

the luxury of tanned leather, when you can dress yourself with as much comfort and at less cost in plain skins with the hair on?" (Laughter.) Thus we see that the principle would carry us back to original barbarism, until we should dress like the beasts, and inhabit, like them, a hole in a tree. The true idea is that in his dress and surroundings, as in everything else, the Christian gentleman should do whatever he may to elevate the taste of those around him."

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN MEXICO.

The Church is a thing of the past here. It may gain strength again; it may rule again, it may tyrannize and lay prostrate the works of progressive civilization, but in its past presumptuous form it is dead; unto mortification; still spasms may seize it to represent life. It will pass away, and the prosperous growth of intelligence will make green and fertile the barren heaths on which nothing but desolation has remained for centuries. The life of Church tyranny is near at an end, if indeed it has not ended, and the fabled stories which have held the human mind prostrate, must pass as the follies of other ages. The questions of religion and the *fucros* are the only ones that can reasonably be raised against the Constitution of 1824. It seems wonderful that so much good should have been secured and still that the most ultra retrogressive provisions should have been laid down in it.—*Mexican Extraordinary*, Oct. 15.

COVENANT OF SALT.

"And every oblation of thy meat offerings shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering; with all thine offering thou shalt offer salt." Lev. 2: 13.

"It is a covenant of salt for ever before the Lord, unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." Num. 18: 19.

"Ought ye not to know that the Lord God of Israel gave the kingdom over Israel to David for ever, even to him and to his sons, by a covenant of salt?" 2nd Chronicles 13: 5.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Layard illustrative of this idea of using salt in a covenant, when he was passing from Bokhara, in the Upper Province of India, to the site of ancient Ninevah. It is said that,

"On his journey down to Assyria, he had to pass through the territories of the hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was trying to get hold of our traveller, now roaming through his dominions. Mr. Layard knew this; and one day, while drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of *tiffin*, when they were in their tents at the forenoon meal, when putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming,

"Now I am safe!"

"Well," said the chief, "you ARE SAFE."

"He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but, above all, the faith thus reposed in the covenant of salt. Having tasted the chief's salt, he had now a claim, not only on his hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way to the scene of his future discoveries."—*Macphail's Magazine*.

HE PRAYS BUT DON'T BELIEVE.

We must pray and believe—believe and pray. Praying and believing must go hand in hand. This

praying without believing will not suffice. We have known persons pray and fast for years, and still be in bondage; in doubts and darkness, fears and condemnation. "Without faith it is impossible to please God."

GEN. WASHINGTON'S APPEARANCE.

The general is about forty-nine years of age; he is large, finely made, very well proportioned. His figure is much more pleasing than the portraits represent it. He was fine-looking till within about three years; and although those who have been with him since that time say that he seems to have grown old fast, it is undeniable that the general is still fresh and active as a young man.

His physiognomy is pleasant and open; his address is cold, though polite; his passive eye is more attentive than sparkling, but his aspect is kind, noble, and composed. He maintains in his private deportment that polite and attentive decency which satisfies all and that reserved dignity which does not offend. He is the enemy of ostentation and vainglory. His character is always equal; he never manifests the least ill-humor; modest even to humility, he seems not to estimate himself duly; he receives with good grace the deference paid to him, but rather shuns than courts it. His society is agreeable and pleasing. Always serious, never constrained—always free and affable, without being familiar, the respect which he inspires never becomes painful. He talks little in general, and in a very low tone of voice; but he is so attentive to what is said to him that you are satisfied that he understands you, and are almost willing to dispense with a reply. This conduct has often been of advantage to him under various circumstances; no one has more occasion than he to use circumspection and to weigh his words.

WASHINGTON'S LAST MOMENTS.

Washington had taken a cold. He slighted the symptom, saying, "Let it go as it came." In the morning of the 14th of December, 1799, he felt severe illness; called in his overseer, Mr. Rawlings, to bleed him. He was agitated, and Washington said to him, "don't be afraid." When about to tie up his arm, he said with difficulty, "more." After all efforts had failed, he designated the paper he meant for his will, then turned to Tobias Lear and said, "I find I am going; my breath cannot continue long. I believed from the first it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlings finish recording my other letters which he has begun." Between 5 and 6 o'clock he said to his physician, Dr. Craik, "I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long!" Shortly after, again he said, "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from the first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long." About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to Mr. Lear, and at last said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead." Lear says, "I bowed assent." He looked at me again and said, "Do you understand me?" I replied, "Yes, sir." "Tis well," said he. And these were his last words; and 'tis well his last words were "Tis well." Just before he expired he felt his own pulse; his hand fell from his wrist, and George Washington was no more.