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From the Lady's Book.

THE BLIND GIRL'S STORY.

By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

[Continued from page 37.]

Once during the absence of Alice I went into her chamber for a book I had lent her, which contained a passage I wished to recal. I took up several others, which lay upon the table. There was one which belonged to my husband, and in it was a piece of folded paper, embalmed with flowers, like some holy relic. It was not sealed—it was open—it was a medical prescription, written by Clinton, thus tenderly, romantically, preserved. On another half torn sheet were some broken lines, breathing passion and despair. They were in the hand-writing of Alice, and apparently original, without address or signature, but it was easy for my excited imagination to supply them. Poor victim of passion—by the side of this record of all my fears was the composing draught, prepared to check the consumptive cough—the elixir to sustain the failing principles of vitality. How is it that we dare to kindle an unhallowed flame, even on the ashes of decaying mortality. I left the chamber, and retired to my own. I knew not in what manner to act. I endeavoured to reflect on what I ought to do. Alice and myself could not live long under the same roof, yet how could I bid her depart, or betray her to my husband? I could not believe such feeling could be excited in her without sufficient encouragement. I laid myself down on the bed, and wished I might never rise again. I closed my eyes, and prayed that the dark fillet of night might rest on them again and forevermore. My cheeks burned as with consuming fire but it was in my heart. When Clinton returned, not finding me in the drawing-room, he sought me in my own chamber. He seemed really alarmed at my situation. He forgot all his former constraint, and hung over me with a tenderness and anxiety that might have proved to me how dear I was. He sat by me, holding my hand, and uttering every endearing expression affection could suggest. Melted by his caresses, I yearned to unbosom to him my whole heart—my pride, my jealousy was subdued. I endeavoured to speak, but the words died on my tongue. Confused images flitted across my brain—then came a dreary blank. For weeks I lay on that bed of sickness, unconscious of every thing around me. My recovery was for a long time doubtful—but when I at last opened my languid eyes, they rested on the face of my husband, who had kept his unwearied vigils by my pillow, and still he held my feeble hand in his, as if he had never unloosed his clasp. He looked pale and wan, but a ray of divine joy flashed from his eye as he met my glance of recognition.

Humbled and chastened by this visitation from heaven, renovated by the warm and gracious influence exerted for my restoration, animated by new-born hope, I rose from my sick bed. The vulture had unloosed its fangs, and the dove once more returned to its nest. I could even pity the misguided girl who had caused me so much unhappiness. I treated her with a kindness, of late very unwonted—but she evidently shunned my companionship, and in proportion as my spirits rose from the weight that had crushed them to the dust, hers became depressed and fitful. Let me hurry on—I linger too long on feelings. Few events have marked my brief history, yet some have left traces that all the waves of time can never wash out.

It was Sunday—it was the first time I had attended church since my illness. My husband accompanied me, while Alice, as usual, remained at home. The preacher was eloquent—the music sweet and solemn—the aspirations of faith warm and kindling. I had never before felt such a glow of gratitude and trust; and while my mind was in this state of devout abstraction, Clinton whispered to me that he was obliged to withdraw a short time, to visit a patient who was dangerously sick—"but I will return," said he, "to accompany you home." My thoughts were brought back to earth by this interruption, and wandered from the evangelical eloquence of the pulpit. The services were unusually long, and my head began to ache from the effort of listening. I experienced the lingering effect of sickness, and feeling that dimness of sight come over me, which was a never-failing symptom of a malady of the brain, I left the church, and returned home, without waiting for the coming of my husband. When I crossed the threshold, my spirit was free from a shadow of suspicion. I had been in an exalted mood—I felt as if I had been sitting under the outspread wings of the cherubim, and had brought away with me some faint reflection of the celestial glory. I was conscious of being in a high state of nervous excitement. The reaction produced by the unexpected scene that presented itself, was, in consequence, more terrible. There, on a sofa, half supported in the arms of my husband, whose hand she was grasping with a kind of convulsive energy, her hair unbound and wet, and exhaling the odorous essence with which it had been just bathed, sat Alice, and the words that passed her lips, as I entered, at first unperceived by them, were these—"Never, never—she hates me—she must ever hate me." I stood transfixed—the expression of my countenance must have been awful, for they looked as if confronted by an avenging spirit. Alice actually shrieked, and her pale features writhed, as the scroll, when the scorching blaze comes near it. My resolution was instantaneous. I waited not for explanations—the scene to my mind admitted none. The sudden withdrawal of my husband from church, upon the pretence of an errand of duty, the singular agitation of Alice—all that I saw and heard, filled me with the most maddening emotions—all the ties of wedded love seemed broken and withered, at once, like the withes that bound the awakening giant. "Clinton," exclaimed I, "you have deceived me—but it is for the last time." Before he could reply, or arrest my motions, I was gone. The carriage was still at the door. "Drive me to my father's, directly," was all I could utter, and it was done.

Swiftly the carriage rolled on—I thought I heard my name borne after me on the wind, but I looked not behind. I felt strong in the conviction of my wrongs. It would have been weakness to have wept. My scorn of such duplicity lifted me above mere sorrow. It was in the gloom of twilight when I reached my father's door. I rushed into the drawing-room, and found myself in the arms of my brother. "Cecilia, my sister! what brings you here." He was alarmed at my sudden entrance, and through the dusky shade he could discover the wild flashing of my eyes, the disorder of my whole appearance. The presence of human sympathy softened the sternness of my despair. Tears gushed violently forth. I tried to explain to him my wretchedness and its cause, but could only exclaim, "Clinton, Alice, cruel, deliberate deceivers!" Henry bit his lip, and ground his teeth, till their ivory was tinged with blood, but he made no comments. He spoke then with his usual calmness, and urged me to retire to my chamber, and compose myself before my father's return. He almost carried me there in his arms, soothing and comforting me. He called for an attendant, again whispered the duty and necessity for self-control, then left me, promising a speedy return. I watched for the footsteps of Henry, but hour after hour passed away, and he returned not. I asked the servants where he had gone? They knew not. I asked myself, and something told me, in an awful voice—"Gone to avenge thee." The moment this idea flashed into my mind, I felt as if I were a murderess. I would convince myself of the truth. I knew my brother's chamber—thither I ran, and drawing back the bed curtains, looked for the silver mounted pistols that always hung over the bed's head. They were gone—and a coat dashed hastily on the counterpane, a pocket-book fallen on the carpet, all denoted a hurried departure on some fatal errand. The agony I had previously suffered was light to what pierced me now. To follow him was my only impulse. I rushed out of the house—it was a late hour in the evening—there was no moon in the sky, and I felt the dampness of the falling dew, as I flew, with uncovered head, like an unblessed spirit, through the darkness. My brain began to be thronged with wild images. It seemed to me, legions of dark forms were impeding my steps, "Oh! let me pass," cried I, "it is my husband and brother I have slain. Let me pass," continued I, shrieking, for an arm of flesh and blood was thrown around me, and held me struggling. "Gracious heavens, it is the voice of my Cecilia!" It was my father that spoke. I remembered that I recognized him, and that was all. My cries were changed to cries of madness, I was borne back raving. The malady that had so recently brought me to the door of the grave, had renewed its attack with increased malignancy. My brain had been too much weakened to bear the tension of its agony. For long months I was confined within my chamber walls, sometimes tossing in delirious anguish, at others lying in marble unconsciousness, an image of the death they prayed might soon release me from my sufferings. They prayed that I might die, rather than be doomed to a living death. But I lived—lived to know the ruin I had wrought.

My father was a man of majestic personage, and time had scarcely touched his raven locks. His hair was now profusely silvered, and there were lines on his brow which age never furrowed. It was long before I learned all that had transpired during this fearful chasm in my existence, but gradually the truth was revealed. All that I was at first told, was, that my husband and brother lived—then, when it was supposed I had sufficient strength to bear the agitation, this letter from my husband was given me.

"Cecilia, how shall I address you? I will not reproach you, for you have had too bitter a lesson. I would fain have seen you before my departure, but you decline the interview, and perhaps is is well. Should I live to return—Oh! Cecilia, what wretchedness have you brought upon us all! If your alienated heart does not turn from any memento of me, you will read these lines, and I know you will believe them. I have been, as it were, to the very threshold of the presence-chamber of the King of Kings, and am just emerging from the shadows of approaching death. This is the first effort of my feeble hand. Most rash and misjudging woman what have you done? How madly have I doted on you, how blindly have I worshipped, yet all the devotion of my life, my truth, love and integrity, weighed nothing in the balance with one moment's mystery. I leave my vindication to Alice. She will not deceive you. She will tell you that never did the heart of man throb with a more undivided passion for another than mine for you. She will tell you—but what avails it. You have cast me from you, unvalued and untrusted. Your poor, unhappy brother! his avenging hand sought my life—the life of him who he believed had betrayed his sister's happiness, the wretch almost unworthy of a brave man's resentment. In wresting the weapon from his frenzied grasp, I received an almost deadly wound. His wrath was slaked in my blood

