

met, the occasion of the ringing, he was reminded that he had appointed a preparatory lecture upon that day. The congregation had already assembled, and there was no time to be lost, and attired in his sporting garb, he hurried to the church, threw down his fishing rod at the door, deposited his fish in his pocket and entered the pulpit. He arose after the usual preparatory exercise and announced for his text, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." It is said by those who heard him, that never in his most palmy days, did he excel the extemporaneous discourse which he delivered upon this occasion.

Dr. B.'s chief forte is reasoning. In desultory debate especially on metaphysical subjects, he is invincible. I have heard an anecdote of him in this particular, which reminds me strongly of the incidents in the fiction of 'Tremaine.' A young lawyer of fine abilities, and an acute and inquiring mind, but a confirmed infidel, after having tested his prowess in religious debate with many other preachers, sought an interview for this purpose with Dr. B. He made known his desire, and was politely received. The Doctor conducted him into his cellar, took his saw, commenced sawing wood, carrying on the argument in the intervals. The exercise, he remarked, by quickening the circulation of his blood, gave a peculiar flow to his spirits, and force and quickness to his ideas. The conference was thus carried on at different interviews for several days, and resulted in complete triumph in favour of the Doctor. His antagonist was driven from all his infidel positions, and brought to a sincere belief in the religion he had opposed. He left his profession for the purpose of entering upon that of the ministry, and became the pupil of the author of his conversion. B.

TURKISH CEMETERIES.

The superiority of the Turkish cemeteries over those of Europe may be accounted for in several ways. Their head stones are more picturesque and various—their situation better chosen—and, above all things the Mussulman never disturbs the ashes of the dead. There is no burying and reburying on the same spot, as with us. The remains of the departed are sacred.

When a body is committed to the earth, the priest plants a cypress at the head; and another at the foot of the grave; and hence those far-spreading forests, those bough over-canopied cities of the dead, which form so remarkable a feature in Turkish scenery. Should only one tree in six survive, enough still remain to form a dense and solemn grove; but the Turks have a singular superstition with regard to those that, instead of lancing their tail heads towards the sky, take a downward bend, as though they would fain return to the earth from whence they sprang; they hold that these imply the damnation of the soul whose mortal remains they overshadow; and as, from the closeness with which they are planted, and their consequent number, such accidents are by no means rare, it must be at best a most uncomfortable creed.

Where the acacia trees blossom in their beauty, and shed their withered flowers upon a plain of graves on the right hand, immediately in a line with the European cemetery, is the burial ground of the Armenians. It is a thickly-peopled spot and as you wander beneath the leafy bows of the scented acacias, and thread your way among the tombs you are struck by the peculiarity of their inscriptions. The noble Armenian character is graven deeply into the stone! name and date are duly set forth; but that which renders an Armenian slab (for there is not a head-stone throughout the cemetery) peculiar and distinctive, is the singular custom that has obtained among this people of chiselling upon the tomb the emblem of the trade or profession of the deceased.

Thus the priest is distinguished even beyond the grave by the mitre that surmounts, his name—the diamond merchant by a group of ornaments—the money-changer by a pair of scales—the florist by a knot of flowers—besides many more ignoble hieroglyphics, such as the razor of the barber, the shears of the tailor, and others of this class; and, where the calling is one that may have been followed by either sex, a book, placed immediately above the appropriate emblem, distinguishes the grave of the man.

Nor is this all: the victims of a violent death have also their distinctive mark—and more than one tomb in this extraordinary burial place presents you with the headless trunk of an individual, from whose severed throat the gushing blood is spirting upwards like a fountain, while the head itself is pillowed on the clasped hands! Many of the more ancient among the tombs are richly and elaborately wrought, but nearly all the modern ones are perfectly simple; and you seldom pass the spot without seeing groups of people seated upon the graves beneath the shadow of the trees, talking, and even smoking. Death has no gloom for the natives of the East.

The Turkish cemetery stretches along the slope of the hill behind the barrack, and descends far into the valley. Its thickly planted cypresses form a dense shade, beneath which the tall head-stones gleam out white and ghastly. The grove is intersected by footpaths, and here and there a green glade lets in the sunshine, to glitter upon many a gilded tomb. Plunge into the thick darkness of the more covered spots, and for a moment you will almost think that you stand amid the ruins of some devastated city. You are surrounded by what appear for an instant to be the myriad fragments of some mighty whole—but the gloom has deceived you—you are in the midst of a Nekropolis—a City of the Dead. Those chiselled blocks of stone that lie prostrate at your feet, or lean heavily on one side as if about to fall, and which at the first glance have seemed to you to be the shivered portions of some mighty column—those turban-crowned shafts which rise on all sides—those gilt and lettered slabs erected beside them—are memorials of the departed—the first are of ancient date; the earth has become loosened at their base, and they have lost their hold—the others tell their own tale; the bearded Moslem sleeps beside his wife—the turban surmounting his head stone, and the rose-branch carved on hers, define their sex, while the record of their years and virtues is engraven beneath. Would you know more? Note the form and folds of the turban, and you will learn the rank and profession of the deceased—here lies the man of law—and there rests the Pasha—the soldier slumbers yonder, and close beside you repose the ashes of the priest—here and there, scattered over the burial-ground you may distinguish several head-stones from which the turbans have been recently struck off—so recently that the severed stone is not yet weather-stained; they mark the graves of the Janissaries, desecrated by order of the Sultan after the extinction of their body; who himself stood by while a portion of the work was going forward; and the mutilated turbans that are half buried in the long grass beside these graves are imperishable witnesses to their disgrace—a disgrace which was extended even beyond the grave, and whose depth of ignominy can only be understood in a country where the dead are objects of peculiar veneration.

