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J. U. McLaughlan

NEW-BRUNSWICK RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

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

VOLUME II. SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1830. NO. 6.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the celebrated Mr. James Crichton generally designated "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."
Concluded.

But this tide of popular applause was not without its corresponding eddy. Mortified at being foiled by this youthful stranger, many, even among the learned, envied both his fame and merit, and did not hesitate to resort to artifices, which, they imagined, would lessen his reputation. Crichton was not ignorant of these contrivances; and, conscious of his own transcendent abilities and attainments, he resolved to give all who were inclined to detract from his merit, a convincing proof of his decided superiority. He therefore caused a paper to be fixed on the gates of St. John's and St. Paul's Churches, in which he offered to prove before the university, that both Aristotle and his followers had fallen into almost innumerable errors; and that the latter had failed in explaining the philosophy of their master, and had erred in their application of his principles to theological subjects. He engaged, likewise, to refute the theories of several mathematical professors; offered to dispute with any one on all the sciences; and promised to answer whatever might be proposed to him, or objected against what he should advance. All this he engaged to do, either in the common logical way, or by numbers and mathematical figures; or, in case his antagonists should prefer it; in no less than one hundred sorts of verses.

The men who had been secretly contriving how to undermine his reputation, beheld this challenge with strange emotions. From the presumption which it displayed, they flattered themselves with an easy conquest; but from the talents which Crichton had on all former occasions manifested, and his being constantly victorious; they became intimidated, and hesitated to accept the summons they had provoked. They had, however, proceeded too far to retreat; and therefore nothing remained but for them to collect their forces, and meet him agreeably to his proposal. Mantius informs us, that the meeting took place at the time appointed; that the disputations continued for three days; and that Crichton, during the whole contest, supported his credit, and maintained his propositions with so much spirit and energy, and apparently with so little fatigue, that he obtained, from an unusual concourse of people, such acclamations and praises as were scarcely ever before received by man.

Nor were the bodily powers, activity and skill, of this astonishing man less conspicuous, than those energies by which his mind was distinguished. Of these, also, he has given some surprising proofs in his various exploits.

It happened much about this time, that a famous gladiator, who, in his travels, had foiled the most able fenceurs in Europe, and lately killed three men who had entered the lists against him, took up his residence in Mantua. The duke, under whose promised protection he had taken shelter, on finding that he had afforded an asylum to a troublesome inmate, by whom the inhabitants were much annoyed, did not hesitate to manifest his regret; but having pledged his word, which he could neither recall nor violate, no way remained to release the public from this sanctioned pest, but that of finding some person who would dare to meet him in single combat.

Crichton having been informed of the fact, in connection with its various circumstances, voluntarily offered his services, not only to drive the murderer from Mantua, but to prevent his remaining in any part of Italy. He therefore made a proposal to fight him for fifteen hundred pistoles. The duke, though anxious to be delivered from his troublesome intruder, was unwilling that the valuable life of Crichton should be placed in competition with that of such a barbarous adventurer. But having been informed that he was as capable of appearing in feats of arms, as in scientific disquisitions, he gave his consent, that he should undertake to meet the

combatant. Affairs being arranged, and the day appointed, the whole court assembled to witness the issue of this singular conflict. In the commencement of this encounter, Crichton stood wholly on the defensive; while his antagonist assailed him with such eagerness and fury, that in a short time he became exhausted. This Crichton soon perceived; and availing himself of the opportunity, attacked him in return, with so much skill and resolution, that he was unable to withstand the assault. The weapons with which they fought were rapiers, then but newly brought into use; but so far had Crichton made himself master of this instrument of death, that he ran his antagonist through the body three times, and saw him fall dead at his feet. The spectators on perceiving this victory, uttered thunders of applause, making the earth resound with their united acclamations. And although many present were much skilled in the use of arms, they united in declaring, that they had never seen art, grace nature, or nature second the precepts of art, in so lively a manner as the events of this day had exhibited before their eyes. Crichton in the meanwhile, to prove that his generosity was equal to his skill and courage, distributed the fifteen hundred pistoles which he had won by his valour, among the widows of the three men who had lost their lives in fighting with the gladiator whom he had slain.

Pleased with this bloody performance, the duke of Mantua is said immediately to have chosen Crichton as preceptor to his son Vincentio di Gonzaga, who is represented as a youth of a turbulent disposition, and a dissolute life. This appointment was pleasing to the court, and highly flattering to the vanity of the victor; who, to testify his gratitude, and to contribute to their diversion, is said to have framed a comedy in which he exposed to ridicule, the foibles, weaknesses, and defects of the several employments in which sexes were engaged. The composition was regarded, as one of the most ingenious satires that was ever made upon mankind. In the performance of this comedy, Crichton is represented as sustaining no less than fifteen characters in his own person. Among the rest, he acted the divine, the philosopher, the lawyer, the mathematician, the physician, and the soldier, with such an inimitable grace, that every time he appeared on the theatre, he seemed to be a different person.

But it was not long after he had sustained these various characters, in the comedy which he had composed for public entertainment, before he became the subject of a dreadful tragedy, which furnished a melancholy occasion for lamentation.

It happened one night, during the time of carnival, as he was walking along the streets of Mantua, playing upon his guitar, that he was attacked by six persons in masks. He immediately drew his weapon to defend himself; and soon convinced his assailants, that they had something more than an ordinary person with whom to contend. In this conflict, when they found they were unable to stand their ground, their leader, being disarmed, pulled off his mask, and begged his life, telling him that he was Prince Gonzaga his pupil. Crichton, on making this discovery, fell upon his knees, and expressed much concern for his mistake; alleging that what he had done was only in his own defence, and that if Gonzaga had any design upon his life, he was always master of it. Having said this, he took his sword, and holding it by the point, presented the handle to the prince, who instantly received it, and with a degree of barbarous meanness, that will always be associated with his name, immediately stabbed Crichton to the heart.

On the causes which led to this brutal action, various conjectures have been started. Some have imagined, that it arose from the mortification of being foiled, disarmed, and discovered, and being obliged to beg for his life. Others have supposed, that it was nothing more than the effect of a drunken frolic, in which the passions assumed the dominion over reason. And others have intimated, that it was the effect of jealousy, Gonzaga being suspi-

cious that Crichton was more in favour than himself, with a lady whom he passionately loved. In one point, however, all who have recorded these transactions mutually agree, namely, that Crichton lost his life in this rencounter; but whether the meeting was premeditated on the part of the prince and his associates, or purely as accidental as it was on that of Crichton, we have no means of ascertaining.—The time when this disastrous event took place, is said, by the generality of his biographers, to have been early in July, 1583; but Lord Buchan thinks it to have happened one year earlier. The difference is still greater with regard to his age, when he was thus assassinated. The common accounts declare, that he was killed in his thirty-second year; but Imperialis asserts, that he was only in his twenty-second; and in this he is confirmed by the testimony of Lord Buchan.

There is nothing marvellous in supposing that the tragical end of Crichton should excite a very great, and very general lamentation. Sir Thomas Urquhart says, that the whole court of Mantua went into mourning for him and continued so for three quarters of a year; that the epitaphs and elegies which were composed on his death, some of which were stuck upon his bier, would exceed, if collected, the bulk of Homer's works; and that for a long time afterwards, his picture was to be seen in most of the bed-chambers and galleries of the Italian nobility, exhibiting him on horse-back, with a lance in one hand and a book in the other. The same author, in giving a delineation of his character, observes as follows. "He gained the esteem of kings and princes by his magnanimity and knowledge; of noblemen and gentlemen, by his courtness and breeding; of knights, by his honourable deportment and pregnancy of wit; of the rich, by his affability and good fellowship; of the poor, by his munificence and liberality; of the old, by his constancy and wisdom; of the young, by his worth and gallantry; of the learned, by his universal knowledge; of the soldiers, by his valour and courage; of the merchants and artificers, by his upright dealing and his honesty; and of the fair sex, by his beauty and handsomeness, in which respect he was a master-piece of nature."

Romantic as the accounts which we have given of Crichton, and extravagant as the testimony of Urquhart may appear, they are rather augmented than diminished by the memoir of Imperialis, his Italian biographer. "He was," says this writer, "the wonder of the last age; the prodigious production of nature; the glory and ornament of Parnassus, in a stupendous and unusual manner; and that, in the judgment of the learned world, he was the phoenix of literature; and rather a shining particle of the divine mind and majesty, than a model of what could be attained by human industry. What can more exceed our comprehension, than that Crichton, in the 21st year of his age, should be master of ten different languages, and perfectly versed in philosophy, mathematics, theology, literature, and all other sciences? Besides, was it ever heard, in the whole compass of the globe, that to these extraordinary endowments of the mind, should be added a singular skill in fencing, dancing, singing, riding, and in the exercise of every gymnastic art? Nature, in grief for the loss of the wonder she had produced, threatened never more to confer such honor upon mankind." Bayle says, that "Crichton was one of the greatest prodigies of wit that ever lived," and Feixix Astolius bears testimony to his "wonderful memory."

