

the interesting boy without separating him from his mother. We addressed ourselves to a broker with whom Mr Morlach was acquainted. The broker spoke to the owner of the slave and her child. He at first seemed inclined to accept our terms. The poor woman wept bitterly, and the boy threw his arms round his mother's neck. But the bargaining was all a pretence on the part of the merchant, and when we agreed to give him the very exorbitant price he set upon the slaves, he took the broker aside, and told him that the negress was not for sale. He stated that she was the slave of a rich Turk, who was the father of the boy; that she had evinced too haughty and over-bearing a spirit in the harem; and that, to correct and humble her, her master had sent her to the bazaar, under pretence of intending to get rid of her, but with secret orders that she should not be sold. This mode of correction is frequently resorted to, and when a Turk is out of humour with his female slaves, his usual threat is that he will send them to the bazaar.

To offer many remarks upon such a scene would only be to weaken the effect the description must produce in every well-regulated mind. Surely every female reader should especially be grateful to God for christianity; no other system has ever placed her sex in its proper station in society. Let English females bless God that they were not born in Turkey.—*Lamartine.*

THE BRIDE.

AMONG the crowd who were hastily promenading the streets on Christmas eve was Charles West; and, if his step degenerated into a stride and then a run, he might be pardoned. Charles West was a new-made bridegroom. The transition from the dirty, cold street to a warm parlor was in itself pleasurable; added to that, to be welcomed home by a bright-eyed girl, all smiles and blushes—for the honeymoon was barely passed—was absolutely too paradisaical for the earth. Emma had wheeled the sofa in front of the fire, and as Charles seated himself beside her he was certainly a very happy fellow. Alas! he had as yet only drunk the bubbles of the cup. Emma looked lovely, for the glow of the warm coal fire had given a bloom to her usually pale cheek, which lighted the lustre of her dark eyes. But there came a shade of thought over Emma's brow, and her husband instantly remarked it. It is strange how soon husbands see clouds on their liege lady's brows. It was the first Charles ever saw there, and it excited the tenderest inquiries. Was she unwell?—did she wish for any thing? Emma hesitated, blushed and looked down. Charles pressed to know what cast such a shadow over her spirits. 'I fear you will think me very silly, but Mary French has been sitting with me this afternoon.'—'Not for that certainly,' said Charles smiling. 'O, I did not mean that, but you know we began to keep house nearly at the same time, only they sent by Brent to New York for carpeting. Mary would have me walk down to Brent's store this evening with her, and he has brought too, and they are such loves!' Charles bit his lip. 'Mary,' She continued, 'said you were doing a first rate business, and said she was sure you would never let that odious wilton lay on the parlor, if you once saw that splendid Brussels—so rich and so cheap—only seventy-five dollars.'

Now the odious 'wilton' had been selected by Charles' mother and presented to them, and the color deepened on his cheek as his animated bride continued, 'Suppose we walk down to Brent's and look at it? There are only two, and it seems a pity not to secure it.'—'Emma,' said Charles gravely, 'you are mistaken if you suppose my business will justify extravagance. It will be useless to look at the carpet, as we have one which will answer very well, and is perfectly new.' Emma's vivacity fled, and she sat awkwardly picking her nails. Charles felt embarrassed. He drew out his watch and put it back, whistled, and finding a periodical on Emma's table began to read aloud some beautiful verses. His voice was well toned, and he soon forgot his embarrassment, when, looking into Emma's eyes, how was he surprised, instead of the glow of sympathetic feeling he expected to meet, to see her head bent on her hand, evident displeasure on her

brow, and a tear slowly trickling down her cheeks! Charles was a sensible young man—I wish there were more of them—and he reflected a minute before he said, 'Emma, my love, get your bonnet and cloak on, and walk with me, if you please.' Emma looked as if she would like to pout a little longer, but Charles said: 'come' with such a serious gravity on his countenance, that Emma thought proper to accede, and, nothing doubting but that it was to purchase the carpet, took his arm with a smile of triumph. They crossed several squares in the direction of Brent's, until they at last stood before the door of a miserable tenement in a back street. 'Where in the world are you taking me?' inquired Emma shrinking back. Charles quietly led her forward, and lifting the latch they stood in a little room, around the grate of which, three small children were hovering closer and closer, as the cold wind crept through the crevices in the decayed walls. An emaciated being, whose shrunk features, sparkling eye and flushed cheek spoke of deadly consumption, lay on a wretched low bed, the slight covering of which barely suffered to keep her from freezing, while a spectral babe, whose black eyes looked unnaturally large from its extreme thinness, was vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance from its dying mother.

'How are you, Mrs. Wright?' quietly inquired Charles. The woman feebly raised herself on her arm. 'Is that you, Mr. West? O, how glad I am that you are come! your mother?'—'Has not been at home for a month, and the lady who promised her to look after you in her absence only informed me to day of your illness.'—'I have been very ill,' she faintly replied, sinking back on her straw bed. Emma drew near. She arranged the pillow and bedclothes over the feeble sufferer, but her heart was too full to speak. Charles observed it and felt satisfied. 'Is that beautiful girl your bride? I heard you were married.'—'Yes, and in my mother's absence she will see you do not suffer.'—'Bless you, Mr. Charles West, bless you for a good son of a good mother! May your young wife deserve you—and that is wishing a good deal for her. You are very good to think of me,' she said, looking at Emma, 'and you are just married.' Charles saw Emma could not speak, and he hurried her home, promising to send the poor woman coal that night. The moment they reached home, Emma burst into tears. 'My dear Emma,' said Charles, soothingly, 'I hope I have not given you too severe a shock. It is sometimes salutary to look upon the miseries of others, that we may properly appreciate our own happiness. Here is a purse containing \$75. You may spend it as you please.'