He believes me innocent. He has been to me more than a brother. He will accompany me to another clime, whither I am going, to try the effect of more genial air on my shattered frame. Would to God we could have met before we parted—perhaps for ever. Your father says you have been ill, that you fear the effect of the meeting on both. You have been ill—my ever adored, still tenderly beloved Cecilia, I write not to reproach you. Bitter is the penalty paid for one moment of passion. Had I ever swerved in my affection for you, even in thought, I should deserve all I have suffered. I recall your sadness, your coldness, and averted looks. I know the cause, and mourn over it. Why did you not confide in me? We might yet have been happy—but the will of God be done. The vessel waits that is the bear us to a transatlantic clime—farewell. Should I return, bearing with me some portion of my former vigour, should your confidence in my love be restored, then, perchance, through the mercy of heaven, two chastened and humble hearts may once more be united on earth. If I am never permitted to revisit my native soil, if I die in a foreign land, know, that faithful to you, to my latest hour, my last thought, prayer and sigh, will be yours." * * * *

And he was gone—gone—sick, wounded, perhaps dying he was gone to another land, and the blood that was drained from him on my soul. My father forbade him to see me—he was too feeble to bear the shock of beholding me in the condition I then was. My real situation was concealed from him. The only means of making the prohibition effectual, was to word it as proceeding from myself. Thus, he believed me cold and selfish to the the last. My father talked to me of better days, of the hope of my husband's speedy restoration, and of our future reunion. I could only listen and weep. I dared not murmur. I felt too deeply the justice of the judgment the Almighty had passed against me. I had one ordeal yet to pass—an interview with Alice. She also was under my father's roof, confined by increasing debility to her own apartment. As soon as my strength allowed, I made it a religious duty to visit the poor invalid. I was shocked to see the ravages of her malady. Her eye of glassy brightness turned on me with such a look of woe and remorse, it cut me to the heart. I took the pale thin hand she extended towards me, and burst into tears. Yes! I saw it but too clearly. Here was another victim. The steps of the destroyer were fearfully accelerated. She had had a profuse hemorrhage from the lungs, and her voice was so weak and husky, it was with difficulty I could understand her. She drew me down near to her pillow, and, placing my hand on her heart, said, in a careful whisper—" Remorse, Cecilia, it is here. It is this which gives the sting to death." She then drew from beneath her pillow a paper that she had written for me, which she begged me to read when I was alone. I did read it. It was the transcript of a warm, romantic heart, erring and misguided, yet even in its aberrations discovering an innate love for virtue and truth. Her whole soul was bared before me—all her love, imprudence, and remorse. She described my husband as an angel of light and purity, soaring high above the clouds of passion that gathered darkly around herself. She spoke of that scene followed by such irremediable woe. " Even now," continued Alice, "wasting as I am on the bed of death, with the shadows of earthly feeling dimly floating round me, knowing that I shall soon turn to cold, impassive clay, the memory of that hour presses with scorching weight on my brain. I must have been mad. Surely I had not the control of my reason. I had taken the previous night an unusual quantity of opium, which, instead of composing me to sleep, had excited my nerves, and strung them as with fire. Your husband came in only a short time before your sudden entrance, evidently on some errand; and though he kindly paused to speak to me, his looks expressed haste to depart. Just as he was about to leave the room, I was attacked with one of those spasms you have sometimes witnessed. He came to my relief—he administered every restorative. I know not all I uttered, but when I recovered I remember many wild expressions that escaped my lips. It seemed to me that I was going to die, and while his arms thus kindly supported me, I felt as if it would be joy to die. With his conviction, was it so black a crime to breathe forth the love that had so long pervaded my frail and lovely existence? Cecilia, horecoiled from me with horror. He proclaimed his inviolable love and devotion for you—his glance was stern and upbraiding. Then seeing me sinking in despair, the kindness of his nature triumphed, and he sought to calm my overwrought and troubled spirit. He expressed the affection of a brother, the pity of a friend, the admonitions of a christian. " Above all," said he, " make a friend of Cecilia. She will always cherish you with a sister's love," "Never!" I exclaimed, " she hates me, she must ever hate me." The vision of an injured wife arrested my unhallowed accents You know the dreadful tragedy that followed. Never since that hour have I had one moment's calm. Conscience, with her thousand scorpions, lashes me—whether sleeping or waking there is no rest. "There is no peace, saith my God to the wicked." Yet mine was not deliberate guilt. Had I only wrecked my own happiness!—but the wide desolation, the irretrievable ruin! I shudder, I weep, I lift my feeble hands to that Power whose laws I have transgressed, and pray for pardon. To you, whose home of love I have laid waste, dare I turn my fading eyes, and hope for forgiveness? To him whom I have driven from his native land, shorn of the brightness of his manhood—Oh! sinful dust and ashes',———here the unhappy writer broke off—the blank was stained with tears. Probably in that broken sentence the embers of passion flashed out their last fires, through the " dust and ashes" of withering mortality. Poor Alice! may'st thou be forgiven by a merciful Creator as freely as thou art by me. Gentle be thy passage through the valley of the shadow of death, to that country where no storms desolate the heart, where passion and penitence are unknown. As for me—why and for what do I live? For hope or despair? I pray for tidings from the beloved exiles, yet dread to receive them. If the night gale sweeps with hasty gust against the window, I tremble lest they be exposed to the stormy deep. When I gaze on the moon and stars, I ask myself if they are lighting the wanderers on their homeward way, and sometimes gather hope from their heavenly brightness.

The manuscript of Cecilia here abruptly closes. It has fallen to the lot one who afterwards became the devoted friend of Clinton, to relate the sequel of their melancholy history.

" It was in the spring of the year 18———, I was sitting on the deck, watching the rapid motion of the boat, as it glided over the waves, thinking earnestly of the place of my destination, when I first beheld Cecilia, the wife of Clinton. I was a stranger on board, and gazed around me with that indefinite expression, which marks the stranger to the experienced eye. At length my glance was riveted by the appearance of a lady, leaning on the arm of a gray-haired gentleman, slowly promenading the deck. They passed and repassed me, while I continued to lean over the railing, fearing, by a change of position, to disturb the silent strangers. There was something in the figure of the lady inexpressibly interesting. She wore a mourning-dress, and her eyes were covered with a green shade. Notwithstanding her face was thus partially obscured, the most exquisite beauty of outline and colouring was visible I ever saw in any human countenance. She wore no bonnet or veil, for the sun was verging towards the west, and its rays stole soft and mellow over the golden waters. Fair and meek as the virgin mother's was the brow that rose above the silken screen, defined with beauteous distinctness by dark, divided hair, whose luxuriance was confined by a golden band. At length they seated themselves very near me, and began to converse in a low tone. There was a melancholy sweetness in her accents, and I was sure they were speaking of some sorrowful theme. We were now entering the———bay, and the boat rocked and laboured as she plunged through the increased volume of the waters. Now, just visible on the glowing horizon, was the topmast of a vessel. On she came, with sails full spread, her canvass swelling in the breeze, her majestic outline softened by the sunset hues. The gentleman pointed out the object to his companion who lifted the shade from her brow, revealing, as she did so, eyes of such melting softness, I wondered I had, thought her lovely before. She pressed the arm of the gentleman, and gazed eagerly on the vessel, which now bore down 'majestically near.' She rose, she bent forward with earnest gestures, her face kindled, and sparkled like the waters themslves. The ship approached so near we could discern figures on the deck. The boat had diverged from her path to give place to the nobler craft. She was sailing with great rapidity, and the noise of the engine and the dashing of the waves drowned the sound of the voices near me. I began to feel a strange interest in the vessel on which the eyes of the strangers were so earnestly riveted. Amid the figures that walked her deck, I distinguished one, which was aloof from the others, of a more lofty bearing—a cloak was gathered round him, and from this circumstance, together with his extremely pallid complexion, I judged him to be an invalid. From the rapid motion of both vessels, it was but a glance I obtained, after we were near enough to trace these lineaments. At this moment the lady sprang upon the bench beneath the railing—she stretched forth her arms, with a startling cry. I saw her for an instant, bending far over the edge of the boat. I rose and rushed towards her to warn her of her danger, but a plungging sound in the water, that closed darkly over her sinking form, froze my veins with horror. 'Oh! my God" exclaimed the father 'save her. My daughter!"O! my daughter! then fell back almost paralyzed on the seat. To throw off my coat and plunge in after the ill-fated lady, in whom I had become so painfully interested, was an instantaneous deed. Alas! all my efforts were unavailing. The current was so powerful, I found it in vain to struggle with its force. I relaxed not, however, till my failing strength warned me that I was seeking a grave for myself, without being able to rescue the victim for whom I had willingly periled my life. I will not attempt to describe the grief of the half distracted father. I never left him till he reached his own home. What a scene of agony awaited him there! The husband and brother, so long absent, were returned, yearning to behold once more that beloved being, whose involuntary sin had been so fearfully expiated. It was Clinton whom I had seen on the vessel's deck. As he afterwards told me, the dazzle of the rays on the water, in that direction, had prevented him from distinguishing the features for ever engraven on his heart. The hoarse sound of the waves swallowed her drowning shriek—onward they bore him, and he saw not the fond arms that would have embraced him, even over that watery chasm. I have witnessed many a scene of sorrow, but never saw I one like this. From the peculiar circumstances that brought us together, I became almost identified with this unhappy family. Clinton was the most interesting man I ever saw. He was a confirmed invalid, never having recovered from the effects of his wound. I never saw a smile upon his face, nor could I ever smile in his presence. He seldom spoke and never but once did he mention the name of Cecilia. It was one night when he was unusually ill, and I was sitting alone with him in his chamber. He gave me the manuscript for perusal which is here transcribed, an act of confidence he considered due to me, who would have been her saviour. Through the watches of that night he poured into my ear the hoarded agonies of his grief. Never before did I know how deep human sorrow could be, or how holy was that love which clings to the memory of the dead.