As the vast learning and extraordinary abilities which have been ascribed to Crichton by his biographers seem to partake in no small degree of the marvellous, it was necessary to introduce the names of such authors as vouch for the authenticity of the facts which they have recorded. How far their sentiments partake of the hyperbole, we have no means of knowing with indubitable certainty. Some circumstances there are, which disfigure this luminous picture with visible shadows. His comedy has been represented as "one of the most ingenious sa-

tires that was ever made upon mankind," and yet it does not appear that this unparalleled composition is now in existence. Neither can we learn, that any allies of his wit, that any brilliancy of thought, or any specimens of his elegant diction, have been preserved, to amaze posterity with the brightness of their coruscations, their sublimity, or their beauty.

Several of the biographers have given to the world a formal catalogue of his works; but the only productions of his pen which have ever been committed to the press, are four Latin poems. The catalogue appears to consist of heads of the various topics on which he declaimed or disputed, in the public exhibition of his talents.

"One important method yet remains, by which we may be enabled to form a judgment of Crichton's genius, and that is, from a perusal of the four poems of his, which are still extant. It is, however, to be feared, that these will not exhibit him in a very high point of view. Some fancy, perhaps, may be thought to be displayed in the longest of his poems, which was written on occasion of his approach to the city of Venice. He there represents a Naiad as rising up before him, and, by the order of the Muses, and of Minerva, directing him how to proceed. But this is a sentiment which so easily presents itself to a classical reader, that it can scarcely be considered as deserving the name of poetical invention. The three other poems of Crichton have still less to recommend them. Indeed his verses will not stand the test of a rigid examination, even with regard to quantity.

"What, then, is the opinion which, on the whole, we are to form of the 'Admirable Crichton'? It is evident that he was a youth of such lively parts, as excited great admiration, and high expectations with regard to his future attainments. He appears to have had a fine person to have been adroit in his bodily exercises, to have possessed a peculiar faculty in learning languages, to have enjoyed a remarkably quick and retentive memory, and to have excelled in a power of declamation, a fluency of speech, and a readiness of reply. His knowledge, likewise, was probably very uncommon for his years; and this, in conjunction with other qualities, enabled him to shine in public disputation. But whether his knowledge were accurate or profound, may justly be questioned; and it may equally be doubted, whether he would have arisen to any extraordinary degree of eminence in the literary world. It will always be reflected upon with regret, that his early and untimely death prevented this matter from being brought to the test of experiment."—*Biographa Britannica*, vol. 4, p. 456.

But the shades thus introduced, to diversify the picture of Crichton's character, may, perhaps, be as much too deep, as the previous colouring was too brilliant. It cannot be doubted, after all due allowance is made for the hyperbole of friendship, that his merits were of the most superlative description. But it is truly mortifying to those who are attainted with a love of posthumous reputation, to learn, that this man, (who, during his short yet brilliant career, filled such an ample space in the minds of his contemporaries, should have the merit, if not the existence, of many of his most memorable achievements seriously disputed. The case seems to be, that whatever character is raised too high in one age, is sure to be sunk too low in another. Envy, under the sanctions of justice, rarely fails to demolish the fabric which the hand of friendship has raised.

The fame of Crichton, like that of an actor, was chiefly confined to those who had witnessed his achievements. He wrote little, but he performed much. The latter was soon forgotten; or so blended with fiction, that it became doubtful. He blazed like a meteor for a moment; his coruscations dazzled the eyes of the beholder; but when he vanished, the impression which he had made was no where to be found. Yet, we must again repeat, he was certainly one of the most accomplished men, who, in that age, had ever appeared.

To those who feel the aspirings of genius, he furnishes an example of the heights to which it can ascend. And to those who are less gifted by nature, his unsettled life, and his melancholy end, may at least teach acquiescence in the humbler gifts which Providence has assigned them.—*See British Nepos* p. 101.

In favour of Crichton's moral character, we fear that little can be said. His warmest admirers have furnished us with the means of making this reflection.

They have occasionally palliated dissipation; but unfortunately, while softening his vices into youthful follies, they have recorded facts, to which posterity have given names. On the vanity, which in too many instances marked his life, and the unhappy manner in which it was terminated, no comment can be deemed necessary. In his whole history, all those, "who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." *Johnson's Life of Savage*.

DIVINITY.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

BY DR. BEECHER.

Prov. xxiii. 29—35.—Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eye shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

We now approach some of those symptoms of intemperance which abused nature first or last never fails to give.

The eyes. Who hath redness of eyes? All are not of course intemperate whose visual organs become inflamed and weak. But there are few intemperate persons who escape this malady, and yet when it comes, they have no suspicion of the cause—speak of it without embarrassment—and wonder what the matter can be—apply to the physician for eye water, and drink on. But every man who is accustomed to drink ardent spirits freely, whose eyes begin to reddens and to weep, ought to know what the matter is, and to take warning; it is one of the signals which distressed nature holds out and waves in token of distress.

Another indication of intemperance is found in the fullness and redness of the countenance. It is not the fullness and freshness of health—but rather the plethora of a relaxed fibre and peccant humours, which come to occupy the vacancy of healthful nutrition, and to mar the countenance with pimples and inflammation. All are not intemperate of course who are affected with diseases of the skin. But no hard drinker carries such a face without a guilty and specific cause, and it is another signal of distress which abused nature holds out, while she cries for help.

Another indication of intemperance may be found in impaired muscular strength and tremour of the hand. Now the destroyer, in his mining process, approaches the citadel of life, and is advancing fast to make the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves. The relaxation of the joints, and trembling of the nerves, will be experienced especially in the morning—when the system, unsustained by sleep, has run down. Now all is relaxed, tremulous, and faint-hearted. The fire which sparkled in the eye, the evening before, is quenched—and the tones of eloquence, which dwell on the inspired tongue, are turned into pusillanimous complainings, until opium, or hitters, or both, are thrown into the stomach to wind up again the run-down machine.

And now the liver, steeped in fire, begins to contract, and refuses to perform its functions, in preparing the secretions which are necessary to aid digestion; and loss of appetite ensues; and indigestion, and fermentation, and acidity, begin to rob the system of nutrition, and to vex and irritate the vital organ, filling the stomach with air, and the head with fumes, and the soul with darkness and terror.

This reiterated irritation extends by sympathy to the lungs, which become inflamed and lacerated, until hemorrhage ensues. And now the terrified victim hastens to the physician to stay the progress of a consumption which intemperance has begun, and which medical treatment, while the cause continues, cannot arrest.

About this time the fumes of the scalding furnace below begin to lacerate the throat, and blister the tongue and the lip. Here again the physician is called in to ease these torments, but until the fires beneath are extinct what can the physician do? He can no more alleviate these woes than he can carry alleviation to the tormented, in the flames for which these are the sad preparation.

Another indication of intemperance is irritability, petulance, and violent anger. The great organ of nervous sensibility has been brought into a state of tremulous excitement. The slightest touch causes painful vibrations, and irritations, which defy self-government.—The temper becomes like the flash of powder, or ungovernable and violent as the helm driven hither and thither by raging winds, and mountain waves.

Another indication of intemperance is to be found in the extinction of the finer feelings and amiable dispositions of the soul; and, if there have ever seemed to be religious affections, of these also. The fiery stimulus has raised the organ of sensibility above the power of excitement by motives addressed to the finer feelings of the soul, and of the moral nature, and left the man a prey to animal sensation.

You might as well fling out music upon the whirlwind to stay its course, as to govern the storm within by the gentler feelings of humanity. The only stimulant which now has power to move, is ardent spirits—and he who has arrived at this condition is lost. He has left far behind the wreck of what he once was. He is not the same husband, or father, or brother, or friend. The sea has made a clear breach over him, and swept away forever whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report.

And as to religion, if he ever seemed to have any, all such affections declined as the emotions arose, until conscience has lost its power, or survives only with vulture scream to flap the wing and terrify the soul. His religious affections are dead when he is sober, and rise only to emotion and loquacity and tears when he is drunk. Dead, twice dead, is he—whatever may have been the hopes he once indulged, or the evidence he once gave, or the hopes he once inspired. For drunkards no more than murderers, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

As the disease makes progress, rheumatic pains diffuse themselves throughout the system. The man wonders what can be the reason that he should be visited by such a complication of disease, and again betakes himself to the physician, and tries every remedy but the simple one of temperance. For these pains are only the murmurings and complainings of nature, through all the system giving signs of woe, that all is lost. For to rheumatic pains ensues a debility of the system, which becoming unable to sustain the circulation, the fluids fall first upon the feet, and, as the deluge rises, the chest is invaded, and the breath is shortened, until by a sudden inundation it is stopped. Or, if in this form death is avoided, it is only to be met in another—more dilatory but no less terrific; for now comes on the last catastrophe—the sudden prostration of strength and—an increased difficulty of raising the ebbing tide of life by stimulants—a few panic struck reformations, just on the sides of the pit, until the last sinking comes, from which there is no resurrection but by the trump of God, and at the judgment day.

