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Weekly Almanack.

May—1832.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	Full Sea.
29 Wednesday - -	4 25	7 35	sets.	11 54
31 Thursday - -	4 24	7 36	9 37	morn.
1 Friday - -	4 23	7 37	10 35	0 31
2 Saturday - -	4 22	7 38	11 24	1 22
3 Sunday - -	4 22	7 38	morn.	2 9
4 Monday - -	4 21	7 39	0 4	2 59
5 Tuesday - -	4 21	7 39	0 38	3 56

First Quarter 5th, 10h. 35m. morning.

THE GARLAND.

HUMAN LIFE.

(From Mr. Montgomery's Poem, "The Pelican Island.")

What is this mystery of human life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come, by the same stages;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!
Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience-fit—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
The Child;—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched old;
And all its dreams of our felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions:
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd [flowers,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and
Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.
Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses! [mise,
—The Boy, the Girl;—when all was joy, hope, pro-
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And dream of what will never come to pass?
—The Youth, the Maiden;—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but more enduring:
—The Woman;—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders;
—The Man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
—Then the gray Elder;—leaning on his staff,
And bowed beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secresy of sleep.
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with more subtilty benumbs the frame)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office;
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is He?

MISCELLANEA.

[From the London Atlas.]

The Seven Apocalyptic Churches. By Charles Macfarlane. The Etchings by Thomas Knox. London, 1832.

Where are the seven stars held in the right hand of the "first and last?" Where the seven golden candlesticks? Have the angels of the seven churches eaten of the promised tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God? Are they not hurt of the second death? Have they the white stone with the secret name thereon engraven? Have they tasted the hidden manna? Is theirs the morning star? Are they not blotted from the book of life? Do they walk in white garments? or sit on the throne of him that overcometh?

Spiritually, the vision of the inspired at Patmos may be hard of interpretation; but, literally, the denunciations against the churches of Asia Minor are fearfully realized.

At Ephesus, the church whose "labours, and patience, and abhorrence of evil" were known, who tried "the self-called apostles, and found them liars," was exalted in dignity first of the seven; but "she left her first love," and "her candlestick is removed out of its place." Where Timothy the disciple of John was bishop, a few Greek peasants now form the "church," while the walls of the sacred edifice support the minaret of a Mahommedan mosque. The crescent beams where the cross was exalted. As the temple of Diana of the Ephesians, seven times rebuilt, supported by 127 marble columns, each sixty feet high, adorned with the image which fell down from Jupiter, the sculptures of Praxiteles, and the riches and arts of Asia, yielded to the eloquence of Paul, so did the Christian church yield to the sword of the Osmanlis. A huge arch, ruined, and a few piles of buildings, are all that remain of Ephesus. Strange that the "Epistle to the Ephesians," in the language in which it was written, is now more clearly understood by Britons than it is by the Ephesians themselves—even those whose faith and language are nearest to purity.

Smyrna hath had ten days' tribulation. Her crown of life is departed, but pestilence, war, and the tyranny of the Turcomans are upon her. Her now chief inhabitants are Americans, whose continent was undiscovered; Britons, who were savages; and Hollanders, whose country was under the sea, when Smyrna was rich in her poverty. Her proud Acropolis is a ridge of ruins; her sacred Meles a muddy and insignificant stream. Her palaces are full of filth and united to misery; and although trade and life are in her streets, she is still in tribulation.

The church of the *Agios Theologos* remains at Pergamus, but ruined and desolate. The stork is its inmate, and the voice of the turtle mourns through its aisles. He hath fought against her with the sword of his mouth. The black-turbaned, humbled, and dejected Christian breathes his aspiration, lowly and afraid, while the muezzin sounds from the minaret the praise of Allah and his prophet, and the holy church echoes to the voice of the infidel.

Thyatira, now Ak-hissar (the White Castle), has seen her children "killed with death," and she lies on the bed of tribulation. Two Greek churches and nine mosques are now in Thyatira, and the *Archiereus*—the Bishop of Ephesus—knows not the value of a copy of the New Testament.