Alice dwelt in 'the dark and narrow house.' She was spared the knowledge of the fatal catastrophe, for she died before her victim. Yes—*her victim!* Had she guarded against the first inroads of a forbidden passion, there might have been 'beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' The angel form that lies low, wrapped in the winding-sheet of the waves, might now be moving in the light of loveliness, love, and joy. But who shall dare to arraign the doings of the Almighty?"

SAUL OF TARSUS

By Rev. W. Hamilton

The history of Saul of Tarsus has often been cited with happy success in confirmation of Christianity.

His accession to the Christian side derives much of its singularity from his hostility—hostility neither ordinary nor in the least degree controlled. It could only, at any time, have been exasperated into fiercer fury by the suggestion that he should soon be won to the number of the proselytes, and defenders already enlisted. Had augur or soothsayer hazarded the prediction, no improbabilities could have occurred to the hearer more blind and excessive.

If any name sounded dreadful in the ear of the first Christian, it was that of "the young man who kept the raiment of the first martyr, Stephen." That name was a brand of cruelty, it was a voice of blood. It passed forth as an omen, as when nations have beheld the meteor-sword flashing above them. In vain do we search for any redeeming virtue, any exculpating circumstance, in his character and history. The ordinary palliatives of youth, temperament, inexperience, supply the actual aggravation. A rank maturity of evil contrasts itself to his youth, a phlegmatic steadiness of malignity does violence to his temperament, and an inventive redundance of aggressions more than makes up for the disadvantages of inexperience He settles into a cool and gloating ferocity, he revolves new and more dire schemes of persecution. He can revel in the carnage of a promiscuous massacre with an unshrinking eye and unrelenting heart. He never seems warmed by a generous enthusiasm. There is none of that fine sentiment, that moral poetry, which sometimes has retrieved the sallies of an extravagant zeal. His acquittal of dishonesty is the condemnation of his cruelty.

And if any conversion appeared placed beyond the limit of hope and all reasonable expectation, if any could be termed "too hard for God," or lying within those moral impossibilities which he allows because they establish his perfection of nature and rule of will,who would have wavered to pronounce that it was this? Sooner might it "have been surmised that Caiphas would have "looked on him whom he had pierced, and, in bitter compunction, would have rent his ephod,and cast his tiara into the dust. Sooner might it have been anticipated that Pilate would have worshipped that king whom neither the zeal, nor cohort, nor death itself, could imprison in the tomb. And even when the thousands of the populace, which had insulted him in every form, spit on him in the hall, and jested with him on the cross, are "pricked to the heart," it does not impress us as so strange, nor does its announcements strike us as so unlikely, as that this stern foe should pause, that this fell monster should soften.

His earliest prepossessions would render the contingency of such an event most minute and distant. The blood of his high ancestry would rebel against the change. His education at the feet of a Rabbi would confirm his attachment to "the Jew's religion," would enable him to defend it with adroitness. His sect, as a Pharisee, would induce the pride of a more strictly ceremonial consistency. Bigotry would call in public favour to its aid, for he was esteemed the champion of his nation and his faith, of his country and his God.

Persecution could not find a more ready instrument. He enters into its service with an unparalleled quickness and force of congeniality. He is formed to it at once. He puts forth all its perfect instincts and fangs. Who does not tremble as he proceeds? "Damascus is waxed feeble and turneth herself to flee." The terror, scourge, and spoiler of the church—the pestilence withering all into a desert—the conflagration "setting on fire the course of nature, and itself set on fire of hell"—the star of disastrous influence, which falling to the earth, converts its waters into gall and blood—to what can he be compared? How long shall he be suffered to make havoc of the saints? Will not "God avenge his own elect?" "Are not his eyes upon the truth?" Where sleeps his thunder? "Judgment slumbereth not." The rebel falls: amidst his most intoxicating dream, his most applauded career—in "the greatness of his way"—he falls! Jesus of Nazareth has struck down his foe. Well has the bolt sped,true has the arrow flown! But that light streams not to blast, that voice upbraids not to condemn, that power smites not to destroy Oh, what a change has moved over his heart! What "a new creature!" He weeps. He abhors himself. "Behold he prayeth." The hands which "haled men and women to prison," which a few hours ago received the fatal commission,and until this moment grasps the murderous weapon, are now penitently clasped, and suppliantly uplifted! The knees which shook not when he was surrounded by the wailings of mothers and children, whom he made widows and orphans, now pliant as the infant sinew, are bent in transfixing prayer! The eyes, no longer bent in moody scorn, or shooting with wrathful glance, now overflow with tears! The lips which breathed out threatenings and slaughter," now utter the cry of shame and surrender. "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" What a conquest! What a spectacle! So sudden, so enduring! "Where is the fury of the oppressor?" It is a trophy of grace. It is a marvel of Omnipotence. "The lamb may lie down with the lion, the sucking child may play on the hole of the asp,and the weaned child may put his hand on the cockatrice's den."

MUSIC OF NATURE.—Oh! there is harmony in nature, inconceivably attuned to one glad purpose! every thing in the universe has a voice, with which it joins in the tribute of thanksgiving. The whispers of the wind playing with the summer foliage, and its fitful wooings through the autumnal branches; the broken murmur of the stream the louder gushings of the waterfall, and the wild roar of the cataract, all speak the praises of God to our hearts. Who can sit by the sea-side when every wave lies hushed in adoration or falls upon the shore in subdued and awful cadence, without drinking in unutterable thoughts of the majesty of God? The loud hosannas of Ocean in the storm, and the praises of God on the whirlwind, awaken us to the same lesson; and every peal of thunder is an hallelujah to the Lord of Hosts!

Oh! there is a harmony in nature! The voice of every creature tells us of the goodness of God. It comes to us in the song of the birds, the deep delicious tones in which the wood-dove breathes out its happiness; the gracefully melting descant of the nightingale; the joyous, thrilling melody of the lark; the throstle's wild warbling, and the blackbird's tender whistle; the soft piping of the bullfinch, and the gay carol of the wren; the sprightly call of the goldfinch, and the gentle twittering of the swallow; even now, when every other bird is silent, little robin is pouring out his sweetest of all sweet notes upon yonder rosebush; and so distinctly does he thank God, who made the leaves to grow for him on the hawthorn, and mountain-ash, and who has put it into the heart of man to love him, and strew crumbs for him when the berries fail, that my soul, too often insensible to its own mercies, is warmed into gratitude for his. The very insect tribe have entered into a covenant, that God shall, at no season of the year, be without a witness amongst them to his praises—for when the hum of the bees and chirping of the grasshopper have ceased to enliven us, and the gnat has laid by his horn, then the little cricket wakens into life and song, and gladdens our hearth with the same story till the winter is past; and so all nature praises God and is never weary.

MOTION A PROOF OF DEITY.—There cannot be a clearer proof of a Deity, than the existence of motion. This evidently appears not to be essential to matter, because we see a very great portion of the material universe without it. Not being, therefore, an original state of matter, but merely an incident, it must be an effect. But since matter, not being intelligent, cannot be the cause of its own motion—and yet we cannot conceive of any atom beginning to move without a cause—that cause must be found out of itself. Whatever may be the nearest cause or the number of secondary causes; though innumerable portions of matter may be reciprocally moved; though the series of links in the chain through which motion is propagated may be indefinitely multiplied; we must, in order to arrive at the origin of these various phenomena, ascend to mind, terminate our inquiries in spirit; nor can we account for the beginning, much less for the continuance and extension of motion, unless we trace it to the will of that Being who is the Cause of all causes, the great Original Mover of the universe. Power is, therefore the attribute of mind; instrumentality that of body. When we read in the Old Testament of the most exalted achievements ascribed to angelic spirits, we cannot suppose that it is owing to any gross materialism which they possess; on the contrary, they have no bodies capable of being investigated by our senses; and, in proportion as they are more attenuated, do they possess greater power. We have reason to believe that all finite minds are under the direction of the Supreme Power,who—without destroying their accountability,or interfering with their free agency—makes all their operations subservient to the accomplishment of his counsels. Hence, all opposition to the Deity is beautifully represented by Isaiah as if the instrument should rebel against him that wields it—as if "The rod should shake itself against him that lifts it up or, "the staff should lift up itself against him that is no wood." (Isaiah x. 15. Bishop Lowth's translation.) All created beings, in this respect, are but instruments in the hands of the Deity whose will is sovereign over them.

The Divine Being, as the Great Father of spirits, combines within himself all the separate energies found in the universe. He is the source, origin, and fountain of all power diffused though creation. The very minds which he has formed are kept in mysterious subordination, and can never overstep the bounds he has assigned them. "Once have I heard this, that power belongs unto God." —*R. Hall*

WEDDED LIFE.—I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even the parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and empty mirth of the gay, to each others quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature who blushes even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eager for his footsteps, as the night steals on and wishing that he would come; and when he enters at last, with an affection undying as his pulse, and folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty. I go forward for years; and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attention which first won her; and fair children are growing up about them: and they go on full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!—*Willis.*

THE LONELY COTTAGER.— A pious cottager, residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a Christian visitor, "are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation, especially in winter?" replied, "O no, sir, for Faith shuts the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning."