And now the woes, and the sorrows, and the contentions, and the wounds, and babblings, are over—the red eye sleeps—the tortured body rests—the deformed visage is hid from human observation—and the soul, while the dust crumbles back to dust, returns to God who gave it, to receive according to the deeds done in the body.

Such is the evil which demands a remedy. And what can be done to stop its ravages and rescue its victims?

This is not the place to say all that belongs to this part of the subject, but we cannot close without saying by anticipation a few things here; and,

1. There should be extended through the community an all-pervading sense of the danger there is of falling into this sin. Intemperance is a disease as well as a crime, and were any other disease, as contagious, of as marked symptoms, and as mortal to pervade the land, it would create universal consternation: for the plague is scarcely more contagious or deadly; and yet we mingle fearlessly with the diseased, and in spite of admonition we bring

into our dwellings the contagion, apply it to the lip, and receive it into the system.

I know that much is said about the prudent use of ardent spirits; but we might as well speak of the prudent use of the plague—of fire handed prudently around among powder—of poison taken prudently every day—of vipers and serpents introduced prudently into our dwellings, to glide about as a matter of courtesy to visitors, and of amusement to our children.

First or last, in spite of your prudence, the contagion will take—the fatal spark will fall upon the grain—the deleterious poison will tell upon the system—and the fangs of the serpent will inflict death. There is no prudent use of ardent spirits, but when it is used as a medicine. All who receive it into the system are not destroyed by it. But if any vegetable were poisonous to as many, as the use of ardent spirits proves destructive, it would be banished from the table: it would not be prudent to use it at all. If in attempting to cross a river upon an elastic beam—as many should fall in and be drowned, as attempted to use ardent spirits prudently and fail, the attempt to cross in that way would be abandoned—there would be no prudent use of that mode of crossing. The effect of attempting to use ardent spirits prudently, is destructive to such multitudes, as precludes the possibility of prudence in the use of it. When we consider the deceitful nature of this sin, and its irresistible power when it has obtained an ascendancy—no man can use it prudently—or without mocking God, can pray while he uses it, “lead us not into temptation.” There is no necessity for using it at all, and it is presumptuous to do so.

2. A wakeful recollection should be maintained of the distinction between intemperance and drunkenness. So long as men suppose that there is neither crime nor danger in drinking, short of what they denominate drunkenness, they will cast off fear and move onward to ruin by a silent, certain course until destruction comes upon them, and they cannot escape. It should be known therefore, and admitted, that to drink daily, at stated times, any quantity of ardent spirits, is intemperance, or to drink periodically as often as days, and times, and seasons, may furnish temptation and opportunity, is intemperance. It may not be for any one time the intemperance of animal or mental excitement, but it is an innovation upon the system, and the beginning of a habit, which cannot fail to generate disease, and will not be pursued by one hundred men without producing many drunkards.

It is not enough therefore to erect the flag ahead, to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be placed at the entrance of his course, proclaiming in waving capitals—THIS IS THE WAY TO DEATH! Over the whole territory of “prudent use,” it must wave and warn. For if we cannot stop men in the beginning, we cannot separate between that and the end. He who lets ardent spirits alone before it is modified with, is safe, and he only. It should be in every family a contraband article, or if it is admitted, it could be allowed for medical purposes only. It should be labelled as we label laudanum—and touch not, taste not, handle not, should meet the eye on every vessel which contains it.

Children should be taught early the nature, symptoms and danger of this sin, that they may not unwittingly fall under its power. To save my own children from this sin has been no small part of my solicitude as a parent, and I can truly say, that should any of my children perish in this way, they will not do it ignorantly, nor unwarned. I do not remember that I ever gave permission to a child to go out on a holiday, or gave a pittance of money to be expended for his gratification, unattended by the earnest injunction, not to drink ardent spirits, or any inebriating liquor; and I cannot but believe, that if proper exertions are made in the family to apprise children of the nature and danger of this sin, to put them on their guard against it—opinions and feelings and habits might be so formed, that the whole youthful generation might rise up as a rampart, against which the fiery waves of intemperance would dash in vain, saying, hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed. To all our schools instruction on this subject should be communicated, and the Sabbath schools now spreading through the land, may in this manner lead a mighty influence to prevent the intemperance of the rising generation.

In respect to the reformation of those over whom the habit of intemperance has obtained an ascendancy, there is but one alternative—they must resolve upon immediate and entire abstinence.

Some have recommended, and many have attempted, a gradual discontinuance. But no man's prudence and fortitude are equal to the task of reformation in this way. If the patient were in close confinement, where he could not help himself, he might be dealt with in this manner, but it would be cruelly protracting a course of suffering through months, which might be ended in a few days. But no man, at liberty, will reform by gradual retrenchment.—Substitutes have also been recommended as the means of reformation, such as opium, which is only another mode of producing inebriation, is often a temptation to intemperance, and not unfrequently unites its own forces with those of ardent spirits to impair health, and destroy life. It is a preternatural stimulant, raising excitement above the tone of health, and is predisposing the system for intemperate drinking.

Strong beer has been recommended as a substitute for ardent spirits, and a means of leading back the captive to health and liberty. But though it may not create intemperate habits as soon, it has no power to allay them. It will finish even what ardent spirits have begun—and with this difference only, that it does not rasp the vital organs with quite so keen a file—and enable the victim to come down to his grave, by a course somewhat more dilatory, and with more of the good-natured stupidity of the idiot, and less of the demonic frenzy of the madman.

Wine has been prescribed as a means of decaying the intemperate from the ways of death. But habit cannot be thus cheated out of its dominion, nor ravening appetite be amused down to a sober and temperate demand. If it be true that men do not become intemperate on wine, it is not true that wine will restore the intemperate, or stay the progress of the disease.

Enough must be taken to screw up nature to the tone of cheerfulness, or she will cry “give,” with an importunity not to be resisted, and long before the work of death is done, wine will fail to minister a stimulus of sufficient activity to rouse the flagging spirits, or will be come acid on the enfeebled stomach, and brandy and opium will be called in to hasten to its consummation the dilatory work of self-destruction. So that if no man becomes a sot upon wine, it is only because it hands him over to more fierce and terrible executioners of Heaven's delayed vengeance.

If in any instance wine suffices to complete the work of ruin, then the difference is only that the victim is stretched longer upon the rack, to die in torture with the gout, while ardent spirits finish life by a shorter and perhaps less painful course.

Retrenchments and substitutes then are idle, and if in any case they succeed, it is not in one of a thousand. It is the tampering of an infant with a gun, the effort of a kitten to escape from the paw of a lion.

There is no remedy for intemperance but the cessation of it. Nature must be released from the unnatural war which is made upon her, and be allowed to rest, and then nutrition, and sleep and exercise, will perform the work of restoration. Gradually the springs of life will recover tone, appetite will return, digestion will become efficient, sleep sweet, and the muscular system vigorous, until the elastic heart with every beat shall sound health through the system, and joy through the soul.

But what shall be done for those to whom it might be fatal to stop short?

Many are reputed to be in this condition, probably, who are not—and those who are, may, while under the care of a physician, be dealt with as he may think best for the time, provided they obey strictly as patients his prescriptions. But if, when they are committed to their own care again, they cannot live without ardent spirits—then they must die, and have only the alternative to die as reformed penitents, or as incorrigibly intemperate—to die in a manner which shall secure pardon and admission to heaven, or in a manner which shall exclude them forever from that holy world.

As the application of this discourse, I would recommend to every one of you who hear it, immediate and faithful self examination, to ascertain whether any of the symptoms of intemperance are bo-

gining to show themselves upon you. And let not the consideration that you have never been suspected, and have never suspected yourselves of intemperance, deprive you of the benefit of this scrutiny. For it is inattention and self-confidence which supercede discretion, and banish fear, and let in the destroyer, to fasten upon his victim, before he thinks of danger or attempts resistance.

Are there then set times, days and places, when you calculate always to indulge yourselves in drinking ardent spirits? Do you stop often to take something at the tavern when you travel, and always when you come to the village, town, or city. This frequency of drinking will plant in your system, before you are aware of it, the seeds of the most terrific disease which afflicts humanity. Have you any friends or companions whose presence when you meet them, awakens the thought and the desire of drinking? Both of you have entered on a course in which there is neither safety nor hope, but from instant retreat.

Do any of you love to avail yourselves of every little catch and circumstance among your companions, to bring out “a treat?” “Alas, my lord, there is death in the pot.”

Do you find the desire of strong drink returning daily, and at stated hours? Unless you intend to travel all the length of the highway of intemperance, it is time to stop. Unless you intend to resign your liberty forever, and come under a despotism of the most cruel and inexorable character, you must abandon the morning bitters, the unctious stimulant, and the evening bowl.

