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NEW-BRUNSWICK RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, good will toward men."

VOLUME I.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1820.

NO. 27.

BIOGRAPHY.

LEGH RICHMOND.

(Continued from page 178.)

His removal from the Isle of Wight—Temporary connexion with the Lark Hospital, in London; and final settlement at Turvey.

A change of destination in the life of a minister, is at all times a subject for grave deliberation. He can take no step, in the consequences of which, others are not deeply involved as well as himself. In no instance does he stand alone: his principles, habits, and conduct, wherever he goes, exercise their powerful effects on all around him; and he is the star, by whose genial or unfriendly influence, their present, as well as future destiny, in a great measure to be determined. It is the truth which constitutes the moral responsibility of accepting a new appointment. If the glory of God, and conversion of immortal souls, is the grand object of which, as a minister, he is never to lose sight; nothing less than a deliberate and well-founded conviction that this is the governing principle of his conduct, to which every other is subordinate, ought to determine his removal, more especially from a scene where his labours have been owned and blessed.

So long, however, as we are assured that "the Lord directeth a good man's goings," and "appointeth the bounds of his habitation;" the indications of his will, and the openings of his providence, rightly interpreted, will ever form the best guide and ground for his determination. It was under the fullest conviction that he was pursuing the path of duty, that Mr. Richmond was induced to listen to an offer of assisting the Rev. Mr. Fry, in his laborious services as Chaplain to the Lock Hospital in London; and we shall see, by the result, in what manner his acceptance of this appointment, short as was its duration, providentially led the way to the subsequent events of his life. He proceeded, therefore, to London, to confer on the subject of his new arrangement, and preached his first sermon on the following text; "But of him are ye in Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. . . 30.

Some extracts from letters written to his wife at this time, previously to the removal of his family from Felling, will throw light on a few of the circumstances connected with this change of his residence and ministry.

London, Feb. 5, 1805.

"I think I may say, I am determined to try this situation. The Lord seems to give me such tokens of affection, friendship, and acceptableness, amongst the congregation of the Lock, and points out so many spiritual advantages, though mingled with great trials and temptations, that I believe I am right in coming to this decision. On Wednesday evening, I preached for Mr. Fry. Several gentlemen spoke to each of us, expressing a hope that I should undertake the charge; and one of them suggested that if it were an object to me, he did not doubt but very many would gladly contribute towards the expenses of the removal, and some increase of salary. The hint was kind, whatever might be the result. Yesterday morning, Mr. Fry and I conversed for a considerable time together. I told him all my history and circumstances. He seems resolved to omit nothing which may contribute to the hopefulness and comfort of my arrangement: and I really think that it is God's will that I should repose a temporal as well as a spiritual confidence in him. I called yesterday on Mr. Wilberforce, who put five pounds into my hand to go about from poor to poor and distribute.* Blessed com-

* The wisdom of this mode of doing good, must at once commend itself to those, who are aware of the circumstances in which clergymen are frequently placed relative to the poor. Their parochial duties bring to their notice peculiar cases of want, which ought not to be made public. So limited, generally, are their own resources, that unless funds are in this way put at their disposal, many of God's

mission! I am to, dine there to day, and to take leave of the Dean of Carlisle, who goes to Cambridge to-morrow. No two men ever harmonized more sweetly in opinion, views, taste, judgment, &c. than Mr. Fry and myself. Our friendship is forming and confirming, on the best grounds, I trust.—You will judge how little able I am to see many friends, or to do any thing but labour in my vocation, when I tell you that I am to preach twice on Good-Friday, twice on Easter Sunday, once on Easter Tuesday, and, perhaps, Easter Monday, and even next Wednesday. You cannot write too often, the sight of your letters cheers and delights me. I wish I could play on the ground for half an hour with the children.

"Pray believe me truly and affectionately

"I am,

L. RICHMOND.

London, Sunday, April 15, 1805.

"I begin a few lines to you, my dearly-beloved wife, in the interval between my two services, and I can hardly give any other reason, than that my mind is worked up to a high state of agitation, by meditating and preparing to preach to night, from John v. 28, 29, and it wants a few minutes relief.—The subject is truly solemn: & the manner in which I propose to treat it, will be very trying and awful both to me and my hearers. I preached to an overflowing congregation, this morning, from Phillip iii. 10:—it cost me great thought and pains;—I administer the sacrament to near two hundred persons. I have been meditating two hours, on death, judgment, heaven and hell. I feel, that in the pulpit I shall either deliver myself with very little, or very great feeling and effect. Oh! for a heart to feel more for myself and others:—what a poor, cold, miserable creature I feel myself to be; I am sometimes constrained to cry out—can such a worthless being be saved? yet there is worth in Jesus for the most worthless. God make me to experience fully, the power of his resurrection, lest when I have preached to others, I myself should become a cast-away. Adieu for the present—perhaps I may add a few lines before I go to bed.

"Sunday night, ten o'clock.—My sermon proved very solemn, and brought forth very copious tears from many eyes. I trembled inwardly, whilst I painted the resurrection and punishment of condemned souls; and the effect was very striking on a very large and attentive congregation. I am sitting up to think about a sermon for to-morrow morning.

"Monday morning, five o'clock.—Yesterday, at the sacrament, I observed kneeling at the rails, close to Mr. Wilberforce, a negro. I was much struck, and many interesting associations filled my mind. I find also that it was quite accidental, and that Mr. W. knows nothing of him. Last night, I dwelt on the meeting of husbands, wives, parents and children at the resurrection, and thought deeply of you and your babes;—in fact, I wept; I saw the tears of others responding with my own."

While he was thus engaged in the duties and arrangements of his intended destination, the following letter will prove that in dispensing spiritual instruction to others, he was not unmindful of what he owed to one, whose happiness and welfare was so nearly connected with his own.

London, April 20, 1805.

"My dear Wife,

"I really feel it as an answer to very many prayers which I have for years past offered up for you, that you are now seriously thinking on the all important subject of religion. I trust you will hence-

own children may be left to suffer. It is the practice of some churches, to put portions of money in the hands of their Pastor, for distribution among such destitute members as may come under his special notice; in addition to the appropriations which the Deacons are expected to make. Some churches are too poor to furnish such funds. How proper then, that the wealthy should remember and imitate this example of Wilberforce. A. E.

forth become my spiritual monitor and counsellor, my help-mate in every good word and work, and my wife indeed, united in grace as well as in providence. With respect to the inward conflicts and doubts which you entertain in your mind, you must seek spiritual armour to fight the battle. Remember, that if you truly desire to overcome all the evil tempers, affections, desires and principles of your natural heart, you have an evidence within that God must have wrought it, and that he will not suffer you to be tempted above what you are able to bear, but will with the temptation, make a way to escape. With respect to prayer, I recommend you to consider the precept of 'pray always and without ceasing.' This evidently refers to that perpetual disposition of the heart to lift itself up in sudden, short ejaculatory prayer, which is one of the most necessary means and proofs of grace. It is this alone which can render the appointed and regular devotions of the church, the family, and the closet, lively, strong and efficacious. Satan will lose much of his strong hold, if you thus laboriously strive to obtain a prayerful frame of heart, an habitual meditation upon Christ and eternity, a frequency of conversing on sacred things, and above all, experimental contemplation and conversation. The world is a deadly enemy to spiritual attainment; you cannot too soon see the high importance of being less conformed to it, in all its vanities, vices, follies, and unprofitable waste of time, gifts and talents. The Christian will appear, even in the simplicity of every personal ornament. The dress, the countenance, the tone of voice, the address, will lose its former levity; and in the minutest trifles of common life, you will see the hand of God leading to important events, and his finger pointing to the life that is to come. I have just been praying most earnestly, that God may carry on such a work in your heart. The grand work of all is to believe. This is the root and fountain of all other graces. That believing look at the Saviour, which sees an interest in him, or which at least leads to full conviction, both of his sufficiency and efficiency to save our own souls, is the master work of God. May you be fully led to see this, and in God's own time to rejoice in it. Accustom yourself to talk constantly with Nugent and Mary on the substantial parts of Christianity, and appeal to those little instances of experience which even a child may comprehend. I wrote to you yesterday, and hope you have got my letter. I have this instant received your's of Tuesday. I hope to be able to leave London by the time you mention. The three things which I have to settle, if possible, are—the house, the furniture, and a successor; and I do hope another week will arrange the two former. I only fear for the latter, and this makes me uneasy; however, as I shall retain the curacy till Christmas, there is still time and opportunity; only, so much depends on a desirable substitute for the summer, otherwise fall might be overthrown.

"Saturday morning, six o'clock.—I went yesterday to the hospital, and spent three hours in very close inspection of the miserable objects whom it includes. I have now resolved on taking the house. It is in Chester-street, about a hundred yards from the Lock; it is surrounded by fields, has a very pleasant prospect, charming air, great retirement and quietness, with a little garden, a remarkable neat exterior, and as neat and comfortable an interior.

"Our final removal, if we can get a curate, must be in the middle of June. I am asked, and have consented to preach the Charity Sermon at Newport, on May 16th. I must now more assure you, that I shall not stay a day longer than absolute business requires. I trust our separation has been for the best and that our temporal and spiritual concerns, our views and resolutions, tempers and principles, will all thrive and prosper for the better.—God bless the dear children. Kind regards to your fire-side, from your truly affectionate husband,

"L. RICHMOND."

AN ACCOUNT OF
THE LATE MRS. SLATER.

