

when she appeared quite orderly in the slips, was pleased with the sport, and ran as truly as possible.

At various periods dogs in this country have quitted their abodes, and assumed wild and predatory habits, particularly in the mountainous parts of the north of England, the whole of which, I am inclined to think, would be found, on inquiry, to have been something of the long-legged, narrow-headed class.—*London Era.*

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 38.)

'It is rare for a person to drink a glass of water when he is not thirsty, merely for the pleasure of drinking; and as thirst is the natural guide, if he drinks when not thirsty, he takes more fluid than nature points out as proper; and so far violates one of her obvious laws. But it may be asked if any injury can result from drinking more than nature absolutely requires. Not perhaps in particular instances, but the habit of drinking more may undoubtedly be injurious. It is a sufficient answer to all these questions to say that our Creator knows best. Under the guidance of the instincts he has planted in us we are safe. But as soon as we leave these, and place ourselves under the direction of our own educated appetites, we are constantly liable to be led into danger. It is certainly hurtful to drink habitually more than was intended by nature, because it imposes upon the constitution the task of removing the excess; or else it is retained in the system, and there may lead to dropsy, or some other of the consequences of plethora, or redundancy of fluids in the system.'

Dr. Cullen, formerly a distinguished professor of Medicine in Edinburgh, after speaking of the general use of water, both by man and the brute creation, remarks,—'Simple water is, without any addition, the proper drink of mankind.'

Dr. Gregory, the successor of Cullen, in his *Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ*, says, that 'pure spring water, when fresh and cold, is the most wholesome drink, and the most grateful to those who are thirsty, whether they be sick or well; it quenches thirst, cools the body, dilutes, and thereby obtunds acrimony—often promotes sweat, expels noxious matters, resists putrefaction, aids digestion, and, in fine, strengthens the stomach.'

Dr. James Johnson, an eminent physician now residing in London, remarks upon water as follows: 'There can be no question that water is the best and the only drink which nature has designed for man; and there is as little doubt but that every person might, gradually, or even pretty quickly, accustom himself to this aqueous beverage. The water drinker glides tranquilly through life without much exhilaration, or depression, and escapes many diseases to which he would otherwise be subject.' The wine drinker experiences short but vivid periods of rapture, and long intervals of gloom; he is also more subject to disease. The balance of enjoyment, then, turns decidedly in favour of the water drinker, leaving out his temporal prosperity and future anticipations; and the nearer we keep to his regimen, the happier we shall be.'

How congenial is this fluid to the human organization, adapted as it is to its necessities under every variety of constitution, and vicissitude of climate, from the equator to the arctic circles. Dr. Mitchell, in reference to facts already quoted, and others like them, respecting ships' crews wintering in icy regions, says, 'that in all frequent attempts to sustain the intense cold of winter in the arctic regions, particularly in Hudson's Bay, Greenland, and Spitzbergen, those crews or companies which had been well supplied with provisions and liquors, and enabled thereby to indulge indolence and free drinking, have generally perished; while at the same time the greatest number of survivors have been uniformly found among those who were accidentally thrown upon the inhospitable shores, destitute of food and spirituous liquors, compelled to maintain an incessant struggle against the rigours of the climate in procuring food, and obliged to use water alone as drink.'

In hot climates, too, water is the only safe drink. Dr. Mosely, on tropical diseases, uses the following language: 'I aver, from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from the custom and observations of others, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and can undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience.'

The Arabs of the desert are among the most hardy of the human race, enduring the greatest fatigue and exposure under a burning sun, and their habitual drink is water.

The effects of water drinking in a burning climate are well marked in the following account given by Mr. afterwards Sir James M'Gregor, of the march in Egypt of a division of the British army sent from Hindostan to aid the main army in opposing the French under Napoleon. 'After crossing the Great Desert in July, 1801, from a difficulty in procuring carriage, no ardent spirit was issued to the troops in Upper Egypt. At this time there was much duty of fatigue, which, for want of followers, was done by the soldiers themselves; the other duties were severe upon them; they were frequently exercised, and were much in the sun; the heat was excessive: in the soldiers' tents in the middle of the day the mercury in the thermometer of Fahrenheit stood at from 114 degrees to 118 degrees, but at no time was the Indian army so healthy.'