Do any of you drink in secret, because you are unwilling your friends or the world should know how much you drink? You might as well cut loose in a frail boat before a hurricane, and expect safety: you are gone, gone irrevocably if you do not stop.

Are you accustomed to drink, when opportunities present, as much as you can bear without any public token of inebriation? You are an intemperate man now, and unless you check the habit, you will become rapidly more and more intemperate, until concealment becomes impossible.

Do your eyes, in any instance, begin to trouble you by their weakness or inflammation? If you are in the habit of drinking ardent spirits daily, you need not ask the physician what is the matter—nor inquire for eye water. Your redness of eyes is produced by intemperance; and abstinence, and that only, will cure them. It may be well for every man who drinks daily to look in the glass often, that he may see in his own face the signals of distress, which abused nature holds out one after another, and too often holds out in vain.

Do any of you find a tremour of the hand coming upon you, and sinking of spirits, and loss of appetite in the morning? Nature is failing, and giving to you timely admonition of her distress.

Do the pains of a disordered stomach, and blistered tongue and lip, begin to torment you? You are far advanced in the work of self-destruction—a few more years will probably finish it.

OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON.

SECTION I.

- 1st. Character of the Times in which the Christian Religion was propagated.
- 2d. And of many who embraced it.
- 3d. Three eminent, and early instances.
- 4th. Multitudes of learned Men who came over to it.
5. Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their Conversions.
- 6th. The names of several Pagan Philosophers, who were Christian Converts.

1st. It happened very providentially to the honor of the Christian Religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the World, but, at a time when arts and Sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after Truth, and sit the several opinions of Philosophers, and Wise Men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

2. Several of these therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's History; and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and

manners of his Disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid farewell to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the Views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

3d. Of this sort we may reckon those three early Converts to Christianity, who each of them was a member of a Senate famous for its Wisdom and Learning.—Joseph the Arimathean was of the Jewish Sanhedrim—Dionysius of the Atheian Arcopagus, and Flavius Clemens of the Roman Senate, was at the time of his death consul of Rome. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian Religion, that the first of them, according to all reports of antiquity, died a Martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve Aristides, his fellow Citizen, and Contemporary; and the third as we are informed both by Roman and Christian authors.

4th. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the knowing nations of the World came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned Men, besides those whose names are in the Christian Records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the Religion of their country, and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this World, but subject them to every thing terrible and disagreeable in it. Tertullian tells the Roman Governors, that their Corporations, Councils, Armies, Tribes, Companies, the Palace, Senate and Courts of Judicature were filled with Christians; as Arnobius asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, Orators, Grammarians, Rhetoricians, Lawyers, Physicians, Philosophers despising the sentiments they had once been fond of, took up their rest in the Christian Religion.

5th. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of the Person, whose doctrines they embraced? for however consonant to reason, his Precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the World, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine Mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life.—This was the ground-work of the Christian Religion, and if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk under it.—This point therefore of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from Pagan Philosophers became Christian Authors, and who by reason of their Conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the Truth of what is delivered concerning our Saviour.

6th. Besides innumerable Authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works or fragments of several Pagan Philosophers, which shew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived.—If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the World, we find in Athens, Dionysius, Quadratus, Aristides, Athenagoras, and in Alexandria, Dionysius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius, and Anatolus, to whom we may add Origen; for though his father was a Christian Martyr, he became, without all controversy, the most learned, and able Philosopher of his age by his Education at Alexandria, in that famous Seminary of arts and sciences.

RESURRECTION.—The mechanism of the human frame and the direction of some of its movements, contrary to the known and received laws of philosophy, sufficiently demonstrate that the architect of such a piece could affect any thing. Nothing could be argued philosophically against the doctrine, from the dissolution of the parts of the human frame; bodies are capable of restoration, after being most completely dissolved. If you take a piece of silver and plunge it into a vessel of aqua fortis, it will not merely dissolve, but become invisible, as sugar melting in water, the silver which was before invisible, will fall to the bottom in a white powder; none of

its qualities are changed and nothing of its value diminished. It may be taken out and melted down, and committed to the hand of an artist, and may be formed into the same piece of plate as before its solution. Thus may the body be dissolved and scattered, it may be burnt to ashes, or buried in the dust, but the power of God can restore it; and it is no greater an exertion of power than was required at its formation, and is exercised in its preservation. And as the human body is always undergoing some change, and in a few weeks becomes materially altered, by the dispersion of some of its particles in perspiration or otherwise; and in the replacing of them by nutriment received; yet no one scruples to call it the same body, and no one doubts his personal identity. So, at the resurrection of the body, its constitution at parts will be sufficient to secure its identity.—*Lr. Collyer.*

JUDGMENT.—Ministers have often preached about Christ coming to judgment, and assured their hearers that he will come at last to the surprise and astonishment of a guilty world. But who believes their report? But when the fullness of time is come, perhaps while some servant of God is exhorting his hearers to such a preparation for judgment—Hark! he cries, I hear the voice of the archangel and the trump of God—behold, he comes in clouds, and there he is,—preaching and hearing are all over. Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh.—*Lavington.*

The manner of Christ's coming will be awfully solemn. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17. Here Christ breaks out of heaven, with the shouts of angels; it signifies such a shout, saith one, as is to be heard among seamen, when after a long and dangerous voyage they first descry land, crying aloud with united voices, a shore! a shore! as the poet describes the Italians, when they saw their native country, lifting up their voices and making the heavens ring again with Italy? Italy? or as armies shout when the signal of battle is given.

The voice of the archangel will be distinctly heard and after this shout the trump of God shall sound; by the tremendous blast, sinners will be affrighted out of their graves; but to the saints it will carry no more terror than the roaring of cannon, when armies of friends approach a besieged city for the relief of them that are therein.—*Flavel.*

MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE PROPER MODE OF CONDUCTING MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

A sermon delivered before the 'Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America,' Nov. 5th, 1829; by Benjamin B. Wisner, Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston.

The sermon is principally occupied in answering two questions. The first is stated in the following terms—"In employing our instrumentality to extend the temporal and spiritual blessings of Christianity to the uncivilized and idolatrous nations of the earth, shall we make it our primary object to civilize or to Christianize them?"

After noticing the opposite opinions which have been entertained on this point, the preacher rejects all theory and *a priori* reasoning, and decides the question by an appeal to facts. The propriety and force of the appeal may be seen by an extract.

"The first to which I would direct your attention is, the striking and very instructive one, that, in the commission given to the Apostles and their successors by the Saviour, and in the history transmitted to us in the New Testament of its early execution, there is not one word about civilizing men; although the Gospel was to be, and was in fact, carried by the apostles to savage tribes as well as to the then civilized nations. The command of the Saviour is, 'Go ye,'—not to the nations which have been prepared for your coming by civilization—but, 'Go into all the world,'—to savages as well as to civilized men. And do what? First civilize those whom you find sunk in barbarism and teach the true philosophy to those whom you find more refined; and thus prepare them for receiving my religion? No; but, 'Go ye into all world,

and preach the Gospel unto every creature.'" To all alike, savage and civilized, proclaim, at once and continually, the good news of salvation through my atoning blood. And the history of the proceedings of the apostles in executing this commission, under the infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit, among savage as well as civilized nations, is, not that they abstained from "preaching Christianity" in they had taught the civilized the true philosophy, and the barbarous "the emollient arts of life;" but, "they went forth, and preached every where," that men "should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance;" "not knowing any thing among" those to whom they went, from the beginning to the end of their continuance with them, "save Jesus Christ and him crucified." And, though "the Jews required a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom" or philosophy, yet they "preached Christ crucified," counting that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

Now, with these facts in view, can it be believed that it was the intention of Jesus Christ, that his apostles should make it the first object of their labors among idolatrous and barbarous tribes, to civilize them, and among heathen nations already civilized, to teach them the true philosophy, and thus prepare them for the reception of his religion; and that the apostles did in fact proceed thus in executing his commission? How manifest is it that he intended they should, and that they did in fact, make it their first and great object among all people to whom they went savage as well as civilized, to make known to them, and to press upon their immediate acceptance, the true religion? And this command is the commission and the directory, and the proceedings of the apostles in executing it are the model, of all propagators of Christianity among the nations, to the end of the world."

The appeal is then made to "facts that have taken place since the times of the Apostles." And under this head the facts connected with the missions of the United Brethren only are appealed to: the smallness of the pecuniary means at the disposal of this denomination of Christians, the debased and barbarous character of many of those tribes among which they have established missions, the well known principles on which their missions, are conducted, and the great success which has attended their exertions at nearly every station, rendering the appeal peculiarly appropriate.

The second question examined is—"Shall we teach the heathen, at first, only the simpler and more general principles of our religion? or shall we, at once, present and urge upon their acceptance its most sublime and distinctive truths?"

