

and other places are making short time, and some stopped altogether. It is not believed that this is more than a temporary arrangement.

ENGLAND AND GREECE. The conduct of Lord Palmerston in continuing the Greek blockade is severely commented upon by all the English journals, and were it not for a belief which exists that his Lordship has made a demonstration against Russia, his conduct would meet with general reprobation.

The Russian government has presented an energetic remonstrance against the proceedings of the English government, and public opinion is general that, if necessary, the Czar will give the Greeks sufficient support. The Russian note to the Minister at London, says—

"You will demand of Lord Palmerston to not extend his demands to employ force, in support of his claims, in order that the aims of King Otho may be in a position to consider what means may be necessary for him to adopt, to guarantee the independence of that monarch and his people."

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. The anniversary of the Republic of the 26th of February, passed off without disturbance. The Minister of Finance states that the Revenue will be adequate for the public services this year without a new loan or increased taxes. The Postmaster General opens all letters addressed to suspected persons. This conduct has given rise to warm debate in the Assembly. It is said that France and Russia are completely united on the Greek question. It is stated that the French fleet in the Levant had sailed for the coast of Asia Minor from the French depot just published, that the army is to be reduced to 450,000, and that the expenses of the nation are to be reduced 4,000,000 francs.

The result of the election was not known on Thursday. The Government has established a censorship on all foreign books.

TURKEY. The Sultan proposes that the refugees shall be sent to the coast of Asia Minor, and secondly, that the year, Kossuth and others are to be removed accordingly.

NAPLES. Pears are entertained at Naples, that Admiral Parker will give his respects to the Neapolitans as well as to the Greek coast. Like fears are entertained at Madrid.

ROME. There is no indication of a speedy movement of the Pope.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY. The Vienna journals state that intelligence has been received from Transylvania, to the effect that the Russian army has been driven from the frontiers, and that the Austrian troops are passing through Italy and the German frontier.

Large numbers of the Hungarian refugees are collected on the frontiers, where they are treated with great kindness by the Turks.

THE GERMAN STATES. A formal protest was entered by the Council of the Aachen Diet, against the withdrawal from the alliance of the 26th May.

The Scottish Moravian Boy.

BY J. K. SYDE.

(Continued.)

High in hope, and full of vigorous strength, James walked on for London—Visions of fame and honor flared before him, and his limbs were weary and his eyes heavy when he reached Westworth, he set down in the little taproom of the village, and threw his bundle on the table with an air of one who knew to grapple with little more than a face it. Grouped around the table were several rustic, whistling their ideas of liberty, and listening to each other's notions of government and politics.

"Have you dined long here, my good woman?" said the man in a quiet, but not unkindly tone. "The man observed him, and dropped a low courtesy.

"My goodness was born here," said the garrulous wife, though at once set back by the kindness of her guest. "I was born in a little hamlet called the English village, and they know little of the world, and what little they do know, they know from the mouths of the English. Liberty they believe to be the highway, which the lord of the manor interdicts; it politics a Pandora's box to all who opened it, and they have been ever since."

"And that good say, my lad, that Mr. Lord Fitzwilliam is a good man," said a rustic across the table to an open faced youth who was evidently unknown to him.

"One who is friendly to the oppressed, kind to the poor, and a lover of liberty, cannot be anything else," was the lady's reply.

"Of all the sons of the liberty love," cried the companion, with a loud laugh, "I wish, comrades here is one of them; straitlaced; a fine spirit of a leveler he looks like," continued the peasant, eagerly. "Ode, boys! but I could snuff him in twain myself."

"But you will not," interrupted the young Moravian, earnestly; "Englishmen were never meant to quarrel with each other, or they would have been obliged upon the same green sward. Come, friends, he said, 'I am young, but I have read many books, and they have told me that liberty is a beautiful thing that brightens and elevates the human mind, and makes light to all, and free laws make willing subjects; but free or bond, we are brothers, and let us agree."

"Oh, ho!" shouted the peasants in chorus, as they turned towards the boy; "there is young parliamenter come amongst us, here, man, drink and let us hear what thou hast got to say."

"I never drink," said the boy proudly; "none who truly love liberty ever do. I have come into this room to rest, and to ask for a lodging for the night."

"Thou shalt go with me, friend," said the young man whom the countrymen had first addressed, "and my father shall share his own bed with thee before thou wastest one."

"He is as he speaks and, lifting the young Moravian's bundle, led him to the inn door, and the cheerful and sneers of the beer-drinkers; and, holding him proudly by the hand, conducted him to the village of Westworth.

Agnes, tossed by chance or circumstances into the path of trade, the youth found himself once more treading dry goods for a subsistence; but the father of his young friend, whom he now served, unlike Mr. Dykes, encouraged him to pursue his studies; and often, when he spoke of him to his customers, he would declare that the world would hear of him yet.