A taste for natural beauty, when cultivated,refines and softens, dignifies and exalts the affections, and leads the soul to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, good and excellent, in the vast circle of creation.

Actuated by this divine inspiration,the universe becomes a temple—every surrounding object an altar—every pulse worship, and every breath praise.

BYRON AND MARTYN.

By Miss Beecher.

Reasoning from the known laws of mind, we gain the position, that obedience to the Divine Law is the surest mode of securing every species of happiness attainable in this state of existence.

To exhibit this, some specific cases will be selected, and perhaps a fairer illustration cannot be presented than the contrasted records of two youthful personages who have made the most distinguished figure in the christian, and in the literary world; Byron and Martyn—Henry Martyn the missionary, and Lord Byron the poet.

The first was richly endowed with ardent feelings, keen susceptibilities, and superior intellect. He was the object of many affections, and in the principal university of Great Britain won the highest honors both in classic literature, and mathematical science. He was flattered, caressed, and admired; the road of fame and honor lay open before him, and the brightest hopes of youth seemed ready to be realized. But the hour came when he looked upon a lost and guilty world, in the light of eternity; when he realized the full meaning of the sacrifice of our incarnate God; when he assumed his obligations to become a fellow-worker in redeeming a guilty world from the dominion of selfishness, and all its future woes. "The love of God constrained him;" and without a murmur, for wretched beings on a distant shore, whom he never saw, of whom he knew nothing but that they were miserable and guilty, he relinquished the wreath of fame, forsook the path of worldly honor, severed the ties of kindred, and gave up friends, country and home. With every nerve throbbing in anguish at the sacrifice, he went forth alone, to degraded heathen society, to solitude and privation, to weariness and painfulness, and to all the trials of missionary life.

He spent his day in teaching the guilty and degraded, the way of pardon and peace. He lived to write the law of his God in the wide-spread characters of the Persian nation, and to place a copy in the hands of its king. He lived to contend with the chief Moullahs of Mahomet, in the mosques of Shiraz, and to kindle a flame in Persia more undying than its fabled fires.—He lived to endure rebuke and scorn, to toil and suffer in a fervid climate, to drag his weary steps over burning sands, with the daily, dying hope, that at last he might be laid to rest among his kindred and on his native shore. Yet even this last earthly hope was not attained, for after spending all his youth in ceaseless labors for the good of others, at the early age of thirty-two, he was laid in an unknown and foreign grave.

He died *alone*—a stranger in a strange land—with no friendly form around to sympathize and soothe.—"*Compositus est paucioribus lachrymis.*" Yet this was the last record of his dying hand: "I sat in the orchard and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God! in solitude my company! my friend! my comforter!"

And in reviewing the record of his short yet blessed life, even if we forget the exulting joy with which such a benevolent spirit must welcome to heaven the thousands he toiled to redeem; if we look only at his years of self-denying trial, where were accumulated all the sufferings he was ever to feel, we can find more evidence of true happiness than is to be found in the records of the youthful poet, who was gifted with every susceptibility of happiness, who spent his days in search of selfish enjoyment, who had every source of earthly bliss laid open, and drank to the very dregs.

His remains present one of the most mournful exhibitions of a noble mind in all the wide chaos of ruin and disorder. He also was naturally endowed with overflowing affections, keen sensibilities, quick conceptions, and a sense of moral rectitude. He had all the constituents of a mind of first rate order. But he passed through existence amid the wildest disorder of a ruined spirit. His mind seemed utterly unbalanced, teeming with rich thoughts and overbearing impulses, the sport of the strangest fancies and the strongest passions, bound down by no habit, restrained by no principle; a singular combination of great conceptions and fantastic caprices, of manly dignity and childish folly, of noble feeling and babyish weakness.

The Lord of Newstead Abbey—the heir of a boasted line of ancestry—a peer of the realm—the pride of the social circle—the leading star of poesy—the hero of Greece—the wonder of the gaping world, can now be followed to his secret haunts. And there the veriest child of the nursery might be amused at some of his silly weaknesses and ridiculous conceits. Distressed about the cut of a collar, fuming at the colour of his dress, intensely anxious about the whiteness of his hand, deeply engrossed with monkeys and dogs, and flying about from one whim to another, with a reckless earnestness as ludicrous as it is disgusting.

At times this boasted hero and genius seemed nought but an overgrown child, that had broken its leading strings and overmastered its nurse. At other times he is beheld in all the rounds of dissipation and the haunts of vice, occasionally filling up his leisure in recording and disseminating the disgusting minutiæ of his weakness and shame, and with an effrontery and stupidity equalled only by that of a friend who retails them to an insulted world. Again we behold him philosophising like a sage, and moralizing like a christian, while often from his bosom burst forth the repinings of a wounded spirit. He sometimes seemed to gaze upon his own mind with wonder, to watch its disordered powers with curious inquiry, to touch its complaining strings, and start at the response; while often with maddening sweep he shook every chord, and sent forth its deep wailings to entrance a wondering world.

Both Henry Martyn and Lord Byron shared the sorrows of life, and their records teach the different workings of the christian and worldly mind. Byron lost his mother, and when urged not to give way to sorrow, he burst into an agony of grief, saying "I had but one friend in the world, and now she is gone!" On the death of some of his early friends he thus writes: "My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my betters. I am indeed most wretched."

And thus Henry Martyn mourns the loss of one most dear. "Can it be that she has been lying so many months in the cold grave! Would that I could always remember it or always forget it; but to think a moment on other things, and then feel the remembrance of it come, as if for the first time, rends my heart asunder. O my gracious God, what should I do without Thee! But now thou art manifesting thyself as 'the God of all consolation.' Never was I so near thee. There is nothing in this world for which I could wish to live, except because it may please God to appoint me some work to do. O thou incomprehensibly glorious Saviour, what hast thou done to alleviate the sorrows of life!"

It is recorded of Byron, that in society he generally appeared humorous and prankish; yet when rallied on his melancholy turn of writing, his constant answer was, that though thus merry and full of laughter, he was at heart one of the most miserable wretches in existence. And thus he writes:

"Why, at the very height of desire and human happiness, worldly, amorous, ambitious, or even avaricious, does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow—a fear of what is to come—a doubt of what is! If it were not for hope what would the future be?—a hell! As for the past what predominates in memory—hopes baffled! From whatever place we commence we know *where it must all end*. And yet what good is there in knowing it? It does not make men wiser or better. If I were to live my life over again, I do not know what I would change in my life, unless it were for—*not to have lived at all*. All history, and experience, and the rest teach us, that good and evil are pretty equally balanced in this existence, and that what is most to be desired is an *easy passage out of it*. What can it give us but years, and these have little *of good but their ending*."

And thus Martyn writes: "I am happier here in this remote land, where I seldom hear what happens in the world, than I was in England, where there are so many calls to look at things that are seen. The precious Word is now my only study, by means of translations. Time flows on with great rapidity. It seems as if life would all be gone before any thing is done. I sometimes rejoice that I am but twenty-seven, and that unless God should ordain it otherwise, I may double this number in constant and successful labor, before passing into the other world."

And thus they make their records at anniversaries, when the mind is called to review life and its labors.—Thus Byron writes: "At twelve o'clock I shall have completed thirty-three year! I go to my bed with a heaviness of heart at having lived so long and to so little purpose. It is now three minutes past twelve, and I am thirty-three.

Ebeu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni;

But I do not regret them so much for what I have done, as for what I *might* have done."

And thus Martyn: "I like to find myself employed usefully in a way I *did not expect or foresee*. The coming year is to be a perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I finish the Persian New Testament or not. I look back with pity on myself, when I attached so much importance to my life and labors. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them, for coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of man. I am sick when I look at the wisdom of man, but am relieved by reflecting, that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of his works is refreshing. A dried leaf or a straw, makes me feel *in good company*, and complacency and admiration take the place of disgust. What a momentary duration is the life of man! "*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*," may be affirmed of the river; but men pass away as soon as they begin to exist. *Well, let the moments pass!*"

They waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the blissful shore
Of blest eternity.

Such was the experience of those who in youth completed their course. The poet has well described his own career:

"A wandering mass of shapeless flame,
A pathless comet and a curse,
The menace of the universe;
Still rolling on with innate force,
Without a sphere, without a course,
A bright deformity on high,
The monster of the upper sky!"

In holy writ we read of those who are "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; *wandering stars*, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." The lips of man may not apply these terrific words to any whose doom is yet to be disclosed; but there is a passage which none can fear to apply.—"Those that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as stars for ever and ever!"

From the Monument.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."

A Romantic Story.

Occasionally even in this money-making—money-loving age we meet with instances of generosity tinctured so strongly with romance, that we are carried back to the fresh and sunny days of our youth, when the warm affections of our hearts, unchilled by the coldness and disappointments which meet us all in our journey through life, prompt us to acts of heroism and devotion, and kindle and glow at the recital of such acts performed by those who have lived in gone-bye days.

The circumstances which I am about to detail seem to me to partake of the character of romance, and as they have occurred within my own knowledge, and as the parties are well and *intimately* known to me, especially the heroine, I have thought a slight sketch might not be totally uninteresting as it would serve to convince the skeptical—that *such things* as sentiment and constancy are actually in existence, in these degenerate times.

