

that the paper-maker, whose stamp was on the paper, had established his manufactory at Fredericksborg, at a period long subsequent to the date of the bond.

The paper-maker was called, who fully satisfied the king, that he had never manufactured paper of that description when the bond was dated. This was indisputable evidence against Rosenkrands.

Still the king said nothing, but soon after summoned Rosenkrands before him, and represented to him that he ought to be compassionate to the widow, and consider that the wrath of Heaven would dreadfully visit him were he the cause of her sustaining so serious an injury. Rosenkrands continued inflexible, and even murmured; when the king granted him a few days to reconsider the business, but in vain. Rosenkrands was then apprehended, the fraud completely exposed, and the delinquent punished with exemplary severity.

**THE HINDOO GLUTTON.**—At a village, not above eighteen miles from Benares, where we halted for the day, we were visited by a gaunt, grim-looking Hindoo, of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, which he had acquired, as well as the admiration of his caste, by his capability of devouring a sheep at a single meal. He was a tall, bony person, somewhat past the prime of life, with a thin, wiry frame, and a countenance of the most imperturbable equanimity, though as ugly as a sheep-eater might be expected to be. He offered, for a few rupees, to devour an entire sheep, if we would pay for the animal as well as for the different accessories of the meal. There was something so extraordinary in the proposal, that we readily acquiesced. We accordingly prepared to witness this marvellous feat, by purchasing the largest sheep we could find, which weighed, when prepared for cooking, just thirty-two pounds. We purchased it for one rupee, or twenty-two pence.

All being now ready, the carnivorous Ladra commenced his extraordinary feast. Having cut off the sheep's head with a single blow of his sabre, and jointed the body in due form, he separated all the meat from the bones, the whole quantity to be devoured amounting to about twenty pounds. This meat he minced very fine, forming it into balls, about the size of a small fowl's egg, first mixing it with plenty of spice and curry-powder. As soon as the whole was prepared, he fried some of the balls over a fire, which he had previously kindled at the root of a tree, eating and frying till the whole were consumed. At intervals he washed down the meat with copious libations of ghee, which is sometimes so rancid as to be quite disgusting; and this happened to be the case now. After his prodigious meal, the performer was certainly less active than he had formerly been. His meagre body had acquired a considerable degree of rotundity, and although he declared that he felt not the slightest inconvenience, it was evident that he had taken as much as he could hold, and more than was agreeable. He acknowledged that he could not manage to eat a sheep more than twice in one week, and this was oftener than he should like to do it.—*Oriental Annual.*

**LABOUR.**—Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

**MUSIC.**—On the solace of music, nay more, of its influence upon melancholy, I need not look for evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity, nor remind such an audience of its recorded effect upon the gloomy distemper of the perverse mind of Saul. I myself have witnessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject, and my best feelings as a man, were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary operation in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire many years ago, who was stupified, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of all his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live—he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to, nor notice anybody in the house, for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door, to their common room, he accosted them, "Good morning to you all, gentlemen, I am quiet well, and desire I may accompany you." In two months more he was dismissed cured.—*Sir Henry Hallford.*

**AFFAIR OF HONOUR.**—Weston the actor having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other." "With all my heart," says

Weston; "come, I'll wound you first;" so drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you? Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "where you can, sir."

For the Pearl.

### TO R. R. AND PHRENOLOGY.

One night R. R. half vain, half dull,  
With self-esteem huge on his scull,  
Determined he would write  
A learned paper, to confute  
Phrenology and its repulse,  
And prove George Combe without dispute  
A heathen parasite.

Forthwith R. R. took up his pen,  
To scrawl the logos of his phren,  
And silence ever more,  
With two, three, paragraphs or so,  
That science that has doomed to go,  
Quoth he, "its votaries below  
To Pluto's dismal shore!"

First under bumps of self-conceit,  
He pities men of shallow wit,  
And cautions them with tears;  
And then he pities men refined,  
Because they are too strong of mind,  
And through imagination blind  
Start off and doubt the spheres!

Thus self-elected he presides,  
Makes up his case, and so decides,—  
For he knows all about it—  
Being very learned on this and that,  
Though he don't "specify" on what,—  
Yet he can skin a mouse or rat,  
And dares the world to doubt it.

Thus qualified he then commences,  
Shows all his humbug and pretences;  
And next with pious care,  
As Cromwell did in other days,  
Murders his subject, then gives praise,  
And sanctions all his mighty ways  
By kneeling down to prayer!

And now with conscience very small,  
He brands phrenologists and Gail,  
With "Man's omnipotence!"  
Thus showing how correct he reads  
The history of others' creeds,  
When opposite to them he pleads,  
And stultifies the sense.

And next he puts a shocking case,  
Of itch, or mange, or smutty face,  
To puzzle Combe's pate;  
But surely he would be no fox,  
To meddle with such orthodox,  
And thus be caught by R. R.'s jokes  
About our future state.

Now pause, until I blow my nose—  
For here he tells us what he knows  
Of Craniology!  
And, lo! the hodge-podge of his noddle,  
Comes forth like an unseemly puddle,  
A dark and most atrocious riddle  
As ever it can be.

