

bring home the roast shoulder of mutton required by inexorable custom for the family dinner of that day. Eastern ladies often resort to this summary mode of proceeding with their lords and masters, even when not protected by the privilege of festival. It is true that, on the other hand, they are exposed to similar treatment if they carry the joke too far, or misbehave in any way—and that the sack—of which it is now the custom to make fun; amongst wags who have looked at the outside of Eastern manners—is always ready to punish serious derelictions of duty.—*The Turks in Europe, by B. St. John.*

HORRIBLE PHENOMENA.

It is generally known, says the Charleston Courier, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea side. In 1807, the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of Mr. Godard; in 1808, a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it, and in 1812, Miss D. Chase. At the end of 1812, the vault was opened for the body of the Hon. T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead and very heavy, were found much disturbed. In 1816, a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent among the coffins. In 1819, a Mr. Clerke was placed in the vault, and as before the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened, the coffins were replaced in their proper situations—that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was regularly closed; the door, (a massive stone, which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons, and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water. Again the vault was opened in 1819. Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault—some with their heads down and others up. "What could have occasioned this phenomena? In no other vault in the island had this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation of the vault?" These were the questions asked by a Barbadoes journal at the time; and no one could afford a solution.

The matter gradually died away, until the present year, when, on the 16th of February, the vault was again opened, and all the coffins were again thrown about as confusedly as before. A strict investigation took place, and no cause could be discovered. Was it, after all, the sudden bursting of noxious gas from one of the coffins that could have produced this phenomena? If so, it is against all former experience. The vault has been hermetically sealed again—when to be re-opened we cannot tell.

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this, some time ago, at Haunton, in Suffolk. It is stated that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on tiers, were found displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault was properly closed, when, another of the family dying, they were again found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their piers, but one coffin, (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it) was found on the fourth step which led down the vault; and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this.

DARING FEAT.

A Paris correspondent of the *New York Times* gives the following account of the latest amusement devised for the wondering Parisians: "The feat of jumping from a balloon, the jumper sustained by an Indian rubber rope, was duly performed on Thursday. It was the most stupendous exhibition of daring and address that the Parisians have yet witnessed. From one side of the car of the balloon hung the India rubber cord, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and then returning and being fastened to the other side of the car, it thus formed a strong loop. The athlete was dressed as Mercury; his body, from the neck to the small of his back, was enclosed in a frame work, which enabled him to endure the suspension without wrenching or dislocation. The rope passed through an eyelet in the middle of the back placed so that he was held in perfect equilibrium. When the balloon had reached an altitude double that of the supposed elasticity of the cord, the voltigeur appeared on the edge of the car, looked over, shut his eyes, and dove off into space.

The eyelet slipped along the rope, so that the first one hundred and fifty feet were a positive fall through the air, without any resistance or break. The rest of the way was an elongation of the rope. It stretched four times its length, making in all a descent of six hundred feet, accomplished in a few seconds. After having attained its lowest point, the rope contracted once, perhaps two hundred feet, and then descended again. There was no further rebound, and no oscillation; the voltigeur lay calmly cradled in mid-air, and probably spent the leisure he was now permitted to enjoy in recovering his breath and contemplating the prospect. The aeronaut above now commenced at the windlass, and gradually wound his dangling friend up again. In four minutes he climbed over the side of the car, having made the fastest time that any human being has ever achieved, except such as have been shot in a cannon, as Baron Munchausen said he was."

Miss Ford, of Newmarket, has charge of the telegraph office in that village. Woman's rights!

Miss Mary S. Legare, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has given \$3,000 to found a female College in that State, to be under the care of the U. S. Presbyterian Church.

Two spacious African churches have been lately erected in Nashville, Tenn., principally by the contributions of colored people.

MORMON MODE OF COLLECTING DEBTS.—When a man refuses to pay a debt among the Mormons, they send three officers called *shuttlers*, who take their station in front of the debtor's house, each with a jack knife and a bundle of sticks, and whistle away, day after day, till the delinquent knocks under. It is said the remedy seldom fails.



YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—*Proverbs, c. 22, v. 6.*

WHAT IS RUM!

