

for August thus graphically describes the Rev. Mr Taylor's manner of preaching:—"Much has been done to improve the character of seamen; much to cultivate the peculiar excellencies of their temper, and make them more like men and Christians. The Rev. Mr Taylor, settled I believe, in Boston, has been very active in this work. He was once a sailor himself, he knows their wants, he knows how to address them: he is liberal, honest, and powerful, and I am told his influence upon the character of the mariners at that port is already visible. I once heard him preach to them: he represented us on board ship in a tempest; with really wonderful powers, he painted the coming on of the storm—the sky is hid; the ocean awakes; all is made fast; but the tempest becomes every moment more violent: the sails are torn from the yards; the masts are cut away; the ship settles down as the waves break over her: 'And now,' said he in that low, calm, distinct tone, that goes more home to the soul than any other, 'now my friends, that our canvas is gone, not a spar left for a jury-mast, and the leak gaining upon us, what shall we do? Hark! do you not hear the waters as they rush in below? Do you not see her settle by the head? Do you not hear her tremble—?' And now he leaned forward, and gradually raised his voice, till it seemed almost to bespeak agony; 'one moment more, fellow-sailors, and this good ship of ours will sink into the deep; a moment more and we that have laughed, and sung, and made merry within the hour, will be struggling with the eternal waves; but we shall swim and struggle in vain; we must die if there be no help at hand; and is there none? is there no way of escape! save yourselves, save yourselves if you can.' It was enough—I saw twenty arms thrown up, as if to catch at a rope, and an old grey-headed sinner by my side, hung by the banisters, and trembled more by half than he would have done had he been really wrecked. After a moment's pause, in a low, distinct tone, the preacher continued: 'Yes, fellow-mariners, you may be saved, you may escape; there is a life-boat at hand; seize upon it, and make it yours and live—that life-boat is Jesus Christ.'"—*New York paper.*

RESPECTABILITY.—Respectability! Mysterious word? Who will presume to say, authoritatively, what thou art? Where is the lexicographer gifted with powers to define thee accurately, satisfactorily, so that the general voice shall cry aloud, "That is the meaning of the word;" and every individual whisper to his neighbour, "That was my meaning." As for the explanations of the present race of dictionaries, they are mere evasions of the question. . . . Like light and life, thou art every where; or at the least, wherever civilization is, there, art thou to be found, despotically ruling the minds of men, of every grade and station, from the doctor to the dustman, from the lawyer to the labourer. . . . Thou hast more distant relations than a Scotchman likely to do well in the world, even though his name be Campbell. And it is curious to mark the different ways in which the multitudinous kith and kin infer a connexion. Some are respectable by descent, some be dress, some

by the situation of the dwellings in which they have temporarily located themselves. A man in very low circumstances, if he has no better claim is consanguineous, on the strength of a hat with a brim, or a stocking without a hole,—"two precious items in the poor man's eye;" the spruce mechanic's dapper coat, or his wife's silk gown, leave no doubt, in his own eyes at least, how closely he is allied; the small tradesman's snug house, tiny flower-spot before the door, and neat garden railings, distinctly mark him for thine own. . . . Some men neglect their personal appearance, and concentrate their claims to respectability in a brass knocker, a plate with their names engraved thereon, Venetian blinds, or any other pretty additament to their domiciles; others are respectable by virtue of their connections; others by going to the private boxes at the theatre; others by a pew next the parson at church; others by the people they visit; others by having everything in season. Yet, difficult as it is for the mind of man to comprehend all these things, and to decide properly and justly, the women taking advantage of their superior powers of penetration and delicacy of discrimination, divide and sub-divide respectability as easily as quicksilver. They have their "respectable sort of people, very respectable, highly respectable, extremely respectable, most respectable," which makes the thing about as difficult to understand or explain as political economy or electro-magnetism. About the boldest and most decided opinion concerning this particle of the English language that I am acquainted with, was that given by a witness in a swindling transaction, who on being asked by the judge his reason for affirming that the defendant was a respectable man, replied, "that he kept a gig."—*Crayon Sketches.*

PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.—A hearty laugh occasionally is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cob-webs out of a man's brain, and the hypocondria from his ribs, far more effectually than either champagne or blue pills.

A DEBATE IN THE LORDS.—I went at the hour of the house meeting to wait, and there I saw, very comical with a queer wig, the Lord Chancellor himself, sitting on a cod, on the sack of wool; and I was confounded. Oh! but you is a clever man; he looked from side to side in a manifest affliction, because of the corruption around him. I had no notion that the rottenness of the state was so ken-speckle before; but, on the whole, I was very well entertained; though I thought the play-actors I had seen the night before spoke more to the purpose, and with less humming and hawing, than some lords, for whose sake I conceal their names, not wishing in these troublesome times, to make them stand worse in the eyes of the people, than they already naturally do. It was a most entertaining thing to hear what the lords said and did on that occasion. One of them that I could see was not a member, in a certain sense, of the Temperance Society, said such bitter things, in so vicious a manner, that the Lord Chancellor grew very uneasy; had he been sitting on a heckle instead of a sack of wool he could not have been more on thorns; and his eyes might have kindled candles. He turned to the

right, and he turned to the left, and was just in a restless ecstasy, like a blue-bottle fly with a pin in its doup. At last the lord, who was really, I must say, a most provocative man, being out of breath, sat down, and up stotted the Lord Chancellor; and I trow, it was not to seek what he had to say. His words were as elshins, and his tongue like a sharp two-edged sword, with which he ran the other lord through the marrow of the soul and made him cry "a barley;" but, upon the whole, I could not discern the national advantage of yon birr and bantering, or of what repute it can be to a statesman to get the wyte of being an ill-tongued tinkler. Really, yon flyting made me very sorrowful; for if they have such an heart-hatred of one another, they should fight it out; it looks unco' like a sham. I'm sure the clashing of cold iron—that was the fashion among our forbears—was much more to the purpose than the spitting of venom out of a foul mouth. At first I thought that something deadly would ensue: but I called to mind a fracaw between two old women, who had a quarrel something about a hen; and what they said to one another, knocking their neeves in each other's faces, and staring with wrath as if their eyne were pistols, and would shoot, was so very like the outstrappulous conduct of yon twa aquafortis lords; and yet they never, though I thought their mutes in jeopardy, came to blows. You may be parliamenting, but its a humiliation to human nature. After they had made an end of their barking, there was some solid conversing among the other lords which was endurable to hear, after such a tempest. I could not, however, help thinking, and its a real truth, that I have heard as much gumption spoken from our clerk's chamber anent the calamities of the kingdom as among yon feckless congregation. They did not fill me with any ideas, though they were seemingly in a great stress.—*Galt's Dean of Guild, in Stories of the Study.*

SIAMESE TWINS.—The Siamese Twins have had a battle royal at Athens, Alabama, not with themselves for stern necessity makes them pull well together, but with a room full of visitors. They have been bound over in 250 dollars. A medical gentleman wished to examine the bond of union, and being refused any greater privilege than the others in the room he called them impostors and sundry other harsh names. The pair forthwith knocked the offender down, and were instantly assailed with a kettle of hot water, chairs, dirks, &c. They narrowly escaped with their lives, but as they gave the *primus strokus sine jocus*, were bound over for flagellating Dr Bolus.

TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.—A system of fundamental reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanized into revolution.—We cannot, therefore, inculcate on the minds of each other too often, or with too great earnestness, the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the loathsome brother of anger and hatred.—The Temple of despotism, like that of Tezcaltipoca, the Mexican deity, is built of human skulls and cemented with human blood;