Philadelphia, the beloved wife of Richard Barry Slater, Esq. M. D. of High Wycombe, and second daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cayley, Bart. of Brompton Hall, in the County of York, was early distinguished by a superiority of understanding, and much personal beauty; born and educated in fashionable life, she soon became, and for many years continued to be, the object of particular admiration in most of the gay circles of York and its neighbourhood. At the same time, although of a high and quick spirit, yet this was so chastened by the native sweetness of her disposition, as to render her equally the object of love among the poor, in the village and vicinity of Brompton, to whose wants, both in sickness and in health, she greatly delighted to administer. And it fairly may be questioned, whether viewed among the rich or poor, a more fascinating earthly object could readily be seen. But God, who is rich in mercy, had better things in store for her, on whom he had thus liberally bestowed his natural gifts. In His providence she was led to visit her sister, Mrs. Blackden, at High Wycombe, and here it was that the sound of the ever blessed gospel was first directed to the outward ear, and subsequently sent with divine and saving power to her heart. Her thirst for knowledge, having thus received a heavenly bias, led her diligently to seek every opportunity of obtaining religious instruction, and likewise the conversation of such as she believed were the real disciples of Christ. Although nothing beyond a visit to her sister was at first intended, yet a similarity in their desires and pursuits now determined Miss Cayley to give up all thoughts of retiring into Yorkshire. Often has she been heard to say, how unsatisfying, disappointing, and vexatious were all the pleasures (so called) of the fashionable life, at their very best. That their resemblance to "crackling of thorns" was most apt and just; and that to a rational being merely, there was, notwithstanding all their boasted value, nothing in them but vanity and melancholy degradation. It will then at once be expected, that now, when Divine light was shining into her heart, she no longer sought or could endure such muddy pleasures and gratifications. And so it was, on the contrary, if ever betrayed into any measure of conformity thereto, the painful reflection of inconsistency, at least, was sure to follow. The truth is, she now was rescued from this ensnaring and dangerous world. Miss Cayley had resided but a short time in and near Wycombe, when the sorrowful writer of these lines became acquainted with her excellencies, and was soon richly blessed in marriage with her. This took place in the month of October, 1800. In consequence of this union, she became the valued and intimate friend of the late Rev. Thomas Scott, the Rev. Nathaniel Gilbert, and many of the pious of that day, both among the Clergy and others. She continued to grow in heavenly wisdom, and the effects were beautifully scriptural and adorning. The integrity of her mind was most striking, and the revered commentator before alluded to has often gratified and delighted her fond husband, by saying, that such honesty of character he had rarely found. In the year 1805, she gave birth to a son, but was quickly called to resign that comfort to him who bestowed it. And here the extent and worth of her religion began to shine forth. The blow was heavy—but not a murmur on the occasion, nor scarcely a word beyond that of meek submission, was ever heard from her lips. Her recovery from this confinement was marked by real growth in grace. A firm adherence to the great truths of the gospel, and clear discrimination in all essential points of doctrine, deep humility, love to the Saviour, his cause, his people, his ordinances; pity and compassion for the miserable and destitute, anxiety for the salvation of her neighbours, and the whole world, the most tender love for relations and friends, with frequent prayers that they might be "bound up in the bundle of life," were the prominent marks of grace in this delightful creature's daily walk. The retired path in which she was destined to move, afforded no room for any thing that could dazzle or astonish; but like "the path of the just," it was the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. iv. 18. The duties of every relative situation were faithfully

discharged, but when reviewed in the character of a wife, she surpassed all admiration and praise; and while busy memory would attempt to trace the loveliness and the countless endearments of her tender and warm affection, a bleeding heart is nearly overwhelmed, and can never cease deeply to deplore the loss of such transcendent worth. Thus she travelled on, one year succeeding to another, producing nothing of display or of a noisy ostentatious religion; but, under many painful vicissitudes, Christ was her support, the Holy Ghost was her guide and comforter, and heaven, with all its glories, often stood open to her view, as her peaceful and happy home. The last year of her earthly existence was marked by more than common evidence of the power, compassion, love, and consolation of our great High Priest. In the beginning of 1828, it pleased God to visit her with severe paralysis, which for a time precluded all hope of any measure of recovery; but the free exercise of her mental powers, and likewise of spirit, were mercifully restored, and these were now indeed consecrated to her God and Saviour. Divine wisdom, submission, patience, faith, love, meekness, were all seen in their most attractive and edifying extent and beauty. Her mind was stayed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He kept her in perfect peace. The simplicity of her faith was most remarkable, and was seldom, if ever, much interrupted. It has been observed that naturally she was of a high spirit, and of quick sensibilities, but now not only was her temper unruffled, during all the days and nights of peculiar weakness, languor, or suffering; but, with a perfect truth it may be said, that not an unhallowed wave was even once perceived to disturb her peaceful breast, from the commencement of her distressing illness, to the hour of her dismissal from this vale of tears. Thanksgiving and praise to the Rock of her Salvation, mingled with touching pity and compassion for the afflicted and distressed, were the themes on which her spirit delighted to dwell. Towards all her friends and attendants nothing but gentleness and gratitude breathed forth; and now, when the tendency of that disease with which it pleased infinite goodness to visit her is remembered, how commonly it is accompanied with much irritability and impatience, the power of Divine grace most exquisitely beamed forth in the constant composure and serenity of her mind.

Convulsions closed this bright and edifying example of the Christian character, on the 4th of February. "Patience had accomplished her perfect work;" all her sufferings and sorrows are left below; she is securely lodged in the bosom of her Saviour; her flesh rests in hope; and, at the great rising day, awaking in the likeness of her redeemer, those transporting words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," shall perfect the bliss of her enraptured soul. Then shall she receive that crown of righteousness which God the righteous Judge shall give to all his ransomed church, in that day when he maketh up his jewels. Glory be to God on high.—*London Christian Guardian.*

Dying Testimony of the late Mr. RONNEBERG, Foreign Assistant Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.—"In the immediate prospect of death, the Gospel of Christ presented itself in such ineffable glory and delight to my mind, that the consideration of so many millions, who do not possess, and of so many hundreds of thousands, who do not regard it, brought tears to my eyes. This led me to regard the cause of the Bible Society as of such vast importance, and proved so powerful an attraction in my mind to its object, that nothing but death will separate me from it, while I remain on earth. There is something so simple in the idea of the Bible Society, and yet so grand; for each Bible reveals an Eternity of Bliss for all that receive and obey it. The father of a family, who loves his Bible, may become the progenitor of a whole race of happy beings. Oh, that all who labour with us in this work may be penetrated with a deep sense of its great importance, and carry it on, in the Lord's name, Strength, and Spirit!—My mind is absorbed in my Redeemer, by whom I am upheld every minute. If I live, may I live entirely to him—if I die, may I die in him!—I lay myself down every evening, as one who does not expect to see the morning. Pray for me, I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and am like a servant, that waits for his Lord.

SCIENTIFIC.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.—The following notice of the Natural History Society of Montreal, is addressed to, and has a peculiar claim upon the attention of Gentlemen of Science, and of research, resident in the British North American Colonies.

This Society, which was formed in the year 1827, and which has but just entered upon the third year of its existence, has already achieved as much as could reasonably have been anticipated by its most sanguine friends; and it promises not only to be of essential service, by promoting the special object for which it is designated, but also by promoting the interests of science generally.

According to the Report published in May last, its collections are—

IN THE MUSEUM.	
Quadrupeds	33
Birds	276
Insects—species,	172
Which have been increased by 205 Specimens.	
Corrallines,	16
Shells—specimens,	273
Botany,	596
Mineralogical,	1211
Miscellaneous curiosities, of art,	61
Do. connected with Natural History,	23

The Library consists of 146 volumes and 4 maps. The expenditure since its commencement is £282 G, of which a balance of only £4 1, remains unpaid.

In consequence of the liberality of the Legislature at its last sitting, the Society has now at its disposal £200, which the Committee have recommended to be appropriated in the following manner, viz.

To the department of Zoology,	£100
To the department of Mineralogy,	25
To the Library,	30
To the instruments of Observation and Analysis,	20
Leaving for Miscellaneous or any unexpected expense,	25
	£200.

The present generous attempt to call into exercise the talents and the research of literary and scientific men, in the British Colonies, and to induce them to open the treasures of their minds, and to display to public view, and for public benefit, the fruits of their research and acquirements, is worthy of high commendation, and we trust it will not be made in vain.

To whatever department of the multifarious works of nature the student directs his attention, the ultimate object should be, to make the fruits of his research and investigations subservient to the general good of his Country, and of mankind generally. In this view, as well as in others, no man should live for himself only; and however deeply he may penetrate into the arena of nature, or into the mysteries of science, his object ought to be, to enlarge the sphere of knowledge, by pouring the treasures he has acquired into the general stock.

We respectfully invite the attention of the *Literati* of New-Brunswick, to the competition here proposed; it offers a field, upon which laurels may innocently and honorably be won; it opens lists into which it will be meritorious even to have entered; it furnishes an opportunity for the exercise of talent and research, and excites to a useful and generous emulation; and we may add, that as it will be highly creditable to the parties engaged, and to the literary character of the Province; so it will be highly gratifying to the intelligent part of the community, should they eventually find, the name of one or more of their number, enrolled among the successful candidates for literary distinction.

City Gazette.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY of MONTREAL anxious to encourage a spirit of research, and to create a taste for scientific pursuits, have resolved upon offering FOUR SILVER MEDALS for Essays on scientific subjects, thereby endeavouring to rouse the dormant talent of the Province, by exciting a praiseworthy emulation.

