Miscellaneous.

TEMPERANCE AND FREEDOM.

[illegible]

Up! up with our banner, all spotless and white
[illegible] and the waves ripple in
[illegible] free on the wind—
[illegible] chains for the mind!

[illegible] the terrors of "master" and "slave,"
[illegible] of the free hold the home of the
[illegible]
To live all the life my Heaven designed—
No bonds for the body—no chains for the mind!

[illegible] Rum! foul traffic in man's blood and
[illegible]
[illegible] in his direst sorrow and groans—
[illegible] of all nations known to mankind!—
No bonds for the body—no chains for the mind!

Great God! shall this curse all our country
[illegible] Rivers!
[illegible] the sun of Man's Hope darken thus in the
[illegible]
NO! thunder the voices of freedom combined—
No bonds for the body—no chains for the mind!

[illegible] away with the rumseller's mansion of sin,
[illegible] hell-born foetus are crawling within;
[illegible] all the miseries and crimes there con
[illegible]
[illegible] for the body—no chains for the mind!

[illegible] every scene which causes this woe!
[illegible] with the fountain from whence it doth
[illegible] Flow!
[illegible] them! spare not—casting Satan be
[illegible]
No bonds for the body—no chains for the mind!

Then up with our banner, all spotless and white!
[illegible] whisper peace, and its waves ripple
[illegible] Right!
And we thrill to its music cast free on the wind!
No bonds for the body—no chains for the mind!

The late Mr. Justice Talfourd.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The readers of these pages will have known many days before the present number of the paper, into their hands, that on Monday the thirteenth of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stuttgard in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away on a moment, with words of kindness on his sequence of brotherly tenderness and kindness toward all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labours and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend, but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects, in his poems, in his speeches, in his conduct at the bar, in Parliament, he was appreciated, honoured, and loved. He was as great and varied a man as any from himself in this age has yet to himself and not to them, or affection in his first place naturally [illegible] they remain, but [illegible]

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of being with him in his own home when his public duties were greatest, his modest, so combined with little sitings, so interested in humble persons and family efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so fond of remembrance of a domestic page, so gay and gracious of heart too sacred to be unspelled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there were a house in England justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honored for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own sake, and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a great example sorely needed and grievously missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more completely, unostentatiously, quietly, immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was any body's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort, which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer visit to the sea-shore to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingering in the twight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but above all, he spoke with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with [illegible] of heart, and his solitary [illegible] and to the purpose [illegible] before pleading by the [illegible] dispute as what site he [illegible] when he would [illegible] And ah! within [illegible] it is all-enduring as a dream.

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England as he did, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that it owes to ignorance, or a miscalled education which leads half or worse, and a want of the exchange of favourable grades and [illegible] exciting the [illegible] orders of society, [illegible] into cash and hold-[illegible] Well will it be for us and our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment [illegible]

[illegible] his social intercourse to which [illegible] from station, an example [illegible] who is for themselves [illegible] upon its eminence [illegible] the road by which it got there, [illegible] the importance [illegible] and strength [illegible] gentle hearted. Full [illegible] on a brighter world [illegible] a friend; [illegible] not easily.

[illegible] poor Farmer on his [illegible] when he first [illegible] Both the were in [illegible] life—little used to [illegible] Since—there [illegible] enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many interesting years has been cheered by warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity, in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning gradness at first, than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

BOOKS AS A MEDICINE.

I say, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel for the last light book of fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that, you cannot tickle and divert the mind, you must wrench it away, absorb, bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—counter irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart! If science is too much again the grain—for we have not all got mathematical heads—something in the reach of the humblest understanding, but sufficiently searching to the highest, a new language—Greek, Arabic, Scandinavian, Chinese or Welsh! For the loss of fortune, the dose should be applied less directly to the understanding. I would administer something elegant and cordial. For as the heart is crushed and lacerated by a loss in the affections, so it is rather the head that aches and suffers by the loss of money. There we find the higher class of poets a very valuable remedy. Not always that poets of the grandest and more comprehensive kind of genius, live in them two separate men, quite distinct from each other—the imaginative man, and the practical, circumstantial man; and it is the happy mixture of these that suits disease of the mind half imaginative, and half practical. There is Shakspeare, who above all picks up the mysterious dose of hard sense and empty rant-fancy; and a great many more, which I need not mention, but which, if you take to them gently and quietly, will make your mere philosopher, your unreasonable stoic tell you that, you have [illegible] nothing, but who, well insensibly steal [illegible] of the world where you are just as welcome, than you carry no more earth with your shoe covers the sole of your shoes. Born for hope and joy and safety, what is better than a brisk, alternative course of tragedy, especially early, out of the way, miraculous legendary travels! How they take you out of humdrum drum, yawning state that you are in.

