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THE GARLAND.

THE PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. OPIE.

(From the Amulet for 1830.)

And dwells HE there?—at sight of me
Didst thou not mark his hurried start?
He meant that smile should CHEERFUL be,
But, oh! it spoke a withering heart.

Yet still, that care-worn brow beneath,
His eyes a few faint flashes cast
Of former days, as festal wreath,
Though faded, tells of splendours past.

His door's ajar—I'll venture in—
O! sight that mournful scenes recalls!
How can HE bear, that man of sin,
To look upon these pictur'd walls?

Here hangs his wife! with eyes of jet,
And open brow, ill-form'd for shame—
Then young, gay, fond!—can he forget
Her broken heart, her blighted name?

And there his child!—that beauteous girl
Who lost, through him, a mother's care;
And, caught, in pleasure's giddy whirl,
Found peace, health, life, all perish there.

His mother too! who meekly bow'd
Beneath her son's despotic will—
And though the world's reproach was loud,
That tender mother loved him still.

She gave him all her little store,
For ALL his selfish heart required;
Then, when her hand could give no more,
She pined, mourn'd, blessed him, and EXPIRED.

Yes—his poor victims round him hang,
And smile as they were wont to do;
O, conscience, sure thy keenest pang
Must pierce his bosom at the view!

Perhaps he courts the pain they give,
His belt of spikes these portraits are;
'Tis penance in their sight to live,
They form the sinner's vest of hair.

Come, let us hence—yet, one look more!
Ah no! my ears with tears are dim—
Weak tears! his victim's griefs are o'er—
Yet, let me weep, and pray for him.

THE MISCELLANIST.

From the United Service Journal.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND—THE BOUNTY'S CREW.

We have been favoured by Capt. Dillon with the subjoined narrative of events connected with this interesting subject, communicated to him by an Otaheitan woman, named Jenny, the wife of Isaac Martin, one of the mutineers, in the presence of Mr. Nott, a Missionary, who resided on Otaheite for twenty seven years. Capt. Dillon also speaks the Otaheitan language fluently, and has acquired, perhaps, a more intimate acquaintance with the manners and the customs of the South-Sea Islanders, than any other person living, from his having been in constant correspondence with the natives in the course of his numerous voyages.

As all accounts hitherto received respecting his Majesty's ship Bounty, have only been obtained from John Adams, who, it is more than likely, would have his own private motives for deviating from the truth in many important particulars, for perverting many facts, and suppressing others, the following details will no doubt be read with much curiosity, and we see no reason why they should not be entitled to some degree of credit.

It appears that Jenny remained on Pitcairn's Island about thirty years, that she left it in the American ship Sultan, Capt. Rogers, for the coast of Chili, and thence for the Marquesas, and afterwards returned to Otaheite, after an absence of thirty one years. But let her speak for herself:—

"The day on which the Bounty returned to Otaheite, in charge of the mutineers, I went on board of her at Matavi: we shortly afterwards sailed towards Tabouai, and in a few days made that island, and came to an anchor in the mouth of the harbour. Four days after, we weighed anchor and hauled the ship farther upwards, between the reef and anchored again. We went on shore the next day, and commenced the building of a very long house and two smaller ones; also began to erect a fort. Part of the crew wished to destroy the ship. This was opposed by Capt. Christian and some others, who said, that if the vessel might be the means of their detection, she might also be the means of their escape. One of the Otaheitans, who belonged to the Bounty, proposed to the Tabouai people, that in case the Englishmen settled on the island, they should unite and take the ship, murder the crew, and share the property. This coming to the ears of Christian's wife, she informed them of the plot, but did not tell him that an Otaheitan was the contriver of it. The secret having transpired, led to a battle between the mutineers and the Tabouai people, in which the latter were defeated with considerable loss. One of the mutineers was mortally wounded with a spear.

"After this affray the mutineers were afraid to remain on Tabouai, and embarked in the Bounty, and sailed for Otaheite; where several of them proposed to stop. In a few days we reached Matavi, where some of the crew went on shore, and took a proportion of the property with them. Only nine remained on board, attracted by the native females who were in the ship, about nineteen in number, and told the women that the vessel was to proceed to Pare, the king's district, the next morning.