About five and twenty years ago—there came to reside in a neighboring village a young man, of respectable appearance and manners, but apparently relying upon his

own exertions for the means of living. He opened an office as an attorney, and soon became acquainted with the surrounding families, and amongst others with that of Mr. B. then moving in the first circle of society—Mr. B. had several daughters all of whom were intelligent and agreeable girls—and one of whom seemed particularly to interest the feelings and command the esteem of the young stranger. He became a constant visiter in the house, and would doubtless in due time have offered himself to the acceptance of the lady—but for an expression made by her in a moment of banter or playful conversation with some other ladies, when she declared that "she would never marry a poor man and have to work for a living."

From that hour the stranger felt as if his fate was sealed—and although the intimacy and friendly feelings of the parties suffered no interruption, yet matters went no further.—Time rolled on and after a few years residence in the village the young stranger suddenly removed to the distant west—and was remembered by a few only as a man that had been amongst them.

In the mean time sad and melancholy changes past over the neighborhood which the stranger had left—death had been there—and adversity with his withering blasts, had fallen upon those who had been nursed and reared in the very bosom of prosperity. The venerable Mr. B. and his companion had passed to the tomb—the sons had wandered far off to other climes, and the daughters deprived of those who should have been their protectors through life, were thrown destitute upon the world.

Twenty years had gone by, when a letter was received from the stranger dated in the west, by the hand of one with whom he had been intimate whilst in the village—making inquiries about the family of Mr. A., and particularly about the lady of his early love, wishing to know whether she were living and if so, whether she were married or single? An answer was returned, telling the death of the parents, and the destitute condition of the lady, who was still single and unhappy. Upon the reception of this answer the gentleman promptly addressed a note to the lady, stating that he had a home and wealth and all that could make life desirable—but her; and ardently and generously offering himself and his wealth and home to her acceptance—reminding her of their former intimacy and rejoicing that it was in his power to place her in ease and affluence, above the frowns of the world—saying further, that he should come to Maryland for her, and could and would take no denial, but must have her to accompany him to his residence in the west. The lady who had always cherished his remembrance amidst the vicissitudes which had marked her life for twenty years—but had supposed herself long since forgotten, was agreeably surprised by the receipt of this unexpected offer—and in answer reminded her old lover that twenty years had made considerable alteration in her appearance—and that perhaps, if he should now see her, his feelings might be changed. A brief reply followed, in which the gentleman renewed his offer—and said that twenty years, had made no change in his feelings towards her, and if there was nothing else in the way, he should confidently rely upon her being in readiness to accept his hand and accompany him home in one month from the date of this his last letter,—as by that time he should be in Maryland, and his engagements were such, as to forbid his staying long from home. To close this romantic story, the gentleman reached Maryland about the first of this month—married the lady two days after arrival, and left Baltimore on his return to the west within the last day or two. B. H. R.

AGE OF THE WORLD.—At a late meeting of the British Association, the only fact elicited through the evening was the declaration of Dr. Buckland, that millions of years must henceforward be assigned to the age of the world, and the best Hebrew scholars had lately given a new interpretation to the two first verses of Genesis. This announcement of the reverend doctor was received with applause that lasted some minutes.

THE HUMILIATION, SUFFERINGS, AND TRIUMPH OF THE MESSIAH.

A PARAPHRASE.——ORIGINAL.

ISAIAH LII.. 13. Behold my Servant ! Far transcending all:
Rising exalted! conquering every foe!
14 Though long depressed: the scorn of sinful men!
Astonishment hath ventured forth to gaze
On him my souls delight—Behold the Man !
The Man of Sorrows ! Furrow'd o'er with grief,
Betrayed—insulted—more than earth's vile race!
15 Yet nations shall behold him from afar;
With wonder and delight his easter hail;
Nor none resist; but mute before him stand!
For he shall be revealed the Prince of Peace:
His banner be unfurled ! and Hosts adore !
CHAP. LII. 1 By whom is this report believed? To whom
Is manifest JEHOVAH'S mighty arm?
Who yet acknowledges MESSIAH'S name?
2 But he shall grow, and flourish in my sight;
Grow as a springing root though dry erewhile.
His earthly fashion wears no comeliness,
When we behold him nothing shall appear
To gratify the fond desire of beauty:——no,
3 Forlorn, despised of men, and cast away,
Depressed with sorrows, conversant with grief,
As one ashamed,—our shame he yet endures;
4 Our grief; our sorrows; yet we own him not.
The visitation dire, and chastisement,
Due to our sins; we counted as his due.
5 Wounded to death, not for his fault he dies;
Nor sin knew he; but a sin offering made.
Our bruises and infirmities he bore :
For us he poured out his soul to death.
He made our peace,—we by his wounds are healed.
6 We who like sheep, had strayed away from GOD;
Forsook his fold,—chosen our devious way
Now,—now his wondrous love prevails,—restored!
7 On him JEHOVAH causes to alight
Our penalty, and doom;—our all of woe
From him exacted, he our ransom pays:
The full redemption price. Yet he his lips
Unopened kept—imprisoning sweet words;
While, as a Lamb unto the slaughter led,
Or the meek Sheep, consigned for man to death
Silent awaits its fate;—so mute stood he.
8 He rested not in prison; but was hailed
To summary vindiction:—justice, grace,
A righteous sentence;—all to him denied,
He seemed to perish as of God forsook!
None will his conversation justify;
Nor urge disproof of crimes against him laid.
Those men, that sentence who shall e'er pourtray.
Though Prince of Life, he falls by vengeful stroke
Smitten to death, he for transgressors dies!
9 Dies with the wicked! occupies the grave,
If of the rich,—What honour, had he there?
Although no fault, nor guile, in him was found
Nor violence,—by violence he dies,
10 So pleased the LORD to vanquish *death* through death
Our grief and bruise, to remedy by his.
Our lives to save, his spirit he resigned:
Life to restore, Creation's Father died.
The LORD hath sworn,—that as his zeal's reward
His deed shall prosper! wondrous! infinite!
Who shall count up the myriads of his race?
Number his heirs;—describe his growing reign
Its blessings;—and th' extension of its fruits?
The day it will declare :—His righteous cause
Shall flourish; and his rule victorious spread !
11 The travail that his righteous soul endured
Prolific ends:—that sorrows all forgot,
The ecstasy of joy;—transcends its woe:
'Tis satisfaction all;—his soul's at rest,
And rest of soul, descends on all around.
Faith in his name, so fully justifies
From past iniquities, that PEACE begins
Her happy, lasting, universal reign.
12 Majestic in his sufferings; he shall bear
The glory of my House. Strong to endure
In strength he shall possess. Him my Firstborn
I name! Exalted o'er the sons of men
Numbers, shall fail his honours to recount
Though numbered with transgressors when he bore
The woes of multitudes. The prayer is heard!
I do forgive! And he o'er all shall reign ! TELON.

A TOPER'S ADDRESS TO HIS COMPANIONS.—Topers, drunkards and swiggers! Hear me for your own sake, and lay aside your glass that you may hear? believe me for your welfare, that you may believe; censure me in your sober moments, and be sober, that you may judge. If there be around this table any dear lover of ardent spirits, to him I say that Slingo's love of ardent spirits was no less than his. If then that love demand why Slingo rose against ardent spirits, the answer is, not that I loved ardent spirits less, but that I loved health and sound constitution more. Had you rather that ardent spirits were ruling, to die a rum knave, than that ardent spirits were contemned, to live a stout, hardy honest yeoman? As ardent spirits were pleasant, I tasted them; as they were exhilarating, I sipped them; as they recruited my spirits, I drank them; but as they were ruinous, I spurned them. There are tastes for their pleasantness, sips for their exhilarations, drams for their recruiting powers, but banishment and detestation for their ruinous tendency. Who is here so brutal as would be a drunkard? If any, gulp, hiccup, reel, for him have I offended. Who is here so foolish as would be a swigger? If any, brawl, for him have I offended. Who is here so mad as will not mind his health? If any, let fever speak his burning rage for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. [None answer.] Then none have I offended. I have done no more to ardent spirits than you should do to Slingo.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO.—Among the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from the town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shown under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In this vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, all the Capuchins who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be confounded with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies they are prepared by being gradually dried before a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchine habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault. The head, the arms and the feet are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discolored, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, in many places torn, is glued to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what a hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive may form an idea of this singular repository of dead friars.

TURKISH JUSTICE.—I had not proceeded up two of the steep streets, on my way to the Eski Saray, attracted by a review, when I was stopped by a singular exhibition peculiar to Turkish towns, a baker nailed by his ear to his door-post. I was fortunate, for the sight is sufficiently rare to make it a curiosity. The position of the rascal was most ludicrous, rendered more so by the perfect nonchalance with which he was caressing his beard. The operation they say does not hurt much, though in this case it was done very roughly, and the patient was obliged to stand on his toes to keep his ear from tearing. This is nothing, said my dragoman, observing my attention; 'a few days ago a master baker, as handsome a young fellow as ever you saw, had his nose and ears cut off. He bore it like a brave one. He said he did not care much about his ears—his turban would hide the marks; but his nose—he gave the executioner a bribe to return it to him, after he had shown it to the judge, that he might have it stuck on again. Poor fellow!' I thought, 'that would have puzzled Carpue!—'It served him right,' added my dragoman; 'at that time loaves were scarcer than baker's noses.—*Slade's Travels in Turkey.*

THE VARIETY OF STRUCTURE IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS, CORRESPONDING TO THE VARIETY OF CLIMATE.*

"The organization of plants and animals is in different tribes formed upon schemes more or less different, but in all cases adjusted in a general way to the course and action of the elements. The differences are connected with the different habits and manners of living which belong to different species; and at any one place the various species, both of animals and plants, have a number of relations and mutual dependencies arising out of these differences. But, besides the differences of this kind, we find in the forms of organic life another set of differences, by which the animal and vegetable kingdom are fitted for the variety which exists in the climates of the earth.

