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THE GARLAND.

THE MANIAC BOY.

(From Montgomery's "Omnipresence of the Deity.")

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view;
The village wonder, and the widow's joy,
Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced, maniac boy:
He lives, and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of wo
Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodland's winding glade,
He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach, delighted strays,
Playing his fingers in the noon-tide rays:
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him—near him—wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian angel tracks him from above!
No harm from flood or fell shall e'er destroy
The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy.

LINES

By the late Mr. PARSONS, of Bath, (Eng.) in a Bible presented to his daughter MARY:

To cheer a wretched world with holy light,
From error's path the wanderer to invite,
To banish folly from the youthful mind,
To bid the sufferer become resigned,
To plant each sweet affection in the heart,
And every gracious principle impart,
The penitent offender to forgive,
To bid the guilty hopeless sinner live,
To show us where our only refuge lies,
To elevate our hopes above the skies,
To soothe our passage through this vale of woe,
And grace and future glory to bestow.
For this, my dear, was the blest volume given,
Our guide to peace, to purity and heaven;
Receive the gift descended from above,
The pledge, dear Mary, of a father's love:
Would you be wise? its kind instruction hear,
And read and meditate with heart sincere;
Would you be holy? from its precepts draw,
The living morals of a perfect law;
Would you be lovely? from the Saviour seek,
All that is generous, mild and meek;
Would you be happy? to the promise fly,
And on its truth immutably rely.
May heaven, all gracious, all your steps direct,
From every specious snare your youth protect,
Through every scene of life be still your guide,
And o'er your thoughts incessantly preside.
Thus grow in years, in wisdom's ways increase,
And you shall find them 'pleasantness and peace.'

THE MISCELLANIST.

INFLUENCE OF THE SEA COAST ON HEALTH.

Dr. Harwood has recently written a work on the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, especially that of Hastings, in which he explains the reasons why a residence on our southern Coast should assist in removing certain diseases. His book is too much intended to recommend Hastings, having apparently for its object to bring that place into celebrity; as it was formerly the custom for physicians to write books describing the operation of the Bath, the Cheltenham, or the Tonbridge Wells' waters, with a view of procuring patients at those places. We presume he is a physician at Hastings, or those who have commenced building there on speculation have got hold of him, and he lauds the situation and beauties of that place more than we think they deserve. The reader will, good-naturedly, make an allowance for this, and take from the book what he can find to illustrate the sources of that restorative influence a visit to the sea side is known to possess, and which is now of general interest. We are afraid, however, that among the multitudes who annually spread themselves from this Metropolis over our whole Southern coast, beginning even at Gravesend, few will be ready to consult Dr. Harwood's book on the causes of their improved health. We being occasionally their companions in the steam-vessel's cabin, and in the stage-coach, they may look at our pages, and be not displeased to find in them what Dr. Harwood says. He modestly begins by attributing more power to the sea than to physic. "The invigorating influence which the human constitution usually experiences from a residence on the sea coast is generally admitted to exert itself more rapidly than any which is derived from the best directed medicines; and when we duly consider the variety of circumstances which such a residence combines, all of them so highly favourable to a state of health—as the numerous calls it induces on our bodily exertion, the influence it exerts on the due performance of all our other physical functions, and the no less important soothing tranquillity which the grander objects of nature are so eminently calculated to afford to the mind, it becomes by no means surprising, that from the earliest ages, physicians should have availed themselves of so potent an auxiliary to their means of removing diseases.—Passing over the exercise, whether of the tongue or the limbs, and the soothing tranquillity inspired by the mighty cliffs, and more extensive but not more mighty ocean, for they have conflicted with each other for ages, without either of them having gained a victory over the other, we come to that comparative equality of temperature which prevails on all sea coasts in different seasons of the year. Thus the fact has been long and well known, that the sea possesses (says Dr. Harwood) an important power of equalizing the temperature of the air in its vicinity, and that to it is to be assigned the difference found to exist between the temperature of coasts and that of the interior of extensive continents, which latter possess a far greater range of heat and cold than islands although the mean temperature be the same in both, and although similarly situated with regard to latitude."—"During the winter half of the year, the temperature of the surface of the sea is greater than the mean temperature of the air, tending to produce, by the well known property which heat possesses of equally diffusing itself through contiguous bodies, that equality in the latter which can only be expected to be experienced in this variable climate in sheltered situations on the coast—situations which, like detached islands, consequently experience comparatively little of that powerful change from summer to winter, which is felt on wide extended continents. Thus, I may remark, that on the 8th of January last, when the thermometer stood at 35° on the Hastings beach, I found it to rise to 40° on being introduced into the surface water of the sea; and on the 12th of February, the coldest day of the present year, when it stood in the same situation at 28° 5, on immersion it immediately rose to 39°. The consequence of the sea being warmer in winter and colder in summer than the land, is, that islands and sea-coasts have a much greater equality of temperature than continents and places far inland. Thus, for example, it is now established that the climate of the south-western coast of England is far more equable, less subject to extremes of heat and cold, than any part of Italy; while it is not, on the whole, colder than Florence." Dr. Harwood gives the following Table of the variations of temperature in Dublin, situated near the sea, and Warsaw, in the centre of Europe:—