For THREE of these Medals, the competition will be open to the public generally, and ONE only will be exclusively confined to the competition of the several classes of Members. The Medals offered are as follows:—

1. A Silver Medal for the best Essay descriptive of the QUADRUPEDS of BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, their

generic and specific characters, their modes of life and the uses to which they can be applied. This essay to be open to general competition.

2. *A Silver Medal* for the best Essay descriptive of the PLANTS indigenous to the CANADAS their generic and specific characters, their habits, and their uses, medical and economic. This essay to be open to the competition of the Honorary, Corresponding and Ordinary Members of the Society, resident in the BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES, only.

3. *A Silver Medal* for the best Essay on any branch of general literature, the particular subject thereof to be chosen by the respective authors. This essay to be open to general competition.

4. *A Silver Medal* for the best Essay on any branch of philosophy or science, other than Natural History, the particular subject thereof to be chosen by the respective authors. This essay to be open to general competition.

The Society being anxious to encourage general talent imposes no restriction as to the qualification of competitors for the Medals, further than that they shall be resident or usually so, of some one of the BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES, nor to the language in which the Essays are to be written.

The Essays intended for the competition are to be transmitted to, and to be received by A. F. HOLMES, Esq. M. D. Corresponding Secretary of the Society, or before the 20th day of February 1830, accompanied by a sealed note containing the name of the author, and a motto similar to one to be inscribed at the commencement of the essay. The Essays which do not obtain the prize will, if required, be returned with their accompanying notes unopened to any designated address. The Society also reserves to itself the right of retaining the successful Essays, as well as the power of refusing any of the Medals, should none of the essays be deemed, in the opinion of the Judges to be appointed, worthy of it.

The Committee of Judges to whom the Essays will be referred will be appointed at the Monthly Meeting of the Society in February 1830, and will be composed of Members of the Society and of other individuals residents of MONTREAL, distinguished for their literary and scientific acquirements, and the Society would recommend competitors resident in MONTREAL, and whose hand-writing might possibly be familiar to the Judges to be appointed to procure the assistance of some friend to copy the Essay intended for competition in order that not even the slightest grounds for supposed partiality may exist.

The Medals will be presented to the successful candidates or to their authorized representatives at the Annual Meeting of the Society on the 18th May, 1830.

HON. JOHN RICHARDSON, *President.*

A. F. HOLMES, *Corresponding Secretary.*

ROBERT ARMOUR, Jr. *Recording Secretary.*

Society's Room, June 8, 1829

MISCELLANY.

From the Asiatic Journal, for March.

AN ADVENTURE AT SHIRAUZ.

Nine or ten years ago, I happened to spend a few weeks in Shirauz. I will not say they were the most agreeable of my life; but assuredly I have passed many less pleasant. Being in some degree clothed with an official character, I enjoyed more freedom than is usually allowed to ordinary travellers; not that Persia is an intolerant or bigoted country,—far from it; boys and raggamuffins will occasionally insult a Peringhee, and even pelt him with stones: but there is not much risk in taking summary vengeance upon the offender's carcass, provided the outrage be real and unprovoked.

Shirauz is, or rather was, (for recent visitors tell us that the earthquakes have changed its climate as well as its aspect) a delicious place. At about seven miles from the city, you enter a beautiful valley, emerging from hilly defiles. Fertility smiles around, and perfumes impregnate the air. Within the walls of Shirauz are gardens and fountains and in the suburbs groves of citron and orange, with vineyards and rivulets, where the indolent voluptuaries of the city repose upon couches of rose-blossoms, as they listen to the enchanting notes of the Persian nightingales, whilst inhaling from the caloon the fragrant and exhilarating smoke. Such is the influence of the climate, in the more temperate season of the year and of the day, that existence, mere existence, is felt to be a luxury. Shall we then account the Persians a brutified, unintellectual race, because we hear of their resigning themselves sometimes to the gratification which results from the indulgence of bodily languor, as if they were more sensualists, and incapable of mental effort? Henry Martyn, the celebrated missionary (of whom I shall have more to speak anon), who had many advantages to assist him in forming a right estimate of the Persian character, says, "the people are clever and intelligent, and more calculated to become great and powerful than any of the

nations of the East, had they a good government and the Christian religion."

In truth, Persian society, good Persian society, introduces an observant European, qualified by a familiarity with the language and manners, to the knowledge of many characters, which would be admired in the circles of our own country; I mean men of excellent parts, cultivated understandings, and fine taste. I could appeal to the testimony of one individual on this point, who has had abundant opportunities to study the Persians,—I mean Sir John Malcolm: I have heard him speak in the most favourable terms of the better classes in Persia.

Having received an invitation to dine (or rather sup) with a Persian party in the city, I accordingly went, and found a number of guests assembled. The banquet was served in a court, decorated with flowers, *sub dio*. The conversation was varied, grave and gay, chiefly of the latter complexion. Poetry was often the subject; sometimes philosophy, sometimes politics prevailed. Amongst the topics discussed, religion was one. There are so many sects in Persia; especially if we include the free thinking classes, who dabble in religious subjects by way of amusement more, than the questions which frequently grow out of such a discussion constitute no trifling resource for conversation. I was called upon, though with perfect good breeding and politeness, to give an account of the tenets of our faith, and I confess I felt myself sometimes embarrassed by the pointed queries of my companions. I soon found that I could best parry their attacks by opposing one of my antagonists against the other. One of the guests whom I had never before seen, appeared to be a sceptic; he doubted every thing; he declared he was not convinced that the scene before him was real; he even maintained the probability of the whole of what we suppose is actually cognizable by our senses, being an illusion. Another sportively remarked that there was nothing real but enjoyment: he argued (evidently in jest) that pleasure was the greatest good which human beings could desire; that, therefore, pleasure was the only subject worthy of a man, and his pursuit of it was justifiable, to whatever length it carried him, provided he did not interfere with the pleasure of another, which was the only rule of human conduct. A graver reasoner endeavoured to rebuke both speakers. He dwelt upon the necessity of our being accountable to the Being who made and preserved the world; observed that a sense of religion alone could effectually restrain mankind from the commission of acts inimical to the general good; and quoted many maxims from Saadi and the poets, ending with a passage from the *Pand-nanah*: "if you would escape the flames of hell, purify yourself with the water of piety; if you would walk in the paths of happiness, let the lamp of devotion guide your footsteps!"

Amongst the guests was a person who took little part in these mock encounters, which seemed to me to be chiefly expedients for the display of wit and repartee. He was a man below the middle age, of a serious countenance and mild deportment. He did not appear to be on terms of intimacy with any but the entertainer. They called him Mahomed Rahem. I thought he frequently observed me with great attention, and watched every word that I uttered, especially when the subject just referred to was discussing. Once I expressed myself with some levity; I fear I was a little corrupted by the example of those around me, many of whom made no scruple of jesting upon points, which ought, in their estimation at least, to have been exempt from ridicule. This individual fixed his eyes upon me with so peculiar an expression of surprise, regret, and reproof, that I was struck to the very soul, and felt a strange mysterious wonder who this person could be. He perceived that he had unintentionally excited my suspicion and consequently avoided my looks; but whenever our glances did meet, each of us was evidently disordered by the collision. I asked privately of one of the party if he knew the person who had so strangely interested me. He told me that he had been educated for a moollah, but had never officiated; that he was a man of considerable learning, and much respected, but was particularly reserved and somewhat eccentric in his habits. He lived retired, and seldom visited even his most intimate friends. My informant added that his only inducement to join the party had

been the expectation of meeting an Englishman, as he was extremely attached to the English Nation, and had studied our Language and Learning.

This information mightily increased my curiosity, which I determined to seek an opportunity of gratifying, by conversing with the object of it. But he was by no means so forward as I expected. He acknowledged that he knew a little of the English language, but he preferred expressing himself in Persian. He spoke but little, and rather coldly.

The day after the entertainment, I paid a visit to the person at whose house it had been given, and spoke to him of Mahomed Rahem. He said he was a much esteemed friend of his, and offered, without waiting for my solicitation, to take me to visit him. I suppressed my joy at the offer, and the ensuing morning was fixed for the interview.

Mahomed Rahem resided in the suburbs of Shirauz. My introducer, whose name was Meerza Reeza, informed me that I should be disappointed if I expected to see a splendid mansion. Perhaps, he added, you will be better pleased, because you will see many objects which will remind you of your native land.

We reached the house of Mahomed Rahem, who received us with great cordiality, and spoke to me in a manner quite free from that reserve which appeared on the former occasion. I was soon charmed with his agreeable manners and even vivacity; for no appearance of frigidity remained. He was a remarkably cheerful and well-informed man.

Our interview was short; we seemed both to feel that the presence of Meerza Reeza was a restraint upon us. I therefore took my leave, after obtaining permission to repeat my visit. I remarked in the dwelling of Mahomed Rahem a neatness and comfort which are extremely rare in Persian houses generally; even when the proprietor is wealthy and the apartments spacious, there is almost always a grievous absence of what the French term *proprete* in that country. As Meerza Reeza had informed me, I perceived in the furniture of his friend's house several articles of European manufacture not often found in Persia.

A few days after this, I called alone upon Mahomed Rahem. I found him reading a volume of Cowper's Poems! The circumstance led to an immediate discussion of the merits of English poetry, and European literature in general. I was perfectly astonished at the clear and accurate conceptions he had formed upon these subjects, and at the precision with which he expressed himself in English. We discoursed upon these congenial topics for nearly two hours; and whether I was interested by the novelty of the occurrence, or by the mystery which still seemed to hang about the individual, I know not, but I never felt less fatigued, or, to speak more correctly, I never enjoyed a literary *tele-a-tele* with more *gout*. Surprised that a man with such refined taste and just reflection as he seemed to be, could still be enthralled in the bondage of Islamism, or could even relish the metaphysical mysticism of the Soofees, I ventured to sound his opinions upon the subject of religion.

"You are a Moollah, I am informed."

"No," said he. "I was educated at a Madrusia, but I have never felt an inclination to be one of the priesthood."

"The exposition of your religious volume," I rejoined, "demands a pretty close application to study; before a person can be qualified to teach the doctrines of the *Koran*, I understand he must thoroughly examine and digest volumes of comments, ascertain the sense of the text and the application of its injunctions. This is a laborious preparation, if a man be disposed conscientiously to fulfill his important functions." As he made no remark, I continued: "our Scriptures are their own expositors; we are solicitous only that they should be read: and although some particular passages are not without some difficulties, arising from the inherent obscurity of language, the faults of translation, or the errors of copyists; yet it is our boast that the authority of our Holy Scripture is confirmed by the perspicuity and simplicity of their style as well as precepts."

I was surprized that he made no reply to those observations. At the hazard of being deemed impertinent, I proceeded to panegyricize the leading

principles of Christianity, more particularly in respect to their moral and practical character; and happened, amongst other reflections, to suggest that as no other concern was of so much importance to the human race as religion, and as only one faith could be the right, the subject admitted not of being regarded as indifferent though too many did so regard it.

"Do not you esteem it so?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I replied.

"Then your indifference at the table of our friend Meerza Keeza, when the topic of religion was under consideration, was merely assumed, out of complaisance to Muslims, I presume?"

I remembered the occasion to which he alluded, and recognised in his countenance the same expression, compounded half of pity, half of surprise, which it then exhibited. I owned that I had acted inconsistently, perhaps incautiously and imprudently; but I made the best defence I could, and disavowed in the most solemn manner any promediated design to contemn the religion I professed.

"I am heartily glad I was deceived," he said; "for sincerity in religion is our paramount duty. What we are we should never be ashamed of appearing to be."

"Are you a sincere Musulman, then?" I boldly asked.

An internal struggle seemed, for an instant, to agitate his visage: at length he answered mildly, "no."

"You are not a sceptic or free-thinker?"

"No; indeed I am not."

"What are you then?—Do you sincerely—Are you a Christian?"

"I am," he replied.

I should vainly endeavour to describe the astonishment which seized me at this declaration. I surveyed Mahomed Rahem, at first, with a look which, judging from its reflection from his benign countenance, must have betokened suspicion, or even contempt. The consideration that he could have no motive to deceive me in this disclosure, which was of infinitely greater seriousness to himself than to me, speedily restored me to recollection; and banished every sentiment but joy, I could not refrain from pressing silently his hand to my heart.

He was not unmoved at this transport; but he betrayed no unmanly emotions. He told me that I had possessed myself of a secret, which, in spite of his opinion that it was the duty of every one to wear his religion openly, he had hitherto concealed except from a few who participated in his own sentiments.

"And whence came this happy change?" I asked.

"I will tell you that, likewise," he replied. "In the year 1823 (of the Hebra) there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a boldness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our moollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a heartless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt amongst us for more than a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the Christians are termed by the followers of Mahomed, and I visited this teacher of the despised sect with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour towards him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated.—His extreme forbearance towards the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed, for he spoke Persian excellently, gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our Chief moollahs. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion: I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation,—the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my mind,—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been

my constant companion—the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me."

Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament, in Persian; on one of the blank leaves was written: *There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*—HENRY MARTYN."

Upon looking into the Memoir of Mr. Martyn, by Mr. Sargent, one of the most delightful pieces of biography in our language, I cannot perceive therein any allusion to Mahomed Rahem, unless he be one of the young men (mentioned in p. 350) who came from the college, "full of zeal and logic," to try him with hard questions. B. B.

A NIGHT SQUALL AT SEA.

Graphic and well written.

From Sillman's Journal.

We have been permitted to hear read parts of a manuscript work now in progress, which will, if we mistake not, form a book of a kind somewhat peculiar. The author, a man of mental power and liberal education, taste and acquirements, accompanied an American squadron around the shores of the Mediterranean, and was absent from this his native country, from the autumn of 1825 to that of 1828. In his character of instructor of the Midshipmen, he was, in some sense a privileged man, was of course exempt from every kind of naval duty, was at liberty to observe the peculiarities of life and character, of incident, discipline, and duty, among the members of the Navy, was attentive to marine scenery and natural phenomena, and availed himself of opportunities, in which he was liberally indulged, of visiting many places in several of the interesting countries that surround the Mediterranean.

We have obtained permission of the author to insert the following sketch of a night squall.

U. S. Frigate Constitution, Monday, Sept. 4, 1826.

"On Friday the green shores of Sicily came in view, but the breeze was light, and we advanced slowly. On Saturday it left us altogether, and when I turned in at night, the sea was smooth and bright as a mirror; the vast firmament seemed to descend below us; the ship appeared suspended in the centre of an immense sphere, and if I may say so, one felt in awe and silence the majesty of space. The sails hung idly by the mast, and the officers tread along the deck was the only sound heard. So I left them. About midnight I was awaked by a heavy swing of my cot, succeeded by a sudden dash to the other side; the water was pouring into the room, and I could hear it rush across the decks, where all was noise and rapid motion. I hurried on my clothes and ran up; the gun deck was clear; hammocks had already been lashed up and stowed; it was lighted up, and the lamps showed it flooded to its whole extent. I ascended to the next; the rain came down in torrents, but I did not feel it, so deeply absorbing was the scene. I wish I could describe it. The sky was in a constant blaze; the sea was not high, but the waves were broken, confused and foaming, and taking from the lightning an unnatural hue. Above me were the yards covered with human beings, thrown by each flash into stronger outline, struggling hard to secure the canvass, and to maintain their precarious footing; the ship rolled tremendously. And now add the wild uproar of the elements, the "noise of many waters," the deep and constant roar of winds, the cries of men aloft, the heavy and rapid tread of those below, the reiterated orders of officers, and the sounds of the trumpet rising above all; and then add to this the heavy rolling of thunder, at times drowning all these sounds. The first lieutenant had the deck; he had sprung to it at the first alarm, and seizing the trumpet had called for Black, his favorite helmsman. The ship was soon under saug sail, and now dashed onwards at a furious rate, giving to the gale a yet wilder character. "All at once a rocky island seemed to start from the waters, but the next broad flash showed a good offing, and we were safe; when suddenly came a loud shout from the fore-castle, "a sail on the starboard bow!" and then another, "a sail close on the larboard bow!"—I trembled then; not for ourselves, for we should have gone safe, but for the poor wretches, whom it would have been impossible to save. The helm was put hard down, we shot by, and again breathed freely, when some

one bid me look up to our spars. I did so, and found every upper yard arm and mast head tipped with lightning. Each blaze was twice as large as that of a candle; and thus we flew on with the elements of destruction playing above our heads. In about thirty minutes the wind, which was from the S. W. changed suddenly to the S. E. and became as hot as air from the mouth of an oven: it was the sirocco, and I was told afterwards by those most above the deck, brought with it a quantity of fine sand. We were then a few miles from Martimo, sixty-six from Cape Lion, the nearest African shore, and three hundred from the nearest land in the direction of the wind. It lasted half an hour, and was a stiff staccating breeze, but not so strong as the one that had preceded it.

TORTURE IN HANOVER.

The practice of torturing offenders, which exists in his Majesty's dominions in Germany, would scarcely be credited by an English reader, if the authenticity of the fact did not rest on the unquestionable authority of that celebrated philanthropist, the late Mr. Howard. This gentleman has recorded the following account of the dreadful place, in which the torture is administered in Brunswick.—

"The descent into this subterranean dungeon, where the torture is inflicted, is by a flight of fifteen steps. Here all is total darkness, except when candles are introduced, by the light of which many instruments of misery are discovered. From this room we pass into another, which seems to be a kind of cellar arched over. Its dimensions are, eighteen feet by fifteen, and all around is very black and dark. At one end is a bench, for the judge, lawyers, secretary, and surgeon, under whose direction this work of darkness is carried on. Opposite to this bench, is a table for candlesticks and books. The prisoner, the executioner, and his assistant, stand by the table, before the judge. The season when tortures are inflicted, is midnight; although the thickness of the walls, which is three feet, four doors through which I passed, together with the dirty floor, and the depth under ground, must prevent the most agonizing cries from being heard any where but in the room. I saw all the remaining engines of torture at the executioner's house. He seemed with pleasure to shew them, and their mode of application, and most readily answered all my inquiries. To do this he was very competent, having been several years in that occupation at Hanover. He, however, observed, that during his employment in this house of woe, he had only beheld four or five persons. On asking him, if nothing was put into the tortured person's mouth, as I had seen in some places, he replied, "No; the Osnaburgh executioners think they suffer less." And on describing some of the modes of torture which the wit of devils and men had invented, he said, "Sir, the Osnaburgh torture is still ruder."—*Anecdotes of the Life of the Right Hon. William Pitt, vol. 1, p. 440.*

SOBRIETY THE BEST LOYALTY.

At the restoration of King Charles II. the Rev. Roger Turner preached a sermon, which concluded with the following excellent admonitions:—"Do not drown your reason, to prove your loyalty—pray for the King's health, but drink only for your own. Go now, and ring your bells; but beware in the mean time that you hold not fast Solomon's cords of sin, or the prophet's cart-ropes of iniquity, and thereby pull down judgment upon your heads. You may kindle bonfires in the streets, but beware that you kindle not the fire of God's displeasure against you by your sins. In a word, for God's sake, for your king's sake, for your own souls' sake, be good, that you may be loyal!"