Of Sardis two pillars and a ruined arch remain. He hath come on her as a thief, her hour unknown. Nothing in Asia Minor equals her desolation. The golden Pactolus which flowed through the *Agora*, or market-place, now runs over its site; but no soul stands there at the fifth hour, as in the days of old. The rugged steep of her Acropolis is ruin-crested; and the snowy Tmolus alone remains as of yore, like the white-robed high priest lifting incense to heaven. The heathen temple and the Christian Churches lie alike in heaps of ruins, and nought is there to tell of their glory.

Philadelphia, the Allah Sher (City of God) of the Turks, retains five of her twenty-five churches, and truly "an open door has been set before her which no man can shut." She is literally a pillar, and the name of the *New Jerusalem* may yet be written thereon.

Laodicea, the Eski-hissar (Old Castle) of the Turks, hath suffered the curse of rejection. Wolves, jackalls, and foxes inhabit her temples, palaces, and theatres.

This work will afford matter of melancholy musing to the Christian reader. The etchings impress on us the desolation of those holy places, and the descriptions are very clear. The merit is wholly in the idea. Mr. Macfarlane's travels afford grounds for his account of the four first named cities, and the other three are described from the works of former travellers. We will make an extract and conclude by recommending the work to our religious readers.

The Psalmist says—

As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.—Ps. civ. 17: and at a humble village in the neighbourhood of Pergamus, screened by a dark wood of mountain fir, I observed in one of my solitary rides the vast "procreant cradle," and the broad white wing of the stork on nearly every other tree.

I was accustomed, while at Pergamus, to walk in an open gallery, which ran along the back of the primate's house, where I was lodged. "Thence, looking over the roofs and upper apartments of curious dwellings, I saw before me, at a very few yards distance, the massy walls of the old Greek church of Agios Theologos, whose rough ridges covered with their nests (larger than our bushel measure), and whose angles, buttresses, and every 'coin of vantage,' used to be incessantly frequented by troops of stately storks. They were always divided into pairs: sometimes only the long elastic neck of one of them would be seen towering from the nest, while the consort would stand by on one of his long thin legs, and watch with the assiduity of affection: sometimes one of them caressing his mate ere he left her, would spread his broad snow-white wings, fly away to the town or the fields, and thence return with a large twig or other materials for the nest, or a supply of provisions for his occupied partner. Other couples would be grouped on the edges of the stupendous ruin, entwining their pliant necks and mixing their long bills: or in pretty coquetry one would bend her neck over her back, and bury her bill in the luxuriant plumage, and her consort would make his long bill clack with a peculiar sharp and monotonous sound, and then in gentle force raise the recreant head, and embrace it with quivering delight. I have thus often counted as many as fifty couple of storks at a time upon the ruin. Mixed with these large white birds, or issuing from their nests, in the crannies of the walls below the nests of the storks, or flitting athwart the twilight sky, were thousands of little blue turtle doves, 'forming an amorous choir which never ceased by day or by night.' These sounds, and I must add the vernal voices of cuckoos, almost equally numerous, used to compose me to sleep, and to them I awoke in the morning.'"

One reflection we must add, that these sweeping desolations predicted by the modern Jeremiah, and fulfilled so fearfully, are doubtless meant to humble christian pride. We triumph over the fall of the heathen, and proclaim the Jew a type of Divine vengeance; but we here see, that in a period infinitely shorter than the reign of pagan polytheism or Israelitish theocracy, the institutions of Christianity are swept away from the soil where they were planted by the Apostles themselves, to flourish in the ends of the earth; and that while the plant dies which was set in the chosen vineyard, its fruit ripens and the wine press is at work in far lands and among barbarous nations.

THE LAW MAGAZINE,
AND QUARTERLY REVIEW OF JURISPRUDENCE.

(From the Leeds Mercury.)