	Mean temp. of N. lat. coldest month.	Ditto of warmest.	Mean Extreme ann. range of temp.	the mean
Dublin	53.21 ..	37.6 ..	60.3 ..	48.4 .. 22.7
Warsaw	52.14 ..	27.1 ..	70.3 ..	48.6 .. 43.2

Petersburgh, again, in lat. 59. 56. from its situation, is necessarily but little influenced by the ocean, and we consequently find the range of the thermometer as follows:—

Mean of coldest month.	Warmest ditto.	Mean ann. temp.	Extreme range of the mean.
8. 6. ..	65. 7. ..	38. 8. ..	57. 1

But Pekin, which is situated in lat. 39. 54. or 20 degrees south of Petersburgh, probably—from the important influence of the extensive Asiatic regions lying to the north and west, and the comparatively trifling equalising power it derives from the Pacific—suffers a range of temperature still more remarkable, as follows:—

Mean coldest month.	Mean warmest month.	Mean ann. temp.	Extreme range of the mean.
24.8 ..	84.2 ..	54.9 ..	59.4

North Cape, on the other hand, though in lat. 71., or 31. 6. degrees further to the north than Pekin, from the influence of the ocean by which it is almost surrounded, experiences a mean temperature in its coldest month of only 2. 7. less than Pekin, it being 22. 1. In producing this inequality of temperature, it is an active agent. During the winter months our northern coast is especially visited by a southerly or south-west wind—as a more northerly frequently prevails during the summer, tending in the most admirable manner to modify the degrees of heat and cold, and thus diminish the extreme impressions of each. The mean temperature of the coldest month of the year (February) at Hastings, is stated to be about 44.; while, according to Baron Humboldt, the mean of the coldest month at Edinburgh, is 38. 3.; at Paris, 35. 1.; and at Rome, 42. The air, of course, plays a conspicuous part in health and disease, and the sea air presents an equable temperature, a suitable degree of warmth, and a certain degree of moisture, which are as conducive to improvement in health as any air we breathe. Moreover, it has of late years been ascertained, that sea air holds in chemical combination a greater proportion of the muriates, and a less of carbonic acid, than that over continents, and it is probable that these muriates, one of which forms the universal condiment (salt), may have considerable effect on the lungs. "It is a curious and well ascertained fact," says the author, "that such air as is best adapted to vegetable life is most pernicious to animals, and vice versa. Vegetation is usually much less luxuriant in the vicinity of the sea than when far removed from it, and animal health is certainly more perfect near and upon the sea than in other situations." Near the sea, also, the air is incessantly agitated. There are no masses of hills or densely crowded houses to arrest it, and it is uncontaminated by any noxious effluvia. We shall not quote any of Dr. Harwood's remarks on the advantages of sea bathing which are generally known, and appreciated as they deserve, but it will be seen from our extracts, that the advantages belonging to the coast cannot possibly be brought to London, though sea water and sea bathing may. If only half which Dr. Harwood says in favour of a residence on the sea coast be correct (and we are not disposed to think he has overrated its advantages), we cannot praise too highly that great change which is evinced by the people of the metropolis, taking a trip to the coast instead of going to the Doctor's shop. They now take exercise and breathe purer air to get rid of disorders which their forefathers were wont to attack by anodyne necklaces, metallic tractors, and balsams. We look at sea bathing and a residence at the sea side as the great modern and fashionable specifics; and if disease be, as some person has said, the price of civilization, this method of discharging the debt is the pleasantest we know.