(To be continued.)

INCIDENTS OF THE LEXINGTON.

The following stories show on how small a circumstance our life sometimes depends:

When the Philadelphia morning boat arrived, on Monday the 13th, one of the gentlemen passengers called a hack, and agreed with the driver to take him to Eighth-street. Another gentleman being about to get in, the former admonished the driver that he must not zig zag about the city, but go directly to Eighth-street. "Yes, sir," said the driver, "I will take you first; it will not be out of the way for this gentleman." When the hack had gone on some distance, the two gentlemen fell into a conversation, and the second one stated that he was on his way to Boston, and was then going to the Providence boat. "To the Providence boat, sir!" exclaimed the other; "why, we started from the very next pier to the Providence boat; and here this rascal of a hackman is taking you a journey of three miles, and you will certainly be too late." Such was the fact; the Lexington had gone when the hack returned, and so the man's life was saved.

One of our citizens who was very anxious to go to Boston in the boat of Monday evening, was, by a series of apparently untoward circumstances, prevented from finishing his business at Philadelphia in time to return here on Saturday; and as he could not conscientiously travel on Sunday, he remained at Philadelphia till Monday. His Boston trip was accordingly deferred, and thus his life was saved. This shows the advantage of keeping the Sabbath.

Another gentleman had made all his arrangements on the Saturday previous to take the boat on Monday for Stonington. But learning that a creditor, who held a small demand against him, was watching his opportunity to catch him, and reflecting that the boat would be the place at which he would be sure to be found, he determined on taking the New-Haven route; and so his life was saved.

THE BALE OF COTTON.—The testimony of Capt. Hilliard comprises the following thrilling statement of his ride, together with his companion, Mr. Cox, on that dreadful night.

About twenty minutes had now elapsed from the time I first heard the alarm, and I don't think the engine worked above fifteen minutes from the time the alarm was given; I then recommended the hands and passengers to throw the cotton overboard, and they did so, I lending them a hand; we threw over ten or twelve bales: I then cut off a piece of line, perhaps four or five fathoms, and I spanned a bale of cotton, which was the last I believe that was not on fire where I was. It was a flat, square bale, snugly packed, about four feet long and three feet across. I put the rope in the middle of it, and a man lent me a hand to put it on the rail. I then took a long turn of the rope around the rail and kept the end of it in my hand, and then slipped off the bale, and we both got on it and lowered it into the water.

This was just abaft the wheelhouse at the lee side of the boat, which was heading to the land. We then lowered ourselves into the water and got astride the cotton with our faces to each other. The bale was one third out of the water when both of us were on it. We did not lash ourselves to it. The wind was pretty fresh, and the bale drifted at the rate of about a knot an hour. We then coiled up the rope on the bale. My companion did not like the idea of leaving the boat, but wished to hold on to the rail; but I determined to get out of the way before we were burned to death, and accordingly shoved the bale along around the stern.

When we cleared the stern, the boat drifted away from us. It was then eight o'clock; I took out my watch at the time. As we left her we picked up a piece of board to use as a paddle to keep the end of the bale to windward. When I left her, her stern was all on fire, and there were but few persons who had not left her. I, however, saw a lady and a few others; I noticed the lady because her child was overboard, floating about two rods from the boat, and we passed so close to the child that I could put my hands on it. It was lying on its back, and the lady saw us passing it, and cried out to us to save it. We then drifted away from the boat and could see no more persons. I suppose the child was a female from its dress, as I think it had a bonnet on it; it was then quite dead.