Those raised terraces inclosed within a railing are family burial-places; and the miniature column crowned with a fez, painted in bright scarlet, records the rest of some infant Effendi. At the base of many of the shafts are stones hollowed out to contain water, which are carefully filled, during the warm season, by pious individuals, for the supply of the birds, or any wardering animals.

The Turks have a strange superstition attached to this cemetery. They believe that on particular anniversaries sparks of fire exude from many of the graves, and lose themselves among the boughs of the cypresses. The idea is at least highly poetical.—From Miss Pardoe's *Turkey in 1836*.

HONORING THE APOSTLES.—Surely I have entered on the register the strangest name imaginable. A mason's wife, and belonging to the next parish, presented her urchin. What took place is exactly as follows: 'Say the name, madam,' said I, with my finger in the water. 'Acts, sir,' said she. 'Acts!' said I. 'What do you mean?' 'Thinks I to myself, I will ax the clerk to spell it. He did—Acts—so Acts was the babe, and will be, while in this life, and will be doubly, trebly so registered if it ever marries or dies. Afterwards, in the vestry, I asked the good woman what made her choose such a

name. Her answer, verbatim—'Why sir, we be religious people, we've got vour on 'em already, and they be Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and so my husband though he'd compliment the apostles by calling this one Acts.' Complimenting the apostles with this little dab of living mortar was too much; even I could not help laughing. I have no doubt she will go on to Revelations, they being particularly religious people.—Blackwood.

[From the Scotsman.]

SCIENCE—NEW AND BEAUTIFUL INVENTION.

When in London a few days ago, we learned that an eminent scientific gentleman is at present engaged in maturing an invention which promises to lead to the most astonishing results, and to exert a vast influence on the future progress of society. It is an *Electric Telegraph*, the powers of which as much surpass those of the common instrument bearing that name, as the art of printing surpasses the picture writing of the Mexicans. The Telegraph consists of five wires, enclosed in a sheath of India Rubber, which isolates them from each other, and protects them from the external air. A galvanic pile or trough is placed at the one end of the wires, which act upon needles at the other; and when any of the wires, is put in communication with the trough, a motion is instantly produced in the needle at the other extremity, which motion ceases the moment the connection between the wire and the trough is suspended. The five wires may thus denote as many letters; and by binary or ternary combinations, the six-and-twenty letters of the alphabet may easily be represented.—By a simple mechanical contrivance, the communication between the wires and the trough may be established and stopped as the keys of a piano forte are touched by the hands of a practised musician, and the indications will be exhibited at the other end of the chain of wires as quickly as they can be read off. In the experiments already made, the chain of wires has been extended to a length of five miles, (by forming numerous coils within a limited surface;) and the two ends being placed near each other, it is found that the transmission of the electricity is, so far as the human senses can discern, perfectly instantaneous.—Little doubt is entertained that it may be conveyed over a hundred or a thousand miles with the same velocity; and the powers of the instrument promise to be as great as its action is rapid. It will not be confined, like the common telegraph, to the transmission of a few sentences or a short message, and this only in the daytime, in clear weather, and by repeated operations, each consuming a portion of time, for while it work by night or by day, it will convey intelligence with the speed of thought, and with such copiousness and ease, that a speech slowly spoken in London might be written down in Edinburgh, each sentence appearing on paper within a few minutes after it was uttered four hundred miles off! There may be practical difficulties attending its operation as yet unknown but we speak here of what intelligent men acquainted with the experiments now in progress, look forward to as their probable result. If the promise these experiments hold out be realized, the discovery will be perhaps the grandest in the annals of the world; and its effects will be such as no efforts of the imagination can anticipate. A capital like London, with these electric nerves ramifying from it over the whole country, would be truly the *sensorium* of the empire. Men a thousand miles from each other would be enabled to confer as if they were in the same apartment, or to read other's thoughts as if they were written in the sky. It would supersede the post, even though carried with railroad speed. Compared with it, the winged winds that "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole," would be lazy messengers. In a despotic country, it would invest the Prince with something like omniscience; and in a free state, spread a thought or an impulse from one extremity to the other in an instant, and give the people a power of simultaneous action which would be irresistible. It is proper to add that the author must not be answerable for our account of his invention, as we had no communication either with himself or any of his friends. Our informant, however, was a man of science.