VILLAGE SKETCH.—BY MISS MITFORD.

I pique myself on knowing by sight, and by name, almost every man and boy in our parish, from eight years old to eighty—I cannot say quite so much for the women. They—the elder of them at least—are more within doors, more hidden. One does not meet them in the fields and highways; their duties are close house keepers, and they live under cover. The girls to be sure, are often enough in sight, "true creatures of the element," basking in the sun, racing in the wind, rolling in the dust, dabbling in the water; hardier, dirtier, noisier, more sturdy defiers of heat, and cold, and wet, than boys themselves. One sees them quite often enough to know them; but then the little elves alter so much at every step of their approach to womanhood, that recognition becomes difficult, if not impossible. It is not merely growing as boys grow—it is positive, perplexing and perpetual change; a butterfly has not undergone more transmogrification in its progress through this life, than a village belle in her arrival at the age of seventeen.

The first appearance of the little lass is something after the manner of a caterpiller, crawling and creeping upon the grass, set down to roll by some tired little nurse of an elder sister or mother, with her hands full. There it lies—a fat, boneless, rosy piece of health, aspiring to the accomplishment of walking and talking: stretching its chubby limbs, scrambling and sprawling, laughing and roaring: there it sits, in all the dignity of the baby, adorned in a pink checked frock, a blue spotted pinafore, and a little white cap tolerably clean and quite whole. One is forced to ask if it be a boy or girl—for these hardy country rogues are all alike, open-eyed and weather-strained, and nothing fearing. There is no more mark of sex in the countenance than in the dress.

In the next stage, dirt-encrusted enough to pass for the crysalis, if it were not so very unquiet, the gender remains equally uncertain. It is a fine stout curley pated creature of three or four, playing and rolling about, amongst grass and mud all day long; shouting jumping, screeching—the happiest compound of noise and idleness, rags and rebellion that ever trod the earth.

Then comes a sun burnt gipsey of six, beginning to grow tall and thin, and to find the cares of the world gathering about her, with a pitcher in one hand, a mop in the other, an old straw bonnet of ambiguous shape, half hiding her tangled hair, a tattered stuff petticoat once green, hanging below an equally tattered frock, once purple; her longing eyes fixed on a game of base ball at the corner of the green, till she reaches the cottage door, flings down the mop and pitcher, and darts off to her companions, quite regardless of the storm of scolding with which the mother follows her runaway steps.

So the world wags till ten; then the little damsel gets admission to the charity school, and trips mincingly thither every morning, dressed in the old fashioned blue gown, and white cap, and tippet, and bib and apron of that primitive institution, looking as demure as a nun, and as tidy; her thoughts fixed on button holes and spelling books—those ensigns of promotion; despising dirt and baseball and all their joys.

Then at twelve the little lass comes home again, uncapped, untippetted, unschooled; brown as a berry, wild as a colt, busy as a bee—working in the fields, digging in the garden, frying rashers, boiling potatoes, shelling beans, darning stockings, nursing children, feeding pigs;—all these employments, varied by occasional fits of romping and flirting and idle play, according as the nascent coquetry, or the lurking love of sport happens to preponderate; merry and pretty, and good with all her little faults. It would be well if a country girl could stand at thirteen. Then she is charming. But the clock will move forward, and at fourteen she gets a service in a neighboring town; and her next appearance is in the perfection of the butterfly state, fluttering, glittering, inconstant, vain,—the gayest and gaudiest insect that ever skipped over a village green. And this is the true progress of a rustic beauty; the average lot of our country girls; so they spring up, flourish, change and disappear. Some, indeed marry and fix amongst us, and then ensues another set of changes, rather more gradual perhaps, but quite as sure, till gray hairs, wrinkles and linsey-woolsy, wind up the picture.

MEMOIRS OF TOM JONES,

HEARD BY THE LATE MR. COLOQUHOUN, FROM THE LIPS OF MILLER THE BOOKSELLER.

