. Now three pints contains one hundred and four cubical inches, and each linear inch contains at least one hundred equal parts distinguishable by the eye; each cubical inch contains, then, at least, one million of such parts, and the one hundred and four cubical inches of this solution one hundred and four millions of such parts; also each of these minute parts of the solution is colouring, otherwise it would not be distinguishable from the rest; each such part contains then a portion of the nitrate of copper—the colouring substance. Now from each particle of this nitrate, the copper may be precipitated in the state of a metallic powder—every particle of which is, therefore, less than the one hundred and four millionth of a grain in weight.

THE ATTENUATION OF GOLD LEAF.—An ounce of gold is equal in bulk to a cube, each of whose edges is five-twelfths of an inch, or nearly half an inch, in length, so that placed upon a table it would cover nearly one quarter of a square inch of its surface, standing nearly half an inch in height. The cube of gold the gold-beater extends until it covers one hundred and forty-six square feet; and it may readily be calculated, that to be thus extended from a surface of five-twelfths of an inch square to one of one hundred and forty-six square feet, its thickness must be reduced from half an inch to the two hundred and ninety thousand six hundred and thirty-sixth part of an inch.

JOHN HUNTER.—This ingenious man had so much diligence, that he often told his friends, that, for forty years, summer and winter, the sun never found him in bed. "I never have any difficulties," said he; "a thing either can be done, or it cannot. If it can be done, I may do it as well as another, if I take equal pains. If it cannot be done, I will not attempt to do it." Mr. Hunter made the completest collection in comparative anatomy that ever was assembled together.

GENUINENESS OF BOOKS.—Among all the absurdities of the learned, none seems to me to be so utterly ridiculous as their quarrels about the genuineness of old writings. Is it the author, or his work, that we admire or dislike? What do we care for the author's name when we are reading a book of merit? Who can prove that we have either Virgil or Homer actually before us, when we peruse the words ascribed to them? These very accurate critics seem to be but little wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, in sober earnest, who after all was really the author of Shakspeare's tragic plays?

The value of national education is duly appreciated in Iceland, where no servant is permitted to marry who cannot read and write. The inhabitants in these northern regions are almost in darkness or confined to their habitations the greater part of the winter by snow, and find much solace or amusement in reading for their own edification, or for the entertainment of the minutes who are otherwise employed.

A scholar of Dr. Busby's, coming into a parlour where the Dr. had lain down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up and said aloud, "I publish the bands between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy to be taken up; or as it was called, horsed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the bands between my rod and this boy's back; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the Doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so much pleased the doctor, who liked to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

CROUP.—Cut onions into thin slices; between and over them put brown sugar—when the sugar is dissolved a teaspoonful of the syrup will produce almost instantaneous relief. This simple and effectual remedy for this distressing malady, should be known to all having the care of small children.

TACITURNITY OF GENIUS.—In conversation Dante was taciturn or satirical; Butler was silent or caustic; Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Descartes, whose avocations formed him for meditation and solitude, was silent, Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed him. Milton was unsocial, and even irritable, when much pressed by the talk of others. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us—"My conversation is dull and slow, my humour saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees."