THE

CANADIAN GEM

AND FAMILY VISITOR.

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THE SHABBY SURTOUT.

(Continued from Page 171.)

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us when the wind began to rise,and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas and the young gentleman in the surtout surveying the dress of the widow and percieving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her there was every appearance of a smart shower, expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak.

"It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events it will protect the baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said for the sake of her infant, she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly round, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I never shall forget." "I am not naturally quarrelsome, Sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both of the exquisites immediately turned as pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance, and scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this when a smart shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but held it, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman politely

returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his own dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the rail to dry. Then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her, as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, Sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, Sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house!"

"In affliction, I fear?"

"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, Sir, while he has strength to labour for us; but he is himself in poverty, and a day laborer on the estate of the Earl of H."

At the mention of the nobleman's name, the young gentleman colored a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, Sir,"

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate as far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so your maker is your husband, and the Lord of hosts is his name."

"O! yes, Sir, I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, Sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion, and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange expressive looks with one another; and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words, "Methodist Parson," alone were audible.

At Airdrie nothing particular occurred; but when we had got about half-way between that town and Glasgow we arrived at a cross road where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant from her arms, and then, along with the guard assisted her to descend. "May God reward you," she said as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and the fatherless this day!"

"And may he bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!"

So saying he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively, I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned round to thank her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast towards him an eloquent and grateful look, clasped her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.

No other passenger wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in a rapid motion toward the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The yonng gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge from the expression of his fine countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with blank amazement. They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and

seemed to think that there was more under the shabby surtout than their "puppy brains" could easily conjecture. That in this they were right was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four beautiful grey horses, drove up in opposite direction.—The elegance of their equipage made the dandies spring to their feet. "What beautiful greys," cried the one, "I wonder whom they can belong to!" "He is a happy fellow anyhow," replied the other; I would give half Yorkshire to call them mine." The stage-coach and travelling-carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing down from behind the latter, looked first inside and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition.

"Are all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired the young gentleman in the surtout.

"All well, my Lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that *monosyllable* the faces of the exquisites became visibly elongated; but, without taking the smallest notice of them or of their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning; and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despised portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leader very slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord as we entered the inn.

"The Earl of H., Sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as one of the richest in Scotland."

"The earl of H!" repeated the dandy turning to his companion; "what asses we have been! there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"O! yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

"The Earl of H.!" repeated I, with somewhat less painful feelings; "does he often travel unattended."

"Very often," replied the landlord, "especially when he has any public or charitable object in view; he thinks he gets at the truth more easily as a private gentleman than as a wealthy nobleman."

"I have no doubt of it," said I, and having ordered dinner, I sat down to muse on the occurrences of the day.

This, however, was not the last time that I was destined to hear of that amiable young nobleman, too early lost to his country and mankind. I had scarcely returned home from my tour in the Highlands, when I was waited upon by a friend, a teacher of languages in Edinburgh, who told me that he had been appointed Rector to the Acadamy of B——.

"Indeed," said I, "how have you been so fortunate?"

"I cannot tell," replied he, "unless it be connected with the circumstance which I am going to relate."

He then stated, that about a month before he was teaching his classes as usual, when a young gentleman, dressed in a surtout that was not over new, came into his school, and politely asked leave to see his method of instruction. Imagining his visitor to be a school master from the country, who wished to learn something of the Edinburgh modes of tuition, my friend acceded to his request. The stranger remained two hours, and paid particular attention to every department. When my friend was about to dismiss the school, the stranger inquired whether he was not in the habit of commending his pupils to God in prayer before they parted for the day, my friend replied that he was; upon which the stranger begged that he would not depart from his usual practise on his account. My friend accordingly prayed with the boys, and dismissed them; after which the stranger thanked him for his politeness, and also withdrew. Nothing more occurred; but four or five days afterwards, my friend received a letter from the Earl of H., in which that nobleman, after stating that he had satisfiied himself as to the

piety and ability as a teacher, made him an offer of the Rectorship, of the Acadamy at B——.

"Was your visitor fair haired," said I; "and his surtout of a claret color?"

"They were," replied my friend; "but what of that?"

"It was the Earl of H. himself," said I; "there can be no doubt of it;" and I gave him the history of my journey to Glasgow.

"Well, he took the best method certainly to test my qualifications," rejoined my friend.

"I wish all patrons would do the same, then we should have better teachers in our schools, and better ministers in our churches."

"All patrons perhaps, are not equally qualified to judge," said I; "at all events, let us rejoice that though, not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called, still we see one here and one there distinguished by Divine grace, to the praise and the glory of God the Saviour."

THE INVITATION.

My wealth is in a little cot,
Which stands upon a meadow floor
Close by a brook: the brook is small,
But cannot clearer be, I'm sure.

A tree stands near the little cot,
Which for its boughs is scarcely seen;
And against sun, and cold, and wind,
It shelters those that dwell therein.

And there a pretty nightingale
Sings on the tree so sweet a song,
That every passing traveller stands
To listen, ere he speeds along.

Thou little one, with sunny hair,
Who long hath blest my humble lot—
I go—rough blows the stormy wind—
Wilt thou with me into my cot?

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

A SCENE AT SEA.

The war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage ho on board a Dane—Denmark as yet, remaining neuter in the quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailor, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience, I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers, and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who managed, somehow or other, daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor, who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portugese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmered over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union

would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife, with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portugese bust forth into a demoniac laugh of triu

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him, and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white was stained with his blood. With an effort, Charles turned toward her, and gave one last look of fervent affection, and, as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse into the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin and taken summary revenge—so tru! attached had they been to the chief mate—and were only kept in bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried, in a state of insensibility, to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I, therefore, instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrou [illegible] his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immedately in the centre. In an instant, I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head, and stepped on the quarter deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades and were fast approaching the line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with fervent heat: the sails hung listlessly against the mast, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torid zone. Through the clear blue water, I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions, the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course—as they superstitiously believe that those monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, that seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band which encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the etherial throne from which God seems to look down upon us: at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the splash of the dividing waters as they receive in their bosom the creature he has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe—a closer fellowship with its Creator—than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently, stood in anxious silence, when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larbord watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse, then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now begun to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim and yet

what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This was not the case: and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt.—The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captin to hold court-martials, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence.—Great was my surprise (not understanding a word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit, I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped with a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he with the body, was laid on the grating and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted the nettings, and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial service were read by the chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity.

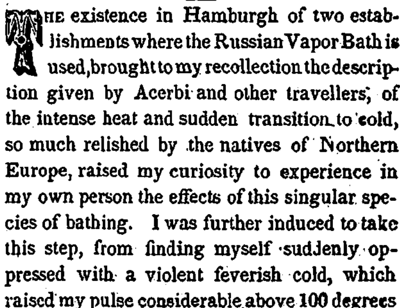
As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment —there was more than agony in it.

We paused only for a few minutes and imagined we saw some blood stains rising to the surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course, strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say, that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us from the tragic scene.

ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN VAPOR BATH.

BY T. S. TRAILL, M. D.



The existence in Hamburgh of two establishments where the Russian Vapor Bath is used, brought to my recollection the description given by Acerbi and other travellers, of the intense heat and sudden transition to cold, so much relished by the natives of Northern Europe, raised my curiosity to experience in my own person the effects of this singular species of bathing. I was further induced to take this step, from finding myself suddenly oppressed with a violent feverish cold, which raised my pulse considerable above 100 degrees

and rendered me little able to join the public dinner table in the Apollo Sael.