"Very likely," was the favorable reply of old Ben-Rathbone, the proprietor of Westworth. "He may help to bring great Tom of Lincoln, or he may become our town drummer, and then the world will hear him and of him, no doubt."

Did they who saw the news fall on the Moravian boy's check, know to whom he had offered them as an obedient? Did they, as they saw his eyes sparkle with a thousand dazzling scintillations, and his features become illumined by a thousand intelligences, know whence they were derived? Ah, no! Genius held converse with him night after night in his little bed-room, and whispered in his ears, even when the yellow streaks of morning lighted the sky, but he was unmoved and unmoved, and walked among his compeers less the object of admiration than pity.

Years passed on however, and his bright blue eye was still fixed upon the purpose of his youth. He had realized the hopes of his father, and had realized the loss of his mother. But still, home and friends, and a native land full of warm, holy sympathies, filled his vision; they had been born of his own glowing, ardent imagination, and he had idealized the life of care and toil. Often tired and sickened with the coldness and heartlessness of the world, he had sat him down in sorrow and disgust; but the world within him would pass like a panorama before

his mind's eye, dispelling the shades of what was in the brightness of what should be, and he would throw himself once more into the van of humanity, and battle with injustice. In his humble lodging, the dimly smoky crust; but the magic of his ideal could bring heaven near to earth, and his spirit fed on the manna of poetry. In his fire of liberty there was an enthusiasm, a passion, which dangerous and chaotic were not subdued. The fire of his genius burst out at last, like sunlight from a dark cloud, and it quickened and brightened the spirits of all who of long influence. He spoke with the might of his spirit to those who sat in the councils of the nation and neglected the poor, and they turned his words into the dark, damp walls of a prison, but his soul was free; it was a poet, whose aspirations and whose dreams were chained, and he passed through each tribulation a wiser and better man.

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There was a movement in the long corridor at last, as of some ten or twenty men, and then a gentleman, dressed in a dark coat and second-hand waistcoat, a slight cheer greeted him, and his name passed rapidly round. It was Lord Milton—honour to his name! Another and another followed him, almost without notice, until at last a man, distinguished by the extraordinary ornaments either of nature or of art, walked slowly up amongst the throng. His head was bent forward, as if he were in deep thought; but when he raised it and looked around, the eyes of the young man glistened in his soft blue eyes. "Herbert! Herbert! Posi upon your feet, burst forth from your seat, unheeded cheers. The men spring to their feet, and set to it with a will, waving their hats and clapping their hands—while the white handkerchiefs of the ladies flutter like banners of love beside the sable hand-coverings of their cohering spouses. The patriot poetical before his countrymen at last, revealed his knowledge. The little Scottish Moravian is James Montgomery, the Christian poet, the modern Cowper. This young man, who had long been pointing the way of truth and the light of justice, and one of the proudest of England's aristocracy feels his heart swell as he places the laurel upon the brow of this thoughtful, noble man, whose heart has been assailed by sorrow and contumely, and whose soul was unshrinking borne, and now the sun of worth and genius stands before his countrymen to receive the homage of their hearts. A great silence followed, as the stout-hearted, warm-blooded English! It is not often that the poet-patriot meets regard from your lands or yours. Let him live in you.

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more than double the wages paid him as chain carrier. Indeed, we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

Children and youth cannot possibly know so well as their parents, guardians, or teachers, what is best for them. Men who are in active contact with the world, know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others, and the higher and more important a position they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.—American paper.

Whitefield's Voice and Articulation. He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words so perfectly, that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditors desired the most perfect silence. He preached one evening from the top of the Court-House steps, in Market street, and the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backward down the street toward the river; and I found his voice increasing till I came near Front street, when some inches from the top of the Court-House steps, I was surrounded by a circle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to each of whom I allowed two square feet. I computed that he might have been heard by one hundred thousand persons. This recollection to the newspaper accounts of his having preached to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the history of some of his haranguing expeditions, which I have sometimes doubted.—Franklin's Autobiography.

Science and the Working Man. In every trade and occupation there is science. Every labourer is a practical philosopher, though too often, like the bee or bower, working in the dark, performing prodigies of science without having the notion of the science that he is doing. Animals may be said to be philosophers, but reason and science are the only proper guides for mankind; nor should the workman be a mere machine, moved by the skill of others, but his mind should be improved and versed with the science of his trade as his hand is with the art; and to arrive at this degree of knowledge is not so hard as some suppose, because there is truth and philosophy in everything. The quarryman, in leaving stones; the mason or stonemason in shaping them, or the poor man in breaking them, have had volumes of facts before their eyes, which if registered in the mind, would be a vast store of knowledge in natural philosophy. And the same may be said of him who shinks mines, levels hills, cuts through the hearts of mountains, or even lays down the gravel or pebbles in the garden walk. How true the words, that the thinking man "Tangles in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything!"

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