"The same evening, while the women were below at supper, the mutineers cut the cable and stood to the northward. Four natives of Otaheite and two Tabouai men were then on board. When the ship got a mile outside the reefs, one of the women leaped overboard and swam ashore. Next morning the vessel was off Tethorua, a low island to the northward of Otaheite, but not so near as to permit any of the women venturing to swim ashore there, which several of them were inclined to do; as they were much affected at being torn from their friends and relations.

"The ship now tacked and stood to the southward, and next morning was close in with the island of Eimeo, about five or six leagues distant from Otaheite. A canoe shortly afterwards came off, and six of the women, who were rather ancient, were allowed to depart in her; twelve of them then remained on board. Next morning they were out of sight of land, and sailed before the wind to the westward. After many days had elapsed, a small island was discovered, called by the natives Puruten. A canoe came off, bringing a pig and cocoa nuts. One of the natives ventured on board, and was much delighted at beholding the pearl shell buttons on the jacket of Capt. Christian, who in a very friendly manner gave the man the jacket. The latter stood on the ship's gunwale, showing the present to his countrymen, when one of the mutineers shot him dead: he fell into the sea. Christian was highly indignant at this, but could do nothing more, having lost all authority, than reprimand the murderer severely. The other natives in the canoe immediately picked up their dead companion, and paddled towards the shore, uttering loud lamentations.

"In a few days we saw one of the Tongataboo, or Friendly Islands. Several canoes came off with abundance of hogs, yams and poultry. The natives said that Totee (Captain Cook) had been there, and that the horned cattle left by him were living. Continued our course to leeward; and discovered a small low island, where Christian proposed to stop. The boat was sent on shore to ascertain whether it was inhabited.—Before the crew had time to land, people were seen on the beach. After landing and remaining a while on shore, the boat returned to the ship with the news. Had this been an uninhabited island, Christian would have destroyed the ship and remained there. Finding the inhabitants were numerous, they sailed away that night to windward. Two months elapsed before land was again seen, during which time all on board were much discouraged: they therefore thought of returning to Otaheite. Pitcairn's Island was at length discovered in the evening. It was then blowing hard, and no landing could be effected till the third day, when the boat was lowered down, and the following persons went on shore, Christian, Brown, Williams, M'Koy, and three of the Otaheitan natives.

"The ship now stood out to sea, and returned towards the island the second day, by which time the boat returned. The crew reported that there were no natives on the island; that it abounded with cocoa-nuts and sea fowl, and that they had found traces of its having once been inhabited. Charcoal, stone axes, stone foundations of houses, with a few carved boards, were discovered. Christian got the vessel under a rocky point and came to anchor. The mutineers began to discharge the ship by means of the boat and a raft made out of the hatches. The property from the ship was landed principally on the raft, by means of a rope fastened to the rocks. When all they wanted was brought on shore, they began to consider what they should do with the vessel. Christian wished to save her for awhile. The others insisted on destroying her, and one of them went off and set fire to her in the fore part. Shortly after two others went on board and set fire to her in different places. During the night all were in tears at seeing her in flames. Some regretted exceedingly they had not confined Capt. Bligh and returned to their native country, instead of acting as they had done. The next morning they began to build some temporary houses. Between the huts and the sea shore were a number of trees, which concealed them from the view of any vessel that might pass.

"After a few weeks they ventured upon the high land, and began to erect more substantial buildings; to plant sweet potatoes and yams, the seed of which they brought with them. They shortly after divided the ground, and alloted to each his proportion. The cloth plant of the South Sea Island was discovered growing upon one of the lots, about which some squabbling took place, but they afterwards agreed to divide it equally among them. One of the women who lived with Williams, died of a disease in her neck about a year after their arrival. The Taro root plant was found on the island, and means were immediately taken to cultivate it. Christian had a son born about this time, whom he named Friday; he was baptized by Brown.

"Williams, whose wife died, now proposed to take one of the Otaheitan men's wives, there being only two among them; and lots were drawn which it should be. The chance fell on the wife of an Otaheitan called Tararo. Williams accordingly took her from her husband, who was in consequence much afflicted, and he betook himself to the hills. After three days, he returned and got his wife away, and took her to the mountains with him. The native men now proposed to kill the English, who were, however, upon their guard; three of the principals in the plot thought proper to seek refuge in the mountains. One of the natives who remained with the English, was sent by Christian to the mountains, for the purpose of shooting the principal conspirator, whose name was Oopee, promising to reward him handsomely if he succeeded, but, if he did not, he was to lose his own life. This man took a pistol with him as directed; he found Oopee among the craggy precipices and killed him. Tararo, who had taken his wife from Williams, and was still in the mountains, was shot by order of the Europeans: his wife now returned to Williams. After this the mutineers lived in a peaceable manner for some years, (it must be recollected there were now only four native men remaining.)