Accompanied by two friends who wished to make the same experiment, I repaired to the Alexanderbad, which is under the direction of its proprietor, a Jewish physician, who had liberally opened it gratuitously to the members of the society of *Naturforcher*, then assembled at Hamburgh. We were ushered into a very neat saloon, provided with six couches, beside each of which stood a dressing table, and a convenient apparatus for suspending the clothes of the bather. Here we undressed, and were furnished with long flannel dressing gowns and warm slippers, after which we were all conducted into a small hot apartment, where we were desired to lay aside our gowns and slippers, and were immediately introduced into the room called the bath, in which the dim light admitted through a single window of three panes, just sufficed to show us that there were in it two persons like ourselves, in *puris naturalibus*, one of whom was an essential personage, the operator, the other a gentleman just finishing the process, by a copious effusion of cold water over his body. This sudden introduction into an atmosphere of hot steam was so oppressive that I was forced to cover my face with my hands to moderate the painful impression on the lips and nostrils, and was compelled to withdraw my head as much as possible from the most heated part of the atmosphere, by sitting down on a low bench which ran along two sides of the bath.

The bath room is about fifteen feet long, by about as much in breadth. It is lined with wood, rendered quite black by constant immersion in hot steam. On two sides it has three tiers of benches or rude couches, each of which is calculated to hold two persons, with their feet towards each other; so that twelve might bathe at the same time. The lowest bench projects farthest into the room; they rise two feet above each other, and each has a wooden pillow at the ends.

In one corner of the farther end of the apartment stands the furnace, which is supplied with fuel from without, and has a thin arch of brick turned over the fire, against which the flame reverberates until the arch is red hot. To increase the heated surface, numerous small earthen jars or broken pottery are piled on the arch, and all are kept up to a low red heat. On these a basin of water is occasionally dashed; and the clouds of steam which instantly issue from the door of the heated chamber, form the source of heat employed to maintain the temperature of the bath.

In the corner opposite to the furnace is a reservoir of cold water, into which, during our stay in the bath, the person who manages it frequently plunged to cool his surface, a precaution not unnecessary for an individual who is exposed daily eight hours, stark naked, to a temperature quite oppressive to the uninitated. Yet this exposure and this alternation cannot be unhealthy, for I never saw a more athletic man than this person, who informed me that he had been constantly engaged in this occupation for 16 or 18 months.

The centre of the ceiling of the bath room is perforated by numerous holes, which allow a copious shower bath of cold water to descend on the head of the bather, when a valve, managed by a cord, is opened.

Such is the apparatus necessary for a Russian Vapor Bath.

After remaining some time in the bath, the first sensation of oppressive heat subsided, and I ascended to the second tier of benches, the wood of which, however, was somewhat cooler by the plentiful effusion of cold water. At each remove, this opperation is repeated; otherwise the contact of the wood would be insupportable to the skin. It is needless to say that the perspiration soon began to run from every pore, not merely as a moist exhalation, but ran off in copious streams. This greatly moderated the sensation of the heat.

After lying extended for some time on the second tier of benches, a bucket of cold water was dashed on the upper one, and we removed there; but the heat so near the ceiling was fully as oppressive as on first entering, and I found it necessary to allow the air to enter my nose through my fingers. If I inhaled it with my mouth wide open, I felt an oppressive heat in my chest, but by degrees even this

degree of heat became supportable, though I never was able to sit upright on the bench, so strong was the temperature of the humid atmosphere close to the ceiling.

While we were grouping our way from bench to bench, the assistant more than once plunged headlong into his cold bath, to refresh himself ere he commenced on us the next part of his professional occupation.

We were, one by one, requested to descend to the second tier and the assistant, grasping in his hand a bundle of birch rods, began assiduously to whip his patients, who lay extended on the bench at full length, from head to heel. This application differs essentially from the well remembered scholastic birch discipline, for the leaves are left on the twigs and the sensations produced in no way resemble the effect of the instrument employed in English schools to convey a knowledge of Greek and Latin into the head of our youth. In fact, this species of whipping is performed very dexterously, with a sort of brushing motion, from the shoulders downwards, and the application becomes general over the body and limbs, as the bather turns on his wooden couch. The sensations produced by this operation are agreeable, and are very far from producing that excessive redness of the surface described by Acerbi.

The operator now anoints the whole body with a liquid mild soap; and, after again mounting to the upper tier for some time, we descend, one by one, to the midle of the floor, where a powerful effusion of cold water from the shower bath in the ceiling, removes every vestige of soap. This sudden effusion of cold water is remarkably grateful: it is scarcely possible to describe the effect, which is highly exhilerating and refreshing.

It is usual again to undergo the steaming after the temperature of the bath is increased by the effusion of water on the glowing pottery in the furnace. For this purpose the operator opens the doors above described and places us out of the direction of the immediate efflux of the steam, he dashes in successive jets a small bucket of water into the furnace; the apartment is instantly filled with clouds of steam at a high temperature, and when the door of the aperture is closed, we resume our places on the benches, gradually proceeding to the highest as we become inured to the temperature. From the upper tier we finally descend to have the shower bath repeated, after which we leave the bathing room are rubbed dry by assistants in the small heated apartment, where we resume the flannel dressing gown and slippers, and are reconducted to the saloon, where we find the couches spread with blankets, and we recline for half an hour in a most profuse perspiration and in a state of luxurious languor and mental tranquility.

On a subsequent occasion I provided myself with the means of ascertaining the temperature of ths bathing room, and noticed its effects on the pulse of myself and two other bathers.—The heat is generally from 45 to 50 degrees of Reaumer, that is, from 133 degrees 55 min. to 144 degrees 5 min. of Fahrenheit. On the occasion referred to, it ranged from 32 deg. to 46 deg. of Reaumer—126 deg. and 185 deg. 5 min. Fahrenheit—in the lower part of the bathing room; but I was unable to examine the temperature near the ceiling, on account of the thick vapor and the intensity of the temperature, which affected my eyes. This temperature high as it is, is far short of what Acerbi avers of the Finish baths; he says that they reach from 70 to 75 deg. of Celsius—158 to 167 deg. of our scale—but perhaps his thermometers were subject to the open fire place, in the rude baths of that people; for their furnace consisted of a few loose stones piled into a sort of rude arch over a fireplace on the floor of the hut, or perhaps he did not accurately ascertain the temperatue, as he never entered the bath but momentarily for the purpose of placing his thermometer; and I am confirmed in this by observing that the Finish operator, in his plate, appears dressed in his ordinary clothes, which I should think insupportable in so high a temperature as he assigns.

The effect of the Russian Vapor Bath is, to accelerate the pulse, which soon regains its natural standard on leaving the bath; and when

I took it in a highly feverish state, I was with in an hour after, entirely free of fever and able fully to enjoy the philosophic soiree that evening.

The process of the vapor bath is completed, by a plentiful supply of towels, with which we gradually dry the surface, while we are well rubbed down by an assistant. We then resumed our dress and returned to a coffe room where there was a plentiful supply of newspapers, and had a cup of good coffe for two pence sterling.

I inquired anxiously into the medical efficacy of the Rusian Vapor Bath, and found that in chronic rheumatism, or stiffness of limbs consequent on gout, and other long continued inflamations, in some cases of palsy, in various cutaneous diseases, it is a most powerful and valuable remedy. While in the establishment I saw an invalid enter, who informed me that after severe acute rheumatism, of several months duration, he was so lame that he had been carried by two persons into the bath; but that, after five or six times undergoing the discipline I have described, he could walk alone as well as I saw him, and appeared confident that in a little time he should entirely recover the power and flexibility of his limbs.

From all that I could learn in Hamburgh, I am inclined to consider the Russin Vapor Bath as a most valuable remedy in some chronic diseases, and regret that we have not a similar establishment in any of our medical charitable institutions.

February, 1832.

KING SOLOMON'S BLACKSMITH.

AND it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the Temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, and in woods and ivory, and in stone---yea, all who had aided in rearing the Temple of the Lord, and said unto them---"Sit ye down at my table; I have prepared a feast for all my chief workers and cunning artificers. Stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat and drink and be merry. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Is not the skilful artificer worthy of honor? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn."

