

who best knows the difficulty of producing gradations on even a fixed plane, will best also conceive the impossibility of producing, under any number of chances, such a coloured plane, from a hundred separated fibres previously painted, or even of thus producing the much easier outlines.

But who will compute this unwieldy sum? The result alone, the figures expressing the chances against one, that this little object was not the produce of chance, would fill a page; it is equivalent to infinitude against one. Suffice it here, that I inquire of the probability of simply replacing, by chance, the disarranged and intermixed fibres of the star in their original places or order; while, even then, I need not take more than the half, as the result of the total is equally unnecessary and unwieldy. It would be a purposeless parade of arithmetic to detail those figures; if the reader will place a unit before sixty-four zeros, he will have a sufficient conception of these chances for the present purpose. And chances far short of this have ever been held competent to any proof.—*MACCULLOCH on the Attributes of God.*

**BELIEF IN THE DEITY.**—There is nothing more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza. Yet, when every day brings us nigher that termination, one would almost think our views should become clearer. Alas! it is not so; there is a curtain to be withdrawn, a veil to be rent, before we shall see things, as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God; nay, I doubt if, at all times and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments, is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know of; but neither are we prohibited from all attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn, sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are, doubtless, metaphorical, for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to beings endowed with corporeal senses; and, at least till the period of the resurrection, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment, are not connected with bodies. Neither is it to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise in the last day, will be capable of the same gross indulgences with which ours are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion, will be readily granted; and see Mark xii. 35. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending birth-day ode. I rather suppose this should be understood of some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity, who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence, should delegate a portion of those powers, I, for one, cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery of the guardian saints, or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments, difficulties to overcome and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help owning, that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas, than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible to guess what we should do, unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much, let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would not, of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.—*Diary of Sir Walter Scott.*

**A SCHOOL-ROW.**—At school young Quaver was the ringleader in every kind of mischief, and his exploits are traditional in the respectable academy of Messrs. Birch and Ferule. An anecdote is related of young Quaver, which seems to me, as a faithful biographer, to merit repetition. Mr. Birch, for some reason or other with which I am unacquainted, was furnished with the soubriquet of Muffle. His knowledge of the fact excited his indignation to the highest pitch. One day young Quaver, in construing his Latin lesson, stumbled over the word *ludimagister*, which our erudite readers need not be informed means *school-master*, literally *master of sports*. "Come, sir," said Mr. Birch, "tell us what *ludimagister* means." "Don't know," answered Quaver. "Instantly, sir?" "Tell you I don't know." "Then you have been idle, and neglected your lesson." "No, sir, I studied diligently; but I forget what this word means." "I insist on your telling me." "How can I when I don't know?" "Out with it, sir!" "Well, if I must say something," answered

the undaunted Quaver, fixing an eagle eye upon the master, "If I must say something, it means—it means—*muffle!*" A deafening roar of applause from the upper benches of the room followed this audacious sally. The master stamped his feet and vociferated in an agony of wrath. Quaver was dragged from his post, and made to endure a severe flagellation. "Now," said Mr. Birch, when tired of the exercise, he laid aside his rod; "now, what does *ludimagister* mean rascal?" "Muffle!" screamed the gallant boy. And now the bigger boys yelled in an agony of delight. Discipline was set at defiance, and in the mad delirium of their pleasure, they rushed at once into rebellion. As the contumacy of William Tell kindled the revolt against Geeler, so did the hardness of Quaver bring on the dreadful scene of an academical row. A painter would have been forcibly reminded of Hogarth's *Battle of the Books*; for Messrs Birch and Ferule were buried beneath an avalanche of volumes. The air was darkened with dictionaries, and swarming with classics. Authors jostled each other worse than ever, and Walker and Johnson fell foul immediately. Stationary became suddenly locomotive, and benches remarkably restive. In the midst of the *melee*, the daring Quaver perceived his tormentor prostrate beneath a pile of books. Quick as thought he seized an inkstand, and overturned it on the master's head. Having thus anointed the deposed monarch, he proceeded to sand his sable locks, and then ran home to avoid the consequences. The next morning there was a grand meeting of trustees; the mass of scholars was pardoned, but Master Quaver was expelled.—*From a Story in the New-York Mirror.*

From the Agricultural Commissioner's Report.

#### THE PRODUCT OF A GARDEN.

The products of an acre and a half in a garden the present season, are worthy of notice.

The land was manured with eight cords of manure to the acre, and there have been grown on it for sale, and to be sold, as follows;

3,500 bunches of Onions, at 5 cents,	\$ 175,00
45 barrels of Beets, at \$ 1,50 per barrel,	67,50
Cabbages sold,	100,00
24 bushels of Parsnips,	10,50
2 " Beans,	4,00
10 " Potatoes,	6,67
	\$ 363,67

Besides a supply of vegetables for family use from the same garden.