And for that vice of the mind which I call scepticism—but it is religious scepticism the word, but little, narrow, prejudice, that is, as you page your next door neighbor, because he has his eggs roasted when you have yours boiled, and grumbling and praying into people's affairs, thinking that heaven and [illegible] if some broom twig [illegible] you have let grow over the [illegible] your brains—what like a large and generous mildly aperient course of history! How it clears away all the fumes of the mind! [illegible] the Bedlebery with whole the old feeling of the middle ages purged, the cobwebs [illegible]

But, when some one sorrow that is perpetrable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania, when you think, because Heaven has ordered you this for that, on which you had set your heart, that all your life must be a blank—oh! then, let yourself well on biography, the biography of great and good men. See how little a space one sorrow really makes, after [illegible] See [illegible] pure, perhaps, given to some grief similar to your own, and how tranquillizing the [illegible] sails on beyond it. You thought the wing was broken! Tut, tut, it was only a bruised feather! See what life leaves behind it, when all is doing a summary of positive facts, full out of the feeling of sorrow and suffering, looking themselves with the being of the world. Yes, biography is the medicine here.—*Bulwer.*

ADAMS' EXPRESS.—On a certain day in the year 1839, a man with a carpet-bag might have been seen (as James would relate the story) embarking on board the Norwich steamboat for Boston. The man was a Boston Yankee. Alvan Adams by name; the carpet bag contained a few parcels which individuals had entrusted him to be "delivered promptly in the city of his destination; his capital was in his business; his reputation was his personal acquaintance; he was nothing in short but a man with a carpet bag, or is what is now called Express Messenger on the smallest scale. Fight! [illegible] integrity, promptness, and enterprise, brought wonderful things out of that carpet bag; a richer treasury than Fortunatus' purse, and a more magical agency than Aladdin's lamp. The possessor is now, after the lapse of fifteen years, the head of a house which carries to and fro in its "carpet bags," for the accommodation of the public, an amount of treasure, in the shape of merchandize, gold and silver, notes and valuables, not less than one million of dollars every day, or $365,000,000 per annum. Their offices are in every city or commercial depot from New York to San Francisco and Australia—not to mention the Japan office, for which Commodore Perry has gone to pave the way. Their agents and assistants number about three hundred. Their capital is of a nature immense, and the circumstances of the Gold mania of California, their connection with it as forwarders, and the extraordinary share of public confidence earned by their honorable career, have lately constrained them to act in San Francisco as Bankers, on a large scale, where they have just sustained a "run" (occasioned by an accidental rumor) to the amount of $500,000, in a manner which has added largely to the confidence and popularity which they before enjoyed, which is one of the features of the wonderful age in which we live.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

A NEW PROJECTILE.—In Constantinople a manufactory has been established for those fatal explosive balls of which so large a quantity has been of late imported into the East. They were discovered by an equivocal [illegible] and seized to be fired with some [illegible] of gunpowder, and [illegible] to have been [illegible] in an old vessel, in the hold of which some forty dogs were shut up, all of which were found dead within a few minutes after the bell had entered.

Jews in New York.

