

a more direct application of it to divine subjects to plead the cause of religion to defend its truths, to enforce and recommend its practice, to deter men from courses which would be dishonorable to God and fatal to themselves, and to try the utmost efforts of all the solemnity and tenderness with which you can clothe your addresses to lead them into the paths of virtue and happiness.—*Doddridge.*

## WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth's poems are remarkable for their clear spirituality. This is their characteristic. Perhaps we may get a better idea of their tone and manner from the material universe. They are not like nature, when the sun first glimmers in the orient, and when there is a fresh awakening of birds and perfumes, and a coolness and a sweetness cast around everything; they are not like the time when the king of day grows splendid in the zenith, and when the whole creation welters in golden glory—when every tarn is lighted up, and every forest looks greener verdure, when stillness reigns on moor and mountain; they are not like the dim evening stealing over the universe of God, and giving bewitching softness to every object and sound. No; they remind us of none of these. They have no such features; there is no rich coloring, no orange, blue and crimson. But there is what is higher and better, and more ethereal. They are like night, when the stars come out, and shake the heavens with silvery beauty. You have looked up, reader, on those spiritual-glancing worlds, and you have felt them breathe a lofty, nay, a sublime spirituality—pure, clear, bright, and holy; a spirituality unsullied—a spirituality hallowed and blest, piercing the darkest recesses of the soul, and taking the spirit captive with their untainted and unblemished meaning. This is Wordsworth's poetry; the silver stars beaming down upon thee as an eye from the depth of immensity, are indicative of this man. Not early dawn, so dewy and so sweet to the heart,—not noon-day, with all its magnificence of light—not evening, with its tints of loveliness—are illustrated of these poems; but the still silent stars of night pouring down their subtle significance into their inner shrine.—*Rev. J. W. Lister.*

## A NEW ARMOUR.

Two Mexicans were recently arrested at Brownsville, Texas, suspected of being highway robbers and murderers. Among their effects were found two curiously constructed coats of armour, made not of steel, but of cow-hide and wool, and supposed to be used by them while engaged in marauding purposes. The *Rio Bravo* thus describes these articles. "These armours are made in the shape of corsets, composed of an outer and inner coat of cow-hide, filled with wool, about an inch and a quarter in thickness, and neatly and elaborately stitched through with cow-hide thongs. They are in two parts, and tie closely, back and front, with leather strings. When worn, they form a complete panoply for the body, and are impervious to a pistol-shot, if not to a rifle."—*Washington Republic.*

TO TELL THE NUMBER THAT ANY PERSON SHALL THINK OF, BE IT EVER SO GREAT.

Bid the party double the number which he has fixed on in his mind, which done, bid him multiply the sum of them both by five, and give the product, (which he will never refuse to do, it being so far above the number thought of,) from which, if you cut of the last figure of the product (which will always be a cypher) the number left will be the first thought upon. As for example let the number thought of be 26, which doubled, makes 52; that multiplied by 5, produces 260; then if you take away the cypher which is in the last place, there will remain 26, the number thought of.

## SCOTCH CAKES.

Take two pounds of flour, mix with it one pound of powdered sugar and half a pound of

caraway seed. Melt half a pound of butter, and with it mix the sugar to a paste, work it well and add to it a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; roll it out to half an inch thickness, cut it in square cakes and lay them on a buttered paper. Crimp the edges of each cake with your finger, stick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. They should be of a pale brown when done.

## THE LATE LORD FANNING.

This noble Lord, with the benevolence that always characterised him, has, in addition to many munificent gifts during his lifetime, left the following sums for charitable purposes:—

Dundee Royal Infirmary	£1000
Dundee Lunatic Asylum	300
Dundee Orphan Institution	100
Montrose Royal Lunatic Asylum and Infirmary	500
Montrose Natural History and Antiquarian Society	500
Brechin Mechanics' Institution	1000
Arbroath Infirmary	1000
Arbroath Mechanics' Institution	100
Arbroath Desultory Sick Society	100
Forfar Mechanics' Institution	100

## Varieties.

RESPECT is what we owe; love, what we give.

THE MAN who works too much must love too little.

THE INTENTION of a sin betrays itself by a superfluous caution.

HE who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

THE world's face is amply suffused with tears; it is the poet's duty to wipe away a few, not to add more.