Fielding having finished the manuscript of "Tom Jones," and being at the time hard pressed for money, went with it to one of your second rate booksellers, with a view of selling it for what it would fetch at the moment. He left it with this trader in the children of other men's brains, and called upon him the succeeding morning, full of anxiety, both to know at how high his labours were appreciated, as well as how far he might calculate upon its producing him wherewithal to discharge a debt of some twenty pounds, which he had promised to pay the next day. He had reason to imagine, from the judgment of some literary friends, to whom he had shewn his MS., that it should at least produce twice that sum. But, alas! when the bookseller with a significant shrug, showing a hesitation as to publishing the work at all; even the moderate expectations with which our Cervantes had buoyed up his hopes seemed at once to close upon him at this unexpected and distressing intimation. "And will you give me no means of hopes?" said he, in a tone of despair. "Very faint ones, indeed, sir," replied the bookseller, "for I have scarcely any that the book *will move*." "Well, sir," answered Fielding, "money I must have for it, and little as that may be, pray give me some idea of what you can afford to give for it." "well, sir," returned our bookseller, again shrugging up his shoulders, "I have read some part of your 'Jones,' and, in justice to myself, must even think again before I name a price for it; the book will *not move*; it is not to the public, nor do I think that any inducement can make me offer you more than £25 for it." "And that you *will* give for it," said Fielding, anxiously and quickly. "Really I must think again, and will endeavour to make up my mind by to-morrow." "Well, sir," replied Fielding, "I will look in again to-morrow morning. The book is yours for the £25; but they must positively be laid out for me when I call. I am pressed for the money, and if you decline, must go elsewhere with my manuscript." "I will see what I can do," replied the bookseller; and so the two parted.

Our author returning homeward, from his unpromising visit, met his friend, Thomson the poet, and told him how the negociation for the manuscript he had formerly shown him stood. The poet, sensible of the extraordinary merit of his friend's production, reproached Fielding with his head-strong bargain, conjured him if he could do it honourably, to conceal it, and promised him in that event, to find him a purchaser, whose purse would do more credit to his judgment. Fielding, therefore, posted away to his appointment next morning, with as much apprehension lest the bookseller should stick to his bargain, as he had felt the day before lest he should altogether decline it. To his great joy the ignorant trafficer in literature, either from inability to advance the money, or a want of common discrimination, returned the MS. very safely into Fielding's hands. Our author set off, with a gay heart, to his friend Thomson, and went in company with him to Mr. Andrew Millar, (a popular bookseller at that day.) Mr. Millar was in the habit of publishing no work of light reading, but on his wife's approbation; the work was, therefore left with him; and some days after, she having perused it, *bid him by no means let it slip through his fingers.* Millar accordingly invited the two friends to meet him at a coffee house in the Strand, where, having disposed of a good dinner and two bottles of port, Thomson, at last suggested, "It would be as well if they proceeded to business." Fielding, still with no little trepidation, arising from his recent rebuff in another quarter, asked Millar what he had concluded upon giving for his work. "I am a man," said Millar, "of few words, and fond of coming to the point; but really, after giving every consideration I am able to your novel, I do not think I can afford to give you more than *two hundred pounds* for it."—"What!" exclaimed Fielding, "two hundred pounds!" "Indeed, Mr. Fielding," returned Millar, "indeed I am sensible of your talent; but my mind is made up." "Two hundred pounds?" continued Fielding, in a tone of perfect astonishment, "*two hundred pounds* did you say?" "Upon my word, sir, I mean no disparagement to the writer or his great merit, but my mind is made up and cannot give one farthing more." "Allow me to ask you," continued Fielding, with undiminished surprise, "allow me, Mr. Millar, to ask you—whether—you-are-se-rious?" "Never more so," replied Millar, "in all my life; and I hope you will candidly acquit me of every intention to injure your feelings, or depreciate your abilities, when I repeat that I positively cannot afford more than two hundred pounds for your novel." "Then, my good sir," said Fielding, recovering himself from this unexpected stroke of fortune, "give me your hand; the book is yours. And, waiter," continued he, "bring a couple of bottles of your best port."

Before Millar died he had cleared *eighteen thousand* pounds by "Tom Jones," out of which he had the generosity to make Fielding presents at different times, of various sums, till they amounted to two thousand pounds; and he closed his life by bequeathing a handsome legacy to each of Mr. Fielding's sons.