I asked an aged man, a man of care,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
Rum is the Tyrant of the soul he said,
Ye young and fair take warning from the dead.

I asked a drunkard, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke;
I asked him, what is rum? Rum, he replied,
The curse of earth—my rum—and he died.

I asked a weeping wife; she raised her eye,
All filled with tears, and this was her reply:
Rum dashed from me fond hopes of earthly bliss,
And made this life a cup of bitterness.

NUTMEG AND CLOVE PLANTATIONS IN SINGAPORE.

I went frequently to the nutmeg and clove plantations to enjoy their balsamic fragrance. The nutmeg trees are enveloped from top to bottom in foliage, and attain the size of the fine apricot trees; they begin to spread from the lower parts of the trunk, the leaves are bright and glittering, as if varnished, and the fruit resembles perfectly a yellowish, brown speckled apricot. When ripe it bursts itself, and displays a round kernel, about the size of a nut, covered with a kind of net work, of a beautiful deep red; this net work is the so called nutmeg bloom or mace. It is carefully detached from the nut, dried in the shade; during the process it is frequently sprinkled with sea water, as otherwise the fine crimson colour changes to yellow or black. In addition to this web, the nutmeg is surrounded by a slight delicate shell. The nut itself is likewise dried, smoked, and then steeped in sea water, mingled with a slight solution of lime, to prevent its becoming rancid. Wild nutmeg trees are found in Singapore.

The clove-tree is somewhat smaller, and the foliage by no means so beautiful as that of the nutmeg tree. The clove is the undeveloped flower-bud; when gathered, they are first dried in smoke, and then for a short time laid in the sun.

The *craka nut* grows in clusters of from ten to twenty, under the leafy crown of the palm of the same name. The fruit is somewhat larger than the nutmeg, and the outward shell of so bright a golden hue, that they look like the gilded nuts suspended to a Christmas tree. The kernel resembles the nutmeg, but without the net—like external covering; it is dried in the shade.

This nut, wrapped in beetle-leaf, slightly smeared with lime obtained from burnt shells, is chewed by both natives and Chinese. When a little tobacco is added, it produces a blood-red juice, and gives the mouth of the chewer a truly diabolical appearance, especially when, as is frequently the case with the Chinese, the teeth are filed down, and stained black. The first time I saw such a spectacle I was quite frightened; I thought the man had injured himself in some way, and had his mouth full of blood.—*Ida Pfeiffer's Travels.*

IMMORTALITY—A BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.

St. Paul, in speaking of the power of God to raise up the human body, incorruptible, to enjoy immortal life, beautifully says,—“But some man will say, ‘how are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?’ Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain: it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed its own body.”—1 Cox. chap. 15, v. 35, 38. Nothing can be more simple yet more striking than this simile. Here is presented to the caviller at the doctrine of immortal life, a problem—a mystery as wonderful, as grand—requiring as much power as the other. The acorn is sown, and by some wonderful provision in nature, expands into a mighty forest tree. The mustard seed is an exceedingly small black thing, like a mote; it is dropped into the ground and by its hidden energy, or some hidden quality of earth, it grows into a beautiful plant with long leaves, branches and flowers—how dissimilar to the little black speck from which it sprang. The formless yolk of an egg is kept warm a few weeks, and from its cold and apparently lifeless mass, springs a lovely bird—the cock, decked in all the colours of the rainbow, with a crown and a voice to wake us in the morn; he has courage, all the passions and some intelligence. Yet all this is the silent action of nature. So it is with the beautiful variety of butterflies which spring up as if by magic, from the shapeless grain. If God hath so impressed nature with the power of self-production, is it anything beyond rational belief to suppose that he has ordered, that when we throw off the mortal coil of matter, surrounding our souls is