On the point involved in this question, the same opposite views are entertained as on that of the foregoing; and the answer is given, as before, by an appeal to facts. The first class are those connected with the ministry of the apostles, and the second those connected with subsequent efforts to propagate Christianity, especially by the United Brethren. After mentioning the long continued efforts made by the missionaries of this denomination, to enlighten the Greenlanders and secure their confidence, by teaching them only such truths as are regarded as of a preliminary nature—the being and character of God, the creation of the world, the fall of man, and the requirements of the divine law,—and the entire failure to produce the desired effect, the preacher notices the change which took place in the instructions of the missionaries, and the effect upon the minds of the people, which was immediately apparent.

"At length, in 1738, five years after the commencement of their labors, there was a providential occurrence destined to have a most important influence, not only on this mission, but on the conversion of the heathen throughout the world. Some Southlanders happened to visit the brethren, as one of them was writing out a fair copy of a translation of the Gospel. They were curious to know what was in the book; and, on hearing read the history of Christ's agony in the garden, one of the savages named Kniarnak, stepped up to the table, and in an earnest, affecting manner, said, 'How was that? Tell me it once more, for I also would fain be saved.' These words, the like of which the missionary had never heard from the lips of a Greenlander, penetrated his whole soul, so that the tears rolled down his cheeks, while he gave an account of the life and death of Christ, and of the plan of salvation through him; describing, with more than ordinary force and energy, his sufferings in the garden and on

the cross. The savages listened with fixed attention; and some of them requested that they might be taught to pray: and when the missionaries did pray with them, they frequently repeated their expressions that they might not forget them. And, on leaving, they said they would come again and hear of these things. And from that period, Kaiarnak made frequent visits to the Brethren, and at length took up his residence with them: and, after about a year, giving satisfactory evidence of a work of grace on his heart he was received into the church.

As yet, however, the missionaries had made no definite change in their method of instructing the people. And soon, Kaiarnak left them, to return to his countrymen in the south. After about a year's absence, he returned, to their unspeakable joy; bringing with him a brother and his family; and saying, that all he had heard from the missionaries he had endeavoured, while absent to hold communion with the Saviour; and that he should never leave the Brethren again.

The missionaries now began to perceive the import of the dealings of God's providence and grace with them in the case of this individual. And the result was, a deliberate determination to make a material change in their manner of instructing the savages around them. From this period, 1740, they directed the attention of all to whom they could get access, "in the first instance, to Christ Jesus,—to his incarnation, his life and especially his sufferings and death." And, immediately was this method of instruction followed with signal and extended success. "It illuminated the darkened understanding" of the miserable objects of their benevolent exertions, "melted their stubborn hearts, and kindled in their cold icy breasts the flame of spiritual life."

Nor was this new mode of instruction confined to the Greenlanders. Similar views in relation to the relative importance of Christian doctrines had, about the same time by some remarkable circumstances been impressed on the minds of the Brethren at home. The missionaries in Greenland gave speedy information of the change in their method of instruction, with its causes and effects. And the same method of proceeding was forthwith adopted in all the Moravian missions; and has, in all of them, been ever since pursued, with the same instructive and happy results. And now the recorded testimony of these indefatigable and most successful laborers in converting the heathen, is, that "experience has taught them, that little is effected by beginning," in attempting to propagate Christianity among pagans, "with the principles of natural religion, as the existence of God, the perfections of his nature, or the duties of his morality, in order to prepare them for receiving the Gospel;" and that, "after many years trial, in different countries and under every variety of circumstances, they have found that the simple testimony of the sufferings and death of Christ delivered by a missionary possessed of an experienced sense of his love, is the most certain and the most effectual method of converting the heathen."

MEDICAL.

WATERY REGIMEN.

It was a very true saying of the worthy John Hancocke, Rector, Prebendary and Chaplain, that he was not the first man that wrote a book on a subject he knew little of. But, let us add, that his "Febrifugum Magnum: or common Water the best Cure for Fevers, and probably for the Plague," is an excellent little work, in which the appeal to nature and common sense contrasts very delightfully with the mystified jargon of the quacks and medical jugglers, from the 'Legacy' of Dover, down to the singularly well-attested cures of a Solomon and a Swain, or of negro Doctor Tom. In recommending the use of water, as a means of purifying the blood and expelling noxious humours—giving serenity to the mind, and healthful feelings to the body, nature and science are now agreed. It is not our present purpose to speak of the curative powers of water-drinking, in various violent and alarming maladies, else we might detail the successful issue of the case of jaundice in Mr. Hancocke himself, and of measles in his little daughter; or tell of the wonderful cure of Fra Hernado, in palpitations of the heart, diseases of the liver, disordered digestion, rheumatism, gout, &c. Let us rather mention, in a general way, the advantages of water drinking, as detailed by Sir John Floyer, of whose work on

cold baths we have already spoken.—"The water drinkers are temperate in their actions, prudent and ingenious: they live safe from those diseases which affect the head; such as apoplexies, palsies, pain, blindness, deafness, gout, convulsions, trembling, madness. The drinking of cold water cures the following diseases: the hiccup, sputor of the mouth and of the whole body; it resists putrefaction, and cools burning heats and thirsts; and, after dinner; it helps digestion." A little further on he adds, "and to the use of this, children ought to be bred from their cradle, because all strong liquors are injurious to the constitution of the children, whose spirits they inflame, and render them mad, foolish, rash, tender, and intemperate in their passions." Would the strong man preserve his strength, and the fair woman her beauty, water will be their beverage, their cordial, their restorative. Is the constitution, broken down in drunken bouts and gluttonous feasting, to be renovated, water, water alone, unmixed, unspiced, must be the grand anti-dyspeptic draught. If cramps and pain torment, or wakefulness cheat the wearied spirit of its repose, not all the essences of peppermint or mustard for the former, or all the sedatives of laudanum, blackdrop, or hops, for the latter, will be so composing for the time, and unattended by after suffering, as a tumbler full or two of hot water. We do not mean warm: that is nauseous: but so hot that it must rather be sipped than drank. Let not the trembling drunkard be deterred from reform by the fear that no substitute can be found for the midnight cup, whose stupefying contents are swallowed in the hope of making him for a while forget himself. He will experience from hot water, taken in sufficient quantity a feeling of internal warmth and stimulation, and a slight fulness of the head, which will safely stimulate the fit of drunkenness; but, unlike the latter, it will not terminate in the insensibility of apoplexy, but of tranquil slumber. The nervous lady who refuses to take adequate exercise during the day, and drinks her strong green tea in the evening, may consult her physician, if she be partial to having a listener to her tale of woe; but, if she desires to rest well and keep out of the hands of quacks, and spare the nerves of her regular medical adviser, who really wishes her well, she must dilute her tea, take longer walks; and, in place of recourse to the laudanum vial, try a tumbler full of hot water at bed time. The poor hypochondriac must not hope for easier digestion and a greater flow of spirits by a little wine or other bitters before dinner, and a little wine or brandy and water at and after this meal. He may as well hope to breath freer by having his throat a little compressed by a tight band just before he takes a walk, and again a little squeezed immediately after his return. His draughts from the fountain of Hygeia must be in the shape of pure water, from the nearest spring or cistern. At first he may, perhaps, eat less with this watery accompaniment; but what he does eat will be from the true instinct of hunger, and be accordingly less oppressive, and more readily converted into part of his blood and bone. Let us hear what Theden, a learned German physician, says of this practice, applied to, and adopted by himself, at the suggestion of his friend, the celebrated De Hahn. When between thirty and forty years of age, he was hypochondriac in the extreme, and a prey to the darkest melancholy; he suffered from palpitations at the heart, and thought he could not survive six months. But from the time he began to drink cold water, all these symptoms vanished; and he was healthier, at an advanced period of life than he had been at an early age, and entirely free from hypochondriasis. In his "New Observations," he attributes his then advanced age of eighty years, principally to the use of twenty or twenty-four pints of water daily; a practice which he had persevered in for forty years. We challenge the retailers and admirers of Pulmonary Balsams and Decoctions, Tinctures, Elixirs and Essences of life, Catholicons, Panaceas, and Stomachic Bitters, and all the infallibles which, like the shot of the cockney sportsman, take effect on any other object than that at which they are aimed, to adduce parallel cases to this. Who are the gouty, the dropsical, the paralytic, and those cut off in a moment by fell apoplexy? Not the water drinkers. Who are the idle and the luxurious, spendthrifts of money and of time, that devote their nights to dissipation and pass their mornings in unquiet slumbers? Not the Water drinkers. The depths of philosophy,

and the elevations of poetry, are most felicitously explored by those whose minds are allowed to exert their powerful faculties, unclouded by the muddy vapours of wine or spirits.

The acknowledged efficacy of mineral waters, in various disorders, has been attributed by some distinguished physicians, to the mere dilution by their aqueous portion alone, modified by temperature. Though we may not admit this, in its unqualified sense, we must, at the same time, be fully aware, that the waters of certain springs have acquired great report for the cure of many diseases, although it is well known that they contain no foreign ingredient whatever; such is the case with the water of Malvern wells in England, which is only remarkable for its extreme purity.