THE TAILOR'S SUICIDE PREVENTED.—In my desperation I determined to do some awful thing. Nanse followed me in from the door, and speired what news? I was ower big, and ower vexed to hear her; so, never letting on, I went to the little looking-glass on the drawer's head, and set it down on the table. Then I looked myself in it for a moment, and made a gruesome face. Syne I pulled out the little drawer, and got the sharping strap, the which I fastened to my button. Syne I took my razor from the box, and gave it five or six turns, along first one side and then the other, with great precision. Syne I tried the edge of it along the flat of my hand. Syne I loosed my neck cloth, and laid it over the back of the chair; and syne I took out the button of my shirt-neck, and folded it back. Nanse, who was, all the time, standing behind, looking what I was after, asked me "if I was gaen to shave without het water?" when I said to her in a fierce and brave manner, "I'll let you see that presently." The razor looked desperate sharp; and I never liked the sight of blood; but oh, I was in a terrible flurry and fermentation. A kind of cold trembling went through me; and I thought it best to tell Nanse what I was going to do, that she might be something prepared for it. "Fare ye well, my dear!" said I to her, "you will be a widow in five minutes—for here goes!" I did not think that she could have mustered so much courage, but she sprung at me like a tiger; and, throwing the razor into the ash-hole, took me round the neck, and cried like a bairn.—*Autobiography of Mansie Wauch.*

THE EVE OF BATTLE.—It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why; and a seriousness which urges him ever and anon to lift up a mental prayer to the Throne of Grace. On such occasions little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks—the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety, whilst watches are consulted, till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life.—*Siege of St. Sebastian.*

FASTIDIOUSNESS OF GENIUS.—Some persons are afraid of their own works; and having made one or two successful efforts, attempt nothing ever after.—They stand still midway in the road to fame, from being startled at the shadow of their own reputation. This is a needless alarm. If what they have already done possesses power, this will increase with exercise; if it has not this power, it is not sufficient to ensure them lasting fame. Such delicate pretenders tremble on the brink of *ideal* perfection, like dew-drops on the edge of flowers; and are fascinated, like so many Narcissuses, with the image of themselves reflected from public admiration. It is seldom indeed that this cautious repose will answer its end. While seeking to sustain our reputation at the height, we are forgotton. Shakspeare gave different advice, and himself acted upon it.—*Hazlitt's Plain Speaker.*

THE BASTILLE.—A pamphlet has lately appeared at Paris, containing divers interesting particular respecting the Bastille. Its foundation-stone had been laid on the 12th April, 1369, and on the 14th July, 1789, the last stone of this building disappeared.—Some of the apartments appropriated for prisoners had singular names; they were called towers of liberty, and their principal advantage consisted in commanding a view of the kitchen. The manner in which the prisoners attended mass was no less singular. In the chapel there were five distinct cages, three partitioned off with mason work, and two with wood. A prisoner was placed in each of these, but in such a manner that neither of them could see the other. Amongst other things, this pamphlet contains a list of distinguished individuals that had been confined in the Bastille, with copies of the warrants which Monsieur de Sartine, the lieutenant of police, had transmitted to the governor. One of these runs as follows; "I send you M. F——; he is a good-for-nothing fellow. Take care of him for one week, and then get rid of him."—At the bottom of this paper is the following note, in the governer's hand writing: "On the — June M. F— arrived; and, after the expiration of the appointed time, I sent to M. de Sartine *to inquire under what name I should have him buried.*"

UTILITY OF STORMS.—Dr. Huxham, in reference to epidemic diseases, remarks, that he often observed them abate greatly, both in their number and violence, after stormy and heavy rains, the contagious effluvia and morbid congestions of the atmosphere being thus dispersed. In this way, he continues, even tempests themselves very frequently prove salutary, stagnant air being no less than stagnant water, liable to corruption, unless often put into motion. The salubrity occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is more general, perhaps, on the sea-coast than in any other situation, was noticed with great interest by the ancients. Augustus Cæsar was so strongly impressed with its beneficial influence, that he built and dedicated a temple to Circus, a wind so powerful that it frequently blew down the houses of the people. The inhabitants of Gaul also, as Seneca informs us, gave public thanks to this exceedingly tempestuous wind, in consequence of its clearing the atmosphere and rendering it healthful.