The last Number of this Magazine has just been placed in our hands, and we find it a work interesting in no slight degree, not only to the legal profession but to the public generally. Several of its articles are of course of a strictly professional nature, but the others well deserve more general perusal. Among the latter in the present number are those on "Secondary Punishments," "The Unanimity of Juries," "Life of Lord Thurlow," "Tithes in Germany," and "The Royal Marriage Act—Claim of Sir Augustus D'Este." The first is on a very important subject, and is ably treated. That on the Unanimity of Juries contains several very strong arguments against the present system, which is obviously clogged by many gross defects. The author of the article goes far to establish his opinion against requiring unanimity by facts, of which we give below two glaring ones, though by no means remarkable when compared with others which might be adduced. Both of these incidents we believe occurred at the assizes for this county. The writer seems to be in favor of a majority of eight to four jurymen deciding in civil cases, but of a still larger majority in those affecting the lives of individuals. He informs us that the Common Law Commissioners have come to a decided opinion against the present system, and presents us with an important recommendation of theirs on the point.* In his reasoning on the absurdity of forcing twelve consciences to agree on a disputed fact, the writer gives a novel plan for carrying on the public business, and especially for passing the Reform Bill, which we extract as worthy the *grave* consideration of our readers. The following extracts relate to the Unanimity of Juries:—

"We object to this system, first, on the ground that it is not only inefficient for securing the triumph of justice, but that it frequently gives a victory to injustice. You may be placing eleven rational and conscientious men at the mercy of one capricious and obstinate fool, or eleven honest and impartial men at the mercy of one interested knave. Supposing the rule to be, that some majority of voices should decide the verdict, it would in clear cases be decided immediately in favour of reason and justice; but according to the rule of our law, the fool or the knave, if he can hold out against his eleven brethren, beats them all. In fact, the very same law which refuses to take eleven voices against one, may by such refusal, enable one to preponderate over eleven. It is not very long since a practical illustration of this was given at the trial of a horse cause in the north of England. The case was a clear one in favor of the plaintiff; but the jury, after having been locked up all night, and to a late hour on the day following, gave, to the astonishment of every body except those in the secret, a verdict for the defendant. The circumstance was a good deal talked of at the time, and it appears from statements made in conversation by some of the jurors, that the result had been produced in the following manner. When the jury had retired to their room, it was immediately ascertained that eleven were for the plaintiff and one for the defendant. All manner of arguments were addressed to the understanding and conscience of the solitary dissentient, but utterly in vain. Like Major Bellenden in Old Mortality, he protested that sooner than abandon his position, he would eat up his boots; and, showing a pocket-full of horse-beans, he declared that he was provisioned for two or three days. The night came, but he remained inexorable,

Supperless the eleven sate,

while the juryman settled himself in a corner, munched away at his horse-beans, and looked out with infinite philosophy upon the turmoil around him. The morning, the noon, and the second evening drew on; the patience and strength of the eleven were exhausted, but the horse-beans were not; and at length the twelve made their appearance in court with a verdict which every man among them knew to be a false one.'

"At the last March assizes, a jury were shut up in the evening to deliberate upon their verdict. About three in the morning, they announced that they had agreed. The judge having left the court, they were marshalled in procession, headed by the associate and the judge's coachman with a lanthorn, towards the lodgings of Mr. Justice ———. When the cavalcade had advanced about half way, an alarm was given that one of the jurymen was missing, in fact, the defendant had been lying in wait at a corner, and had detached it from the main body. Upon this, the associate and coachman set off after the lost sheep, and at length succeeded in finding him; but, on returning to the place where they had left the eleven, it was found that, exhausted with their night's vigils, they had slipped into their tavern, and were getting to bed as fast as they could. Of course they were summoned forth; and the whole twelve were at length safely convoyed to the judge's lodgings. When they appeared before his lordship, it was found that the juror, who had been waylaid, had changed his mind and no longer agreed with his brethren. Upon this they were ordered into an adjoining apartment, where they continued for half an hour, and would have continued longer, but for a threat from the associate that if they did not forthwith agree, they should be carried to the place from whence they came, that is, to their cold and dismal room at the court house. Such a threat, in the month of March, produced its effect; the scruples of the single juror vanished; the verdict was happily recorded, and judge, associate, coachman and jurors, at length consigned to their repose."