AN EXAMPLE FOR SEA CAPTAINS.—The Stonington Telegraph states that the schooner Mary Ann, Jonathan Pendleton master, sailed from that port, a few days since, for the straits of Belleisle, on a four month's fishing voyage, with a crew of fifteen men, and only one gallon of spirits on board, to be used merely as an outward application in case of bodily injury. Each man has agreed to pay a forfeiture of \$2, if he tastes a drop of spirits during the whole voyage; and the owner is to pay each man who fulfills this contract the sum of \$6.

FALSE REASONING DETECTED.

It is remarkable, that the effrontery of Deistical writers is not more glaring than their defective reasoning; but since they profess to support their own theory by reason, and attack every other with the same weapon, it appears surprising that they have not learned to use it with more dexterity. A tractate of Diderot's fell into my hands the other day, published by Carlisle, London, 1819, entitled, "Thoughts on religion," which abounds with examples of this kind, many of which are profane, and others blasphemous. I have selected a specimen of the profane, and beg leave to present it to your readers, with its refutation.

"If reason be a gift of heaven, and we can say as much of faith, heaven has certainly made us two presents, not only incompatible, but in direct contradiction to each other. In order to solve the difficulty, we are compelled to say, either that faith is a chimera, or that reason is useless."—Diderot, p. 4.

The sophistry of this passage appears obvious, by the author's being compelled to offer a solution in the choice of two absurdities. Thus, if reason and faith be gifts of heaven, one must be a chimera, or the other useless, because it is assumed that they are incompatible. The postulate must therefore be absurd in argument: let us see if it be not so in fact. Reason is a faculty of the mind; but faith is an act of the mind. There is therefore, this distinction: the faculty is power; but the act is the result of power. Now, the faculty, which is power, is the gift of God; and the grace of faith also is the gift of God, that is, the power to believe; but the act is a man's own, resulting from the power which God gives. Inasmuch, then, as reason is a faculty of the mind, they cannot be incompatible; for the mind cannot act independently of its faculties; and because what is contrary to reason a man cannot believe, no act of faith incompatible with reason can ever take place. Wherefore, to say, "that reason and faith are not only incompatible, but in direct contradiction to each other," is absurd, both in argument and fact.

I am aware, Sir, it might be objected, notwithstanding, that we read of persons under delusion that believe a lie, which might seem to contradict my argument; but these either cannot reason, or they reason falsely. In the first instance, reason and faith are not put in opposition; and in the last, we find no contradiction, for their reason and faith are alike delusive. The conclusion is inevitable.

Imperial Magazine.

A young man, being reduced to great distress, had given himself up to despair; when a venerable looking old man, (belonging to the Society of Friends) accosted him as he was walking the street, in the following words, "Young man, art thou in want?" He replied in the affirmative. "Well," says he, "the Lord has sent me to help thee. I dreamed last night I should meet thee in the place I now find thee. Come along with me, and I will give thee relief." The young man, overjoyed at the invitation, fell down upon his knees, and cried aloud, "O God, I thank thee!" A crowd immediately assembled around him, and the old man acquainting them with his distressed situation, collected upwards of two pounds. He then took the young man to his own house, and entertained him with meat and drink for three days; then gave him a recommendation to some of the Society, and adding three pounds to the two he had collected for him, bade him depart in peace.

We may learn from the above anecdote, that, however distressed we may be, the Lord is able to deliver us. He says, Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure. Let us, then, give over repining at the dispensations of Providence, for the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth: let us trust Him, and we shall do well here, and gain an heavenly mansion hereafter.—*Id.*

A recent work, *L'Art de conserver la sante et de prevenir les Maladies Hereditaires*, by Dr. P. I. Mongellez of Paris, as reported in the "Bulletin Universel," contains some important views on the subjects of the hereditary disorders; such as consumption, scrofula, gout, gravel, madness, &c. The author shows that the opinion that these and various affections are hereditary, rests on very slight foundations; and he maintains, in short, that there are, strictly

speaking, no hereditary maladies; but only hereditary dispositions to contract maladies; and that by proper precautions, individuals born of parents subject to any of the maladies mentioned, may be secured from being themselves affected by them. The importance of this view of a subject on which there exists so many pernicious prejudices, and on which the fatality is so sometimes so great as to cause the neglect of remedies that might be efficacious, is obvious.

GOD DEFINED.—Collins, the Freethinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him, "where he was going?" "To church, Sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, Sir." "How can he be both?" "He is so great, Sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart."—Collins declared, that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him.

PATIENCE IN AFFLICTION.—In affliction, constrain yourself to bear patiently for a day or so, merely for the sake of trying whether patience does not lighten the burthen. If the experiment answers, as you will undoubtedly find, you have only to continue it.

LONDON, May 8. Colonel Sibthorpe, last night in the House of Commons, called the attention of the Home Secretary, Mr. Peel, to the public announcement in Dublin, &c. of an approaching intended consecration of a *Roman Catholic Cathedral* at Newry, Ireland, and of the intention of Dr. Curtis, as "Catholic Lord Primate of Ireland," of Dr. Doyle, as "Catholic Bishop of Kidare," &c. performing such service; and he asked, as the new law provided against the Catholic Bishops assuming the titles of places, who they were thus early allowing to fly in the face of the new law, and insult the Parliament? Neither Mr. Peel (who was in the House,) nor any one else returned an answer to this inquiry.

PROMETHEANS.—Royal letters patent have been granted to Mr. S. Jones, of the Light House, in the Strand, London, for a new mode of producing instantaneous light without the aid of a bottle or any apparatus; it consists simply of a piece of paper twisted spirally; the thickest end of which, on being compressed with the bottom of the box, or any hard substance, will produce brilliant and instant flame, which will continue to burn about two minutes, sufficient time to seal a letter without the use of a candle. The advantages these (Prometheans, he calls them) have over all others invented, are, they are more simple, economical and useful: unlike the fire boxes now in use, neither time, climate, nor atmosphere can effect them. To the sear-smoker they must be invaluable, as he may carry forty or fifty in his waistcoat pocket, being perfectly free from danger. No traveller should be without them in case of casualties at inns, &c.

TOOTH POWDER. The following is given as the correct mode of preparing the celebrated French tooth-powder, called *Poudre Peruvienne*: White sugar 36 grains, cream of tartar 72, magnesia 72, starch 72, mace 2, cinnamon 6, sulphate of quinine (or quinia) 3, and carmine 5 grains. All these substances are reduced into a fine powder, and mixed together with great care; then add four drops of oil of roses, and as much oil of mint.

A gentleman in England recently had in his stock, a cow which produced 21 calves, 300 hds. of milk, and 4 tons of butter; the value of which might be fairly estimated at £500. When killed, the fat of this wonderful cow weighed more than the lean and bones altogether.

NEW-YORK, JULY 11.—The Mercury was down to 55 on Friday last, and has since ranged 56 to 54 in this City, exhibiting a temperature very unusual at this season. We understand there was a frost at Saratoga last week, and a slight fall of snow in that vicinity. Some flakes of snow were also observed in New Jersey, a short distance from the ferry on Sunday last. The month of June is usually remarkable for the hottest weather, and we have had no season similar to the present since 1817, when that month was quite cold, and the crops were in consequence affected in this and the adjoining states.

POTATO PUDDING.—Few people are aware how delicious a pudding can be made from the farina of the potato, or potato starch. The following are the ingredients:—To one quart of boiled milk, add, gradually, as in making hasty-pudding, a quarter of a pound of potato flour well pulverised—a quarter of a pound of sugar, and a little butter—when cold, add three eggs, and bake it half an hour.

AGRICULTURAL.

EVERY MAN A FARMER.

The cultivation of the earth is congenial to the nature of mankind; and a very large proportion of men, during some share of their lives, either do, or have a desire to become farmers. Besides those who, in civilized countries, are bred to the culture of the soil, and make it their sole pursuit through life there are thousands of others who retire from the bustle and anxieties of trade, the vexations of a professional, or the turmoils of a public life, to rural quiet and the undisturbed cultivation of a few acres of land. The Merchant, whose youth has been spent behind the counter, whose prime of life and middle age have passed between the ledger and the strong box, between the hopes of gain and the fears of loss, having at length realized a plian, retires from the crowded city and the anxieties of trade, to the pure air of the country and the peaceful cultivation of a farm. The lawyer, having acquired wealth and professional fame, abandons his causes for a more tempting cause, the pursuit of agriculture, or mingles with his professional labors the exercise of the spade and the plough. In like manner the physician and the divine, the curers of physical and moral diseases, consult their own health and quiet, and find a balm for body and mind, by snatching a few hours from the calls of professional duty, to apply them to the grateful pursuits of tilling the earth. Why should we mention the statesman and the warrior? They too are inclined to become farmers; the one leaving the field of ambition, the other his harvest of laurels both seek a soil more congenial to the best feelings of man, and end the career of life, like Cincinnatus, at the plough. Even the mariner, the adventurous son of Neptune, whose home has been for many years, professionally and practically, on the deep—who has sailed to all lands and visited every sea, bringing with him the rarities of every country and the products of every clime—purchases a home on the land, transplants his exotics into his native soil, and prefers that his last rest should be in the rural church yard with his kindred, to finding a bed in the bosom of the deep. The mechanic too is smit with the love of farming, and exchanges the dust of the shop for the furrows of the field, the confined air of crowded rooms for the free atmosphere of the heavens, and the noise of machinery for the music of birds.

