

a sort of womankind friendship or acquaintanceship the visible manifestation of which was, that they now and then went and drunk tea out of each other's cups. It so fell out, that at one of those byson or souchong meetings at the house of Mrs. P., Mr. Nightshade was induced to be present. The widow was decked in the habiliments of sorrow appropriate to her bereaved state, with a countenance to correspond, and Jeremiah thought he had never before seen a woman of such a grave and comely aspect. Moreover, on that eventful evening the widow happened to be afflicted with a severe twinge of the toothache, which imparted to her face a wo-begone expression that rendered it perfectly irresistible in the eyes of Mr. Nightshade, and in the course of the evening she sighed and groaned almost as much as he did himself.

That night Jeremiah went to bed very considerably in love. "Ah!" cried he, as he pulled on his nightcap, "if, I had only such a being to partake my sorrows with me!"

Now, Mrs. Starling was one of those singular women that have no objection to a second husband; and being apprised by Mrs. Phillips of Jeremiah's five thousand pounds in the funds, and ten shares in the Cemetery Company, she consulted the state of her heart, and found she had no earthly objection whatever to becoming Mrs. Nightshade. Having made up her mind, she next set to work to study the peculiarities of her intended victim; and being a shrewd madam, she was not long in finding out his weak side. She saw that the slightest manifestation of cheerfulness disconcerted him amazingly; that a smile made him shuffle on his seat, and that he was as much startled and alarmed at a laugh, as a shy, nervous horse at a vigorous performance on the bagpipes. Accordingly, in his company she was sorrowful exceedingly, and her remarks on matters in general (weather inclusive) were almost as dolorous as his own. Jeremiah felt that he had found a congenial spirit. "Ah!" said he to himself, "how happy (he meant unhappy) we might be together!"

Things were not long in coming to a climax. One evening she succeeded in inveigling him into a *tele-a-tele*, the result of which was, that he groaned forth a declaration of his passion, and she sobbed and sighed an unreluctant consent.

They were married, and a change speedily ensued. The lady's gravity vanished into thin air; and language is inadequate to paint the grief, horror and amazement of the deceived Jeremiah, when he awoke, as from a delusive dream, and found himself irrevocably fastened to a decidedly cheerful woman! a brisk, bustling, vivacious little body, with an illimitable range of tongue! a woman that preferred Liston and the last new farce to "Blair's Grave," and actually laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks at a Punchinello exhibition! A woman, too, fond of company, and blessed with an infinite quantity of relatives, many of them of a facetious turn, and all of whom came to wish the new married couple joy, and crack the jokes usual on such occasions. Nay, more than this Mrs. Nightshade, though she had never read Mary Woolstonecraft, was a zealous advocate for "the rights of women" that is, she had made up her mind to have her own way in all things, and accordingly insisted upon her husband doing just as she pleased, even to the extent of being gay, merry and sociable. She protested against being "moped up," and made Jeremiah go along with her to balls, plays, concerts, and other places of amusement; she kept up a running fire of parties, and had some of the women people of the neighbourhood sipping tea and chattering scandal with her five days out of the seven; nay, she actually, (my spirit is exceedingly sorrowful for thee, Jeremiah!) instead of allowing him his morning stroll among the tombs took him a-shopping with her! This was too much: for of all the impertinencies that a grave, reserved man can be subjected to, that of going "a-shopping" (as they call it) with a fantastical woman, is the most grievous and unbearable.

This unnatural state of things could not last long. It was not to be expected. Such a total change of system was sure to be highly prejudicial, and Mr. Nightshade's health visibly declined apace.

One day she took it into her head to give a party on an "uncommon genteel" scale. The company, however, was more numerous than select! and their mirth was of that hearty, hilarious character which, among certain people, generally accompanies good cheer and no reckoning. A fat cousin of hers, a droll fellow, who told marvellous stories and sung a good comick song, sat next the unfortunate Nightshade. He was one of those gentlemen that do not need any pressing to make themselves "quite at home," and at the end of every joke he kept slapping Jeremiah on the shoulder with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and inquiring "why the deuse he did not laugh?" Laugh! Jeremiah well knew the danger of such a course of conduct, but he was of a complying disposition, and he tried. The unnatural exertion, as might reasonably have been conjectured, proved too much for him. A bloodvessel burst in the middle of the attempt, and he was immediately carried to bed; although he was thought (by those who did not care much about him) not to be much worse. In the morning, however, when Mrs. Nightshade desired him to get up to breakfast, she received no response, and, on examination, found that during the night his gentle spirit had evaporated, and that she was once more a discounsolate woman. Of course as might have been expected from a lady of her experience, she conducted herself in the most approved manner; that is, first called in the neighbours, and then went into hystericks, which did not, however, prove fatal.

Though the end of Mr. Nightshade was sudden, no inquest was held upon the body, it being the general opinion (whatever might be said about the blood-vessel) that he had made a very natural termination, having, like many a good fellow beside, "come by his death in consequence of matrimony."