And when Solomon and the chief workmen were seated, and the fatness of the land and the oil thereof were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door, and forced himself even into the festal chamber.—Then Solomon the King was wroth, and said:

"What manner of man art thou?"

And the man answered and said—"When men wish to honor me they call me Son of the Forge; but when they desire to mock me, they call me Blacksmith; and seeing that the toil of working in fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt; and in truth thy servant desires no better."

"But," said Solomon, "why came you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast, where none save the chief workmen of the Temple are invited?"

"Please ye, my Lord, I came rudely," replied the man, "because thy servant obliged me to force my way; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the Temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel?"

Then he who carved the cherubim said:—"This fellow is no sculptor," and he who inlaid the roof with pure gold, said:—"Neither is he a workman in fine metals."

And he who raised the walls said:—"He is not a cutter of stone."

And he who made the roof, cried out—"He is not cunning in cedar wood; neither knoweth he the mystery of uniting pieces of strange timber together."

Then said Solomon, "What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned to death with stones?"

And when the Son of the Forge heard this, he was in no sort dismayed, but advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a cup of wine, and said, "O King, live for ever! The chief men of the workers in wood, and gold, and stone have said that I am not one of them, and they have said truly. I am their superior: before they lived was I created. I am their

master, and they are all my servants." And he turned himself around, and said to the chief of the carvers in stone,—"Who made the tools with which you carve?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

And he said to the chief of the workers in wood,—"Who made the tools with which you hewed the trees on Lebanon, and formed them into the pillars and roof of the Temple?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

Then said he to the artificer in gold and in ivory,—"Who makes your instruments, by which you work beautiful things for my lord the King?"

And he said, "The Blacksmith."

"Enough, enough, good fellow," said Solomon, "thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father in art. Go wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chiefs of my workmen are but men—thou art more." So it happened at the feast of Solomon, and Blacksmiths have been honored ever since.

Original.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY C. M. D.

Frail man hath said that woman's love will change,
That like his own from flower to flower will range;
A vanity and fleeting passion born to die,
The flower of sympathy extinguished with a sigh.

But there are things on earth to man unknown,
Strange tho' it be—to judge them by his own;
A sin to woman, and mighty wrong would be,
Tho' time it is, some women change as well as he.

Yet lo! there is a love, sweet woman's love,
Sent down from heaven, and born above,
That knows no change, but brighter, deeper, grows,
And through the cycle of eternity, increasing glows.

Pure as the mountain rill, gentle as the dove,
As constant as the rising sun, is this spotless love—
Man, its object dear, may little know its worth,
Yet such a love there is of woman on our earth.

Oh! it is a love that God on high approves,
Because like His, for man no fickleness removes,
As constant as the magnet to its earthly pole,
As this love to man in beauteous woman's soul.

Oh, it is a remnant of ancient Eden's bliss,
Of lovely Eva's bridal vow imparted with a kiss,
Which holy angels saw admiring with delight,
And all creation gazed at the beatific sight.

If thou hast felt the southern breeze at night,
Come gently moving o'er a bed of roses bright,
If thou hast seen the moon with silvery sheen,
Bathe its lovely light in some still lake with bands of green.

If thou hast heard sweet music float, gently stealing
O'er the bosom of a stilly lake, soft revealing
The happy youthful dance or the festive throng,
Or in the still and moonlight night, the nightingale's sweet song.

Thou mayest then know, and understand, love's witching spell,
That makes fond woman's breast for man to swell,
To love him e'er in tottering age, in youthful bloom,
In weal—in woe—in death—beyond the tomb.

August, 1849.

ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is that notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitudes of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books of the preceeding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes, in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the church not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our scriptures from one end to the other, to find there such spots; and whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the

animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also feretells its last; it recounts them in the circumstancial language of history, it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental raptures, elevation, variety and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judeah; in the courts of the temple of the Jews, in the music schools of the prophets of Bethel and of Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the centre of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and of its sad philosophy. It is a book whoose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual alluvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece, and Asia—the Thalesea, and the Pythagorases, the Zalucuses, the Zenophons, and the Confuciuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epoch of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day.—Well, search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1186 chapters, and its 31,173 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns committed, when they speak of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of the elements; search—but you will find none.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

DOCTORS EASY AND FUSSEY.

There shall be (it is observed in the natural history of Humbugs,) two men, Drs., for example, of equal learning and skill: they are on the look out for a practice. Dr. Easy puts his name on a brass plate on the door, and then sits down in his drawing room to wait for patients. Need I say that he has generally to want a long time. But Dr. Fussey does not approve of the passive system. He starts a brougham before he has a visit to make in it.—He hires people to alarm all the neighborhood with peals of his surgery bell. He is continually being called out of church, and has once ventured on having his name shouted as being immediately wanted, while attending a religious meeting at Exeter-hall. Not a form of advertisement—barring those which pay the duty—does Dr. Fussey neglect, and the odds are in the end that he is making £1,000 a-year, before Dr. Easy has heard the rat-tat at the door of his first patient. Now, perhaps, Dr. Fussey may, of the two, be the humbug; but I very much question whether he is the fool.—What applies to these two Doctors, applies generally to every trade and profession under the sun. Barring a lucky chance now and again, an adventurer will find that in the Battle of Life every man must be his own trumpeter. Sound your own charge and ride over every body, or somebody else will sound his charge, and ride over you.

Original.

WISDOM LEARNED BY MAN FROM ANIMALS.

There is scarce a virtue that adorns and ennobles man in society that men cannot find exemplified in the conduct of birds and other parts of the animal creation. What virtues or qualities do we most admire in man? They are filial and conjugal love, industry, perseverance, gratitude, faithfulness, friendship, cleanliness, honesty, and foresight. We find some one of these qualities in an eminent degree exhibited by different species of birds, quadrupeds and insects. It would seem as if the Deity had implanted these dispositions in

the animal creation as examples to mankind, from beholding which they might do likewise. Certain it is that in all ages of the world, and among all nations, these qualities, in the dumb creatures of nature, have been noticed and reflected on as well as symbolized. God, not only through the secret whispers of that inward monitor, the conscience—that lighteth every soul—calls on us to be virtuous, but the birds of the forest, the fishes of the sea, the brutes of the field, and the insects of the air and those that crawl beneath our feet, by various examples tell us to be virtuous. Listen to the plantive cries of the dove over his mate, or to the cries of yonder little bird for its tender brood snatched from its care by some wicked hand. Who can hear the one or behold the other without solemn thoughts or genuine pity. The very appearance of the poor things feathers shows its deep sorrow. I have often watched the conduct of the male and female birds whilst rearing their young or hatching the eggs. They alternately, during the day, sit for a time upon the nest, bring food to the young, and bring materials and help to build the nest.—The conjugal duties are patiently participated in alike — each performs a part — each vies with the other in building, watching and feeding. Whilst the female sits in patience upon the nest, the male, on some neighboring tree, sings to his mate nature's sweet lay; ever ready to take, for a time, the place his loved consort has occupied, until she can feed herself. The Stork bears its aged parents on its wings and nourishes them with food. Canary birds have been known to die with grief at the loss of their mates.

Birds when they have paired in the spring, live together in faithfulness, seeking no other mate or looking for no other love. A plurality of wives or husbands with them, in a state of nature, is unknown. Instances of the deepest sorrow—a sorrow unto death—have been seen in the Parrot—the Dog and other animals, at the loss of its mate, or friend.—Behold yonder ant-hill, reared a foot from the ground, from the perseverance of the sect. See yonder Spider, for the twentieth time, spin its web in the same place, having been as often rudely torn down. Look at that busy insect Bee, fly from flower to flower, and when heavily laden with its honied store, go home to its quiet evening rest. See it on the following day renew its labors, whilst its thousands of co-workers are abroad and at home as busy as it. Hear! yonder falls a forest tree, knawed down by the industry of the Beaver, at which he has worked for days with his fellow-laborers. The mighty stream is stayed by its labor: it rears its comfortable winter-house, and drives from its haunts its lazy fellow-beaver. Here we see noble perseverance, industry and care. There we see the Dog, that has watched his master's house for twenty years, old and grey, he has saved his master's children from a watery grave: he has notified his master of a dying horse in a ditch—of the coming thief and other approaching misfortunes. His master is dead—he, faithful creature, follows him to his grave; moans, sorrows and dies. The little domestic Cat becomes exceedingly attached to children and particular persons.—Even the Wolf, when tamed, has been known to die from sorrow at the loss of friends. The Elephant will for years remember a kindness or an insult.

Behold that stately Swan, a picture of grace and cleanliness. See the gentle Cat how studious she is of cleanliness. See the little birds how they bathe their plumage, wash and oil their feathers until they shine with beauty and neatness. The Squirrel, the Dormouse, the Mushrat, the Beaver, the Bee and the Ant, all exhibit their foresight by building their houses and filling their hidden granaries with nature's fruits. Parents and children, students and artizans, learn from nature's children your duties on earth!

August, 1849.

O! there is beauty in the moon's first ray,
When the sun rises from his eastern bed—
And in the farewell gleam of closing day,
When in the west he drops his wearied head.

And there is beauty, when the silent night,
Wearing her starry coronet, comes forth
Upon her polished car of silver light,
And sways her sceptre o'er the sleeping earth.

THE SONG OF THE PASSIONS.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ODE.

I.

'Twas now the hour when gentle Sleep
Doth loose of waking life the chain,
And Fancy starts the soul to steep
In dreams, in which she loves to keep
Her strange fantastic reign.

Of airy forms a motley throng
Before my startled vision grew:
I heard them as they swept along
Achanting each the changeful song,
And straight the PASSIONS knew.

II.

First, JOY: I dance in the glance of youth,
When the loved maid is woo'd and won;
And I flit o'er his face when the sick man looks
Once more on the ruddy sun.

On the cliff I sit which beacons home
To the wave-cradled mariner;
And his wife, when she clings by his neck and weeps,
I smile in her first big tear.

When summer sheds her flower I sport
With the children young on the lea;
And the scholar's lamp, through the long winter [night,
Is fed and is trimm'd by me.

I dimple the peasant's swarthy cheek,
Whom twilight calls homeward away;
I watch by his pillow, and wake him afresh,
When blusheth the orient day.

When the mother looks with new delight
On her rosy-lipp'd laughing boy,
And straineth the babe to her bosom so white,
On it, too, is nestling JOY.

When the sinner turns from ways of guilt,
I whisper his first-born prayer;
And the while it ascends to the throne of Love,
I'm flying to meet it there.

I speed o'er the earth with gladsome step,
And fresh flowers in my path are strewn:
I rest for an hour, and they woo my delay,
But on must I pilgrim—on.

III.

In plaintive measures, soft and slow,
Next GRIEF woke up the lay of wo:—

When dying manhood gasps farewell
To the dear ones around that gather,
And look speaks more than lip can tell,
While on the heart's last tide there swell
The husband and father—
I'm there, borne on it.

When the young mother bends by night
Over her infant's little grave—
The being late so glad and bright,
Heaven lifted from her breast and sight
Almost as soon as gave—
I'm there, beside her.
When friend broods o'er the wrongs of friend,
And happier days calls back to mind,
When guileless natures wont to blend,
And marvels much how aught could bend
That once so good and kind—
I'm there too, musing.

When the cold look is darted,
The vow unspoken;
And the maiden is left to weep
Love's young dream broken—
I'm there:
And I hollow a way for the fiend Decay,
Who hastes to make that fond heart his prey.

And when the boy is led to look
On her from him that soon must sever,
And draws the kiss, long, long, and deep,
As if she'd have it last for ever—
And drinketh in the trickling tear,
The last from these soft blue eyes given—
And hears the last fond blessing ere
The parent spirit rise to Heaven—
And thinks, when the pure soul is fled,
And when the soft blue eyes are dim,
Those eyes on him have look'd their last,
That soul breathed out in love to him—
And feels that o'er the wide world he
Must pilgrim it all lonelily—
A world, though wide, that holdeth none
To be to him as she that's gone:
A mother's eye must ne'er behold him,
A mother's love must ne'er enfold him—
That never more must he be prest
In soft embrace to mother's breast—
I'm there:
And who shall paint the Passions wild
That swells and sways in that young child!

MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN SKELETON.

THERE is scarcely a part of the human body, or an action which it performs, or an incident that can befall it, or a piece of professional assistance which can be given to it, that does not furnish illustration of some truth of natural philosophy; but we shall here only touch upon as many particulars as will make the understanding of others easy. The CRANIUM or SKULL is an instance of the arched form, answering the purposes of giving strength.—The brain, in its nature, is so tender, or suscep-

tible of injury; that slight local pressure disturbs its action. Hence a solid covering, like the skull, was required, with those parts made stronger and thicker which are most exposed to injury. An architectural dome is constructed to resist one kind of force only, always acting in one direction, namely, gravity; and therefore its strength increases regularly towards the bottom, when the weight and horizontal thrust of the whole are to be resisted; but, the tenacity of the substance is many times more sufficient to resist gravity, and therefore aids the form to resist forces of other kinds, operating in all directions. When we reflect on the strength displayed by the arched film of an egg-shell, we need not wonder at the severity of blows the cranium can withstand.

Through early childhood, the cranium remains, to a certain degree, yielding and elastic; and the falls and blows so frequent during the lessons of walking, &c., are borne with impunity. The mature skull consists of two layers, or tables, with a soft diploe between them; the outer table being very tough, with its parts dovetailed into each other, as tough wood would be by human artificers, while the inner table is harder, and more brittle, (hence called vitreous) with its edges merely lying in contact, because its brittleness would render dovetailing useless. A very severe partial blow on the skull generally fractures and depresses the part, as a pistol bullet would; while one less severe, but with more extended contact, being slowly resisted by the arched form, often injures the skull, by what is correspondent to the horizontal thrust in a bridge, and causes a crack at a distance from the place struck, generally half way round, to the opposite side. Sometimes in a fall, with the head foremost, the skull would escape injury, but for the body, which falls on it, pressing the end of the spine against its base.

In the LOWER JAW we have to remark the greater mechanical advantage, or lever power, with which the muscles act, than in most other parts of animals. The temporal and masseter muscles pull almost directly at right angles to the line of the jaw, while in most other cases, as in that of the deltoid muscle lifting the arm, the muscles act very obliquely, and with power diminished in proportion to the obliquity. An object placed between the back teeth is compressed with the whole direct power of the strong muscles of the jaw; hence the human jaw can crush a body which offers great resistance, and the jaws of the lion, tiger, shark, and crocodile, &c. are stronger still. The teeth rank high among those parts of the animal body, which appear almost as if they were severally the fruits of distinct miraculous agencies, so difficult is it to suppose a few simple laws of life, capable of producing the variety of form so beautifully adapted to purposes which they exhibit. They constitute an extraordinary set of chissels and wedges, so arranged as to be most efficient for cutting and tearing the food, and with their exterior enamel, so hard, that, in early stages of society, teeth were made to answer many purposes for which steel is now used. It seems, however, as if the laws of life, astonishing as they are, had still been inadequate to cause teeth, cased in their hard enamel, to grow as the softer bones grow, and hence has arisen a provision more extraordinary still; a set of small teeth appear soon after birth, and serve the child, until six or seven years of age; these then fall out, and are replaced by larger ones, which endure for life; the number being completed only when the man or woman is full grown, by four teeth, called wisdom teeth, because they come so late, which rise to fill up the then spacious jaw.