EARLY IMPORTANCE OF MANCHESTER.—Manchester was esteemed a place of great note long before the time of Henry the Eighth, who, in an act passed in the 33d year of his reign, recognises its importance in the following terms:—"Whereas Manchester has many manufactories of cloth, as well of lynnen as of woollen, by which the inhabitants of the sayde towne have obteyned and come unto riches and welthy lyvinges, and have kepte and set many artificers and poore folkes to worke within the sayde towne, and by reason of the great occupyinge, good order, strayte and trew dealings of the inhabitants of the sayde towne, many strangers, as well of Irelande as other places within this realme, have resorted to this towne with lynnen, yarn, woollens, and other necessary wares for making of cloths, &c." It will be seen, therefore, that thus early of what consequence it was in the eyes of the Legislature, who recognized, among other strangers, those of Ireland! And though England had not attained to a great pitch of luxury, yet manufactures had advanced to a high degree. This act was passed in 1541, at which period silk stockings were not known in England, and the first knowledge we have of them is that in 1543, when a pair was sported by the French King, and in 1560, by Queen Elizabeth.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF INSECTS.—The analogies, derived from the transformation of insects admit of some beautiful applications, which have not been neglected by pious entomologists. The three states of the caterpillar, lava, and butterfly, have since the time of the Greek poets, been applied to typify the human being; its terrestrial form, apparent death, and ultimate celestial destination; and it seems more extraordinary that a sordid and crawling worm should become a beautiful and active fly; that an inhabitant of the dark and fœtid dunghill should, in an instant, entirely change its form, rise into the blue air, and enjoy the sunbeams, than that a being, whose pursuits here have been after an undying name, and whose purest happiness has been derived from the acquisition of intellectual power and finite knowledge, should rise hereafter into a state of being where immortality is no longer a name, and ascend to the source of Unbounded Power and Infinite Wisdom.

EAGLES TEACHING THEIR YOUNG TO FLY.—In one of the Crags of Ben Nevis, Scotland, two parent eagles were teaching two young birds the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain, in the eye of the sun, (it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate.) They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration, always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparantly flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising, till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to the aching sight.—*Salmonia.*

SIMPLE REMEDY TO PURIFY WATER.—It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that powdered alum possesses the property of purifying water. A large table spoonful of pulverised alum, sprinkled into a hogshead of water, (the water stirred briskly round at the time,) will after the lapse of a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of fine spring water. A pailfull, containing four gallons may be purified by a single spoonful. This information is, obviously, not without its value in London.

INDIA RUBBER.—This durable and highly elastic material is now employed to a considerable extent in the sheathing of vessels. A thin lamina is strained over the surface of the wood, and effectually protects it from shell-fish. The India rubber cotton cloth has long been celebrated as an impervious covering for roofs, awnings, and travelling-cloaks.

A solar microscope is prepared for exhibition at Hartford, which is said to possess a magnifying power of 3,000,000, and may be raised to 4,000,000, if the room is sufficiently large and the light strong. By its assistance, the white mealy particles on the surface of figs appear living objects of 2½ feet in length; the sting of the common honey bee appears 14 feet in length; and hundreds of snakes, of the enormous extent of six to eight feet, may be discovered in two drops of vinegar.—*New York Daily Advertiser.*

The Greeks ascribe the invention of hours to Anaximander, who probably received it from the Chaldeans. It has recently been ascertained that the division of the day into hours was adopted by the Hindoos from their earliest ages.

CHINESE POLITENESS.—The paying of visits is a great article of Chinese politeness. Visits are made upon every occasion, and are conducted with the most ceremonious formality, in which every thing is regulated by a public memorial, even to the number of bows, the expressions of compliment, titles, genuflexions, and several turns to the right hand or left, &c.

MUSICAL TALENT.—All the principal Italian composers were *in flower* about the age of twenty-five. There is scarcely an instance of a musician producing his *chef-d'œuvre* after the age of thirty. Rossini was not twenty when he composed his *Tancredi* and his *Italiana in Algieri.*

ANECDOTE.—When the late Admiral Crosby was dining with Col. Fitzgerald, at Merion square, London, he happened to lay his huge brown fist upon the table; at that moment Dr. Jenkins, who was very short sighted, casting his eyes around the table in search of a loaf of bread, happened to rest them on the Admiral's fist; and mistaking it for a loaf, thrust his fork plump into it! The Admiral, smarting with the wound, said in a rage, "don't trouble yourself to reach—I'll help you," and raised the same fist to demolish the Doctor. The Doctor, perceiving his mistake, immediately cried out, "only a slice, sir, it wont go round!" This disarmed the Admiral of his wrath, and so convulsed the company with laughter, that all the dyspeptic cases at table were discontinued.