"Nothing can be more manifest than the simplicity and harmony which would be introduced into human affairs, if we could all be made to agree by methods like those adopted with respect to our juries. Indeed, one obvious consequence would be, that a jury itself would become wholly unnecessary; since it would only be requisite, after plaintiff and defendant had pleaded to issue, that you should lock them up together, and starve them till they had agreed upon every point in dispute. Such a species of imparlance or *licentia concordandi*, would evidently produce the happiest effects. Consider too, how great the advantage of applying this principle to the deliberations of the learned judges upon questions of law. It is clearly most important that we should have no divisions of opinion upon the bench, no *sembles*, no *tamen quæres*. Why should not each *curia adviseari vult* be the signal for locking up their lordships in the Bail Court, or in some other private and convenient place, there to be kept without meat, drink, fire or candle, till they declared themselves free from doubt and unanimous? Why, moreover, (for really the imagination kindles at the prospect of the benefits which are in store for us), should not the same mode of procuring unanimity be engrafted forthwith upon the proceedings of all deliberative bodies, especially those which decide upon the affairs of the nation, and why should we longer endure the curse of discordant politics? All reasonable men are looking out, for some peaceable mode of settling the Reform Question; behold it here. Let us, without more ado, shut up Sir Robert Peel with Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wetherell with Mr. O'Connell, Mr. John Wilson Croker with Mr. Joseph Hume, in short, all who hate the bill with all who love it: let the Serjeant-at-Arms be instructed to keep the doors locked, and to cut off all communication with Bellamy's, till they have agreed upon their verdict; and then let the nation mark, admire, and profit by the result of deliberations so conducted."

* The Commissioners recommend, "that the jury shall not be kept in deliberation longer than twelve hours, unless at the end of that period they unanimously concur to apply for further time, which in that case shall be granted; and that at the expiration of the twelve hours, or such prolonged time for deliberation, if any nine of them concur in giving a verdict, such verdict shall be entered on record, and shall entitle the party in whose favor it is given to judgment; and [illegible] the party in [illegible]

COLD FEET.

(From the Philadelphia Journal of Health.)

Habitually cold feet is one of the most conclusive indications of a diseased condition of the digestive functions, and strongly calls for an attention to those means by which the stomach and bowels can alone be restored to a state of health; a well regulated diet, a daily active exercise, and early rising. It is in vain to attempt the removal of this disagreeable sensation, by the local application of warmth, or of stimulants to the feet, so long as its chief causes are allowed to continue and daily increase.

The amount and activity of the circulation is always less in the extremities than in the central parts of the body; hence, upon exposure to cold, under the ordinary circumstances of health, without due protection, the feet and hands are the parts which first suffer, and from a degree of cold which would be scarcely experienced by the rest of the body. When from any disease of the nervous system, the due distribution of the nervous energy is interrupted, or when, in consequence of a permanent irritation, seated in the stomach or other parts of the alimentary canal, there takes place a diminished transmission of blood to the lower limbs, the action of the arteries in the feet is still further diminished, together with their power of generating heat; these parts feel, therefore, permanently cold, and suffer severely from the slightest depression in the temperature of the air. We have known the feet of hysterical females, and of individuals labouring under dyspepsy, to communicate a sensation of coldness to the hand when applied to them, in the midst of summer; and in the winter to remain icy cold, when well covered in bed or enveloped in several pairs of woollen stockings. The unpleasant, nay painful feelings induced in the persons whose feet are in this state, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not themselves experienced them.

The cure may very generally be effected, particularly in recent cases, by a proper regulation of the diet, as well in regard to the nature of the food taken, as to its quantity. Plain wholesome food, simply cooked, without much seasoning, stale bread, various preparations of milk, and water for drink, must be adopted and strictly adhered to; observing of course, the proper rules of moderation in its use. We have known, in several instances, the abandonment of tea and coffee, the discontinuance of meat suppers, and, in many more, abstinence from distilled and fermented liquors, to remove effectually, and in a very short space of time, a coldness of the feet from which the patients had long suffered. But a due attention to diet will not produce all the effects desired, unless joined with active bodily exercise in the open air every fine day. It is the sedentary, chiefly, who suffer from cold feet. The sempstress, confined to her needle day and night: the student who impairs his health in the pursuit of knowledge; the clerk, chained to his desk for the greater part of the day, as well as that numerous class of mechanics whose occupations are carried on in a sitting posture, have almost invariably cold feet, impaired powers of digestion, and various uneasy feelings, indicative of a defective or irregular distribution of nervous energy, and which can be alone remedied by abandoning their several occupations for a stated period every day, to be devoted to exercise in the open air. Early rising, from its genial influence upon the general health of the system, should not be overlooked by those troubled with cold feet.