The SPINE OR BACK BONE has in its structure as much of beautiful and varied mechanism, as any single part of our wonderful frame. It is the central pillar of support, or great connecting chain of all the other parts; and it has, at the same time the office of containing within itself and of protecting from external injury, a prolongation of the brain, called the spinal marrow, more important to animal life than the greater part of the brain itself. We shall see the spine uniting the apparent incompatibilities of great elasticity, great flexibility in all directions, and strength, both to support a load, and to defend its important contents.

ELASTICITY.—The head may be said to rest on the elastic column of the spine, as the body of a carriage rests on its springs. Between each two of the twenty-four vertebræ, or distinct bones, of which the spine consists, there is a soft elastic intervertebral substance, about half as bulky as a vertebra, yielding readily to any sudden jar; and the spine, moreover, is waved or bent a little, like an italic *f* as seen when it is viewed sideways; and, for this reason also, it yields to any sudden pressure, opperating from either end. The bending might seem a defect in a column intended to support weight; but the disposition of the muscles around is such, as to leave all the elasticity of the bend and a roomy thorax, without any diminution of strength.

FLEXIBILITY.—The spine may be compared to a chain, because it consists of twenty-four distinct peices, joined by smooth rubbing surfaces, so as to allow of motion in all directions; and a little motion, comparatively, between each two adjoining pieces, becomes a great extent of motion in the whole line. The articulating surfaces are so many, and so exactly fitted to each other, and are connected by such number and strength of ligaments, that the combination of pieces is really a stronger column than a single bone of the same size would be. The strength of the spine, as a whole, is shown in man's easily carrying upon his head a weight heavier than himself, while each separate vertebræ is a strong irregular ring, or a double arch, surrounding the spinal marrow. The spine increases in size towards the bottom, in the justest proportion, as it has more weight to bear.

Attached to twelve vertebræ in the middel of the back are the RIBS, or bony streatchers of the cavity of the chest, constituting a structure which solves, in the most perfect manner, the difficult mechanical problem of making a cavity, with solid exterior, which shall yet be capable of dilating and contracting itself. Each pair of corresponding ribs, may be considered as forming a hoop, which, hangs obliquely down from the place of attachment behind: so that, when the fore part of all the hoop is lifted up by the muscles, the cavity of the chest is enlarged.

The SHOULDER JOINT is remarkable for combining great extent of motion, with great strnegth. The round head of the shoulder bone rests upon a shallow cavity in the shoulder blade, that it may turn in alw ays, and the danger of dislocation from this shallowness is guarded against by two strong bony projections above and behind. To increase the range of motion to the greates possible degree, the bone called the shoulder blade, which contains the socket of the arm, slides about itself upon the convex exterior of the chest, having its motion limited only by a connexion through the collar bone, or clavicle, with the sternum. The scapula, or blade bone is extriordinary as an illustration of the mechanical rules for combining lighuess with strength. It has the strength of the arch from being a little concave, and its substance is chiefly collected in its borders and spines, with thin plates between, as the strength of a wheel is collected in its rim, and spokes, and nave. The bones of the arm, considered as levers, have the muscles which move them attached very near to the fulcra, and very obliquely; so that, from working through a short distance comparatively, with the resistance overcome at the extremities, the muscles require to be of great strength. It has been calculated that the muscles of the shoulder joint in the exertion of lifting a man upon the hand, pull with a force of two thousand pounds. The os humera, or bone of the upper arm; is not perfectly cylindrical, but, like most of the other bones which are called cylindrical, it has ridges to give strength.

The ELBOW JOINT is a correct hinge, and so strongly secured, that it is rarely dislocated without fracture. The fore arm consists of two bones, with a strong membrane between them. Its great breadth, from this structure, affords abundant space for the origin of the many muscles thot go to move the hand and fingers; and the very peculiar mode of connexion of the two bones, gives man that most useful faculty of turuing the hand

round, into what are called the positions of pronation and supination, exemplified in the action of twisting, or of turning a gimblet. The many small bones which form the WRIST have a signal effect, of deadening, in regard to the parts above, the shocks or blows which the hand receives. The anular ligament is a strong band, passing round the joints and keeping all the tendons which pass from the muscles above to the fingers, close to the joint. It answers the purpose of so many fixed pulleys, for directing the tendons; without it, they would all, on action, start out like bow-strings, producing deformity and weakness. The human hand, is so admirable, from its numerous mechanical and sensitive capabilities, that an opinion at one time commonly prevailed, that man's superior reason depended on his possessing such an instructer and such a servant. Now, although reason, with hoofs instead of fingers, could never have raised man much above the brutes, and probably could have not secured the continued existence of the species, still the hand is nothing more than a fit instrument of the god-like mind that directs it.

The PELVIS, or strong irregular ridge of bone, on the upper edge of which the spine rests, and from the sides of which the legs spirng forms the centre of the skeleton. A broad bone was wanted here to connect the central column of the spine with the lateral column of the legs; and a circle was the lightest and strongest. If we attempt still urther to conceive how the circle could be modified to fit it for the spine to rest on, for the thighs to roll in, for the muscles to hold by, both above and below, for the person to sit on, we shall find, on inspection, that all our anticipations are realized in the most perfect manner. In the pelvis, too, we have the thyroid hole and ischiatic notches, furnishing subordinate instances of contrivance to save material weight; they are merely deficiencies of bone, where solidity could not have given additional strength.

The HIP JOINT exhibits the perfection of the ball and socket articulation. It allows the foot to move round in a circle, as well as to have the great range of backward and forward motion, exhibited in the action o walking. When we see the elastic, tough smooth cartilage, which lines the deep socket of this joint, and the similar glistening covering of the ball, or head of the thigh bone, and the lubricating synovia poured into the cavity, by appropriate secretories, and the strong ligaments giving strength all around we feel how far the most perfect of man's works fall short of the mechanism displayed by nature.

The THIGH BONE is remarkable for its projections, called trochanters, to which the moving muscles are fixed, and which lengthen considerably the lever by which the muscles work. The shaft of the bone is not straight, but has a considerable forward curvature. Short sightedness might suppose this a weakness, because the bone is a pillar supporting a weight; but the bend gives it, in reality, the strength of the arch, to bear the action of the mass of muscle called vastus, which lies and swells upon its fore part.

The KNEE is a hinge joint of complicated structure; and it claims the most attentive study of the surgeon. The rubbing parts are flat and shallow, and therefore the joint has little strength from form; but it derives security from the numerous and singularly strong ligaments which surronnd it. The ligaments on the inside of the knees resemble, in two circumstances the angular ligaments of joints, namely in having a constant and great strain to bear, and yet in becoming stronger always as the strain increases. The line of the leg, even in the most perfect shape, bends inward a little at the knee, requiring the support of the ligaments, and in many persons it bends very much: but the inclination does not increase with age. The legs of many weakly in-kneed children become straight by exercise alone. This inclination at the middle of the legs, by throwing a certain strain on the ligaments, gives an increase of elasticity to the limb, in the actions of jumping, running, &c. In the knee there is a singular provision of hose cartilages, which hav been called friction cartilages, from a supposed relation in use to friction wheels; but their real effec

seems to be to accomodate, in the different positions of the joint, the surfaces of the rubbing bones to each other. The great muscles on the fore part of the thigh are contracted into a tendon, a little above the knee, and have to pass over and in front of the knee, to reach the top of the leg, where their attachment is. The tendon, in passing over the joint, becomes bony, and forms the patella, or knee pan, often called the pulley of the knee. This peculiarity enables the muscles to act more advantageously by increasing the distance of the scope from the centre of motion. The patella is, moreover a sort of shield or protection to the fore part of this important joint. The leg below the knee, like the fore arm already described, has two bones. They offer spacious surface of origin for the numerous muscles required for the feet, and they form a compound pillar of greater strength than the same quantity of bone, as one shaft would have had. The individual bones also, are angular, instead of round, hence deriving greater power to resist blows, &c.