We know of but one drawback on the general and free use of common water, for the relief and prevention of a host of ailments, by which people are tormented themselves, and contrive to torment at the same time their friends. It is the readiness with which this beverage can be procured—its abundance, and its costing nothing. The intrinsic value of both pure water and pure air is not appreciated by the wealthy, on account of their marketable cheapness, and is despised by the fashionable, because they are so common as to be freely possessed by the lowest and most vulgar, not less than by the most polished and high-bred gentlemen of the land.

The invalid, soured by former failures, can see nothing remarkable in what is a matter of every day's observation and experience, and hence will turn a deaf ear to the advice of fresh air, pure water, and regular exercise, and that he may be the more willingly gulled by the boastful promises and mysterious jargon of empirics.—*Journal of Health.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, January 5.

THE KING.—The latest accounts represent His Majesty as in excellent health and spirits. The Morning Journal at the same time says, we regret that it is not in our power to contradict the rumour relative to the visual affection, under which his Majesty is said to labour, and to relieve which, is deemed dangerous to attempt any operation.

(From the Limerick Chronicle of Saturday.)

About twelve o'clock on last Sunday night some miscreants fired a shot through a window in Stanley Lodge, County Tipperary, the seat of Edward Power, Esq.; from Stanley Lodge they proceeded to Mr. Herrick's, about a quarter of a mile farther on, and fired a shot through his bed-room window. The villains effected no other injury than the destruction of the glass of the windows. No cause can be assigned for these attacks.

Yesterday an Inquest was held at Ballycoshoun, near Bilboa, in this county, on the body of William Spelman, by Charles Bennet, Esq., coroner, and the Rev. C. P. Coote, who was waylaid and beaten, on the 14th of December, on his return home from the fair of Turagh. It appeared in evidence that the deceased was a very peaceable man, and returning from the fair alone, when he was attacked suddenly by a party of men, who beat him in a most brutal manner and fractured his scull; his cries alarmed some persons near, who, on going to see what was the matter, were likewise attacked, and narrowly escaped with life. It is melancholy to say that a brother of the deceased was murdered in the same manner a few years since, and that two homicides have been perpetrated by the same faction within a short period only, but a few yards from the spot where was committed the memorable massacre of the Connell family. The Jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against six persons whose names we don't publish for various reasons.

Wednesday night the cow-house of a farmer named Raleigh, at Coolen, near Fedamore, was consumed to ashes, and two cows, three pigs, some goats, and several geese, were destroyed in the flames. The conflagration communicated to the farm-house, which was totally destroyed, with nearly all the furniture. It was not yet known if the fire was accidental or malicious.

On Monday night the woodranger of Mr. Butler county Tipperary, was fired at twice by a parcel of assassins: neither of the shots took effect.

An attempt was made to destroy a farmer's family last week, in Kerry, by setting fire to the thatch while the inmates lay in bed.

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Mercantile Advertiser.

EDUCATION.

Since the introduction, we may say invention, of the Bell and Lancaster system, the people, the great body of people, both in England and this Country, have put a higher value on intellectual attainments than at any former period since the dark ages; and the spirit of enquiry and the thirst after knowledge is hourly acquiring a universality that a few years since the veriest dreamer on the capacities and tendencies of human mind would have routed as being beyond the limit of a tenable faith. In our country more especially, the persuasion that knowledge is not only power, but true happiness, pervades every walk and grade of life. The mechanic is not satisfied to toil on year after year, in the knowledge merely of the use of the implements of his craft, teaching his children their use, and leaving them little other inheritance than those implements and that knowledge; but he laments his own deficiencies, and seems to be roused to a great effort in behalf of his children and the public, seizing with avidity on all the highways to science, and endeavoring to avail himself of all the facilities which its lights afford, not only for the perfection of his handicraft, but for the increased knowledge of himself and his species. That this remark extends to all classes of our citizens is proved by the prodigious increase of literary publications of various kinds, which from being read hitherto but by few are now to be found in the hands of the lowest artisan and in the meanest hamlet of our western world. This is a truth that increases with the felicity of the running stream, and accordingly we find that nothing short of a draught from the fountain itself, is likely to quench or allay it. It is this thirst which now demands the establishment of a grand reservoir—a pool like that of Siloam, whence all may draw, in which all may lave. Such a Reservoir will be in this city, the contemplated University, in which the sons of the poor as well as the opulent may cultivate the mind which aspires to a higher knowledge of itself and to increase its sum of human felicity. The basis of our political institutions is liberty, but what is liberty or its value? "The liberty of our country, says an able American writer, is of "value only as far as it favours the growth of men—what is liberty? The removal of restraint from human powers. Its benefit is, that it opens new fields for action, and a wider range for the mind. The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect and virtues. The savage makes his boat of freedom. But what is it worth? Free as he continues for ages in the same ignorance, leads the same comfortless life, sees the same untamed wilderness spread around him. He is indeed free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government, is in effect a chain; for, by withholding protection from property it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of power is the end and boon of liberty and without this a people may have the name but want the substance and spirit of freedom."

How are a people's "energy, intellect, and virtues to be enlarged so that the freedom worth possessing" may be acquired or retained? There is but one answer, and that is now in the mouths of all from the highest to the lowest, "by Education, and that on a more extended and liberal and at the same time more economical scale than at present prevails. This we know can be accomplished.—The wealthy and they who are in moderate circumstances are in favor of the attempt and are disposed to be liberal, while they who are unable to contribute will in many cases be gratuitously educated. We have seldom known a project so popular. The fund required is not large while the ability to raise it even in our city is great, and the will ready. We hope the plan will be pursued.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY RELATIVE TO THE FORMATION OF THE BRAIN.

PROFESSOR MALACHARME, of Paris, who has long employed himself on the comparative anatomy of the Brain, has found the corpus callosum and pineal gland in several birds. One discovery of import-

ance he has made: this relates to the structure of the Brain, and its intellectual faculties. The *laminae* of the Brain he has observed to vary in number from 600 to 780; but in the brain of an idiot, he discovered only 324; and in that of a dumb person, only 362. Hence he infers, that the extent of the intellectual faculties is proportionate to the number of *laminae* in the Brain. Mr. C. Bonnet of Geneva, whose correspondence with the Professor on this subject is published, admitting the premises, denies the conclusion; and supposes, that the number of *laminae* in the Brain is increased by the exercise of the intellectual faculties.—*Gruntwald Journ. de Med.*

PERSIAN ETHICS.

In the Morals of Nasir, a celebrated Persian system of Ethics, it is said that seven high qualities are necessary to give completion to the character of their kings: these are enumerated as follows:—1. Paternal kindness. 2. Magnanimity, including the moderation of anger, the abjuration of lust and the perfection of mental excellencies. 3. Firmness and consistency in counsel. 4. Resolution in the execution of designs. 5. Patience in adversity, and steady perseverance. 6. Clemency. 7. A disposition to encourage and render assistance to what is right.

Of the fourth quality, the following illustrative anecdote is related.—

The caliph Mamoon was seized on a certain occasion with an unnatural appetite for eating earth; which very soon produced some visibly pernicious effects in his constitution. On consulting his physicians, they readily furnished a variety of prescriptions, the whole of which were tried, without subduing his strange propensity. One day, when he and his physicians were consulting on what might further be done, an acquaintance of the caliph entered the room. No sooner had he discovered from their consultation of books, the affair which they had in hand than he addressed himself to his afflicted friend in the following words:—"Oh, leader of the faithful, where is that resolution which belongs to kings?" Mamoon, on hearing this, turned to his physicians, and said, "You need not take any further trouble, I shall soon get the better of my disease."

HERCULANEUM.

Since the commencement of 1828, the Government of Naples have caused excavations to be made in the ruins of Herculaneum, and the following are the principal results of the researches up to the middle of the present year. They have discovered the most splendid private house of the ancients that has ever been seen by modern eyes. The house has a suite of chambers, with a court in the centre. There is a separate part of the mansion allotted to the females a garden surrounded by arcades and columns, and also a grand saloon, which probably served for the meeting of the whole family. Another house also discovered was very remarkable from the quantity and nature of the provisions in it, none of which have been disturbed for eighteen centuries, for the doors remained fastened in the same state as they were at the period of the catastrophe which buried Herculaneum. The family which occupied this mansion was in all likelihood when the disaster took place, laying in provisions for the winter. The provisions found in the stove-rooms consist of dates, chestnuts, large walnuts, dried figs, almonds, prunes, corn, oil, peas, lentils, pies, and hams. The internal arrangement of the house, the manner in which it was ornamented all, in fact, announced that it had belonged to a very rich family, and to admirers of the arts; for there were discovered many pictures, representing Polyphemus and Galatea, Hercules and the three Hesperides, Cupid and a Bacchante, Mercury and Io, Perseus killing Medusa; there were also in the same house vases, articles in glass, bronze, and terra cotta, as well as medallions in silver, representing, in relief, Apollo and Diana. The persons who direct the excavations have caused them to be continued in the same street, and they will, in regular order, search the shops and houses which border on each side, and also the lanes which branch off from it.—*French paper.*

FEMALE CHARACTER.—I know not which is most lovely, a female, born to affluence, and accustomed to all the luxuries, the attentions and the gratifications which wealth and affluence can control, who still preserves a courtesy, and even a modesty in her intercourse with those in lower circumstances; or

one, who, in the depths, of poverty and obscurity, maintains a dignity, a propriety of deportment, tempered with a submissive sweetness of disposition, which commands the respect of all who can appreciate true nobility.