Nor is this prevailing love of agriculture, which sooner or later in life discovers itself, to be wondered at, whether we consider it as implanted in our nature, or whether it be the result of reason and experience. If it be innate, it is merely kept down for a while by the engrossing pursuits of wealth, the calls of ambition, or the strife of glory. But these being satiated or disappointed, the mind set free, returns to its native desires, and applies its remaining energies to their peaceful gratification. But reason and experience may well be allowed their share in bringing so large a portion of mankind ultimately to the cultivation of the earth. Who that values his native dignity and independence would not prefer to be lord of a few acres of land, with nobody's humours to consult but his own, and nobody to please but his Maker, to the cringing, the fawning, and lying that are apt to enter so largely into political, professional, mercantile, and mechanical life? If any man on earth can emphatically say—"I ask no favors"—It is the farmer. Skillful and honest labour is all that the earth requires, and it yields a due return—no favors dearly bought with the surrender of independence, of honor, of truth, and of all noble and manly feelings; no truckling for office, no sawing for popularity, no lying for gain. No man can say of farming "I have served a fruitless master! I have sacrificed honor, and conscience, and independence of mind, and what have I gained?" Among farmers there are no deserted Walseys, and no Belshams lives a reproach to agricultural pursuits. The choristers of the field never sing to deceive, the flowers of the mead never bloom to hide a deformity, and nature never smiles to betray.—*Berkshire American.*

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

FROM THE PEN OF A MISSIONARY.

"Thirty years ago, there was scarcely a Christian, or any sign of Christianity, in Calcutta, whether among Europeans or natives. Now, besides the Episcopal Churches, there are five Dissenting Churches. The Sabbath is also beginning to be revered among the major part of the Europeans, although it is a lamentable fact, that Europeans seem to feel themselves under much less restraint in this country than in Europe. Yet, in consequence of the labors of Missionaries, many are brought to a sense of their duty, and I trust there is an impetus given to the whole of the English population. The churches are well attended: Missionary efforts are in much better repute than formerly, and wickedness that would formerly stalk the streets with the utmost effrontery, is now obliged to hide its head. The number of heathen converts is so many, and of that kind, as greatly to encourage the hearts of Missionaries. The wonder, I conceive, ought not to be that so few are converted, as that so many become Christians. The difficulties are immense in the way against heathen converts. Mr. Pandit is a Christian; in consequence of which his wife has been taken from him by his friends, and kept a close prisoner; he has been separated from her now, I suppose, several years.—There is another individual, who has just come to the Missionaries for protection. Some months ago he signified to his relations, that he intended to become a Christian; and has been kept in close confinement, till a few days ago, he contrived to make his escape.

"There is now in Calcutta a great spirit for hearing the gospel among the natives; in different parts of the city there are no less than six Bengalee chapels in our connection, and many others belonging to other denominations. The places are frequently well attended, and the congregations listen with much more attention than formerly. I have been out with Paunchoo, (who is a most excellent native preacher,) when he has collected a large congregation in the open air, who have listened with great apparent attention and interest. It gives me the greatest pleasure to state, that so far as I have been able to observe, the Missionaries of all denominations here, seem to be zealously devoting themselves to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom." *Christian Sentinel*

CAUTIONS IN STUDYING THE PROPHECIES

"Let us guard against private interpretation—against the will of man—against prying with unhallowed curiosity into unfulfilled predictions—against indulging fancy and conjecture. The church has seen, in different ages, the mischiefs arising from this practice. Nothing tends more to discredit the magnificent subject, if any thing could discredit it, than the impertinence of human conceit, especially if united with ignorance and dogmatism, in deciding on unfulfilled predictions; and, instead of waiting for the slow but sure comment of events, and interpreting prophecy according to the general import of the system to which it belongs, rushing in with unhallowed haste, fixing on an interpretation on partial grounds or insufficient evidence, and then attempting to impose upon others the opinions we have espoused ourselves. True wisdom, as well as modesty, appears in the holy and cautious use of the prophetic revelation; which should never be approached but with a recollection that it was written under the inspiration, and must be interpreted according to the entire record and testimony of the Holy Ghost. Then will the practical ends of it be answered. The scheme, so far as it has been accomplished, will fill us with admiration, love, gratitude, and a reliance on a Divine guidance in all future ends. When we read the unfulfilled portions, we shall content ourselves with these holy exercises of faith and anticipation, which they are calculated to excite. In cases where a real doubt may exist, whether the predictions are fulfilled or not, we shall pursue our inquiries with humble fear. In all cases we shall keep in mind that the main use of the prophetic word, is not to establish us as inspired seers—not to enable us to pronounce as our Lord had, on the exact manner of the accomplishment of each prophecy, but to afford us that friendly, though feeble light, in a world where futurity is to

us impenetrable darkness, which may not, indeed, dispel that darkness, but guide and cheer our faith through the midst of it, till the day dawn, and the day star arise in our hearts."

THE KING ON RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

Mr. Leifchild was one of a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenting Ministers in London, who waited on the King with an Address on His Majesty's accession to the throne, and were most graciously received. The Address alluded to the happiness and protection they enjoyed under the fostering care and parental sway of his beloved and revered Father, and expressed an humble but earnest hope, he would imitate his example, and follow his steps. After His Majesty had read the written answer, and before they took leave, one of the deputation said, they feared they had occasioned His Majesty too much trouble; when the King was graciously pleased to address them in language doubly dear to them as being the genuine effusion of his own heart; he said—"You give me no trouble, my friends; I derive the most heartfelt satisfaction and pleasure from your excellent Address. It will be the endeavour of my life to imitate the example of my beloved Father; and be assured, while I sway the sceptre of these realms, there shall not be the smallest bar to the freest Religious Toleration."

ADMIRABLE APOLOGY FOR A LONG SERMON.—A clergyman one day was so engrossed with his subject, that he exceeded his usual time, and the clock struck one. After pausing a moment, he exclaimed with great energy, "Time reproves me, but Eternity commands me."

From the Journal of Humanity.

PROPORTION OF DEATHS BY INTEMPERANCE.

At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Temperance Society held in Philadelphia on Monday the 25th ult. Dr. J. R. Mitchell, in the course of his address delivered on that occasion stated that "one sixth of the deaths reported in the weekly bills of mortality in the city of Philadelphia, were occasioned directly or indirectly by the use of spirituous liquor." The whole number of deaths reported during the year 1828, is 4292; one sixth of which is 715 1-2. Seven hundred and fifteen human beings hurried to an untimely grave in one year in a single city! Statements of the mortality produced by Ardent Spirit in the country generally, to an extent, as appalling as this, have been repeatedly made and published throughout the land, and as far as we have had opportunity to know, they have not been publicly contradicted. These statements are either true or false. If false we do most importunately entreat those physicians of our principal cities and large towns who are known extensively in the country to disabuse the public mind in this particular. If those statements on the contrary are substantially correct, then most certainly, it is time for an alarm to be sounded, louder than any blast which has ever yet been blown. Let the bell of every church be tolled night and day—down with the national flag to half the mast—clothe all the pulpits in black—muffle the drums, and let a dead march be played throughout the land, and all the people put on sackcloth and exclaim, "Woe! Woe!! Woe!!!"

STATISTICS OF INTEMPERANCE.—At the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Temperance Society, the Reverend Mr. Hewitt stated on the authority of Pitkin's statistics, that for twelve years, from 1801 to 1812, for every three lbs. of tea, eleven pounds of coffee, and fifty pounds of sugar, used in the United States, twenty-four gallons, or nearly a barrel of spirits was consumed;—that in the forty years from 1790 to 1830, (supposing the years from twenty-five to thirty to be as for five years preceding) the people of the United States have consumed, in the purchase of ardent spirits, a sum of money greater than the whole valuation of the country in 1799. Gentlemen connected with the New Hampshire Temperance Society, give it as their opinion, that the quantity of ardent spirits consumed in the State now, is less, by one half, than it was five years ago; and that temperance societies save to the State \$2,000 per week, or more than \$100,000 annually.

If you wish your hay got in good order, keep run out of your fields.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.—"I will not quarrel with you," said the celebrated John Wesley, "about any opinion; only see that your hearts be right towards God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with these Christians whosoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. Whosoever thus doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

GENTLENESS.—Whoever understands his own interest, and is pleased with the beautiful, rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature, to convince us that much of our happiness in life, must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. The man of a wild, boisterous spirit, who gives loose reins to his temper, is, generally speaking, a stranger to happiness; he lives in a continual storm; the bitter waters of contention and strife, are always swelling up in the soul, destroying his peace, and imparting their baneful influence to all with whom he is connected. He excites the distrust and ill will of those who are acquainted with his character, and but few can be found to wish him success in any of his undertakings. Not so is the influence of gentleness. This virtue will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings; it will often render him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance, it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and would often prevail when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity or disappointment that cross their paths; it shows that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are enveloped in clouds and darkness, and driven about like maniacs, the sport of their own passions. The most favorable situations in life, the most lovely objects in nature, wealth and all that is calculated to increase the happiness of man, lose their charm upon a heart destitute of this virtue.