"The existence of such differences is too obvious to require to be dwelt upon. The plants and animals which flourish and thrive in countries remote from each other, offer, to the eye of the traveller, a series of pictures, which even to an ignorant and unreflecting spectator, is full of a peculiar and fascinating interest, in consequence of the novelty and strangeness of the successive scenes.

"Those who describe the countries between the tropics, speak with admiration of the luxuriant profusion and rich variety of the vegetable productions of those regions. Vegetable life seems there far more vigorous and active, the circumstances under which it goes on far more favourable, than in our latitudes. Now, if we conceive an inhabitant of those regions, knowing, from the circumstances of the earth's form and motion, the differences of climate which must prevail upon it, to guess, from what he saw about him, the condition of other parts of the globe as to vegetable wealth, is it not likely that he would suppose, that the extratropical climates must be almost devoid of plants? We know that the ancients, living in the temperate zone, came to the conclusion that both the torrid and the frigid zones must be uninhabitable. In like manner, the equatorial reasoner would probably conceive, that vegetation must cease, or gradually die away, as he should proceed to places further and further removed from the genial influence of the sun. The mean temperature of his year being about 80 degrees, he would hardly suppose that any plants could subsist through a year, where the mean temperature was only 50, where the temperature of the summer quarter was only 64, and where the mean temperature of a whole quarter of the year was a very few degrees removed from that at which water becomes solid. He would suppose, that scarcely any tree, shrub, or flower, could exist in such a state of things, and, so far as the plants of his own country are concerned, he would judge rightly.

"But the countries further removed from the equator are not left thus unprovided. Instead of being scantily occupied by such of the tropical plants as could support a stunted and precarious life in ungenial climes, they are abundantly stocked with a multitude of vegetables which appear to be constructed expressly for them, inasmuch as these species can no more flourish at the equator than the equatorial species can in these temperate regions. And such new supplies, thus adapted to new conditions, recur perpetually as we advance towards the apparently frozen and untenantable regions in the neighbourhood of the pole. Every zone has its peculiar vegetables; and while we miss some, we find others make their appearance, as if to replace those which are absent.

"If we look at the indigenous plants of Asia and Europe, we find such a succession as we have here spoken of. At the equator we find the natives of the Spice Islands, the clove and nutmeg trees, pepper, and mace. Cinnamon bushes clothe the surface of Ceylon; the odoriferous sandal wood, the ebony tree, the teak tree, the banyan, grow in the East Indies. In the same latitudes in Arabia the Happy we find balm, frankincense, myrrh, the coffee tree, and the tamarind. But in these countries, at least in the plains, the trees and shrubs which decorate our more northerly climates are wanting. And as we go northwards, at every step we change the vegetable group, both by addition and by subtraction. In the thickets to the west of the Caspian Sea, we have the apricot, citron, peach, walnut. In the same latitude in Spain, Sicily, and Italy, we find the dwarf palm, the cyprus, the chesnut, the cork tree: the orange and lemon tree perfume the air with their blossoms; the myrtle and pomegranate grow wild among the rocks. We cross the Alps, and we find the vegetation which belongs to northern Europe, of which England affords an instance. The oak, the beech, and the elm, are natives of Great Britain: the elm tree spoil in Scotland, and in the north of England, is the wych elm. As we travel still further to the north, the forests again change their character. In the northern provinces of the Russian empire are found forests of the various species of firs: the Scotch and spruce fir, and the larch. In the Orkney Islands no tree is found but the hazel, which occurs again on the northern shores of the Baltic. As we proceed into colder regions, we still find species which appear to have been made for these situations. The hoary or cold alder makes its appearance north of Stockholm: the sycamore and mountain ash accompany us to the head of the gulf of Bothnia: and as we leave this and traverse the Dophrian range, we pass in succession the boundary lines of the spruce fir, the Scotch fir, and those minute shrubs which botanists distinguish as the dwarf birch and the dwarf willow. Here, near to or within the arctic circle, we yet find wild flowers of great beauty; the mezereum, the yellow and white water lily, and the European globe flower. And when these fail us, the reindeer moss still makes the country habitable for animals and man.

"We have thus a variety in the laws of vegetable organization remarkably adapted to the variety of climates; and by this adaptation the globe is clothed with vegetation, and peopled with animals, from pole to pole, while, without such an adaptation, vegetable and animal life must have been confined almost, or entirely, to some narrow zone on the earth's surface. We conceive that we see here the evidence of a wise and benevolent intention, overcoming the varying difficulties, or employing the varying resources of the elements, with an inexhaustible fertility of contrivance, a constant tendency to diffuse life and well being."

*From Professor Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise.

SOLID AIR.—The philosophers of Paris, by the aid of tremendously powerful apparatus, have succeeded in the consolidation of carbonick acid gas, one of the constituents of atmospherick air, so as to be both visible and tangible. The substance, at a late sitting of the French Academy, was distributed to the company, tasted and handled—and the sensation produced by its touch is described as "the impression of extraordinary cold which a solid gas produces, when returning from a state of air." It is added that the company were much surprised at the slight effect resulting to the organs of sensation from contact with a substance, the touch of which congeals mercury and spirits of wine, and causes the thermometer to descend to ninety degrees below zero. To what is the world coming? If these French *savans* are suffered to go on with their experiments, and thus convert the very element we breathe into hailstones and icicles, they may next catch the most hidden thoughts of the brain, turn them into lumps of matter, and pass them about like cracked filberts at a royal levee!

NEW MEANS OF PRODUCING EXPLOSION.—A memoir has been presented to the French Academy of Sciences, the title of which we give, as translated in the *London Athenæum*, for the amusement of our readers: "Memoir communicated to the Academy of Sciences, on an explosive mixture, which may be adapted by the government instead of gunpowder; the easy use and economical nature of which must lead to the happiest changes in the present system of fire-arms, produce economy on a vast scale, double our wealth, and create new titles to national glory." The secret of this wonderful discovery consists in the making of a hollow cylinder of some cotton material, and fine paper pasted on it, fixing a leaden bullet at one end, and filling the rest with an explosive gas, which shall contain one part of oxygen, and two of hydrogen, which is to be inflamed by bringing a stylus of platina in contact with it, and which retires when the pressure of the finger is removed. The mere statement of the above spares further comment.

CURIOUS.—A late Paris paper mentions that two poor fishermen found, while drawing the nets in the Seine near the Isle of Swans, a little wooden box, very neatly made and surrounded by plates of iron which were nearly destroyed by the rust. The box was in an excellent state of preservation, and hermetically sealed. On the out side were still to be seen some feeble traces of Fleurs de Lis, and the letters "M. de V." surmounted by a double royal coronet. The fishermen were delighted with their prize, and lost no time in breaking it open, expecting to find within a treasure of no ordinary value. But their surprise and horror may be conceived, when their eyes rested on a *human head*, embalmed and perfectly preserved! In the bottom of the box was a silken scarf, some withered flowers, and a poinard, the point of which was stained with blood. The box with its contents was purchased by one of the *Savans* of Paris—who is confident that it belonged to Marguerite de Valois, the Queen of Henry the IV. and the head is that of Coconas, which it is well known, she caused to be embalmed after the tragical death of that individual.

THE TONGUE OF THE DUCK.—When we consider the particular use which the duck makes of its tongue, we shall immediately perceive that it is endowed with great and unusal sensibility. The duck, unlike all other birds, discriminates its food, not by sight or by smell, but by the touch of its tongue. It thrusts its bill into the mud, just as a fisherman throws his net into the sea, and brings up whatever it contains; from this monthful of stuff it selects, by the tongue alone, what is good for food, and everything else is rejected.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.—Is it not clear that christianity has been long and widely misapprehended? Is it not clear that, while our religion is held separate from our politics, separate from our literature, separate from our science, it no more puts forth its full power than if it were held separate from our daily actions and thoughts? If our religious teachers are right in telling our artizans that their faith should go with them into their workshops,—as well to animate the hand as to control the spirit,—it must also be right for our naturalists to carry theirs into the fields and along the caverned shore, for our scientific men to infuse theirs into their researches, and to let it preside over their experimental philosophy. The one may perchance find illustrations that he dreamed not of among the roosting birds, or the recovered treasures of the deeps; and the other may be struck by relations they could not anticipate between truths which had appeared unconnected. There may be something in the silent motions of the firmament, or in the unvarying and multitudinous relations of number and quantity, or in the illimitable extent and mighty power of transmutation and affinity, which may suggest new and high thoughts of the administrations of Providence, of the share which man has in them, and of the modes in which the most marvellous of its wonders and the most precious of its promises have been and shall be fulfilled.—*Monthly Repository.*

A REMARKABLE BOY.—This reminds me of another case, in which a boy hanged himself, but was cut down in time. I was called to see the boy; he was a half-stupid, half-cunning, and wholly wicked looking boy, stunted in growth, apparently about sixteen years of age. The account given of him was, that he was desperately wicked—that a little before, he had attempted to drive the plough over one of the farmer's children, and they were greatly afraid of him. I talked to the boy—'Why did he do it?'—'The devil had told him to do it.'—'When did he see him?'—'Very often.'—'What sort of a person was he?'—'Like a gentleman, with a bit of white hanging over his boot.' I then left the boy and went into the house to talk with his mother, who had arrived, and directed the doctor to be sent for. When I went out to the boy again, a man who had walked to the farm with me, was making him repeat the Lord's prayer. They had just come to the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'—'Bread!' said the boy with stupid astonishment looking up in the gentleman's face; 'we don't have bread—mostly taties.' He did not make another attempt, but he turned out very ill—was near committing murder, and through fear of it, induced a poor girl to marry him. I fear it was a sad affair, and perhaps will end in one of the deep tragedies of the lower walks of life, of which there are more than the higher wot of. I had recollected this youth being once a scholar in our Sunday School, but he staid a very short time, and then shewed either his wickedness or his ignorance, for to a question in the catechism, he returned thanks 'for this state of salvation.' I took no notice of it; and he was, in truth, ragged and starved enough.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1837.