"The next affair of consequence that occurred was that of Manarii, the Otaheitan, who stole a pig belonging to M'Koy, for which offence the English beat him severely. Teimou afterwards stole some yams, and one of the women informed of him. He was also severely chastised.

"The natives again concerted among themselves to murder the English, and went about from day to day with their muskets, on a pretence of shooting wild fowl. The mutineers did not suspect their intentions. Williams was the first man shot, while putting up a fence round his garden. The natives next proceeded to shoot Christian: they found him clearing some ground for a garden, and while in the act of carrying away some roots, they went behind him and shot him between the shoulders—he fell. They then disfigured him with an axe about the head, and left him dead upon the ground.

"The natives next proceeded to another enclosure, where they found Miles and M'Koy; the former was shot dead, but M'Koy saved himself by flight. They now went to Martin's house and shot him; he did not fall immediately, but ran to Brown's house, which was not far off. He was there shot a second time, when he fell; they beat him on the head with a hammer till he was quite dead. Brown at the same time was knocked on the head with stones, and left for dead. As the murderers were going away, he rose up and ran. One of them pursued and overtook him. He begged hard for mercy, or that they would not kill him until he had seen his wife. They promised they would spare his life; however, one with a musket got behind him and shot him dead. Alexander Smith (*alias* John Adams) was next fired at in his own house; the ball grazed his neck and broke two of his fingers. He was saved by the women, who were at this time assembled. The murderers, after wounding him, permitted him to take farewell of his wife. The women threw themselves on his body, and at their entreaties his life was spared. Teimou, one of the four natives, was next shot by his countryman, Manarii. M'Koy and Matthew Quintil were still concealed in the mountains. One of the mutineers was spared by the murderers, and livid with Smith and the woman.

"Manarii was now afraid of his two surviving countrymen; he therefore fled to the mountains, joined Matthew Quintil and M'Koy, and told them that they must not attempt to go down, as the other two Otaheitans would be sure to kill them. He offered them his musket, and said he would remain in concealment with them. One or two of the women now went in quest of M'Koy and Matthew Quintil. They met with them, and strongly advised them to kill Manarii, which was accordingly done that night. The two remaining Otaheitan men next went in search of M'Koy and Quintil to kill them; they found them among the mountains, shot at them, and supposed that one was wounded; this, however was not the case.

"The Otaheitans proceeded to the house where the women, with Smith and Young, were, and boasted that they had wounded M'Koy. One of the women proposed to her two countrymen to go into the mountains and see if this was the case, and bring them correct information. To this proposals they gladly acceded; but the real object of the women was to advise M'Koy and Quintil to come privately at a certain time that night, and assist the women to kill the two remaining natives. The Englishmen promised to do this, but did not keep their word. Next day the women agreed with Smith and Young to kill the two Otaheitans. About noon, while one of the Otaheitan men was sitting outside of the house, and the other was lying on his back on the floor, one of the women took a hatchet and cleft the skull of the latter; at the same instant calling out to Young to fire, which he did, and shot the other native dead. Thus ended the whole of the six Tahitans and Tabouaians. There now remained on the island eleven Otaheitan women, and four Englishmen viz. Alexander Smith, M'Coy, Young, and Matthew Quintil. They soon began to distil a spirituous liquor from the ten-root. In a drunken affray, Matthew Quintil was killed by his three countrymen. M'Koy came by his death through drinking spirits, which brought on derangement, and caused him to leap into the sea, after having tied his own hands and feet. Young died a natural death on a Christmas day. Sunday was observed by Christian and divine service read. He left his wife and three children: she had more children by another husband.

"A ship was seen before Matthew Quintil was killed, and after the death of Christian, when only four of the mutineers were left. A long time after, another vessel appeared, and sent a boat on shore to take off cocoa-nuts; the people on shore beckoned to the ship to send the boat a second time, she did not do so, but stood out to sea.—The next ship that arrived was the Topaz, Capt. Folger. He promised to return in eight months. A vessel may anchor where the Bounty did; wind at south and south east. The island abounds in yams, taro, tea-root, cloth plant, bread-fruit, hogs, poultry," &c.

