

Those who take pleasure in the works of God, that they are thus capable of affording matter for serious reflection and moral improvement.


Mr Addison seems to have been sensible of this when he breaks out into the following declamation, in praise of the pleasures of such a retirement: "You must know, Sir," says he, in one of his papers to the Spectator, "that I look upon the pleasures which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights of human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind."

But let not the poor complain, or those who have no garden to retire to,—no beautifully adorned enclosure, where, secluded from society, they may give themselves up to reflection.—Still the fields are open to them, and what, in the words of an eminent naturalist, is the earth, but "an immense garden, laid out and planted by the hand of the Deity?—the lofty mountains and waving forests are its terraces and groves; fertile fields and flowery meadows from its beautiful parterres."

I cannot, I am persuaded, conclude this paper better than with the following quotation, from the author of the seasons:

Soft roll your incense herbs and fruits and flowers
In mingled clouds to HIM, whose sun creates,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bow;—The name of one of the most ancient and universal weapons of offence. It is made of steel, wood, horn or other elastic substance, which, after being bent by means of a string fastened to its two ends, in returning to its natural state, throws out an arrow with great force. The figure of the bow is nearly the same in all countries, having generally two inflections, between which, in the place where the arrow is fixed, is a right line. The Grecian bow was nearly in the form of this : in drawing it, the hand was brought back to the right breast, and not to the ear. The Scythian bow was distinguished for its remarkable curvature, which was nearly semicircular, that of the modern Tartars is similar to it. The materials of bows have been different in different countries. The Persians and Indians made them of reeds. The Lycian bows were made of the cornel tree. That of Pandarus (Il. iv, 103) was made from the horn of a mountain goat, 16 palms in length; the string was an ox hide thong. The horn of the Antelope is still used for the same purpose in the East. The long bow was the favorite national weapon in England. The battles of Cressy (1346), Poitiers (1356) and Agincourt (1415) were won by this weapon. It was made of yew, ash, &c., of the height of the archer. The arrow being usually half the length of the bow, the cloth yard was only employed by a man six feet high. The arbalist, or cross bow, was a popular weapon with the Indians, and was introduced into England in the 13th century. The

arrows shot from it are called *quarrels*. The bolt was used with both kinds of bows. Of the power of the bow, and the distance to which it will carry, some remarkable anecdotes are related. Xenophon mentions an arcadian whose head was shot through by a Carduchian archer Stuart (*Alb. Ant. i.*) mentions a random shot of a Turk, which he found to be 584 yards, and Mr Strutt saw the Turkish ambassador shoot 430 yards in the archery ground near Bedford square. Lord Bacon speaks of a turkish bow which has been known to pierce a steel target, or a piece of brass, two inches thick. In the journal of King Edward VI. it is mentioned, that one hundred archers of the King's guard shot at an inch board, and that some of the arrows passed away through this and into another board behind it, although the wood was extremely solid and firm. It has been the custom of many savage nations to poison their arrows. This practice is mentioned by Homer and the ancient historians, and we have many similar accounts of modern travellers and navigators from almost every part of the world. Some of these stories are of doubtful authority, but others are well authenticated. Some poison, obtained by Condamine from South American savages, produced instantaneous death in animals inoculated with it. The poisoned arrows used in Guiana are not shot from a bow, but blown through a tube. They are made of the hard substance of the cokerito-tree, and are about a foot long, and of the size of a knitting needle. One end is sharply pointed, and dipped in the poison of woorai; the other is adjusted to the cavity of the reed, from which it is to be blown, by a roll of cotton. The reed is several feet in length. A single breath carries the arrow 30 or 40 yards. *Encyclopædia Americana.*

ANECDOTES.

RESPECT TO WISE AND GREAT MEN.

The peculiar excellencies of great men certainly deserve our admiration; and it is much better to see merit rewarded by the tribute of praise, than to behold it the occasion of envy, as is too frequently the case. We should be cautious, however, of running into an extreme; for while we justly acknowledge the talents of the wise, we should carefully avoid the incense of flattery. The view of great qualities, and the remembrance of distinguished characters, will always be grateful to a wise and good man; but he must not forget that all the excellencies of mortals are only a few emanations from Him who is the fountain of all life, light, and perfection.

Such was the esteem in which Virgil was held, that one hundred thousand Romans rose up when he came into the theatre; showing him the same respect as they did Cæsar himself.

Sir Isaac Newton was so esteemed, that the Marquis de l'Hopital, one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, said to the English who visited him, "Does Mr Newton, eat, drink, or sleep like other men? I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

Such was the respect paid to Shakspeare by the public in general, that when the mulberry tree planted upon his estate by his own hands was cut down, not many years ago, the wood being converted to several domestic uses, was all

eagerly bought at a high price, and each piece treasured up by its purchaser as a precious memorial of the plants.

Bishop Atterbury having heard much of Dr Berkeley, wished to see him, accordingly he was introduced by the Earl of Berkeley. After some time, Dr Berkeley quitted the room, on which Lord Berkeley said to the Bishop, "Does my cousin answer your Lordship's expectations?" The bishop, lifting up his hands in astonishment replied, "So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, till I saw this gentleman."

Pope sums up his character in one line. After mentioning some particular virtues that distinguished other prelates, he ascribes

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

Such were the accomplishments, wit, learning, judgment, elocution (together with a graceful person), and behaviour of that eminent divine William Cartwright, that Bishop Fell paid him this encomium, "that he was the utmost that man could come to."

SELECT SENTENCES

We should chuse a friend endued with virtue, as a thing in itself lovely and desirable; which consists in a sweet and obliging temper of mind, and a lively readiness in doing offices.

It was ever my opinion, says Horace, that a cheerful good natured friend is so great a blessing, that it admits of no comparison but itself.

Cicero used to say, That it was no less an evil for man to be without a friend, than to have the heavens without a sun. And Socrates thought friendship the sweetest possession, and that no piece of ground yielded more, or pleasanter fruit than a true friend.

True friends are the whole world to one another: and he that is a friend to himself, is also a friend to mankind. There is no reliash in the possession of any thing without a partner.

It is no flattery to give a friend a due character; for commendation is as much the duty of a friend, as reprehension.

P O E T R Y.

"PEACE BE STILL!"—Mark iv. 39.

The storm descended o'er the deep,
The sailors view'd the sea grow dark,
When Jesus they awoke from sleep,
And prayed to save their sinking bark.
The waves that wildly o'er them broke
Grew calm at his almighty will,
As to the furious winds he spoke
In gentlest accents, "Peace be still!"

O! when the storms of life shall come
And darkly beat around my head,
Do thou with brightness cheer the gloom,
Though hope and smiling joy be fled!
Or if a murmuring hope should dare,
To rise against thine holy will,
O hush each unbelieving care,
Say to that murmur, "Peace be still!"

And when all earthly visions fade,
And dimly pass away and die,
And death's cold vale of lonely shade
Is spread before my closing eye:
Do thou in that eventful day,
Point upwards to the heavenly hill,
And to my fleeting spirit say
In sweetest whisper, "Peace be still!"