The warm bath, both general and local, will likewise be found highly beneficial. It is a mistake, that frequently washing the feet in warm water has a tendency to render those parts more liable to the impression of cold. We know from personal experience, as well as from its effects upon others who have made trial of it, that bathing the feet once or twice a week in warm water, is a very powerful means, in conjunction with regular exercise, of preventing the effects of cold, and of preserving them of a pleasant warmth.—More especially is this the case when the use of the foot bath is followed by brisk frictions of the feet and legs, with a coarse towel or flesh brush. Repeating these frictions every night and morning, without the bath, during half an hour each time, is likewise a very excellent practice. Of course the feet should be carefully defended from cold and damp, by a proper covering.

By the course here pointed out, provided it be continued with due diligence and regularity, unbroken by occasional fits of miscalled indulgence, or of neglect, a healthy distribution of the circulating fluids to, and an increased energy in the action of the blood vessels of the feet, will very generally be permanently restored; and, as a consequence, a comfortable feeling of warmth at every period of the year. In addition to which, an improved condition of health throughout the body will be experienced; for it is only by inducing the latter, that any remedy, either externally applied or administered internally, can have the effect of removing an habitual sensation of coldness of the feet.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

(From Capt. Basil Hall's "Voyages and Travels.")

After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war's discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skilful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite aghast on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need.—Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save their companions, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, to whose hands the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we have not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; if they possess little prudence or worldly consideration, they are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, too, they are much attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck; but what I was alluding to just now was the cordiality of the friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social ties have been broken across either by the chances of war, or by the stern decrees which, I fear, will always render impressment absolutely unavoidable, or by the very nature of their roving and desultory life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not wherefore.

I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the Endymion, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the forecastle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their station, missed one of the fore-top men. Just at that moment I observed some one curled up, and apparently hiding himself under the bow of the barge, between the boat and the booms. "Hillo!" I said, "who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?"

"I am not skulking, sir," said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather-beaten cheek were running down with tears. The man we had just lost had been his messmate and friend, he told me, for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day." "Never mind, sir, never mind," said the kind hearted seaman, "it can't be helped.—You meant no harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty."—So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mustering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

In the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding-sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all seafaring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions, the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their number, when taunted by his more skilful companions with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man; and along with his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above the water. So down he sank rapidly, to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

The captain of the forecastle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-a-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet anchor with his arms across, and his well varnished canvas hat drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake or merely dozing in the sun, and he leaned his back against the fore-topmast backstay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the time, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had granted out a warning to them from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying they might drown themselves if they had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little boy catch his eye, than, diver-fashion, he joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad sunk so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing the bewildered boy in his hand, and calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail into the midst of the party. The fore-sheet was hauled in the calm, nearly into the water, and by it the dripping seaman scrambled up again to his old berth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the forecastle to shift himself.

At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, as he sat across the gangway hammocks, watching the swimmers, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labour of undressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my man, and right well deserves a glass of grog. Say so to the gunroom steward as you pass; and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff northwester." The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgment of the attention, and instinctively touched his hat when spoken to by an officer, he made no reply, till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life."

Military Punishment—Affecting Case.—I never knew but one solitary instance in which a man recovered self-respect and general reputation after having been tortured and degraded by the punishment which is the subject of this letter.