The ANKLE JOINT is a perfect hinge of great strength. There is in front of it an anular ligament by which the greater part of the tendons passing downwards to the foot and toes, are kept in their places. One of these tendons passes under the bony projection of the inner ankle, in a smoothe appropriate grove, exactly as if a little fixed pulley were there. The heel, by projecting so far backwards, is a lever for the strong muscles to act by, which from the calf of the leg, and terminate in the tendo achillis. These muscles, by drawing at it, lift the body, in the actions of standing on the toes, walking, dancing, &c. In the foot of the negro, the heel is so long as to be ugly, in European estimation; and, its great length rendering the effort of smaller muscles sufficient for the various purposes, the calf of the leg in the negro is smaller in proportion, than in other races or men.

The ARCH OF THE FOOT is to be noticed as another of the many provisions for saving the body from shocks, by the elasticity of the supports. The heels and the balls of the toes are the two extremeties of the elastic arch, and the leg rests between them. Connected with elasticity, it is interesting to remark how imperfectly a wooden leg answers the purpose of a natural leg. With the wooden leg, which always remains of the same length, the centre of the body must describe at each step, a portion of a circle of which the bottom nob of the leg is the centre, and the body is therefore constantly rising and falling; while with the natural legs, which, by gentle flexure at the knee are made shorter or longer in different parts of the step, as required, the body is carried along in a manner perfectly level. In like manner, a man riding on horseback, if he keep his back upright and stiff, is jolted by every step of the trotting animal; but the experienced horseman even without rising in the stirrups, by letting the back yield a little at each movement, as a bent spring yields during the motion of a carriage, can carry his head quite smoothly along. In a general review of the skeleton, we have to remark—

1, The nice adaption of all the parts to each other, and to the strains which they have respectively to bear; as in the size of the spinal vertebræ increasing from above downwards, the bones of the leg being larger than those of the arm, and so on.

2, The objects of strength and lightness combined, as by the hollowness of the long bones; their angular form, their thickening and flextures in particular places where great strain has to be borne; the enlargement of the extremities to which the muscles are attached, lengthening the lever by which these act.

3, We have to remark the nature and strength of material in different parts, so admirably adapted to the purposes which the parts serve. There is a bone, for instance, in one place, nearly as hard as iron, where, covered with enamel, it has the form of teeth, with the office of chewing and tearing all kinds of matter used as food. In the cranium, again, bone is softer, but tough and resisting; in the middle of long bones, it is compact and little bulky, to leave room for the swelling of the muscles lying there; while at either end, it is large and spongy, with the same quantity of

matter, to give a broad surface for articulation; and, in the spine, the bodies of the vertabræ, which rest on an elastic bed of interve rtebral substance, are light and spongy, while their articulating surfaces and processes are very hard. In the joints we see the tough, elastic, smooth substance, called cartillage, covering the ends of the bones, defending and padding them, and destroying friction. In infants, we find all the bones soft or grisly, and therefore calculated to bear, with impunity, the falls and blows unavoidable at their age; and we see certain parts remaining cartillage, or gristle for life, where their elasticity is necessary or useful, as at the anterior extremity of the ribs. About the joints we have to remark the ligaments, which bind the bones together, possessing a tenacity scarcely equalled in any other known substance; and we see that the muscular fibres, whose contractions move the bones, and thereby the body—because they would have made the limbs clumsy even to deformity, had they all passed over the joints to the parts which they have to pull—attach themselves, at convenient distances, to a strong cord called a tendon, by means of which, like a hundred sailors at a rope, they make their effort effective at any distance. The tendons are remarkable for the great strength which resides in their slender forms and for the lubricated smoothness of their surfaces. Many other striking particulars might be enumerated; but these may suffice.

Such, then, is the skeleton, or general frame-work of the human skeleton—less curious and complicated, perhaps, than some other parts of the system, but so perfect and so wonderful, that the mind which can attentively consider it without emotion, is in a state not to be envied. The living force of man has been used as a working power in various ways, as in turning a winch, pulling at a rope, walking in the inside of a large wheel to move it, as a squirrel or turnspit dog moves his little wheel, &c. Each of these has some particular advantage; but that made in which, for many purposes, the greatest effect may be produced, is for the man to carry up to a height his body only, and then to let it work by its weight in descending. A brick-layer's laborer would be able to lift twice as many bricks to the top of a house in the course of a day, by ascending a ladder without a load, and raising bricks of nearly his own weight over a pulley each time in descending, as he can by carrying bricks and himself up together, and desending again without a load, as is still usually done. Reflection would naturally anticipate the above result, independantly of experiment; for the load which a man should be best able to carry, is surely the one from which he can never free himself, the weight of his own body.

Accordingly, the strength of muscles and disposition of parts, are all such as to make his body appear light to him. The question which was agitated with such warmth some time ago, as to the propriety of making men and women work on the tread-mill, receives an easy decision here. They work by climbing on the outside of a large wheel, or cylinder, which is turned by their weight; and on which they must advance just as fast as it turns, to avoid falling from their proper situation. There are projections or steps for the feet on the outside of the cylinder, and the action of the workers is exactly that of ascending an acclivity. Now, as nature has fitted the human body for climbing hills, as well as for walking on plains, the work on the tread-mill, under proper restrictions as to duration, must be as natural and healthful as any other. Its effects have now proved it to be so. As animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted, there may be often a great saving of it by doing work quickly, although with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend a stairs, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other four minutes; it will cost the first but a little more than a fourth part of the fatigue which it cost the second, because the exhaustion has relation to the time during which the muscles are acting. The quick mover may have exerted perhaps one-twentieth more force in the first instant, to give his body greater velocity, which was afterwards continued; but the slothful mover supported this load four times as long.

A healthy man will run rapidly up a long stairs, and his breathing will scarcely be quickened when he arrives at the top; but if he walk up slowly, his legs will feel fatigued, and he will have to wait some time before he can speak calmly. For this same reason, coach-horses are much spared by being made to gallop up a short hill, and being then allowed to go more slowly for a little time, so as to rest at the top. The rapid waste of muscular strength which arises from continued action, is shown by keeping the arm extended horizontally for some time: few can continue the exertion beyond a minute or two. In animals which have long horizontal necks, there is provision of nature in a strong elastic substance on the back or upper part of the neck, which nearly supports the head, independently of muscular exertion.

A GHOST IN LOVE.

The *Abeille Cauchoise* tells the following story: "A few nights ago a worthy farmer, living near Yvetot, who has lately become a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal betrayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a horrid phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate, 'If you come from God, speak; if from the devil, vanish!' 'Wretch!' exclaimed the pahntom, 'I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie A——, to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henriette B——. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom!' This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the gohstly visitor, and stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henriette B—— herself, looking excessively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, has the banns published for his mariage with her."

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not, that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognise Thy purpose, clerely shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Vissions come and go;
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow;
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirings of a gift divine,
Within my bosm glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE Knickerbocker for April makes the following extracts from "The Clergy of America," a book which has just made its appearance:

There is mention made in the volume we are considering, of a dull clergyman who cornered a farmer whom he seldom saw at his ministrations, by asking him directly,

after a little reproof of his sin of omission, "Shall we see you at church *next* Sabbath?" "Y-e-e-s," he replied slowly, "y-e-s, I'll go or *send* a hand!" It was the same interesting clergyman who, one hot drowsy summer day, found on concluding a long discourse, that half his congregation was rubbing their eyes and waking up, being started by the sudden silence: where upon he very quickly said, "My friends this sermon cost me a good deal of labor, in fact rather more than usual; you don't seem to have paid to it quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go it over again!" And go it over he did from text to exhortation. He "had *'em there*" didn't he?