#### MILETUS.

Miletus was a celebrated city of Caria in Asia Minor; but from the intimate connexion of its inhabitants with the confederated cities of Ionia, it is usually classed by geographers among the Ionian cities. It was founded by a colony of Cretans under the command of Sarpedon, the brother of Minos, whom the Carians permitted to erect a city, and was called Miletus, either from a Cretan town, or from an individual of that name. When the Ionians subsequently arrived there under the conduct of Neleus, they put to death or expelled the Carian inhabitants, and occupied the city.

The admirable situation of Miletus and the convenience of having four harbours, one of which was capable of containing a large fleet, at an early period gave it a great preponderance in maritime affairs. Its navigators extended its commerce to remote regions. The whole Euxine Sea, the Propontis, Egypt, and other countries, were frequented by its ships, and settled by its colonies, the number of which probably exceeded that of any other city of antiquity. Several of the kings of Lydia ineffectually attempted to possess themselves of so considerable a city; but finally the Milesians made a treaty with Croesus, whom they probably acknowledged to be their liege lord, and consented to pay him tribute. Subsequently the Milesians withstood Darius and refused to admit Alexander, who at length took their city by assault, but pardoned the surviving inhabitants, to whom he gave their liberty. The Milesians afterwards sided with the Romans during their wars with Antiochus.

St. Paul sojourned here for a short time on his return from Macedonia and Thracia (Acts, xx. 15); and summoned thither the elders of the Ephesian Church, to whom he delivered the affecting charge related in Acts, xx. 17-35. The Milesian Church was afterwards under the direction of bishops, who sat in several councils, and ranked as metropolitans of Caria. This continued as late as the decline of the Byzantine empire, subsequently to which the history of Miletus is very imperfect. The

whole region experienced repeated ravages from the Turks, while they were possessed of the interior country, and bent on extending their conquest westward to the shore. One sultan, in 1175, sent twenty thousand men, with orders to lay waste the Roman provinces, and to bring him sea-water, sand, and an oar. All the cities on the Mæander and on the coast were ruined. Miletus was again destroyed, toward the end of the thirteenth century, by the conquering Othman.

At present Miletus is a very mean place, but is still called *Palat* or *Palatia*, the *Palaces*. The principal relic of its former magnificence is a ruined theatre, which is visible afar off, and was a most capacious edifice measuring in front four hundred and fifty seven feet. The external face of this vast fabric is marble; the seats are ranged on the slope of a hill, and a few of these remain. The vaults, which supported the extremities of the semicircle, with the arches or avenues of the two wings are constructed with such solidity as not easily to be demolished.

The whole site of the city, to a great extent, is spread with rubbish, and overrun with thickets. The vestiges of the heathen city are pieces of wall, broken arches, and a few scattered pedestals and inscriptions, and many wells. One of the pedestals has belonged to the emperor Hadrian, who was a friend to the Milesians, as appears from the appellations of "saviour" and "benefactor" bestowed on him. Another has supported the emperor Severus. Some fragments of ordinary churches are interspersed among the ruins.—*From Illustrations of the Bible, 2 vols. Murray.*

RELIGION is too often represented as a state of melancholy gloom, as a barren desert, in which we are condemned to wander without one object to delight the eyes, or to cheer the heart; as a dreary banishment from all the innocent pleasures and harmless gratifications of the world around us. But it is not in the solitude of seclusion, it is not in austerities of perpetual and monastic penance, that Christianity consists: it is a religion of joy; it promotes the happiness of mankind here, as well as hereafter. Happiness is not only pointed to as an object, but it is inculcated as a duty. They, therefore, form a very erroneous estimate of its doctrines and its duties, who shall represent melancholy as its precept, or enforce severity as its practice. It is the messenger of glad tidings to man, it is the minister of comfort to the afflicted children of mortality; to every discounsolate soul, as to Jerusalem of old, it speaks comfortably; it tells her that "her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." On the other hand, he that would unite the joys of the Lord with the pleasures of sin, he that would combine the purity of the Gospel with the pollution of guilt, will discover too late that he cannot enter into a compromise with the Almighty for the gratification of his passions, and that when the infatuations of sin shall have passed away, no joy will then remain, but a fearful anticipation of the wrath to come. It is in the innocent mind alone, that the happiness of Christianity can take root; and as the purity of the soul is stained with the contagion of guilt, in proportion will its real joys fade off from the polluted surface.—RENSSELL.

TRUTH IS POWER.—Some men say wealth is power, some that knowledge is power, some that talent is power; but there is an apothegm that I would place on high above them all, when I would assert that *truth* is power. Wealth cannot purchase, talent refute, knowledge cannot overreach, authority cannot silence her: they all, like Felix, tremble at her presence. Fling her into the most tremendous billows of popular commotion; cast her into the seven-fold heated furnace of the tyrant's wrath; she mounts aloft in the ark upon the summit of the deluge; she walks with the Son of God, untouched, through the conflagration; she is the ministering Spirit who sheds on man that bright and indestructible principle of life, and glory, which is given by its mighty Author to animate, to illuminate, and inspire the immortal soul: and which, like himself, is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The Bible, in the school of the parish minister, is as far beyond the phi-