

MR. JEFFERSON'S LETTER.

The following extract is from a letter, recently published, written at Paris, in 1785, to his nephew at the college of Williamsburg, An. It is worth the attention of every youth in our country:—

"When your mind shall be well informed with science, nothing will be necessary to place you in the highest point of view, but to pursue the interests of your country, of your friends, and yourself, with the purest integrity, the most chaste honour. The defect of these virtues can never be made up by all the other acquisitions of body and mind. Make these, then, your first object. Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the ear and all it retains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that in any possible situation, or under any circumstance, that it is best for you to do a dishonourable thing, however slightly it may appear to you. Whenever you are about to do any thing, though it can never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would act were the whole world looking at you, and act accordingly. Encourage all your virtuous dispositions, and exercise them whenever an opportunity arises, being assured that they will gain strength by exercise, as a limb of the body does, and that exercise will render them habitual. From the practice of the purest virtue, you may be assured you will derive the most sublime comforts in every moment of life, and in the moment of death. If ever you find yourself environed with difficulties and perplexing circumstances out of which you are at a loss how to extricate yourself, do what is right, and be assured that that will extricate you the best from the worst situations. Although you cannot see when you take one step what will be the next, go on; follow truth, justice, and plain dealing, and never fear their leading you out of the labyrinth the easiest manner possible. The knot which you thought Gordian, will untie itself before you. Nothing is so mistaken, as the supposition that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty by intrigue, by dissimulation, by an untruth, by an injustice. This increases the difficulty tenfold; and they who pursue these methods get themselves as involved at length, that they can turn no way but their infamy becomes more and more exposed. It is of great importance to set a resolution not to be shaken—never to tell an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so contemptible; and he who permits himself to tell a lie once, will find it easier a second and a third time. At length it becomes habitual—he tells lies without attending to them. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions.

Good taste is a distinctive qualification of which we are all ambitious, while nothing is more offensive than the imputation of vulgarity. The most delicate lady can heat her taste is commended without a blush, while the most ordinary woman would be incensed at being thought vulgar. As these qualities discover themselves often unconsciously to the wearer, my present object is to point out one particular occasion in which the former is exhibited in bright colors, and the latter detected in all its native deformity.

Pain of body or mental anguish will most universally discover the refinement or the coarseness of character. She who bears affliction and pain with fortitude, and meets her friends under such trials with a serene countenance, and makes her best efforts to dissemble her own sufferings to spare the feelings of her family and friends, is a woman of good taste, and moreover, she does really alleviate her own pain and sorrow by the very effort she makes to dissemble them; she is conscious of doing a kind act towards her friends, and that is a real, substantial pleasure, fairly to be put in the balance against her sufferings. Again, mental anguish is reflective, and is multiplied by-reciprocation: the grief we discover on our countenance is thrown back upon us like our images from a mirror, prolonging and increasing our misery by every reflection.

The vulgarity of making a display of our infirmities or of our misfortunes, is no where illustrated in more striking colors than in the mendicant classes of Europe. They, from ignorance of effects, so often over-act their parts, that instead of exciting pity, they rather inspire disgust, and extort feeble charity, without calling for sympathy; we give the mite to be rid of a disagreeable object. I have often been surprised at the extreme vulgarity displayed in the expression of sorrow, as depicted in ancient times; when rending of garments, gnashing of teeth, tearing of hair; dis-

torting the limbs and rending the air with frantic cries were the common expressions of grief. And I have always considered those painters of the frightful scenes of martyrdom, of the most pure and refined taste, who have given to their subjects the only sublimity of which such subjects were susceptible, viz. that sublime expression of mind, which is so superior to matter, that the convulsions of nature itself are obedient to its commands. This expression of good taste, it is true, requires congenial minds to appreciate it; and the reason why so much bad taste is displayed by the opposite course in the works of many otherwise great painters, is, that they painted for the vulgar, as Shakspeare sometimes wrote.

Who wants to be pitied? No one who has any elevation of mind. Relief is quite another thing: we would all be relieved and there is no degradation to the most lofty mind in being relieved from difficulties which we could not ourselves control, for a noble and generous spirit receives as it would give.—What is pity in fact? The expression of impotence to relieve the sufferer. Is it judicious to be opening our wounds afresh every hour of the day, to no purpose, but to increase our sufferings? Is it generous to make a constant display of our bleeding hearts to kind but powerless friends, and to give pain to those whom we love, aye, double pain, the pain of sympathy and the pain of impotence to relieve?

The dread of being thought weak or vulgar, in the absence of more refined sentiments, would, it might be thought, prevent persons of education or of elevated stations in life, all unnecessary display of pain of body or mind.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

DECLINE OF MAHOMEDANISM.