My back was to the steamboat, and when the lady called out I turned round to look at her. I could not describe her dress, as the weather was then very rough, and it was as much as I could do to manage the bale of cotton. My feet were in the water, and whenever it washed over the cotton I was wet up to my middle. I was in sight of the boat until she went down, at three o'clock in the morning. I was then about a mile or a little more from her. When we left the boat, it was cloudy and thick, but about nine o'clock it cleared up, and we had a fine night. The moon went down about four o'clock. I looked at my watch nearly every half hour.

It was so very cold as to be necessary to make efforts to keep ourselves warm, and I endeavoured to do so by whipping my hands and arms. About four o'clock the bale capsized with us, from a heavy sea, and went over endways and came up on the other side. We got on the bale again, and by that time we had lost the piece of board, and could not afterward govern the bale. My companion complained of the cold from our first setting out, and did not seem to have that spirit about him that he ought to have, and was fretting

himself about things which could do him no good. His name was Cox, and his wife lived at 71, Cherry-street.

Shortly after we left the steamboat, I gave my companion my waistcoat, as he was poorly dressed, and had nothing on his chest but a flannel shirt. He was one of the firemen.—After the bale upset twice, we got on it again—he remained on it about two hours and a half, and during the last half hour before he left the bale, he was quite stupid, and had lost the use of his hands, and could not help himself, and I rubbed him and did every thing I could to keep his blood in circulation. I could not, however, continually do it, as I had now and then to take hold of the rope which was round the bale to hold by.

The bale at last got broadside to the sea and gave a lurch, and my companion fell off and sunk without a struggle.—Some time after this I got a little more on to the middle of the bale to keep it steady, and continued that way for about an hour, until the sloop came and picked me up. Before this time the sea had got so smooth that I got up altogether on the bale and sat on it until the sloop came up. I waived my hat to the sloop which had come out on purpose to see what she could learn. I was not frozen. The sloop was the Merchant, Capt. Meeker, from Bridgeport.

For the Pearl.

A SKETCH.

A gallant youth his fair young bride
To wild Italia's shore,
Across the waste of waters wide,
With fond affection bore.

But scarcely had they gained the strand,
When sickness dimmed his eye,—
And sadly in a stranger land
She saw him droop and die.

O Woman! who can think unmoved
Of all thy tender care—
Of all thy faithful love so proved
When most we feel despair.

Alone his couch of pain beside
In silent woe she knelt,—
Wept when he wept, sigh'd when he sigh'd,
And all his anguish felt.

He died—and she in gloom and tears,
And loneliness of heart,
Died also in her early years,
From all she loved apart.

There, in a lone and lowly spot,
Beneath a stranger sky,
The loved, in death divided not,
In dreamless slumber lie.

To deck that sacred spot with flowers,
The earliest gifts of Spring,
A tribute meet from green-wood bowers
The village maidens bring.

They reck not of their land or name,
But know in youth they died,—
Their love a spell—their grave the same,
The lonely sea beside!

Brookfield, 1840.

J. McP.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Gentlemen,—I have to inform you that, after four years' deliberation and hard study, I have now two years ago been so fortunate as to find out what I consider the long-dreamed-of "Perpetual Motion;" and should you feel interested in the discovery, and encourage me in the development of the wonders which may possibly be effected thereby—I shall either personally or by letter develop so much of the secret, as I hope will lead you to appreciate the merits thereof.

Lest you should imagine it to be a hoax, I inform you that it is rather a simple construction. Magnets of a peculiar form and mystical number are so placed as to keep a wheel of a certain texture in perpetual circumvolution. Quicksilver also hath its use.

Any proper communication upon the subject shall receive attention, by addressing, post-paid, to Mr. James W. Munroe, who shall act as Secretary until my return of a certain tour.

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

River John, February 3, 1840.

P. S.—Gentlemen—If none of your body will deign to notice the above shortly after it appears in print, I resolve to visit our neighbours of St. John; and if there disappointed, to visit "Yankee Town."

A NOVA SCOTIAN.

MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—A paragraph has been going the round of the papers, intimating that of four Female Sovereigns of England, not one had ever been a mother, and last week, one of our contemporaries reached the climax of inaccuracy, by