Such were the fatal consequences of a crime foreign to the character of British seamen, and originating in the abuse of the extensive authority necessarily vested in the commander of a man of war, for the preservation of good order and discipline; furnishing a memorable example of the effects of undue severity in the first instance, and the absence of salutary control in the end.

MOUNT CARMEL.—No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel; while barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient "excellency" of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree; deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is indeed a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure, on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing—more especially so the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye. On the banks of the "ancient river," on which "the strength of the mighty" was broken, and the power of Sisera swept away, no solitary tree spreads its shade; the stream rolls between its green and naked shores, these are so low that the river overflows to some extent on each side during the rainy season, and is so deep and rapid as not to be fordable. It was most probably during this season that the army of Sisera, in its flight, was in part destroyed by the waters, for in its usual narrow course, the stream is not of sufficient width and power to be dangerous. Wishing to cross it one evening after sunset, and mistrusting the depth, we called to two young Arabs, who were seated on a green knoll on the opposite side, and asked if we could pass with safety. They replied doubtfully; and, on the promise of a reward one of them stripped to the skin, and with a long pole in his hand, entered the river till it reached his chin and he felt his footing grow unsteady, when he was obliged to retreat. We turned disappointed from the spot, and the Arab youth, chilled and dripping, gained the bank again without his reward, which it was impossible to pay. Just above, on the side of Carmel, is the spot pointed out by tradition as having been the scene of Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. There is much of the picturesque about the place; the soil is strewed with several masses of grey stone, around which are many fine trees. It is a pleasing and lonely spot, such as the imagination would hardly have selected for so ruthless yet necessary a deed. But if tradition should err here, there can be no illusion with respect to the scene of the memorable descent of the fire from Heaven. When "all Israel was gathered together unto Carmel," it was clearly on this side the mountain, where it descends gradually into the noble plain beneath. The spot was finely chosen by the prophet for the spectacle of his sacrifice, since the multitude of people coming from the regions of Samaria, might stand with perfect convenience in the splendid and open area of Esdraelon, which is here terminated at the foot of Carmel. The declivity of the mountain, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest pasture, looks over a vast extent of country on every side; from the hills of Samaria, Cana, and Gilboa, the miracle might have been beheld; and to the eager gaze of the Israelites in the plain, the prophets of the groves, their useless altars, and the avenging messengers of God, were as distinct as if the scene had been acted at their feet. This too, is the only face of the hill, beneath which the Kishon flows. What a noble subject would this be for a painter!—the sun going down on the mountain declivities, while the eye of despair as well as faith was fixed in maddening suspense or triumph on the fading sky; and the hushed myriads gazed on each dazzling beam and caught every passing sound as if the coming of the God was there: the infidel king, also, with his chariots and armed men, waiting, moveless, from morn till eve. It was an impressive spot, from which we turned with regret, as the fading light warned us to depart.—*Carne's Recollections of Travels in the East.*

A COUNTRY LAD'S SUPPER.—On Saturday evening a young man, servant to a gardener, in the vicinity of this city, went into the Southern Markets, in order to purchase a supply of beef to serve him during the week. After looking round he selected a coarse piece of the gullet, or "sticking piece," which weighed fully eight pounds. The servant, after the most determined higgling, declared that the price asked was by far too much, and added, that "he could eat it at a single meal." The flesher, surprised at the assertion, surveyed him from horn to hoof, and offered to bet him a half-crown, and also forfeit the meat, if he actually devoured at one meal a lump of beef sufficient to supper a starving Panther. The bargain was promptly settled, the flesher and some friends adjourned into the market tavern—the landlady went instantly to work with the frying pan, and in less than half an hour, to the indescribable astonishment of all present, the last bite of the whole 8lbs. of beef followed the first, into the young man's capacious maw. While devouring the beef, he drank two tumblers of small beer, ate a penny loaf and a half, and concluded his repast with half a pound of cheese. It may be questioned if there has been such an unseemly feat witnessed since the days of Maximilian.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