Such characters are not wholly ideal. I have seen instances of refinement in low life, and of modesty and humility joined with riches. But alas! the union is rare. The opulent are too often haughty, and the indigent, envious.—*N. England Review.*

"It were in vain to seek to escape from the condition of our place in the dominions of God. A mind of wandering and melancholy thought, impatient of the grievous realities of our state, may at some moments almost breathe the wish that we had been a different order of beings, in another dwelling place than this, and appointed on a different service to the Almighty. In vain! Here still we are, to pass the first part of our existence in a world where it is impossible to be at peace, because there has come into it a mortal enemy to all that live in it. Amidst the darkness that veils from us the state of the universe, we would willingly be persuaded that this our world may be the only region (except that of penal justice,) where the cause of evil is permitted to maintain a contest. Here, perhaps may be almost its last encampment, where its prolonged power of hostility may be suffered, in order to give a protracted display of the manner of its appointed destruction. Here our lot is cast, on a ground so awfully pre-occupied; a calamitous distinction! but yet a sublime one, if thus we may render to the eternal King a service of a more arduous kind than it is possible to the inhabitants of any other world than this to render him: and if thus we may be trained, thro' devotion and conformity to the Celestial Chief in this warfare, to the final attainment of what he has promised, in so many illustrious forms, to him that overcometh. We shall soon leave the region where so much is in rebellion against our God. But we shall go where all that pass from our world must present themselves as from battle, or be denied to mingle in the eternal joys and triumphs of the conqueror's.—*Foster.*

SINGULAR FESTIVAL.

Festival Marangon, celebrated on the Coast of Malabar.

According to an account of this festival, published by Mr. Hamilton in 1727, it was celebrated every twelfth year. He gives us to understand, that, when the ceremonies by which this season is distinguished drew to a close, it was customary for four men, who were willing to risk their lives in so daring an attempt, to attack the chief while surrounded with all his guards, who were armed, and prepared for his defence. In this attack, the death of these victims of heroic enthusiasm and folly, was almost inevitable. Their only hope of reward depended upon their actually reaching and killing the chief, in which case his vacant throne became their recompense.

It appears from more recent accounts, that this bloody sport is still kept alive; but that the practice is less frequent than it was formerly; and to this, perhaps the following incident may in some degree have contributed. About half a century since, a Zamorin who held the crown, was exposed to the most imminent danger, from the unexampled valour and prowess of a Nair chief, who daringly risked his life in the unequal conflict. Preceding with invincible strength, resolution, and courage, he cut down, with incredible fury, every one who attempted to thwart his progress. In this career of bloody glory, he had ascended some steps of Zamorin's throne, when a Mapilla priest threw himself in his way, to give the king an opportunity of saving himself by flight.

WHAT IS IDLENESS.

"Here," said I to my class of Sunday scholars, as I held a little book in my hand, "this is for the child who can give me the best answer to this question—What is idleness?" "I can, teacher," answered one; "if you say we are to learn our lessons, and we come to you, and don't know any thing of them, and have nothing to prevent our learning—that is idleness." "I can teacher," continued another; "you tell us to come clean and neat and tidy; and if, instead of that, our tippets and frocks are torn, though we have had time to mend them—that

is idleness." "I can teach," said a third little creature; "if you tell us we are to be here at nine o'clock, and we loiter about and do not get here, till ten—that is idleness." Several of my young ones were silent; and I asked if any one had any thing else to say. "Yes, ma'am," replied an elder girl, "I know that what my school-fellows have said is idleness, is so; but there is another kind beside that. We know that we are to be up early in the morning, to pray for a blessing on the instructions we are to receive; to ask a blessing, also, on our minister and our school; to read a chapter in the holy bible, and to be in time for prayer with our teachers; but if we waste the sacred morning in bed, and do not rise at a proper time—that is idleness." When this answer was finished, each one seemed to say, "Verily I am guilty in this thing." I paused for a minute, and then delivered the book into the hands of the last mentioned girl, for she, I considered, had answered the best.

EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

Many persons make extempore preaching more formidable than it really is by attempting great things. Truth, simplicity, and good sense, are the things to which attention should be mainly paid. It was the saying of a truly great man, that all he took care to do was to speak sense. Great plainness of speech is what is most suitable to Divine truths. "Excellency of speech," makes the gospel of none effect. What pleases a refined taste generally withdraws the attention from the bearing and application of what is delivered. In order to be plain, there is no necessity for being grovelling and vulgar, or incoherent and desultory. These evils should by all means be avoided. Simplicity, chasteness, correct ideas, and regular connexion, should always go together. The true greatness of a sermon consists in its being calculated to answer the great end, the salvation of sinners; and what promotes this great end, humanly speaking, is not the eloquence or the elegance of the discourse, but the heavenly spirit with which it is delivered. The greatest truths are often spoken in such a way as to produce no effect, while the plainest and the most simple may be rendered by the earnestness of the preacher exceedingly impressive.

The published sermons of popular preachers scarcely ever answer the expectation formed of them; and for this reason, because they derived their chief excellency from the impressive manner in which they were delivered. It is not so much what is said, that gives it power and interest. This spirit, when genuine, no doubt proceeds from above, and is obtained by earnest prayer and much holy intercourse with Heaven. It is indeed possible for us to create a fervour of our own, to kindle our own "sparks." The animal spirits may be excited in a high degree by the efforts of self and pride. A desire for popularity may produce earnestness. The grandeur or the awfulness of the subject may have an astonishing effect on the feelings. But the holy and heavenly fervour, the infusion of the Divine Spirit, is very different from any thing of this kind. It proceeds from a concern for the honour of God, and from love to immortal souls. It is the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, and combined, as in him, with a humble, compassionate, and heavenly temper of mind. It is a holy fire, which, instead of feeding, burns up pride and self-importance, and warms and cheers all that come within its reach; and from it the same fire is often lighted in the breasts of others, the minister being made the channel of communication. Wherever this heavenly element exists, the gospel is made successful; sinners are brought from darkness into light. It is that very thing, the possession of which is of far greater consequence than any other qualification or endowment. This being possessed, success will to some extent surely ensue; but being wanting, all labours will comparatively be in vain.—*Christian Observer.*

From the Kingston Gazette and Religious Advocate.

In Brown's memoirs of Mr. Hervey, a distinguished Clergyman of the Church of England, author of Meditations, Dialogues, &c. the following anecdote is related. Being once on a journey, a lady who happened to be in the same carriage with him was expatiating, in a particular manner, on the amusements of the Stage, as in her esteem superior to any

other pleasures. Among other things, she said, there was the pleasure of thinking on the play, before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed while there, and the pleasure of ruminating on it in her bed at night. Mr. Hervey, who sat and heard her discourse without interrupting her, when she had concluded, said to her, in a mild manner, that there was one pleasure more besides what she had mentioned, which she had forgot. What can that be? said she, for sure I have mentioned every pleasure, when I considered the enjoyment before hand, at the time, and afterwards. Pray, Sir, what is it? Mr. Hervey, with a grave look, and in a manner peculiar, to himself, replied, Madam, the pleasure it will give you on your death bed. A clap of Thunder, or a flash of lightning, would not have struck her with more surprize. The stroke went to her very heart. She had not one word to say; but, during the rest of the journey, seemed quite occupied in thinking upon it. In short, the consequence of this well-timed sentence was that she never after went to the play house; but became a pious woman, and a follower of those pleasures which would afford her true satisfaction even on a death bed!

A French writer remarks, that "the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

A Clergyman's *vicar*. From a sermon by the Rev. Thomas Raffles, L. L. D. of Liverpool.

"And shall I be taking upon myself too much, if I venture to suggest to my honoured brethren, who may have but recently entered on the Christian ministry, or may be engaged in studies preparatory to it, the importance of identifying themselves with the missionary cause from the commencement of their public labours, and of binding themselves to it with their ordination vow?—for cold, and heartless, and insipid, must that ministry be, which is animated by no spark of missionary fervour; and *Ichabod*, three written, may be inscribed on the doors of that sepulchre of a sanctuary, from which the missionary cause is banished.

For myself—so completely do I feel it entwined and associated with all that is efficient and refreshing in my work that I should deprecate the least decline in my feeling of attachment to it, as one of the greatest calamities that could befall me. To outlive this feeling would be to outlive my usefulness; and rather than this should happen, I would beg of God to hide me in the grave. Of this cause I must ever say—*If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

From the New-England Farmer.