The establishment with which the last account is connected presents one of the most beautiful examples of persevering industry, and admirable economy and management, to be met with in our industrious and frugal community. The individual began his married life with only \$500, which was the dower of his wife. He has never been the owner of more than 10 1-2 acres of land, but has often hired land for improvement. His whole and exclusive business has been farming. He has been blest with ten children, of whom seven are sons, and all of whom have been brought up in habits of useful industry and had the advantages of a useful education. His house is handsome enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition; and his out-door and in-door establishments patterns of neatness and order. He has all the needed comforts and luxuries of life; and in property may be pronounced independent. The habits of such a family are in themselves a fortune. He and his two sons have this year cut and cured 75 tons of hay; and better hay is not to be found.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.**—Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book, supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have the book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dulness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him out to the alehouse, to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a livelier, and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene, and while he enjoys himself there he may forget the evils of the present moment, fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family,—and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work, and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation,—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class. What a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it—all contribute to the gratification

of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more, it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect—that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being, to

Enter the sacred temple of his breast  
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest;  
Wander through all the glories of his mind,  
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

**FORTITUDE.**—With the exception of naval and military men, no class of the community witness more examples of fortitude and personal courage than the practitioners of surgery. What greater proofs can be given of confidence and courage, than that with which a person surrenders himself, blindfolded, and bound hand and foot to the knife of the operator? Every day in the week this great metropolis produces, in silence and in secret, acts of heroism, of strength of mind, and firmness of purpose, that would do honour to an ancient Roman. I have witnessed many in both sexes; and although the first amputation I ever saw had nothing of the "sublime or the beautiful" to recommend it, yet it affords an illustration of the observation, from low life, of how much the mind may be under control even during great bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of the sudden loss of a limb. "How do you find yourself, Mrs. Judy?" said a St. Bartholomew's surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket-woman. "How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how else should I find myself!" was Mrs. Judy's reply. In another operation, shortly afterwards, of much more importance, the force of female character was evinced in a different manner. A lady, of some consequence—of the highest order as to intellectual endowments—had occasion to submit to one of the most serious, painful, and protracted operations that the sex can be subject to. Her case was a source of deep interest to all her friends, of the most bitter anguish to her near and dear relatives. When the necessity of an operation became decided, she determined on the speedy and secret execution of it, and arrangements were made of her own planning, by which her physician, three surgeons, and myself, then a surgical aide-de-camp, were introduced into the house, and the operation successfully performed, without the knowledge of any one of her own family, or the cognizance of any of a large establishment, excepting her own maid.—*London Lancet.*

**JEWS IN TURKEY.**—Jews and Armenians compose an important portion of the population of Constantinople. The stain of obloquy which still clings to the obdurate Israelites is not imperceptible in Turkey. They are indeed not only exposed to the contempt and ill treatment of the Turks, but also to that of the Christians residing here. Opprobrious names are used even by the boys towards the Hebrews, any of whom are ill advised in shewing themselves in the Christian quarters of the city, especially during Easter. The hatred against them has, if possible, increased since the time of the Christian insurrection, when the Greek patriarch and other priests were murdered—in which terrific scenes the Jews distinguished themselves, both by their treachery, and by the revolting pleasure they appeared to take in the bloodshed thence accruing. No Jew is permitted to pass directly to the Mahomedan faith; it being insisted on, that he first embraces Christianity by baptism, which is held to wash away, as it were, the unpardonable stain of Judaism.—*Von Tietz.*

**THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.**—On the outside of the market-house at Devizes, in Wiltshire, is put up a large handsome stone, on which are these words:—"The following authentic relation is to deter all persons from calling down the vengeance of God, or taking his holy name in vain. Thursday Jan. 25, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, agreed with three other women to buy a sack of wheat. One of the three collecting the money, and discovering some wanting, demanded it of Ruth Pierce, who said she had paid her share, and rashly wished she might drop down dead if she had not; which she instantly did, on repeating her wish, with some money concealed in her hand, to the amazement and terror of the crowded market"—*Plain Englishman*

**MENTAL EXCITEMENT.**—So long as excessive mental excitement is kept up, but little relief can be obtained from the strictest attention to dietics. Abstinence from mental toil, cheerful company, a country excursion, and relaxation of mind, will soon accomplish a cure, where all the dietetic precepts and medicines in the world would prove inefficacious.—*Curtis on Health.*

**AGRICULTURE.**—The sum of 500,000 francs has been placed at the disposal of the French Minister of Public Works for the encouragement of agriculture during the year 1838. There have been also several gentlemen travelling in Scotland at the expense of the Society of Agriculture, in order to examine the system of farming in that country.