SUMMARY OF THE GAZETTES:—The classified abstract of bankrupts, published in some of the newspapers lately, affords some curious indications of the state of business during the last twelve months. Physic has been in fair demand, probably from the coldness of the weather—only three apothecaries have yielded to the pressure of the times. The frost has dished one potato merchant; the shoemakers, brewers, and bakers, have given way in nearly equal proportions—fifteen of the first, fourteen of the second, and thirteen of the last; and, what is really strange, the season has detroyed now fewer than thirty coal merchants. This seems to ask for investigation. Of merchants, commonly so called, *wood-merchants* of course included, a hundred have failed; of corn merchants, thirty. We count little on these gentry; but the expiration of a distiller surprises us much, when we reflect on the increase of gin-drinkers. No fewer than forty-three builders have fallen! but they were accompanied by only four brickmakers; so the staple of our mansions is in small danger. Twenty-three cotton manufacturers have become victims to the stagnation in the rag trade, in consequence of the recal of the one pound notes. The idleness and gadding of the mantuamakers have put the eye out of one needlemaker; and the cautions which we gave the public some time ago against extortion and adulteration have sent fifty wine merchants to the right about. The linen drapers have gone off like sheep, to the tune of seventy-five; but only one linen manufacturer has been foolish enough to follow them. The bar has sustained a heavy loss of two solicitors; and literature a loss still heavier of twenty booksellers; the binding, however, holds firm—only two binders have given way. The Devil has been among the tailors—there are thirty three of them in the Gazette; which contains also one scavenger, who has, we suppose, gone there to look after the sweepings. Whether under the head of "Trades not mentioned," the gentlemen of the "press" are included, we know not, but they do not appear in any other part of the enumeration.—*London Spectator.*

COPY OF A REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT LATELY ERECTED IN HORSLY-DOWN CHURCH, CUMBERLAND.

Here lies the Bodies
of THOMAS BOND and MARY his Wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;
But, she was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife and tender mother;
But, her husband and child, whom she loved,
seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown
Whilst she received visitors whom she despised, with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers;
But, imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;
But, at home by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
and was seldom known to praise or commend;
But, the talents in which she principally excelled,
were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
and, without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
But, would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;
But, much more frequently miserable—with her many failings;
inasmuch, that in thirty years' connexion,
he often lamented that, maugre
all her virtues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
At length, finding she had lost the affections of her husband,
as well as the regard of her neighbours,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and eight days,
and departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,
in the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
AS A WEEKLY MONITOR
to the surviving wives of this parish,
that they may avoid the infamy
of having their memories handed down to posterity
with a
Patch-work Character.

LEVELS OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.—The following is Mr. Lloyd's account of the levellings carried on across the Isthmus of Panama, to ascertain the relative height of the Pacific Ocean at Panama, and of the Atlantic at the mouth of the river Chagres. The survey commenced at Panama, and was continued along the old road to Porto Velo, till it came to the bed of the Chagres, a river which falls into the Gulf of Mexico. The greatest height passed over in this line was 633,32 feet above the level of high water at Panama.

Between the extremes of elevation and depression of the general tides in the Pacific at Panama, there is a difference of 27,14: but the mean difference at the usual spring tides is 21, 22. At Chagres this difference is only 1,16 feet and is the same at all seasons of the year. Hence it follows that at high water, the time of which is nearly the same on both sides of the isthmus, the Pacific is raised at the mean tides 10,61 feet, and the Atlantic 0,58 feet, above their respective mean levels, giving to the former an elevation above the latter of 13,53 feet.

At low water, both seas being below their respective levels by the same quantities as before stated, the Pacific will be lower than the Atlantic by 6,57 feet; so that if this is the course of every interval from one high tide to the succeeding one, the level of the Pacific is at first higher, then equal, and afterwards lower than the Atlantic; and then again passing back by the same steps in regaining its former elevation as the tide returns. The author has laid down on his map two lines for a rail road, both commencing at a point near the junction of the river Trinidad with the Chagres, and crossing the intervening plain, the one to Cherera, the other to Panama.

The latter line, although the longer of the two, would have the advantage of terminating in a considerable city.