SOCIAL VIRTUE.—The happiness of this life consists much in the interchange of kind affections, and of tender sympathies and mutual condescensions. We must live for each other, and we must encounter many varieties of character and opinion, and must never be weary of making little concessions, pardoning little errors, or even forgiving insults. Whatever fame and splendor may attend commanding talents, we always value most, the virtues that make us easy and happy, and it is pleasing to think how many have been lamented and beloved by their friends, for their kind affections, and amiable and benevolent exertions. Since so very few of us can expect to make this world ring with our name, our talents, or any thing else, why is it not a labor most worthy of the christian heart, to endear ourselves to those around us, so that our presence may kindle a smile through the social circle, and our friends may rejoice that they are brought nearer to each other, in their mutual love of us—that in our absence, they may feel that love is wanting, and when our heads are laid low in the grave, they may say with bursting hearts, "We have lost him who always made us happy."

THE UNNATURAL SON.—A farmer in Connecticut, possessing a small estate, was persuaded by his only son (who was married, and lived with his father) to give him a deed of the property. It was accordingly executed. Soon the father began to find himself neglected; next removed from the common table to a block in the chimney corner, to take the morsel of food reluctantly given him. At last, one day, the unnatural son resolved to break the afflicted heart of his sire. He procured a block, and began

to hollow it. While at work, he was questioned by one of his own children, what he was doing. "I am making a trough for your grandfather to eat out of," was the reply. "Ah," said the child, "and when you are as old as grandfather, shall I have to make a trough for you to eat out of?" The instrument he was using fell from his hand; the block was cast into the fire; the old man's forgiveness asked, and he was restored to the situation his age and worth entitled him to.

From the Imperial Magazine.

ON THE WORD "ONLY."

I have oftentimes been entertained on witnessing the importance that is attached to the little word "ONLY," which, of itself, may perhaps be considered insignificant and unintelligible, but as becoming essentially useful when connected with particular sentences. It is indeed a word of much relative meaning, and we oftentimes find it adopted to a variety of purposes. As a weapon of attack and defence, its effects are truly wonderful. It is a balm which softens many of the ills of life, and assuages much of the anguish of pain; equally a powerful incentive to virtue, and a palliative of vice. It has a tendency to raise many to greatness, but more it degrades to want and wretchedness, and all the train of miserable vices. Is it not, then, a wonderful little agent? and yet, how deceitful! As a friend, it is indeed precious and valuable, for it is the parent of hope; but, as an enemy, it is baneful, treacherous, and destructive.

I was led, Sir, to those reflections, by a recapitulation in my own mind of the following little incidents, which in themselves, perhaps, are scarcely worthy of notice; but as they in some measure serve to illustrate my position, I hope you will give every indulgence. Calling one morning at a toy-shop, with a young lady, an acquaintance of my family, I observed her pay, for a small prettily-ornamented trinket, the trifling sum of one guinea. As a pupil of the unfashionable school of Franklin, I expressed, I believe, something of the *simplicity of surprise*; but was put to immediate silence by the following ingenious and unanswerable argument, "Phoo, it's only a guinea!"—"My dear," said I, one Sabbath morning, with all the humility of patience, to my wife, who was dressing to go to church, "we shall certainly be late." "It cannot be, Alfred; we shall be quite time enough: it's only a quarter past eleven now."—At an evening party, at which I was present, my mind was painfully exercised by the severe and cutting sarcasms thrown out upon the characters of many absent individuals, by a young lady of the party. A clergyman, who had for some time sat silent, ventured at length to interrupt the fair narrator, by a denial of certain of the facts advanced, which he was proceeding to unravel, but was silenced by the following reply:—"Why, absolutely, how rude! Why, you cannot surely think me serious! I was only in a joke."

Some business urging me to call one day on a friend, whose wife had just returned from the market, with a fine piece of salmon and some early potatoes, I was made an ear-witness of the following dialogue. "My love, see what a beautiful bit of salmon; it's the first this season." "Indeed! but what did you give a pound for it?" "Only half a crown." "Only half a crown! And the potatoes?" "Only eighteen-pence." "Only eighteen-pence! why, I shall be ruined." "What nonsense! I'm sure it's very cheap. Besides, it's only once and away."

I was standing one day at the door of an acquaintance, filled with various reflections, excited at a passing funeral. "Come in," said he, "don't stand there, man; it's only a funeral. Did you never see a funeral before?"

I know a youth, in many respects a promising character, who knows so little of the value of money, and to purchase every little silly thing he sees, an orange, a book, a stick, a knife. "It's only two-pence; it's only six-pence. What is six-pence? Nothing."

Speaking one day, in a serious moment to a gay and very beautiful young lady, on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of a preparation for its close. "But," said she, "is there any fear of that? All this may do very well for a woman of eighty; but you know, uncle, I'm only eighteen."

Upon enquiring the reason of my servant's shutting the door with hasty violence, I was told, "It was only a beggar."

Thus, Mr. Editor, is it that many evils are palliated, extravagance excused, good purposes delayed or defeated, and defamation reported, by the insidious sophistry of this little talisman, *Only*.

EDUCATION.

An Antidote to Pauperism and Crime.

At a late annual Meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, in New York, a report was made on the objects of the Institution, and several addresses delivered by the members. Among the speakers was Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. from whose remarks the following is extracted:—

"The most effectual remedy, next to the destruction of the system of gratuitous support, was the instruction, especially the religious instruction, of the poor. He had that morning been to visit one of our free schools—he went in company with one of the Quakers—he gave them their old denomination, and he used it with feelings far from disrespectful. There were some who had a prejudice against them—he had no prejudices on the subject, but such as were in their favour: they, Sir, do not live out of the soup-houses—there are no paupers among them—there are no litigations among them—they do little for us lawyers, Sir, [loud and repeated cheering] and I am glad of it. It was with one of these that I visited this school; and I beheld it with pride and delight. The room was clean as a parlour, and there sat a company of poor little boys, with bright eyes and shining faces; who but for this heavenly provision, might have been in the kennel. Among these, or such as these, I behold, Sir, our future legislators; they will remember with gratitude the benefits they have received, and transmit the same to others."

AN OLD MAN.—The contemplation of a venerable old man sinking gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasing sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which have no pleasure in them, what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by the watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that love "which cometh from above?" To such persons, life, even in its last stage, is still agreeable.

TRAFFIC DIMINISHING.—A correspondent of the Journal of Humanity in New York, says, "During the last two weeks I have had frequent opportunities of conversing with importers and vendors of ardent spirits, and with united voice they acknowledge that the demand for brandy and rum in this city has diminished more than one half. A large importer told me five days ago, that in attempting to dispose of rum, the grocers in the city all said, (I use his language) 'that their customers who used to buy hogsheds and puncheons, now will not buy more than a barrel.'"

MORTALITY OF INFANTS.—M. M. Villerme and Milne Edwards, have addressed to the Academy of Sciences of Paris the result of their inquiries into the influence of temperature on the mortality of newly-born infants. Mr. Edwards, sen., had asserted that in animals of warm blood the heat-producing faculty is at its lowest point at the period of birth; and that, in general, in the first stage of life it is so feeble, that the temperature of the animal cannot be kept up when it is exposed to powerful causes of cold. M. M. Villerme and Milne Edwards had subjoined this proposition to the test of statistical inquiries. They compared the mortality of infants in the north with that in the south of France, and found that it was greatest in the Provinces in which the climate is coldest. Taking the whole of France, and making the comparison between the seasons, they had discovered that it was always in the coldest season in the year that the deaths of children under one year old were most frequent, while from one year old to an advanced age the contrary was the case. The attention of the legislature, and of the ministers of religion, is called to this circumstance, and suggestions are made of the danger incurred from the custom of taking children at too early a period after their birth to the church for baptism, or the Mayor's office to

be registered. In France, in case of death, the public officer is required to attend at the house; and why, it is asked should not the same practice be observed in the case of birth.—*London Magazine*.

From the Quebec Gazette.

Shipwreck and loss of the whole Crew of the Betsy of Whitehaven, CARROL Master, on the Labrador coast, on her voyage from the Port of Quebec to Trulce, (Ireland) in the Fall of the Year 1827.

The following information, which has been communicated to us by a gentleman who arrived yesterday from the Labrador coast, may be entirely depended upon. The suggestions which are added, are made at the desire of the same gentleman, and on his knowledge of the whole coast; and may prove useful to the Ship Captains in this trade.

The Brig Betsy, of Whitehaven, was cleared at Quebec on the 15th October, 1827, with a full cargo of pine timber, deals, &c., by George Symes, Esq. The further particulars of her voyage and shipwreck have been obtained from her log-book, and from the Indians. She sailed from Quebec on the 17th,—was off Magdalen Islands on the 23d October; and meeting there with strong southerly gales, she bore away for the straits of Belle Isle. On the 24th she shipped a sea which carried away her bulwarks and deck-load; and she became leaky, and strained very much,—steering N. E. by E. and N. E. by N. On the evening of the 25th, by the number of miles she was running hourly, she must have been near the place where she was wrecked; but no one has survived, to tell the tale of the manner of her going ashore. It happened that none of the inhabitants of the coast passed that way the same autumn; but, next spring, the first boat which passed, reported having seen some pieces of pine timber on different islands. Shortly afterwards, a report was circulated by American and Nova-Scotia fishermen, that the hull of a vessel burnt to the water's edge had been seen on Ste. Mary's Isle, with the place where two men had been newly buried; but this report was never verified.

On the 6th November, 1828, all doubts were raised. Some Esquimaux hunting on the coast, seeing a piece of rope on shore near the big islands of Watawistik, landed, and found a small wooden compass and a scraper: on examining further, well-trodden paths in the moss shewed that persons had been living thereabout for a considerable time. After searching for some time longer, one of the Indians ascended a hill and saw in a hollow among small trees something like a shelter, to which they went. The skeletons of three men were laying outside the door, and three others inside; * on the top lay a box, containing the log-book of the Betsy, a work on navigation, the register of the brig, and some other articles nearly all destroyed by the weather.