In his own way we now discover,  
Alas! for every Spurzheim lover,  
That he has fairly damned him:  
Nor has he left him one poor peg  
To stand upon, or foot, or leg  
But made him every question beg;  
Then down below hath crammed him.

For, Combe, he will not let him think,  
But gives us from his own brain's sink,  
"His secret thoughts," and then  
Most piously laments his doom,  
Whom he consigns with prayer-full gloom  
To adversary Satan's room,  
For ever to remain.

'Tis well, we think, for Dr. Gail,  
That he is laid beneath his pall,  
And ne'er to hear the murder.  
R. R. has made of his opinions,  
Scattering like broken strings of onions,  
His facts to Beelzebub's dominions,  
In terrible disorder!

But R. R. knows of Gail as much  
As his grandmother's timber crutch,  
Though speciously he talks;—  
He'd better turn his crow quill loose,  
To criticize old Mother Goose,  
Or try *Cock Robin* to abuse,  
More fitting him by chalks.

### KINDNESS IN CONVERSATION.

"A soft tongue breaketh the bone."—*Prov. 25: 15.*

There is no way in which men can do good to others, with so little expense and trouble, as by kindness in conversation. "Words," it is sometimes said, "cost nothing." At any rate, kind words cost no more than those which are harsh and piercing. But kind words are often more highly valued than the most costly gifts,—and they are always regarded among the best tokens of a desire to make others happy. We should think that kind words would be very common, they are so cheap;—but there are many who have a large assortment of all other language except kindness. They have bitter words, and witty words, and learned words, in abundance,—but their stock of kind words is small. The churl himself, one might suppose, would not grudge a little kindness in his language, however closely he clings to his money;—but there are persons who draw on their kindness with more reluctance than on their purses.

Some use grating words because they are of a morose disposition. Their language, as well as their manners, shows an unfeeling heart. Others use rough words out of an affectation of frankness. They may be severe in their remarks—but then they claim that they are open and independent, and will not be trammelled. They are no flatterers, they say—and this they think excuse enough for all the cutting speech which they employ. Others wish to be thought witty—and they will, with equal indifference, wound the feeling of friend or foe, to show their smartness. Some are envious, and cannot bear to speak kindly of others, or to them, because they do not wish to add to their happiness. And some are so ill-bred, that they seem to take delight in using unkind words, when their intentions are good, and their feelings are warm. Their words are rougher than their hearts—they will make sacrifices of ease and property to promote comfort, while they will not deign to employ the terms of courtesy and kindness. Of these, the Scotch have an expressive proverb, that "their bark is worse than their bite." Many a man would be loved for his liberal deeds, if his tongue, by his harshness, did not repel affection. And he often wonders why his friends seem to care so little for him, when they are very grateful to others, from whom they receive not half so many favours. Some are caustic and severe in their language, for the sake of showing their acuteness and discrimination. They would rend in pieces a cloth of gold to detect a defective thread, which had escaped the less keen observation of others. They are always on the watch, to spy out some fault in character, or in composition, which others overlook, that they may appear to have uncommon discernment and rare skill in criticism. If the happiness of others is not motive enough for kind words, we may find a motive in their influence on ourselves. The habit of using them, will, at length, conform our feelings to our language. We shall become kind not only in our speech, but in our manners, and in our hearts. On the other hand, to make use of carping, harsh and bitter words, seldom fails to sour the disposition, and to injure the temper.

### TRAVELLERS BY STAGE-COACHES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

—Upon making a calculation (by a method previously explained) for the whole number of stage-coaches that possessed licenses at the end of the year 1834, it appears that the means of conveyance thus provided for travelling are equivalent to the conveyance, during the year, of one person for the distance of 597,159,420 miles, or more than six times the distance between the earth and the sun. Observation has shown that the degree in which the public avail themselves of the accommodation thus provided is in the proportion of 9 to 15, or 3-5ths of its utmost extent. Following this proportion, the sum of all the travelling by stage-coaches in Great Britain may be represented by 368,295,662 miles. If we exclude from the calculation all very young children, as well as persons who from their great age and bodily infirmities are unable to travel, there will probably remain in England 10,000,000 of persons by whom that amount of travelling might be accomplished; but it is well known that a very large proportion of the population are not placed in circumstances that require them to travel, and, if even it were otherwise, that they would not avail themselves of a mode of conveyance so comparatively costly as a stage-coach. We shall probably go to the utmost extent in assuming that not more than 1-5th, or 2,000,000 of persons, travel in that manner, and it places in a strong point of view the activity which pervades this country when we thus arrive at the conclusion that each of those persons must on an average travel on land by some public conveyance 180 miles in the course of the year. This calculation is exclusive of all travelling in post-chaises, in private carriages, and by steam-vessels, the amount of which there are not any means of estimating. It affords a good measure of the relative importance of the metropolis to the remainder of the country, that of the above number of 597,159,420, the large proportion of 409,052,644 is the product of stage-coaches, which are licensed to run from London to various parts of the kingdom. The licences, which have formed the groundwork of the calculations, include all public conveyances proceeding between one part of England and another part of England, as well as those conveyances which travel between England and Scotland, but not such as begin and end their journeys in Scotland; and the travelling in Ireland is wholly excluded.—*Progress of the Nation, by G. R. Porter.*