THE ICE ISLAND.

BY DR. R. M. BIRD.

Mastless, helmless, gaping at every seam, and groaning and crashing at every pitch over the rolling surges, supported above the water by the buoyancy of the cargo, our miserable bark still struggled with the tempest. Sailors without further duty, and passengers without further hope, were seen in various parts lashing themselves to the rigging, and commending their souls to heaven.

It is always awful to die; but when perishing in the unvisited solitudes of the deep, while the heavens and the sea are at war with each other, and nature herself seems to encourage the anarchy of her elements, awe is swallowed up in a more subdued horror.—It was night, too, and there was a moon in the sky, but it was covered and concealed by massy volumes of vapor, which enveloped the great abyss with impenetrable darkness. The uproar of the tempest was such as may be recalled by those who have witnessed similar scenes.—Thunder that crashed, and rattled, and yelled through the firmament; winds that howled and whistled through the bleak air; and billows that put forth their voices in a hoarse, harsh roar—made up of the music of the tempest.

A sudden dying away of the wind, and an unaccountable tranquility—a comparative tranquility of the waters—filled our souls with transport; and many of us were expressing our joy with loud shouts and congratulations, when a voice, deep and hoarse, but thrillingly distinct, exclaimed among us, "The ice islands!"

"The ice islands! It is not so! it cannot be," replied a dozen trembling voices; "it cannot be the ice islands!"

"It is, it is!" replied the same hoarse, deep voice. A flash of lightning, bright and universal, as if the whole sky were for an instant in a conflagration, revealed our situation to us. Masses of ice—the same that we had in the evening gazed upon with such pleasure and admiration, stretched about us to the north-west, rolling and rocking in the waves; and near to us, very near to us, towered a vast and tremendous bulk, like some gigantic mountain, with its citadels and towers, undermined and sent drifting about in the shoreless seas. The flash was but momentary, yet it was sufficient to fill us with horror: and after complete darkness had been restored, the dashing of the billows over these floating desolations was heard above the general roar of the tempest, along with the grinding and crashing of the fragments, as they struck against each other with a violence, which, on the solid land, would have caused a shock like an earthquake.

"We are under its lee!—it is upon us!"—shouted a voice that rang like the peal of a trumpet in our ears; and at the same instant, another bright and widespread flash discovered the tremendous object moving swiftly towards us. As if to increase the horrors of the scene, the moon now burst through the clouds; and although the horizon around, on all quarters, still remained in frightful gloom, a circumscribed central spot, embracing within its limits the terrific island and the devoted vessel, now lay in a state of vivid illumination. There came the mighty desolation, its grand cathedral-like summits reflecting the lunar rays in many a wild and fantastic spectrum and nodding to the force of the billows that drove it onwards.

I possess but little of that philosophic indifference of death, which is found in some men; my fears distracted me. I remember nothing

of the catastrophe but a loud, clamorous shock; a sinking of the broken deck; a whirling of the watery chaos; a wild and congregated shriek, so piercing, so horrible, that even the savage waves seemed to restrain their fury for an instant, to listen; and then I sank insensible among the waters.

I awoke as from a painful and horrid dream, disturbed by something striking with repeated blows upon the back of my head—I lay on my face, and turning sluggishly round, I was startled by the rushing of wings. An albatross, or sea-eagle, or some fowl of the deep, darted with shrill cries before my vision. I put my hand to my head; it was bleeding and mangled. My limbs were stiff and sore, and in many places severely lacerated.

I rose, and found myself in a hollow or cavern of the ice, the bottom of which was filled with fissures, underneath which I could hear the rumbling and dashing of waves; and fearing lest this frail floor should give way and precipitate me again into the abyss from which I had so providentially and mysteriously escaped, I crawled to the entrance of the cavern.

The sun was up; the waves were at rest, or rather were rolling onward with a regular and sluggish motion, scarcely sufficient to disturb the equilibrium of my icy float. Where were my companions? I shouted aloud; nothing answered me: the silence of death was on my island. A harsh scream struck my ear. A bird of prey was hovering in the air a rod or two from me, and occasionally darting swiftly into a hollow of the ice, from which it issued again with wild cries. I approached the spot. Before me lay the corpse of a young man, whose good humour and mirth had often, in dull and weary hours, enlivened the spirits of his fellow voyagers. Although his body was dreadfully mangled, and his face contorted, and in some measure mutilated, by the voracious fowl, I soon recognised him, and for a moment endeavored to please myself with the thought that he was not wholly dead.

A black ribbon was hung round his neck; I drew it forth and discovered the minature of a beautiful young woman. I wrapped it, together with his watch and pocket book, in his neck-cloth, determining, if saved myself, to transmit them to his friends, as mournful mementos of his unhappy end. I then lifted the body in my arms, and approaching the brink of the ice, rolled it into the sea. I was now alone.

Struck to the heart with a feeling of my loneliness and forlornness, I sat down, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to despair. Why had not I perished with my companions? A quiet grave at the bottom of the ocean, or in the bowels of one of ocean's monsters, was preferable to this icy and living tomb.

The love of life prevailed over despair. I rose upon my feet, and looked around me for the means of preserving my existence. I soon discovered, that in the vast mass of ice upon which I stood, there were imbedded many fragments of rocks, trunks of trees, and other substances, denoting it to have been formed on the shore of some distant land. Nothing, however, capable of satisfying hunger, was to be found. No frozen animal, nor lifeless bird, rewarded my search; and having wandered painfully and laboriously about, wherever the asperities of the ice, or the presence of some land object, afforded me a precarious footing, I at last reclined hopelessly upon a cloven pine-tree that projected from the ice. Above me—for the berg was of great height—towered, in inexpressible grandeur, cold and glittering pinnacles of pure and almost transparent ice. Below lay the ocean, silent and calm, presenting a surface soundless and unvaried.

The day passed away wearily and monotonously; the night found me; and still I clung listlessly to the shattered pine. The moon rose—I have always loved the moon; and that night, while gazing upon her pure orb, now doubly solitary, and thinking of many friends with whom I had sat at my own vine-covered porch, almost adoring her peaceful loveliness—of many who might be, that very hour, in my own lost land, recalling the memory of their friend by gazing upon her again—I forgot for a time that I was alone, and a dweller on an ice-berg.

A rack of clouds passed over her face; I startled—a sudden explosion, followed by a

long and heavy growl of thunder, admonished me of another tempest. I fastened my arms to a branch of the pine, while the winds rose, and covered the moon and stars with black clouds. The ocean again was lashed to fury, and the foam of billows dashing against the sharp angles of the island, and snatched up by the winds, broke over me incessant showers.

It was some time before my floating habitation felt and acknowledged the influence of the storm; but when the agitation of the sea had arrived at its height, there commenced a scene so appallingly sublime, that even the apprehension of approaching destruction could not wholly unfit me for enjoying it. The island rocked, but not as a ship rocks, when she tumbles from a lofty wave into the trough of the sea, nor even as a mountain, when vexed by the earthquake in its bowels. It seemed rather to reel or spin round, like a krakan in the whirlpool of Norway; sometimes lurching heavily over, until its tallest precipices were buried in the waves. Then a more regular assault of gusts and breakers prevailing, it would stoop and yield before the wind, and drift with amazing celerity through the waters.

Happily my position was in a central part; and although occasionally a billow more mountanious and voracious than the rest would seem almost to overwhelm the island, and dash itself at my feet, I felt myself partially secure.

All this, however, was trifling to that which soon followed. I know not whether the tornado had huddled the other ice islands together and impelled them with violence against my own, or whether my island may not have struck upon some concealed rock. Be that as it may, I was suddenly alarmed by a shock that communicated itself in a vibratory shudder to all parts of the island, followed by a deafening crash; and in another moment I was made sensible, by the distracted and impetuous tossing of my berg, and by many successive shocks, that it had been split in twain, and was now breaking to pieces.