THE FIRST BREAKWATER.—An account of the first Breakwater which was constructed, is recorded in a letter of Pliny, the consul in the reign of Trajan:—"An artificial island, which is rising in the mouth of the harbour, (supposed to be the modern Civita Vecchia,) will break the force of the waves, and afford a safe passage to ships on each side. In order for the construction of this wonderful piece of art, stones, of an enormous size, are transported hither in a sort of raft, and being thrown one upon the other, are fixed by their own weight gradually accumulating in the manner, as it were, of a sand bank. It already lifts its rocky back above the ocean, while the waves which beat upon it, being tossed to an immense height, foam with a prodigious noise, and whiten all the sea around. To these stones are added large piles, which, in time, will give it the appearance of a natural island. This haven is to be called by the name of its great author, (Trajan,) and will prove of infinite benefit, by affording a very secure retreat to ships on that extensive and dangerous coast."

BATTLE OF VITTORIA.—At nine o'clock the rolling of the tenor and bass drums, and the clank of cymbals beating the marching time, announced that the leading regiments of the division were in motion for the purpose of following the enemy. During the rest of the day we marched through a valley, enclosed by highlands, but did not overtake the enemy; the corn was trampled down in many places, which showed they had moved in three columns, wherever the ground would admit of it. Soon after dark, the division bivouacked in a wood, a drizzling rain began to fall, and we lay down under a tree to enjoy a nap, until the arrival of our sumpter mules, heavily laden with flour and live stock, which we had industriously scraped together from the refuse of Vittoria's field. At midnight we were awoke, with keen appetites, by the well known neighing of the horses, and braying of donkeys; but none of the baggage animals came our way, and during our anxious and broken slumbers the night passed away, and the morning was ushered in by a sweeping rain, which thoroughly saturated the troops before they began their march. As I chanced to be for the duty of bringing up any stragglers who might happen to lag behind, and my hungry messmate being also for the baggage guard (of those who had come up,) we journeyed together along the sloppy road, when the conversation naturally turned on the splendid victory gained over the French legions two days before, and how gladdened the people of England would be on the receipt of such a piece of glorious intelligence, little imagining that the greater portion of the victors would willingly lay down half their laurels for a good breakfast.—*United Service Journal.*

NOVEL MODE OF GETTING A LIVING.—In a neighbouring village resides a middle aged woman of the name of Janet ——, who for some years past has carried on business in the capacity of instructing young lasses in the art of *Courtship*. Her success in this novel profession is truly wonderful, a circumstance which may be accounted for from the decidedly popular branch of education she engages to teach, and the extreme moderation of her charges being only a *penny* each lesson, while three lessons complete the course. The fact, too, of herself having had, though a widow, no less than three husbands in her time, contributes essentially to keep up the number of scholars, inasmuch as it inspires them with confidence in the soundness of the philosophy of her plan. But what, perhaps, of all other considerations, induces crowds of young girls, sighing after the blessedness of matrimony, to become the pupils of Janet, is the circumstance of several of those who had been recently at her school having got made "one flesh" with their lovers. In Janet's method of communicating her "rules and precepts and admonitions," to her tractable pupils, she uses nothing in the shape of introductory remarks; she proceeds at once to the marrow of her subject—her's in short, is the *Hamiltonian* method of instruction: her pupils are at all times numerous: but in the long dark nights of winter her little school is literally crowded to excess. It is truly gratifying to witness the undivided attention which the human mind is capable of giving to a subject in which it feels really interested. Disposed as young girls naturally are when a few of them meet together to indulge in a little chit chat, even though it should be at the expense of their absent companions, all is silent as midnight, while Janet, is engaged in delivering her half oracular instructions. The speculation in question has turned out such a successful one that we shrewdly suspect our worthy matron will speedily have more than one rival to compete with.—*Elgin Courier.*

PROFANITY IN THE SENATE.—Several of the members of this body are in the familiar habit of using the name of the Supreme Being for the sake of giving emphasis to a weak or worthless sentence—and of hauling into their speeches garbled quotations from the sacred Scriptures, for the sake of giving piquancy to a witless sarcasm. This is what might be expected in a wrangling bar-room or a babbling brothel, but it inflicts the deepest disgrace on the morality and dignity which the public have ever been in the habit of associating with the Senate of the United States. It merits the execrations of every man who has any reverence for his God, or any love for his country. Justice to the other members would seem to require us to single out these gross offenders against moral decency: but the seal of opprobium can beset without this personality from us—the guilty are already known, and will, we trust, suffer that chastisement which the moral sense of this nation has never yet failed to visit on the impious and profane. The higher the object, the hotter is the lightning that blasts it.—*Washington Spectator.*