HEAVEN words are like hailstones in summer, which if melted would, fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

THE LIFE of every human being is governed by one master thought—the life, we say, of human beings, not human vegetables.

LORD BACON beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

THE SATIRIST is sadder than the wit for the same reason that the orang-outang is of a graver disposition than the ape because his nature is more noble.

NO MAN would overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

LITTLE TRUIMS often give the clue to long, deep, intricate, undisplayed trains of thought, which have been going on in silence and secrecy for a long time before the commonplace result in which most meditations end is expressed.

RASPBERRY PIE.—Pick over the raspberries—they will not bear washing—put them into a deep dish lined with paste, spreading sugar in the bottom of the dish; cover the raspberries with sugar, dredge them with flour, and bake half an hour.—*Mrs. Bliss.*

THE PHILPOTTS FAMILY.—The rise of this family which now contains so many eminent members (the most eminent of whom is the Bishop of Exeter), is very remarkable. The father of the Bishop was first a small cow-keeper in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, and himself supplied several families in that city with milk; he then became an auctioneer, and afterwards an innkeeper. His wife lived to see one of her sons in the House of Lords, one in the House of Commons, and one an eminent merchant. All rose by the sheer force of talent.

A WILLING HUSBAND.—Young Sniffkins married Betty Blochett for her money, but cannot touch it till she dies, and he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her "unjustifiable longevity." The other day, Mrs. Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and declared her belief that she was "poisoned" and that he (Sniffkins) "had done it." "I didn't do it!" shouted Sniffkins. "It's all gammon; she isn't poisoned. Prove it doctor; open her upon the spot—I'm willing."

## Biographical Calendar.

		A. D.	
July 4	1761	Samuel Richardson, died.	
	1826	Thomas Jefferson, died.	
	1818	Chateaubriand, born.	
" 5	1850	Rev. Wm. Kirby, died.	
	1755	Mrs. Siddons, born.	
	1781	Sir Stamford Raffles, born.	
" 6	1535	Sir Thomas More, beheaded.	
	1736	Paul Jones, born.	
	1755	John Flaxman, born.	
" 7	1766	Alexander Wilson, born.	
	1790	General Elliott, died.	
	1851	Dr. Moir, died.	
" 8	1752	J. M. Jacquard, born.	
	1816	R. B. Sheridan, died.	
	1730	Adam Smith, died.	
" 9	1822	Percy Bysshe Shelley, drowned.	
	1755	General Braddock, killed.	
	1775	M. G. Lewis, born.	
" 10	1797	Edmund Burke, died.	
	1447	Christopher Columbus, born.	
	1509	John Calvin, born.	
	1723	Sir William Blackstone, born.	
	1851	Daguerre, died.	

Paul Jones (whose real name, it is said, was John Paul) a naval adventurer, was a native of Selkirk in Scotland, and born in 1736. He made several voyages to America, where he finally settled. At the commencement of the American Revolution, he volunteered his services to the revolutionary party, and was appointed a first lieutenant in the navy. In 1775 he obtained the command of a ship under Commodore Hopkins, and distinguished himself in several engagements, for which he received his commission as Captain. He then sailed to France, and being well acquainted with the Irish coast and northern part of England, he designed attempting a descent. For a long time he kept the northern coast in continual alarm, and at length effected a landing at Whitehaven, where he dismantled a fort, and burned some shipping in the harbour. From thence he sailed for Scotland, where he landed on the estate of the Earl of Selkirk (his native place) and plundered his lordship's house of all the plate. He next captured the Drake sloop of war, with which he returned to Brest. He afterwards with three vessels coasted round Ireland, plundering as he went, and going into the north sea, he fell in with the Baltic fleet, of which he captured the two armed convoys, after a severe action off Flamborough Head. For these services the king of France conferred on him the order of Merit, and gave him a gold-hilted sword. He afterwards was invited into the Russian service, with the rank of rear-admiral, but being displeased at not having the chief command of the fleet, acting against the Turks in the Black Sea, and having quarrelled with the Prince of Nassau who was admiral, the empress Catherine gave him permission to retire, with a pension (which was never paid). He returned to Paris, sunk into poverty, and died in 1792. Though a man of no education, he sustained his part respectably in polished circles in Paris, and passed for poet as well as hero. *Aliquit.*