The storm died gradually away; and with the morning sun came another calm, and another day of famine and of misery. Several days succeeded to this, a dull and horrid calendar of starvation, distraction, and stupor. Of water I had plenty; I slacked my thirst, by sucking it from a piece of ice, or by scooping it in my hands from the puddles that formed every day around the trees, rocks, and earth, on my island. But food—I had no food. I chewed such splinters of bark and wood as I could tear away from the pine-tree—they were dry and disgustful. I cut strips of leather from my shoes and endeavored to eat them. A letter that I had valued beyond my life, remained in one of my pockets—I chewed and swallowed it; but it gave me no relief.

(To be Continued.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

INCREASE OF PUBLICATIONS IN CANADA.

It must be gratifying to the lovers of literature and knowledge to witness the increase of works coming from the Canadian press. New weekly, and Semi-weekly news-papers, are coming out in different parts of the province, and monthlies, and books of various kinds, are now issued in large numbers by publishers in the province. Printing and book-making increases more rapidly than any other business in this country. The inference to be drawn is, that education and literature are advancing. True, the increase in the population will make the demand for books and newspapers greater; but every one who will examine the question, will find that the number of publications in proportion to the population, is much greater now than formerly; and that there continues to be an increase in this respect. But this improvement of the past few years, the reading, and thirst for knowledge in this province is not what it should have been. And we look for a greater improvement in future.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

There is a new movement on foot in Canada, in the Temperance cause. We allude to the Order of Sons of Temperance. These Societies, or "Divisions" of the friends of Temperance, have been in existence

for several years in the United States, and for about a year past they have been in progress in this Province. The first Division was formed in Brockville, which is at present the Grand Division for Canada; and, the Divisions are multiplying rapidly in different sections of the Province. The object of this Institution is to promote the Temperance enterprise. A deficiency has all along been seen and felt in the Temperance Society; which is this, it is difficult to *keep* certain persons in the Society, even after they are pledged to its principles. It would seem that the manner of admitting Members is not sufficiently solemn, or that something is wanting to act as a tie, or cement to hold the Members together. The numbers can be easily swelled in any place; but many of them soon drop off for want of something that will be *felt* to be more binding; or for want of something that shall make it more to their interest to keep sacred their pledge.

It is contended that the Institution of the Sons of Temperance has brought about a remedy for the defect of which we speak. The Order is a Benefit Society. Every person entering pays an Admission Fee, and every Member pays a monthly sum into the Treasury; and other means are used to increase the Funds of the Society: which Funds are at the disposal of the Societies, respectively, for the benefit of the needy and afflicted Members, and the Widows and Orphans of Members. It is a sort of Savings Bank, and every Member has more or less at stake. To remain is to perpetuate his claim—but to violate his pledge, or withdraw, is to cut himself off from all claims upon the Funds of the Association. A monied obligation is certainly a binding one; that is, we mean, where there is a chance of *receiving* money. The manner of receiving Members into these Divisions, is said to be, exceedingly impressive and solemn; so much so that none, except the very lowest and the most unprincipled, will be likely to violate their pledge.

This movement in the Temperance Reformation is, we believe, enlisting a class that hitherto has not been reached, in Canada, to any considerable extent; we allude to our civil rulers, our professional men, and our legislators. While this class of Society, in other parts of the world, has been foremost in the Temperance cause, in our country the greatest opposition, the cause has met with, has been from this quarter. If the Sons of Temperance can but reverse this order of things in Canada, in relation to the subject of Temperance, it must certainly bring about a new era in the cause here.

The subject is one worthy of consideration. If this Institution is reaching unfortunate inebriates, that no other instrumentality has been able to reach, and is restoring them to their reason and to society, and is moving a mass of mind upon the subject of Temperance that has not before been moved, then certainly it is worthy of all praise!

We say to our readers, look at the subject; enquire after the fruit, and if you find it of the right sort, give your support to the object. The world is full of intemperance and sin, and every means that can be used to purify and save men should be employed.

THE PRINTING OFFICE A SCHOOL.

If Printers are not more intelligent than other artists, if they do not stand at the very head of all craftsmen in this respect, it is because they do not turn to their own advantage their superior opportunity for mental culture. A certain amount of learning every Printer must possess. He must be a practical grammarian, good in orthography and punctuation; and whether a good or a bad penman himself, he must be capable of reading readily all sorts of manuscript; and he must acquire a knowledge of men and of things in general, sufficient to enable him to understand at once whatever is put into his hands for composition. If he has not obtained this amount of learning before he comes to the office, he must get it there; and that too forthwith. Here then we have the foundation for learning and knowledge; and every day spent at the case, or in proof-reading builds thereupon.

The very work of the compositor, and also of the proof-reader, is calculated to store the mind with knowledge. And the same is the case with every department in the office, to some extent. In addition to this the numerous periodicals and books, new and old, which are continually finding their way to this literary receptacle, afford the greatest opportunity to improve the mind in learning and knowledge. There is always enough of novelty and excitement on the subject, to cause every one to read; and to prevent any from loosing the relish for books or thirst for information. The Printing Office, therefore, becomes an excellent school. The moment a boy enters it he begins to become acquainted with mankind — with the world—with the civil, political, and religious condition of the various nations spread over the globe; and should he remain a typographer for fourscore years he will continue to enhance his treasure of knowledge.

Printing is a work of mind: it has to do with mind; it provides the means for the improvement of the mind, and it spreads out before mankind the many and important productions of mind. It was mind that gave rise to this great art; and, Printing does more toward the march of intellect and the proper developement of the powers of the human soul than any other agency. Had it not been for the existence of this invaluable art, few would have known up to this day, that they possessed minds at all; and the great majority of the human race would have remained ignorant alike of their origin and of their end. How great then—how big with interest must the business of the Printer be! Let the son of the Type and the man of the Press feel their importance, and while in their own school they are their own instructors, let them know that they are teaching the civilized and enlightened world, and sending bright rays of intelligence into the dark and ignorant portions of the earth.

The following remarks respecting a "London Printing Office," are from the *Quarterly Review*: they too, illustrate our statement that the Printing Office is a School:—

"A London Printing Office in the Morning.—By eight o'clock the whole body have arrived. Many in their costume resemble common laborers; others are better clad, several are very well dressed; but all bear in their countenance the appearance of men of considerable intelligence and education. They have scarcely assumed their respective stations, when blue mugs containing each a pint or half a pint of tea or coffe, and attended either by a smoking hot roll stuffed with yellow butter, or by a couple of slices of bread and butter, enter the hall. The little girls, who, with well-comed hair, and clean shining faces, bring the refreshments, carry them to those who have not breakfasted at home. Before the empty mugs have vanished, a boy enters the hall at a fast walk, with a large bundle under his arm, of morning newspapers. This intellectual luxury the compositors, by a friendly subscription, allow themselves to enjoy. From their connexion with the different presses, they manage to obtain the very earliest copies, and thus the news of the day is known to them; the leading articles of the different newspapers are criticised, applauded or condemned; an hour or two before the great statesmen of the country had received the observations, the castagations or the intelligence they contain. One would think that compositors would be as sick of reading as a grocer's boy is of treacle; but that this is not the case is proved by the fact that they not only willingly pay for the newspapers, but often indemnify one of their community for giving up his work in order to sit in the middle of the hall on a high stool and read the news aloud to them while they are laboring at their work; they will moreover, even pay him to read to them any new book which they consider to contain interesting information. It of course requires very great command of the mind to be able to give attention to what is read from one book, when men are intently employed in the creation of another. The apprentices and inferior workmen cannot attempt to do this, but the greater number, astonishing as it may sound, can listen without injury to their avocation. Very shortly after eight o'clock the whole body are at their work, at which, it may be observed, they patiently continue, with only an hour's interval, until eight o'clock at night;