It is unnecessary to say that the 'odious wilton' kept its place; but the shivering children of want were taught to bless the name of Emma West, and it formed the last articulate murmur on the lips of the dying sufferer.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—The annual distribution of prizes at the London University took place on Saturday at two o'clock. The theatre of the institution was filled in every part. Earl Fitzwilliam presided. Dr. Elioston, the Secretary, read the report. The Noble Chairman then proceeded to deliver the prizes, consisting of gold and silver medals, and certificates to those pupils who had made the greatest proficiency in the several branches of anatomy, anatomy and physiology, practice of medicine, surgery, midwifery, materia medica, medical jurisprudence, chemistry, comparative anatomy, and botany. His lordship, in his subsequent address, said he would urgently impress on the minds of the students of anatomy not to forget the immaterial in the material subjects they examined. (Loud cheers.) He trusted they would not, in their investigation into the material parts of man, forget that that matter had been animated by an immaterial essence all but divine. (Renewed cheers.) He hoped they would rise from the contemplation of God's material works to the contemplation of God himself. (Great applause.) They would find this the most effectual way to promote their own interests and happiness in this life, and they would at the same time refute the calumny which had been so industriously circulated, that the institution was not favourable to religion. (Cheers.)

THE FOSSIL FLOWER.

Dark fossil flower! I see thy leaves unrolled,
With all their lines of beauty freshly marked;
As when the eye of Morn beamed on thee first,
And thou first turn'dst to meet its welcome smile:
And sometimes in the coals' bright rain-bow hues,
I dream I see the colors of thy prime,
And for a moment robe thy form again
In splendor not its own. Flower of the past!
Now as I look on thee, life's echoing tread
Falls noiseless on my ear; the present dies;
And o'er my soul the thoughts of distant time,
In silent waves, like billows from the sea,
Come rolling on and on, with ceaseless flow,
Innumerable. Thou mayest have sprung unown
Into thy noon of life, when first earth heard
Its Maker's sovereign voice; and laughing flowers
Waved o'er the meadows, hung on the mountain crags,
And nodded in the breeze on every hill.
Thou may'st have bloomed unseen, save by the stars
That sang together o'er thy rosy birth,
And came at eve to watch thy folded rest.
None may have sought thee in thy fragrant home,
Save light-voiced winds, that round thy dwelling played,
Or seemed to sigh, oft as their winged haste
Compelled their feet to roam. Thou may'st have lived
Beneath the light of later days, when man,
With feet free-roving as the homeless wind,
Scolded the thick-mantled height, coursed plains unshorn,
Breaking the solitude of nature's haunts
With voice that seemed to blend, in one sweet strain,
The mingled music of the elements.
And when against his infant frame they rose,
Uncurbed, unawed by his yet feeble hand,
And when the muttering storm, and shouting wave,
And rattling thunder, mated, round him raged,
And seemed at times like demon foes to gird,
Thou may'st have won with gentle look his heart,
And stirred the first warm prayer of gratitude,
And been his first, his simplest altar-gift.
For thee, dark flower! the kindling sun can bring
No more the colors that it gave, nor morn,
With kindly kiss, restore thy breathing sweets:
Yet may the mind's mysterious touch recall
The bloom and fragrance of thy early prime:
For He who to the lowly lily gave
A glory richer than to proudest king,
He painted not those daisy-shining leaves,
With blushes like the dawn, in vain; nor gave
To thee its sweetly-scented breath, to waste
Upon the barren air. E'en though thou stood
Alone in nature's forest-home untrud,
The first-love of the stars and sighing winds,
The mineral holds with faithful trust thy form,
To wake in human hearts sweet thoughts of love,
Now the dark past hangs round thy memory.
Salem, (Mass.) 1837.

FLOGGING IN INDIA.—A few months ago the following case occurred in the Bengal army.—A Christian Sepoy deserted from his regiment, returned shortly afterwards, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be corporally punished. The commanding officer thought himself prohibited from confirming the sentence by Lord William Bentinck's order abolishing corporal punishment in the native army. He referred the subject, however, for the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General, who gave it as his opinion that the sentence was correct, and might be carried into effect, as "the General Order of the 24th of February, 1835, does not extend to Christian drummers or musicians, (to which prescribed trade the unfortunate individual happened to belong,) and only affects native soldiers not professing the Christian religion."—*Madras Paper.*

THE INDIAN DEVOTEE.—The following is related by the late Reverend Mr Swartz, then a Danish Missionary in the East Indies. A certain man, on the Malabar coast, had inquired of various devotees and priests, how he might make atonement for his sins; and at last he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was directed to place his naked feet, and to walk, if I mistake not, two hundred and fifty coss, that is about four hundred and eighty miles. If, through loss of blood, or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the Gospel was sometimes preached, one of the missionaries came, and preached in his hearing from these words.

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, "This is what I want!" and he became a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sin.