life, our spirit shall arise to some new and higher state of existence? That the once mortal eye shall be awakened upon a new stage of existence, of unsurpassable beauty and glory? The body laid in the tomb is dust,—what we eat in food; all the substance—the real man, is vanished somewhere. Whither hath vanished that bright spirit—those burning thoughts—that feeling heart—those lofty aspirations—that thing which thought—reflected—revolved mighty conceptions? Was it no better than its shell? Is it inferior to the dust which we can see yet in its glass coffin? Surely it is so, if it live not too, for this matter will live for millions of years in other shapes! Mind so glorious—so superior to matter, cannot thus pass away, but must awake again and rise like the Phoenix to some other glorious state of existence. The decaying body is like the kernel of wheat, which, in its decay, gives to life a more perfect and beautiful form. God, in his universe, has some plan whereby man shall live again. Man, the most perfect being in form, and therewith blessed with a perfectly rational soul, cannot surely be allowed to know that God lives, and yet die like the plants of the fields! We are permitted to see the universe—to know that a God lives;—and beings worthy of this knowledge, are surely worthy of some higher life. We are in this world for an end, and that end is to rise to God—to act so as to please Him, and acknowledge His existence.

WOMEN'S STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION OF OHIO—THE LETTER IN THE WATCHMAN ABOUT THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

In the *Watchman* of the 8th October a letter appeared signed S., censuring our views of the one-sided character of the Ohio World's Temperance Convention. It is written by a young man, a Cadet now in Cincinnati, one of the publishers of the *Garland* of that city. Like most young men he is hasty, and has gone in this instance rather too far in his assertions about the doings and justice of this Convention. We have no reason to alter our opinion of the conduct of this World's Convention. It was sneaking and unprincipled towards the coloured man—guilty of truckling to the South—it was bigoted and narrow in its views of the sphere and duty of women, and ruled too much by exclusive spirits. The calm consideration of the public mind in the United States will come to this conclusion. The Convention should not have called itself a World's Convention—it was one confined to one sex and one colour. From the beginning it was determined to exclude woman as a delegate or speaker. There can be no dodging this conclusion. American temperance men have encouraged the formation of Unions of Daughters and Grand Unions, and they should not on this day spoil the work of their own hands, by saying to women you shall not enter our Conventions as delegates. Neal Dow, it seems, is in favour of the rights of women in this matter. A great State Convention of Temperance women was held on the 21st September, at Dayton, Ohio. Many of the most eminent and talented American Temperance women were present. 200 delegates attended, and strong action was taken, and resolutions passed in favor of temperance. Some of the ladies gave excellent addresses on the occasion, among others Mrs. Gage the Poetess, and Mrs. Griffin, who moved these strong resolutions, which were carried by a very large majority. Every lady in this convention agreed that the unceremonious rejection of Miss Brown at New York was wholly unjustifiable. What will our young friend who wrote the *Watchman* letter say to this action of the women of the noble State of Ohio? Whilst we condemn the New York proceedings, it must be understood that we do not in all things go with the women's right party. In this matter, however, we think they were right:—

“The introduction by Mrs. Griffin, of Salem, of the following resolutions of censure on the World's Convention, created much excitement.

Resolved, That we regard the tyrannical and cowardly conformation to the “usages of society” in thrusting women from the platform in the late so-called, but mis-called World's Temperance Convention, as a most daring and insulting outrage upon all of women kind; and it is with the deepest shame and mortification that we learn that our own State of Ohio furnished the delegate to officiate in writing and present the resolution, and who presided at the session when the desperate act was accomplished.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, the President of the Convention, for so manfully and persistently decaying and insisting upon and in favor of the rights of all the friends of temperance, duty delegated to create and participation in all the proceedings. Carried by a large majority.—*Ohio Life Boat.*

During the late Agricultural Exhibition at Hamilton, several addresses were delivered on temperance. A very able address was delivered by the Rev. Wm. Ryerson, rehearsing the history of the movement for thirty years past.

The New Brunswick Division of Sons are adopting the excellent plan of voting sums of money each to apply a lecture for the Province. Three of them have voted £50 each, two more £25 each, and two £10 each. (So says the *Telegraph*.)

The *Protestant Guardian*, by the publisher of the *Canadian*, is the name of a new conservative paper of this city just started. It is well got up.

The *New York Reformer*, Jefferson County, and the *Portland Watchman* do not come to hand. Are these papers purposely stopped? We still send ours.