Mr. McFarlane has just published an Appendix, in which, after noticing the loss of Greece to the Porte, and the general discontent even in Asia, says—"The religious mind will find pleasure in the belief that other than merely mortal energies conduct even the temporal affairs of the inferior world, and we cannot but be struck with the conviction that there is a strong under current in the world's affairs which eludes the eye, or mocks the calculation or direction, of human politics. The Turkish empire has been tending towards its ruin for many years, and the consummation a philosophic traveller felt himself justified in desiring, will arrive, and the capital of Osmanlis must be sought not merely beyond the Thracian Bosphorus, but behind the Euphrates or across the Arabian isthmus.—Indeed Mahomedanism in general as one of the grand religious systems of the earth, is on the decline. In the remote east—in India—England has cut its wings; in Persia it trembles in the leash of Russia; in Turkey it no longer towers 'in its pride of place'; its decline and restriction may be as rapid as its rise and extension, and it would not be bold to prognosticate that in another century or two, the exclusive faith of Mecca may be relegated in the barbarous continent of Africa, or linger on, in a rapid decline, in the deserts of Arabia. A Christian cannot but rejoice at the prospect of his purer faith being substituted, and reigning in those regions where it originated.

KING ROTHSCHILD.—The following curious extract is from a private letter from Smyrna. We give it without note or comment.

The confidence of the children of Israel in the words of the Prophet has not been in vain; the temple of Solomon will be restored in all its splendor. Baron Rothschild, who was accused of having gone to Rome to abjure the faith of his fathers, has merely passed through that city on his way to Constantinople, where he is about to negotiate a loan with the Porte. It is stated, on good authority, that Baron Rothschild has engaged to furnish to the Sultan the enormous sum of 350,000,000 piastres, in three instalments, without interest, on condition of the Sultan's engaging, for himself and his successors, to yield to Baron Rothschild for ever, the sovereignty of Jerusalem, and the territory of Palestine, which was occupied by the twelve tribes. The Baron's intention is, to grant to the rich Israelites who are scattered about in different parts of the world, portions of that fine country, where he purposes to establish seignories, and to give them as far as possible, their ancient and sacred laws.

Thus the descendants of the Hebrews will at length have a country, and every friend of humanity must rejoice at the happy event: The poor Jews will cease to be the victims of oppression and injustice;

Glory to the great Baron Rothschild, who makes so noble a use of his ingots.

A little army being judged necessary for the restored kingdom, measures have been taken for recruiting it out of the wreck of the Jewish battalion raised in Holland by Louis Buonaparte. All the Israelites who were employed in the various departments of the Dutch Administration, are to obtain superior posts under the Government of Jerusalem, and the expenses of their journey are to be paid them in advance.—*Court Journal.*

FASTING.—Distinct from religious ordinances and anchorite zeal, fasting has been recommended and practised, as a means of removing incipient disease, and of restoring the body to its customary healthful sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin for a period did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repasts, and took exercises on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased—but why adduce authority in favor of a practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick. Happily for them, they have no meddling prompters in the shape of well meaning friends, to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like. It would be a singular fashion, and yet to the full as rational as the one just mentioned if, on eyes weakened by long exercise in a common light, we were to direct a stream of blue, or violet, or red, or even green light through a prism, in place of keeping them carefully shaded and at rest.—*Journal of Health.*

HYDROPHOBIA.—There are two very easy modes by which the evil consequences which are usually the results of attacks made by rabid animals may be avoided. The first is by sucking the wounded part with the tongue. This operation can, in many instances, be done by the injured person himself. In other cases, any neighbour may effect the object with perfect safety; for, if the blood and fluid drawn by the suction into the mouth be instantly spit out, there will be no time for absorption. Indeed, unless the tongue or mouth be in some parts stripped of the skin, or torn, no evil consequences can result from the operation, even though the saliva were swallowed. The writer of this article was once bit by a mad dog in the leg, but the wound having been sucked by a bystander, no evil consequences resulted to either of the parties. Some pigs, however, which the same dog had bitten, went mad. The second mode of preventing the deplorable result to which we allude, is prompt scarification and cupping. This draws out the blood, and with it the peccant matter through the surface, and thus renders absorption impossible. But these preventives must be promptly and unhesitatingly used.—*Morning Paper.*

Cure of a snake bite by Common Hartshorn.—A physician in a Calcutta paper gives an account of which the following is an extract, of an instantaneous cure by the use of hartshorn, of the dangerous bite of the species of snake called Karaité. "A young stout Hindoo, about 20 years of age, was brought to my house, accompanied by his mother, together with a crowd of natives, in a state of insensibility and apparently dead, from the bite of a snake, which accident had occurred a few minutes before my assistance was required. The teeth of the patient were firmly clenched, and to every appearance he was at the last extremity. I immediately forced his mouth open and poured into his throat about an ounce of common hartshorn. This medicine acted like a charm—the insensibility vanished, and he instantly started from the horizontal into an erect posture—opening his eyes, yet seeming incapable of understanding what was passing. Half an ounce more of hartshorn was administered, after which he drew a deep inspiration, inquiring where he was, and the occasion of his having been brought to my house. He then drank plentifully of water, and every unfavorable symptom disappearing, he who had half an hour before been conveyed to me while in the jaws of death, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing walk forth followed by the crowd, and return home barely supported by the persons who had brought his apparently lifeless body to my house." The wound which was in the neck, was also washed with Antidote.