LITERARY NOVELTY.—In the walks of literature the ladies of the United States are making rapid strides. They seem determined to disprove the notion of some of the lord's of creation, that the intellect of woman is inferior to that of man. We have lately received the Baltimore Monument for June 17—a paper entire original, *and a piece the composition of a lady.* It abounds with elegant prose and sweet poetry, and concludes with a piece of enchanting music by a lady. Nor is this all—for we are threatened with a similar paper in a few weeks, in which also the ladies are to occupy the editorial chair, 'no doubting' as the present occupant says, 'but they will do honour to themselves in their new capacity.' We confess we were not prepared for such practical demonstrations of the spirit and talent that is fast waking up among the female *corps*—the gents had better bestir themselves or they will soon be ranked amongst the dull and stupid of human kind.

MRS. JONES AGAIN.—The Christian Guardian of Upper Canada contradicts the rumour which has been afloat concerning this singular lady. The editor who is a member of the Canadian Wesleyan Conference says:

"We have the pleasure, and such we truly esteem it, of somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who since their matrimonial connection have resided in

and commodious, and prettily furnished frame house in the Credit village, about sixteen miles from this city, where Mr. J. has been usefully employed in translating the scriptures of truth into his native tongue, and in ministering the word of life to his Indian brethren, and the surrounding white population. In no instance, as far as we can judge, have we witnessed a more cordial attachment than that which exists between the gentleman and lady at whom the above disgraceful slander is aimed; and although the state of Mrs. J's health has rendered it advisable that she should take a voyage to Europe, yet the story of her having "secretly abdicated" her home, is notoriously untrue. Mr. J. accompanied her to New York, where he remained several days, attended a number of missionary meetings, saw Mrs. J. depart, and has now returned to this City to attend the Annual meeting of the Wesleyan Conference, of which he is a much esteemed member."

FROM NEW ZEALAND.—There has been a dreadful slaughter and destruction of property, committed by the natives of Waikatto, Matamata, and Touranga, at Maketu, where Richard Jones, Esq. M. C. of Sydney, had an establishment, which was totally burnt down, and upwards of one hundred tons of flax destroyed and carried away. The fierce assailants were eight hundred well armed men, together with numerous slaves without arms, while the defenders did not amount to more than one hundred and twenty including women and children. The savages soon cleared every obstacle, killing every man they came across, and making prisoners of the women and children. The unfortunate victims were dragged from their houses; and while held down by the legs and arms, to prevent resistance, savagely butchered with tomahawks. Quarters and heads of men lay scattered about in every direction; while the exulting yells of the conquering party added, if possible, to the surrounding horrors. This party had also, on their way to Maketu, fallen in with thirteen of another hostile tribe, eleven of whom they murdered, and feasted on their flesh, which they baked in ovens. The establishment of Mr. Scott had also been plundered of a considerable quantity of clothing and cooking utensils, by a party of Touranga natives. The alleged ground for the attack was that some natives of the hostile tribe had been killed by those upon whom vengeance was taken.—*Philad. Gazette.*

EXPLORING EXPEDITION AGAIN.—This affair is now become an "old story," and we fear it will end in being one of those dreamy legends that never have been. "There's a screw loose somewhere," and the gun still hangs fire and wont go off from mismanagement, in what quarter, we shall probably one day learn. About the time the mystery will have been solved Uncle Sam's Treasury will be in the vocative; and then this bright plume which was to be added to our naval reputation, will have been torn from us, to be contemplated only in the perspective of the future.—*New York Star.*

The Board of Navy Officers appointed in relation to the Exploring Expedition, consists of Commodores Chauncey, Morris, Warrington, Patterson, and Wadsworth. One of the subjects of enquiry which we understand to be referred to this very able Board is, whether the force assigned for the Expedition by the late Executive can be reduced consistently with the objects of the Expedition.—*Balt. Chron.*

HYDROPHOBIA.—It is stated in the Springfield (Mass) Gazette, that a child a few days since was bitten in that town by a mad dog, which was afterwards killed, with decided symptoms of hydrophobia, and that it was immediately determined to amputate the arm above the wound, as the latter, which was above the elbow, was the consequence. It is questionable whether the amputation was advisable, inasmuch as the cutting out of the wounded part clean would have been quite as effectual. Whatever might have been the apprehensions from absorption, that action must have commenced immediately when the wound was given, and before amputation.

Two extensive American Banking Houses have failed at London,—J. Wilson & Co. and T. Wiggins. Wiggins debts £400,000,—Wilson's do. £500,000.

The brig James Matthews, from Dominica, formerly the Portugese slaver Don Franciso, arrived at this port on Friday last. She had been captured on the coast of Africa, by H. M. brig Griffin, was taken to Dominica, and there condemned by a Court of Vice-Admiralty, and purchased by her present owners. The condemnation by any other Courts than those of a mixed commission, in such cases, it appears, is illegal; the above vessel was therefore immediately seized by the Collector of Customs at this port, and now lies at the King's Wharf.—*Hal. Times.*

The brig William the Fourth, from hence, for Quebec, with Government Stores, baggage, and Passengers, was driven from her anchors. and cast away at Prince Edward Island, on Wednesday the 5th July, in a heavy gale—crew and passengers saved.—*Novascotian.*

The Captain and Crew of the Ship Harriet of Liverpool, from New York, for Quebec, lost near Torbay, on the 26th ult. arrived here on Tuesday from Torbay, with the Materials saved from the wreck—*Ib.*

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, July 12.—Mr. Richard Deal, of the Dutch Village, exhibited this day nearly half a bushel of Early White Potatoes, well grown, and the produce of his own Farm during the present season—which, being the first in market, the prize of *ten shillings* was awarded him.—*Ib.*.

DESPATCHES for Lord Glenelg and Sir Colin Campbell, were received here by express from Fredericton, on Monday morning. The "hot haste" of the messenger gave rise to all sorts of rumors. The despatches for the Colonial Office were forwarded by the Clio. We do not pretend to know what they contained—*Ib.*

The Indian war has recommenced. The horrible policy of employing one tribe against another has been resorted to. The ferocity of the Cherokees and Choctaws are excited againgst the Seminoles, by an offer of $10 for each scalp. The Indians say, it appears, that they want four inches more of the white man's blood,—the whites declare that it will be a war of extermination.—*Tel.*

The U. S. Ship of War, Pennsylvania, one of the largest, and most beautiful, and best built ships in the world, is nearly ready for launching. No expense, it appears, has been spared to render her first rate in every sense of the word.—*Ib.*

Capt. Bayfield, R. N. in the Gulnare, has commenced his surveying operations in the Bay Chaleur and neighboring waters.—*Ib.*

ROMANTIC NARRATIVE.—*An Effect of Slavery.*—The New York Sun gives a narrative which strongly illustrates the nature of slavery, and exhibits some of the effects of the late Commercial crisis. A merchant in Mobile had a young female slave, named Martha, a beautiful Creole. He educated her as his daughter, and loved her tenderly. He became one of the victims to the money crisis, and failed. His *effects* were surrendered to his creditors, excepting *Martha*, whom he wished to retain, giving ample bonds for her *price as a slave*. The chief creditor refused, and insisted that Martha too should be set *up at auction*. This had to be submitted to,—and a friend was engaged to buy her in at $1000. The arrangement was useless, she was knocked down to creditor at $4000. When informed of her wretched fate, she refused to leave her original master's house alive. She was advised, and hopes of release held out, and she was personally transfered to her *new owner*. He soon lodged her in Jail as an obstinate servant, but she submitted, and again went under the odious roof of her *purchaser*. Her original owner found means for her escape, she fled, was pursued, large rewards were offered for her recovery, but she succeeded in reaching New York, and was there concealed. Efforts were made to purchase her new owner's title, for a lage sum, in vain; he held his tyrannical right suspended over the heads of the wretched pair. *He also failed*,—his effects came to the hammer,—and finally, his title to Martha—herself absent, her recovery doubtful, and money valuable was purchased for $65. A new bond it appears has been made between the Slave and her original master, they have become *man and wife*.—*Ib*

The Scotch Highland Agricultural Society, have offered 500 sovereigns, for the first successful application of steam power to agriculture. Great benefit is expected from this enquiry.