The Jews are a peculiar people, though their exercises at the "inauguration dinner," last evening, were not so peculiar but that Christians present thought it a very excellent and Christian like entertainment. There are said to be some 17,000 of the Jewish faith in the United States. Their churches number 81, and their church accommodation perhaps may be justly taken as an index to their strength. Probably 6000 Jews are to be found in the City of New York. Their children attend the same schools with our children, and until we reach their religious peculiarities, there is little to distinguish them from others of our citizens. And yet they have some peculiarities. We seldom find one of them in our prisons or penitentiaries. When one is seen in prison, he is there for some petty offence, the charges being seldom graver than of false pretences or of receiving stolen goods. Some years ago, we remember one was sentenced to the State for arson; but yet it is true that, to a remarkable extent, Israelites are seldom blunders against society. They are not infrequently found in our hospitals, and never in our poorhouses. At Ward's Island, where, so many thousands of the poor drifting across from the Old World are continually gathering, we find all classes of a heritage, Quakers, perhaps, excepted; and all religious creeds represented, but never a Jew. Perhaps the Jewish immigrant arrives, he has no country himself, though poverty has chased him from his old home, and yet honour some where, to the Commissioners of Emigration for the receipt of that, [illegible] which his communication for [illegible] but he questions first, where is there a Jew? He is only found, half buried in the city, generally [illegible] by appointment of the young one [illegible] assume the speed [illegible] for such. A [illegible] the strongest [illegible] solicited [illegible] his own people, and by contributions within their circle, all the immediate wants are relieved, and he is put in the way of obtaining a livelihood for himself. From the extraordinary amount [illegible] and through this [illegible] we judge that there must be large disbursements made by some of them in charity.

Thirteen hundred tons of coal, we are told, have been given to the poor by the Society of Israelites in New York during the past winter. This, early and unremitting attention of these [illegible] to the wants of those who are able, to the wants of the poor, must greatly tend to, protect the community against crime, since crime takes its rise not so much in poverty, which [illegible] and makes dens upon the door, and stand perpetually beckons on.

Here is a fact from which Christians may profitably accept a hint. Meet poverty, while it is innocent, relieve it, and you remove the temptation to vice, for hitherto it has a sharp tooth and cannot but gnaw through the [illegible] of virtue, when that which must [illegible] it necessarily on the other side. The [illegible] may [illegible] as to the [illegible] supplying the wants of those who [illegible] some [illegible] that it is [illegible] upon the [illegible] seems to have been imparted [illegible] to the earth, their natural aquisitiveness has been sharpened, and the angles and [illegible] of their character strongly brought out. We have often thought that their faith must be stronger, that that of most men [illegible] their strict observance of the Jewish Sabbath, respect the Scriptures where stringent laws [illegible] and their dealings as good citizens, [illegible] them from history as worthy [illegible] upon the [illegible] Sabbatic peculiarity, impressed us. And it is [illegible] to, that while the [illegible] of the seven days devoted to business, they so generally prove successful business men.—*Exchange.*

A Cafe at Kalafat.

The town of Kalafat is a small one. There are traces of a unique emigration about it which are quite refreshing to the senses. A cafe may be just shed, with an American billiard table in it—the pockets, bound about the size of china plates. The walls, windows and doors are painted—a grand contrast to the houses on the opposite shore. The walls are decorated with accurate coloured prints of the great Field Marshal, Lieutenant Schlik, having a black patch on his eye, with a broad black strip across the forehead, fastening the same; wearing an hussar uniform, trimmed with gold and comporting himself generally in a manner *a la premier* of Europe. Napoleon, performs his usual feats of horsemanship while descending Mount St. Bernard. Joseph and Mrs. Poniphing with a note of admiration after the title, and a "dream" of an angel very like a woman with green wings, hovering over an individual resident in some climate less rigorous than Walhalla, a wooden clock from Pesth, keeping European time, instead of abetting that abominable system of computing the day at sunset, usual in Turkey, where, it is out of the question to know what o'clock it is without entering into arithmetical calculation, the accuracy of the result of which is generally doubtful.

The room is a babel of tongues and quite democratic in the constitution of its inmates; Turkish Colonels and Turkish privates, European officers, after the fashion of Europe, taking all [illegible] together. The cafe seems to be doing a thriving business, [illegible] and gentlemen which gives the place an unimpeachable status; but added to that, it is a place where you can get a good cup of coffee, and a good cigar, and a game of billiards, and a game of chess, and a game of cards, and a game of backgammon, and a game of [illegible] and a game of [illegible] and a game of [illegible]