DR. PARR.—The rudeness of Dr. Parr to ladies was sometimes extreme. To a lady who had ventured to oppose him with more warmth of temper than cogency of reasoning, and who afterwards apologised for herself by saying "that it was the privilege of women to talk nonsense;"—"No, madam," replied Dr. Parr, "it is not their privilege, but their infirmity. Ducks would walk if they could; but nature suffers them only to waddle."

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—A Frenchman, being troubled with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism:—"One very great difference," replied Monsieur; "suppose you take one vice; you put your finger in; you turn de screw till you bear him no longer—*dat is de rheumatism, den s'pose you give him one more turn—dat is de gout.*"

DEFINITION OF AN AMERICAN ESQUIRE.—I asked the little, shabby, bare-footed boy, our guide, whether he worked at a wool-manufactory we were passing. "No," said he, rather bluntly, "I go to school; my father's a 'squire." Thinking I did not hear correctly I repeated the question, and received the same answer. "And pray what is a 'squire—what does he do?" "Oh, he attends sessions, trials, and hears causes!" "And what may your father do at other times?" "He assists Mr. —— at the tavern there in the bar!"—*Welby's visit to North America.*

Sheep's Trotters.—A Portugese officer, very imperfectly acquainted with the English language, invited a party of friends to dine with him, who were not a little surprised to find twenty legs of mutton served up roasted, boiled, stewed, &c. The foreigner was as much surprised as his guests, and, upon explanation, his own order was produced, in which he commissioned his landlady to procure twenty legs of mutton, instead of twenty sheep's trotters, with which he intended to treat his friends.

A Starving Beggar.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh was recently applied to for charity, by a vagrant, who, according to his own account, was dying for want. Finding, however, on examination, that he had nothing but silver in his pocket, and notifying the same to the starving traveller, the latter very politely offered to accommodate the gentleman with fivepence in copper in exchange for a sixpence.

CURIOUS EXORDIUM OF A DISCOURSE.

By Bishop Hall.

PROV. xxiii, 23. *Buy the truth, and sell it not.*

"The subject of my text is a *bargaine* and *sale.* A bargaine enjoyned, a sale forbidden; and the subject of both bargaine and sale is *truth;* a bargaine able to make us all rich; a sale able to make any of us miserable. *Buy the truth, and sell it not;* a sentence of short sound, but large extent; the words are but seven syllables—an easie load for our memories; the matter is a world of worke; a long task for our lives. And first, let me call you to this mart, which holds both now and ever: if yee love yourselves, bee yee customers at this shop of heaven.—*Buy the truth.*"

HEALTH.—It is a cause for as much thankfulness to be preserved in health as to be restored from sickness.

Fragment of a Greek Hymn to Health.—The particular occasion of this little composition is not known, but it is probable that the author had been sick, and in the first raptures of returning vigour, addressed Health in the following manner;

"Health, most venerable of the powers of Heaven! with thee may the remaining part of my life be passed; nor do thou refuse to bless me with thy residence. For whatever there is of beauty or pleasure in wealth, in descendants, or in sovereign command, the highest summit of human enjoyment; whatever delight, or whatever solace is granted by the celestials to soften our fatigues, in thy presence, thou parent of happiness, all those joys spread out and flourish; in thy presence blooms the spring of pleasure, and without thee no man is happy."—*Rambler.*

WINTER is much dreaded before it arrives, yet when it comes it brings many enjoyments. It gives a new impulse to the social feelings—for the very cold that freezes a man's finger, seems to give a kindly thaw to his feelings. The little family circle is never so closely united and so happy in itself as in a winter evening, especially when the storm is beating upon the window, and he ought to be a happy man who listens while one of his little children reads, and watches his eyes sparkling when he reads of an act of magnanimity, or his lip curl in scorn, at baseness and ingratitude.