MARRIED.

Married on the 11th July, by the Rev. John Burton, John George Austen, to Mary Ann Morison, both of this town.

At Jollicore, N. B. on the 14th inst. by the Rev J. F. Bent, Eliza eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph D. Wells, to Josiah Gingley, of Point De Bute.

DIED.

Died at Dalhousie, on the 26th ult. aged 60 years, William Gibson late of the Royal Artillery, an industrious and honest man. He has left a wife and eleven children to deplore his loss.

At Liverpool N. S. 5th inst. after a short illness, aged 19, Eliza-Ann youngest daughter of Mr. Herry Payzant.

At the Poor's Asylum, Edward Casey, aged 18 years, a native of Newfoundland.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, Schrs. Snowbed, Shelburne: Arichat, Arichat, Cordelia G. Henry, Morning Star, Sophia, Wellington, Harmony and Active LeHave and Lunenburg: Margaret, New Edinburg: Superb, Ragged Islands; Adebe, Arichat: True Brothers, Slocomb, Liverpool; Emily, Eliza Ann & Irene, St. Andrews, SarahJane do; TwoFriends, Goden, Quebec, 12 days: brig Trent, Middleton, Hamburg, 60 days.

Sunday. Brig Halcyon, Weston, Ponse, 18 days,—schr George, Yarmouth.

Monday, Brig Dee, Turk's Island via Liverpool, 18 days—schr. Sarah Jane, Cape Negro: ship John Porter, Cuthbatson, Liverpool, 44 days; barque Regard, Crofton, Liverpool, 44 days.

Tuesday, Brig Belfast, Burns, New York, 7 days; [illegible] Sunflower, Arichat,—Maniy, Arichat.

Wednesday, schr Waterloo, Eisan, Miramichi, 6 days; brigt. Mary, Penerie, Jersey, 52 days,—schr Uniacke, Landry, Miramichi, 5 days.

Thursday, Schrs. George Henry, Mahone Bay; Lively, Prospect; Mary Ann, Barrington; King, William, Sydney; C.R.; schr. Speculator, Frederick, Lunenburg; schr. Mary, Enman, P.E. Island: brigt Harriet, De Roche, Philadelphia, 11 days.

Saturday, His Majesty's brig Swift. —— Falmouth, 34 days. Brig Cordelia, Jones, Boston, 3 days. Frig Halifax, O'Brien, New York, 6 days.

CLEARED.

July 7—Brig Sophia, Crocket, West Indies,—schr Florida, Hoffman, Quebec,—Matilda, Bell, N.F.—8th, brig Corsair, Thompson, Liverpool,—schr Eight Sons, Jacobs, St. John, N.F.—Yarmouth Packet, Tooker, St. John, N.B.—Hazard, Crowell, Gaspe,—Courier, Fournie, Perce, N. F.—Sarah, Doane, Gaspe, do. 11th, Brig Persa, Pengily, Barbadoes. 12th, schr Sarah Jane, McMichael, St. Andrews,—Victory, Banks, St. John, N.B.,—Kate, Horne, B.W. Indies.

PASSENGERS in the barque Clio for Liverpool, G.B. Mr. Matthews, Mrs. Pratt and family.

In his Majesty's brig, Swift, from Falmouth, Mr. M. Tobin, junr. In brig Cordelia, from Boston, Dr. Porter, C. Porter, J. A. Bauer, J. Naylor, Mr. Nichol, and 6 in the steerage. In the Halifax, Mrs. Clark and child, Miss Clark; Messrs. Clark, J. M'Farlen, Newman.

ELLEN—THE MINSTREL MAID.

By Giles M'Quiggin.

I saw her when a beauteous bride,
And lovelier lass than she,
Ne'er wandered on Ben Cruiban's side,
Or sported by the sea.
Her locks were like the golden hues,
That paint the sunset sky;
And few to dare the frown would choose
Of her dark hazle eye.
And many a lad that loved her well,
At evening often strayed
In hopes of meeting on the dell,
Fair Ellen, the minstrel maid.

'Twas rosy summer when she wed,
Young Clem of Thistlevale;
And fairer flow'r was never led
From Cruihan's fragrant dale.
And ere the month of love was told,
Or flowers ceased to bloom,
The husband of her youth was cold,
And covered in the tomb.
Since then in weeds of widowhood,
All modestly arrayed,
Doth wander through the heath and wood,
Poor Ellen, the minstrel maid.

CHAPTER OF ANECDOTES.

A singular wager.—The year 1725 was extremely rainy, and a banker, named Bulliot, (remarking that it rained on St. Swithin's day, and remembering the popular superstition that if it rained on that day, each of the following forty days would be more or less wet; and it having rained also on the day of St. Gervais, who has likewise the reputation of being a hydraulic saint,) laid a wager that it would be wet for forty consecutive days. Several persons took it up and the wager was reduced to writing in those terms; "If, dating from St. Gervais day, it rains more or little during forty *successively*, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; if it cease to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms, Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves, and on that day he deposited a very large sum of money; for, besides the sums which he put into the hands of the umpires, he took gold-head canes, snuff-boxes, and jewels of every kind, whose value was appraised, and against which he placed money. It is said, that one person, having no ready money betted on a lot of fine Holland shirts, and that Bulliot accepted the gage. This wager made a great deal of noise and as the chances were decidedly against Bulliot, many people accepted the conditions, and were underwritten by Bulliot; but as he had deposited all his cash, he was forced to give the umpires notes and bills of exchange; and as his credit was well established, it is related that he issued paper to the amount of fifty thousand crowns. It will be conceived that the hero of this wager became quite fashionable; and that, during the time that elapsed before the denouement of the affair, he excited as much interest and curiosity as would have been felt for a monarch or a warrior. Wherever he appeared, he attracted universal attention; and he became so popular, that he was made the subject of a play. But unfortunately, Saint Gervais was not true to his character, and it ceased raining before the expiration of the due time. Bulliot was ruined, and so thoroughly, that he could not honour the notes and bills of exchange which bore his name. The holders of these obligations tried to enforce payment; and as the ancient law as well as the new code, did not recognise debts of this character, they endeavoured to pass themselves off as *bona fide* creditors, who had taken Bulliot's notes for other considerations than the wager, and that they ought to be paid or compounded for; but the assignees made it appear by the dates and other evidence, that all these notes formed parcel of the wager. They were, therefore, non-suited, and the debt declared irrecoverable."

An Ingenious Argument.—Athanasius Kircher, the astronomer, had an acquaintance, whose character he esteemed, but who was unfortunately infected by atheistical principles, and denied the existence of a God. Kircher, sincerely desirous of rescuing his friend from his foolish and criminal prejudice, determined, upon his own principles, to endeavour to convince him of his error. Having invited his friend to visit him, he procured a celestial globe of curious decorations and conspicuous magnitude, which he placed in a situation in his apartment where it would attract immediate observation. It happened exactly as Kircher had intended. His friend immediately inquired whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "Sir," replied the atheist incredulously, "you jest." Kircher, however, persisted in his assertion, and thus proceeded to reason with his friend: You will not believe that this small body originated in chance, and yet you will contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance came into existence without order and design." His friend was first confounded, then convinced, and ultimately united in acknowledging the glory, and adoring the majesty, of the great Creator of the heavens and the earth, the Governor, because the Creator of the universe.

The Coat of Mail.—Napoleon was accustomed to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he rarely went without. On his departure for Belgium he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened—having all Europe leagued against him—by every means in his power. He accordingly sent for a clever workman, and asked if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail of such texture that no weapons whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Bonaparte agreed to give him 18,000 francs the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon then took two pistols, saying, 'We shall now see if this coat of mail is of the texture you promised me.' He fired at his breast; the cuirass resisted. 'Turn round.' The man obeyed. The second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer, half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonaparte next armed himself with a long fowling-piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back and breast of the trembling patient. Happily the cuirass resisted, and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial. 'How much am I to pay you,' said Napoleon, 'after this noble exploit?'—'Eighteen thousand francs,' stammered out the frightened artificer, almost deprived of his senses. 'No such thing, sir,' said Napoleon. 'I shall give you thirty-six thousand,' and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

The Three Marriages.—A late minister of religion in Worcestershire, used to relate the following anecdote of one of his friends, who had been three times married. The *unfortunate speculator in matrimony* had married "for his first wife a very worldly avaricious woman who grasped at every thing, and never was satisfied. The second was a corpulent, easy, dirty, quiet soul, always in good humour, and satisfied with every thing; the last was a most violent termagant who rendered his life miserable whilst she lived. The good old man upon reviewing his past life used to observe, "my friends, I have had variety enough in the conjugal relation, and may literally say, I have married the world, the flesh, and the devil."

Johnson and Goldsmith, "While at supper on one occasion, *tete-a-tete*, at Jack's coffee-house, Dean-street, Soho, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, Sir these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man, must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." 'Aye, but,' said Goldsmith, 'how many of these would reach to the moon?' 'To the moon! ay, sir, I fear that exceeds your calculation.' 'Not at all, sir,' says Goldsmith, 'I think I could tell.' 'Pray, then, let us hear.' 'Why, one if it were long enough.' Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, 'Well, sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question.'

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