When I was a regimental serjeant-major in the Light Dragoons, the regiment was one evening paraded for the purpose of seeing punishment inflicted. The delinquent was a private soldier, who had on previous occasions received, altogether, some thousands of lashes. Since his first flogging his name had been constantly in the guard reports, and he had scarcely done a day's duty. His offence on this occasion, was being drunk on guard, and his sentence was three hundred lashes. The court-martial was read, and even before it was finished he began to undress with apparent indifference and sullen apathy. He knew the heinousness of his crime, and he was well aware of its certain consequences. When he was tied up, his naked back presented so appalling and frightful a spectacle, that his kind-hearted commanding officer, on viewing it, turned his head instinctively from the sight, and he stood absorbed in thought, with his eyes in another direction, as though reluctant to look on it again. Thus stood the commanding officer until the adjutant informed him all was ready. These words roused the colonel from his motionless position, and he started when the adjutant addressed him. I can well imagine the struggle between duty and mercy in which his benevolent heart was assailed: but the latter was always his motto: and thus kindly predisposed, he walked slowly up to the prisoner, and viewed more closely his lacerated back, on which were visible large lumps of thick and callous flesh, and weals which were distressing to behold. The colonel viewed his back some seconds unknown to the delinquent, and when he at length turned round (more from surprise that the flogging did not commence than from any other motive) his commanding officer addressed him in the following words: "C——, you are now tied up to receive the just reward of your total disregard and defiance of all order and discipline. Your back presents an awful spectacle to your surrounding comrades, and for my own part I would willingly withdraw it from their sight—but I fear your heart is as hard as your back, and that I have no alternative but to see that justice administered which the service requires. What possible benefit can you expect to derive from this continual disobedience of order, and disregard of the regulations of the service?" Thus addressed, in a mingled tone of benignity and firmness, the poor fellow seemed touched, and he wept bitterly. For a time he could say nothing, but at last he exclaimed, "I wish to God I was dead and out of your way! I am an unfortunate fellow; and I hope this flogging may be my last, and put me beyond the reach of that cursed and vile *liquor* which has been my ruin." The colonel and the whole regiment were now much affected, and many of the soldiers turned away their heads to hide their emotion. Seeing this, the colonel called the attention of the offender to the commiseration of his comrades. The unhappy man looked round as he was directed, and seemed much distressed. The colonel then said, "I cannot bear to see your brother soldiers so much affected for you without removing the cause. Your sentence, therefore for their sakes, I will remit; and, instead of the chastisement which has been awarded to you, and which you so well deserve—if you will pledge yourself to me, in the presence of your commiserating comrades, that you will behave well in future, I will not only pardon you but promise, when your conduct shall merit, to promote you to the rank of corporal." The admonished culprit called upon his comrades to bear witness to his words, while in a most solemn manner, he protested his firm resolution to amend. A short time after, this man was promoted, and proved one of the best non-commissioned officers in the service. The unlocked for mercy which had been extended towards him, and the total unexpected turn which the affair had taken, roused the feelings of his heart far above the level to which disgrace had plunged them, and every exertion was made by him to merit the kind consideration with which he had been distinguished. This man would often speak to me on this happy event in his life, with feelings of ineffable pleasure.—*Lieut. Shipp's Letter.*

CHARACTERS.—By Thomas Fuller.

A good Child:—"He is a stork to his parent, and feeds him in his old age: not only if his father had been a pelican, though he had been an ostrich unto him and neglected him in his youth."

The good Advocate:—"He is one that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience." "He joys not to be retained in such a suit where all the right in question is but a drop blown up with malice to be a bubble. Wherefore, in such a trivial matter, he persuades his client to sound a retreat, and make a composition."

The good Judge:—"Surely integrity is the proper posture of a judge. Men have a touchstone whereby to try gold, but gold is the touchstone whereby to try men."

The good Physician:—"To poor people he prescribes cheap but wholesome medicines; not removing the consumption out of their bodies into their purses."

The good Minister:—"He endeavors to get the general love and good will of his parish. This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual: otherwise he may preach his own heart out before he preacheth any thing into theirs. He will not offer to God that which costs him nothing, but takes pains aforehand for his sermons. Having brought his sermon into his head, he labors to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people. In publicly reproving sin, he ever whips the vice and spares the person. Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. He makes not that wearisome which should ever be welcome. Lying on his death bed, he bequeathes to each one of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy; and they, in requital, erect, every one a monument for him in their hearts." As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat."

The virtuous Lady:—"She sets not her face by her glass, so often as she compareth her soul by God's word." She is careful and most tender of her credit and reputation. There is a tree in Mexicana which is so exceedingly tender that a man may not touch any of its branches but it withers presently. A lady's credit is of equal niceness. In discourse her words are rather fit than fine—very choice, and yet not closen. Contented with that beauty which God hath given her. If very handsome, no whit the more proud, but far the more thankful; if unhandsome she hopes to better it in the virtues of the mind: they will persuade but plain cloth without may be rich plush within. She may go She reads constant lectures to herself of mortality. To smell to a turf of fresh earth CHES. some for the body: no less are thoughts a cordial for the soul.