There was no appearance that the people had been able to make a fire; and it was manifest, that instead of seeking to find inhabitants they had hid themselves. This is always the case with English sailors who are wrecked on this coast: they take it for granted that there are no inhabitants but Indians,—ready to murder them without mercy; while in truth, there are few or no Indians on the Labrador coast, or on the coast of Newfoundland; and these far from being cruel, are the most inoffensive people on earth,—who would perform any office of humanity to persons in distress. Under this impression the unfortunate crew of the Betsy, no doubt, died of cold and hunger, almost at the door of ready assistance; being within a mile of a hunting stand attached to the post of Itamamion,—in which were a stove and other articles which must have shewn them that houses were not far off.

It would be very necessary that all the captains of vessels trading to Quebec should be informed, that inhabitants are scattered along the whole North coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and that in case of shipwreck or whatever part of the coast, it is only necessary when the crew has got ashore, immediately to proceed along the beach, either to the right or to the left, no matter which; and they cannot go far without meeting houses and people, who would not only render them every possible personal assistance, but might likewise often be conducive to saving the vessel and cargo.

* The Betsy on her last voyage outwards to this Port, had a Crew of 13 or 14 men and boys. It is probable she had as many on her return voyage. The log-book, &c., have been brought to Quebec.

It appears that the Brig Integrity, Captain Banks, of Warrington, which sailed hence on the same day as the Betsy, has never been heard of.

POETRY.

(From the Amulet.)

A COLOG'Y WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

As I walk'd by myself, I talk'd to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the question myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.

Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself,
Their responses the same should be:
O look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded
But by goods that pass away,
Read their fate on lives recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express:
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretensions grounded,
Like the treacherous sands below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining but to leave more lonely,
Hearts that hail'd its transient light.

But, when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon in gentle splendor,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way;
Every moment darker prowling
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Follow'd but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine brightening
Sorrow's path, and labor's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
'Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death? A sudden ending
Every tie we love so well!
But the gate of life unending,
Joy in Heaven! or woe in Hell!

Can these truths, by repetition
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thy own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by profession cheated;
Live—as if thou knew'st them true!

LOCAL.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.—We are informed that on Friday last, a company of seven persons, four men and three women, were returning in a boat to their homes from a wedding held at the House of Mr. David Siphers, near Newcastle creek, at the upper end of Grand Lake, when one of the men undertook to go to the mast head to hoist a handkerchief, as a signal of rejoicing upon the happy occasion. In consequence of that effort, the boat went

over, filled with water, and sunk to the bottom; and distressing to relate, five persons, the four men and one of the women were drowned. Mr. William Siphers, the owner of the boat, was one of the number.

He had succeeded in bringing the two women who were saved, one to each mast head of the boat, and could have saved himself, but the third woman in her efforts, got hold of and entangled him, and they both went down together. Help was near by, but unhappily it came too late. We have not been able to ascertain the names of any of the sufferers, except William Siphers.—How very true are those words, "In the midst of life we are in death."

Gazette.

Since the foregoing was written, we have ascertained the sufferers to be, William Siphers, John Earle, John Barton, — Simpson, and Elizabeth Barto. The bodies have all been found.

SURPRISING ESCAPE.—On Wednesday afternoon last, a child 21 months old, belonging to a Mrs. Ring, living in Dock street, fell from a window three and a half stories high, on to the ground; happily it received but a slight wound in the forehead, and is now doing well.—Gazette.

DISTRESS AT MADAWASKA.—The following melancholy account of the privations and sufferings of the people at Madawaska, communicated by a correspondent of the *Colonist*, exceeds by far, any thing of the kind which has occurred in this country, since the early days of the first settlers. At that early day, many of the first settlers suffered much for the want of sustenance, but there was not an individual near them who had any thing to spare, and who by either selling, lending, or bestowing, could relieve his neighbor, and they were consequently obliged to bear and to suffer, until by their persevering exertions they succeeded and surmounted their difficulties. Those days are now gone by, and are either unknown or forgotten, except by a few who still survive: the state of the country is now changed for the better: means of subsistence for those who are in distress, are now to be had; and we are happy to find, that in the case of the Madawaska people now under consideration, they have been promptly and liberally supplied. The tale of woe alluded to is as follows:

"The public generally are not acquainted that unparalleled distress now exists in the French settlement of Madawaska, occasioned by the failure, for the two last years, of the wheat crop. The circumstance of being wedded to ancient notions, is strongly perceptible in the habits of all the settlers of Canadian origin.—Wheat has been the standard of food with these people from time immemorial; and they have never attempted to raise oats or any other kind of grain for subsistence, excepting small quantities of peas and barley, for their own indispensable soups. The consequence of this unyielding system of cropping is deplorably felt after a succession of bad seasons for the wheat; and it is now experienced in a lamentable degree, among the settlers in that district who have lately come from Lower-Canada. A petition from that settlement was presented to his Honor the President, a short time ago; stating that unless relief were soon afforded, many families must perish. With that humane consideration which so eminently distinguishes the personage who now directs the government, and with the same prompt and bland attention which is extended to all who have business to transact with him, arrangements were instantly made for the rendering of such assistance as the exigencies of the case might imperiously require,—under the superintendence and disposition of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, who was proceeding to the neighborhood in the execution of his duty, and volunteered his services on so charitable an errand. That gentleman accordingly proceeded to the spot; and a scene of unspeakable misery was presented to his view, in the humble habitations of upwards of twenty families. A meeting of the principal persons in the settlement took place in the presence of Mr. Baillie; and four gentlemen were appointed a Committee to visit the sufferers, and to report their numbers and particular situations. Two hundred bushels of Indian Corn were then purchased at Woodstock, and immediately placed at the disposal of the Committee, for the purpose of present relief.

Many families have for some time existed on the flour made from the blighted wheat, kneaded into bread with the inner bark of the white birch. Berries and roots procured from the forest, have been the sole dependance of others; and the prospect of procuring even such miserable fare, was obscured by rapidly increasing weakness. In one house which Mr. Baillie visited, there were sixteen children. Five of whom were unable to walk, from the united causes of unattended infancy and pinching debility."

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—On the afternoon of Tuesday last, during a very heavy storm of thunder and lightning, Mr. THOMAS CORN, son of Mr. MOSES CORN, was passing along the road, a

short distance above his Father's residence in Shofield, opposite to Mauge's Island; and in order to avoid a heavy shower of rain then passing over, he took shelter under a maple tree which was standing near the road side. The Electric fluid struck the tree, and rent the bark in several places, it then struck him down to the ground, and unhappily killed him upon the spot. His shirt was rent by the fluid, and passing downwards it rent his boots and entered into the earth. There were not any marks visible upon his body.

On the same afternoon, in Burton, on the opposite side of the River, and a few miles farther up, a barn belonging to Mr. JACOB SMITH, was also struck by lightning, and was entirely consumed.

DORCAS SOCIETY IN MONTREAL.—This Society was established in June 1821. Its object originally was to clothe poor children, that they might attend the Sabbath Schools. To accomplish this desirable object a number of Females, associated themselves together for the purpose of devoting one half hour each week to make up garments; each individual annually contributing a small sum to constitute membership, which is appropriated to the purpose of purchasing materials. During the eight years of its existence, its receipts have amounted to £72 5 4, arising partly from subscriptions, and partly from collections, making the sum of £9 0 8, for each year. Within the same period it has distributed 1186 garments, making 148 garments each year. Thus independent of the labour, these garments have cost the society on an average, less than fifteen pence each. Here then is exhibited how much good can be effected by limited means; and how cheap the truly indigent and distressed can be relieved in the necessary article of clothing. Not long since, the Society anxious to extend its usefulness to a larger portion of the destitute, made an affecting appeal to families for articles of clothing thrown aside, and to merchants for remnants which often accumulate in their stores, and become useless. Having taken an active part in the charities of the day, this Society has become fairly entitled to a place among those institutions, whose object is benevolence, whose claims are acknowledged, and whose efforts should be encouraged.

While we are upon this subject, it may be proper to observe, that there is a Society of the same description, and having the same benevolent object in view, attached to each of the Protestant Churches in this City; and we may add, that while each of these Societies, collects means from its own church, and from the benevolent of all denominations, we are not aware, that the donations are limited by any sectarian consideration. They consider themselves to be Almoners of the bounty of heaven, and for a person to be in distress, is always acknowledged to be a sufficient claim upon their charity. We hope we shall not offend their retiring delicacy, by calling the attention of the public to the subject, and soliciting on their behalf, a continued and extended support. We are not informed whether such a Society does, or does not exist, in connexion with the Catholic Church.

MARRIED.

In this City, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. the Rector of the Parish, Mr. JAMES M'ENIEL, to Miss ELIZABETH WHITE, both of this City.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. I. W. D. Gray, Mr. JOHN DOUGLAS, to Miss ANN M'ARTHUR.

On Sunday last, by the Rev. the Rector of the Parish, Mr. PHILIP SHANNON, to Miss ANN JAMESON, both of this City.

DIED.

At Queensbury, on Monday morning, the 6th instant, after an illness of four years, Mr. ELIAZOR S. LONG, in the 32d year of his age. He has left a wife and two children to lament their loss.

TERMS.—The "New-Brunswick Religious and Literary Journal" is published Weekly, by ALEX. M'LEOD, at "The City Gazette" Office, at 15 shillings per annum, exclusive of Postage: one half payable in advance, the other half in six months.—All arrearages must be paid, before any subscription can be discontinued, except at the discretion of the Publisher.

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