ON POTATOES.

Several communications on the culture of potatoes have lately enriched the columns of the New-England Farmer, and, truly, few subjects could be of more interest to the generality of your readers, this root having become an article of great importance both to the grower and to the consumer, and, as it appears to me, will increase yet greatly in estimation and usefulness, by its aptitude, when of a good quality, and under proper management, to be worked with wheaten flour into excellent bread. The attention of the farmer should be particularly directed, in the raising of potatoes, to that choice of soil, of manure, and manner of cultivation, which are most likely to procure excellency; because as it relates more particularly to the table, nothing is more desirable than a fine potato, and nothing so intolerable as a poor one. Long experience has convinced me, that a cool bottom is indispensable to raise a fine potato; hence, deep loams, which even in times of drought will continue to hold moisture enough below, to send up a cool steam to the surface, will in general answer very well; but of all soils, the first, and the best, is the soil of a reclaimed meadow, [a bog] drained and laid out in that effectual way, that the water should be under command, and that the surface should, if possible, never be wet nor miry in the season when the crop is on; such soil is sure to

give a good crop of menly potatoes, and of a mild pleasant flavour. The cool effluvia which continually keeps ascending from below increases in proportion as the surface is heated; the never falling dew of the nights, will defy the severest droughts, and save an abundant crop there, when the best upland loams may fail.

I have of late years brought to cultivation, part of a meadow, which, before, was covered with bushes, and very unproductive: the depth of the mud is from six to twelve feet; the top is good peat, and by means of drains and of banking, I have now secured it against being annoyed by water. Last season I raised there some blue potatoes, (the seed ten years since from Nova Scotia) and having sent a sample of them to a respected friend of mine, who owns lands of the same denomination, and contemplates to reclaim them;—he expressed himself as follows, in a letter I received from him;—"I can, from the proof derived from the eating, pronounce the crop of your meadow to be of the first quality." The season on the meadows are shorter than on the uplands, the soil there is not in fit situation for planting before the beginning of June, and in fall the white frost comes on earlier. I planted the 11th of June, and harvested on the 22d of September; the sorts adapted for planting on meadow ground, are those of a quick growth, the blues and the whites, and in fact, from the great aptitude of that soil for a potato crop, the same kinds will come to perfection and maturity there, quicker than they would upon the upland.

However excellent I hold a well drained meadow soil for the culture of potatoes, yet there is no doubt that in very wet seasons, when heavy rains come on in succession, the spongy soil of a meadow, if it is ever so well drained, may eventually get drenched, in which case the crop is likely to be injured; in such seasons, thin uplands with gravelly bottom may do well, which at other times would give but scanty crops of an inferior quality. A soil just reclaimed from nature will give potatoes of the best quality. Grass land just broke up, will prove, in general, very favourable, both for quantity and quality; the furrows should be well turned, and then harrowed the same way, lightly, taking care not to disturb the sward, which will ferment, and be the best dressing for that crop. Grounds which are situated near large cities, and have been long and heavily enriched with dung, will yield great crops, but seldom of a good quality.

Respecting the most proper time for planting a general crop intended for the winter consumption, I conceive that it is the first days of June, in such manner that it may come to ripeness about the time in the fall when the first frosts take place, and not sooner. If potatoes ripen sooner, they have to lay in the hot ground, or if dug, they have to go down warm, into a warm cellar, which invariably will injure their quality, and occasionally may set them to ferment and decay. I think it favourable for the quality of that root to have the frost pass over the ground, before they are taken out, that they may get perfectly cooled before they are rotted; from this general rule for the time of planting, the *Long Red* should be excepted; as its growth is much slower than any other, it requires the whole length of our seasons to attain a full ripeness, without which the quality will not acquire its wonted excellence, and the ends will remain watery. They should be planted as soon as they may be likely not to suffer from the frost.

The choice of the best seed I consider to be indispensable for a good crop; small potatoes are totally unfit for the purpose, the eyes or germs, which are to be the principle of life for the new crop, being as it were, but half born, dwarfish, weakly and unripe; by a careful attention to select the handsomest and best potatoes for seed, I have found my sorts to improve, and to run, not out, but gradually into greater perfection. The largest potatoes it will answer well to cut, provided not less than three eyes are left on each piece, and three such pieces will be a sufficient stock for a hill. I have tried to plant whole potatoes of the largest size; the produce were all large, and but few in the hills, which I conceive is not desirable; the largest potatoes of every kind I am acquainted with, (the *Long Red* excepted) are apt to be hollow in the middle, and thence it is difficult to get them boiled to the centre without over doing the outside; the *Long Reds* are exempt, by the peculiarity of their shape, from getting injured in that way, and I never knew them to be hollow.

POETRY.

PILGRIM'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

FAREWELL, poor World, I must be gone,
Thou hast no home, no rest for me:
I'll take my staff, and travel on,
Till I a better world shall see.

Why art thou loth, my heart? Ah! why
Dost thou recoil within my breast?
Grieve not, but say, "Farewell," and fly
Unto the Ark, thy heavenly rest.

I come, my Lord, a pilgrim's pace,
Weary and weak I slowly move:
Longing, but cannot reach the place,
The welcome place of rest above.

I come, my Lord, the floods arise,
These troubled seas foam nought but mire,
My soul from sin and sorrow flies,
To heaven I languishing aspire.

"Stay, stay," said Earth: "Ah! whither haste?
Here's a fair world, what wouldst thou have?"
Fair world! Ah! no, thy beauty's past;
An heavenly Canaan, Lord I crave.

Thus Pilgrims, in Time's elder day,
Weary of earth, sigh'd after home:
They're gone before, I must not stay,
Till I with them to Zion come.

Put on, my soul, put on with speed:
Tho' long the way, the end is sweet;
Once more, poor world, farewell indeed!
In leaving thee, my Lord I meet.

THE MILLENIUM.

HASTE, Lord, the grand Sabbath year
Of holiness and rest,
When sin and pain shall fly our sphere,
And never more molest.

Sweet peace shall spread her halcyon wing,
And love and joy return;
And ev'ry tongue enraptur'd sing,
And ev'ry bosom burn.

Long subjected, but not by choice,
To mis'ry's cruel bands,
Creation freed shall then rejoice
Beneath thy fostering hands.

The savage wolf no longer fierce,
With infant lambs shall play,
And Heaven the pristine curse reverse
In that Millennial day.

THE JOURNAL.

DISCONTINUANCE OF THE JOURNAL.

In the number of this paper published on the 23d January, the Publisher announced the situation in which he then stood, in consequence of the discontinuance of a number of his subscribers; but that he might not be supposed to act precipitately by declining at once, he determined, that unless the defalcation should extend still further, he would continue the work for at least six months longer. Since that time a few names have been added, but he has from week to week, received notice from Agents at a distance, of the discontinuance of others, so that upon the whole his list is now about sixty short of the number it contained for the last year.

Notwithstanding therefore the reluctance he feels upon the occasion, yet with the prospect above stated before him, he feels, that prudence requires of him to suspend the publication, and he now announces that with the present number the work will cease.

In retiring from this work, the Editor begs to express his unfeigned gratitude to Agents and to others, for the various services they have rendered, and as several of them are unknown to him in person, he feels the weight of the obligation increased by that circumstance. Their object has been to assist in disseminating useful information, and although their efforts have not been so successful as was desired, yet they are not the less entitled to his gratitude.

The Editor avails himself of this opportunity, probably the last he will ever have, of addressing his Subscribers, by earnestly urging the paramount importance, and the indispensable necessity of a prompt and early attention to the great concern of their soul's salvation "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

TO AGENTS.

As the publication of the Journal will conso with the present number; Agents are respectfully requested to collect the amounts due, up to the present date, and remit the same as soon as they conveniently can, so that its concerns may be closed. Whatever may have been paid in advance for the second Volume, should be returned to the subscribers, except the amount of six numbers, including the present. The Postage in all cases where the papers have gone by Mail, is two shillings and six pence—per annum. Nova Scotia notes cannot be received at a higher rate than their current value, which is 6½ per cent discount.

Several Sets of the Journal, complete from the beginning are still on hand, and can be had if required.

A Title Page and Index will be published, and sent to Subscribers, with all convenient speed.

UNIVERSITY SERMON.—We respectfully acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Sermon preached before the University, at the opening of King's College Fredericton, on Advent Sunday, last, on the "principles and objects" of that Institution, by the Rev. Edwin Jacob, D. D. Vice President of the College, which was kindly sent us by the Author. The text is Colossians 1. 9, 10.—*That ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding; that ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.*

We have not been accustomed to the view of University documents, and therefore are incompetent to speak of this by way of comparison, but we are much pleased with the candour and ingenuousness, which pervades the Sermon, and with the liberal principles which it distinctly avows. The Rev. Gentleman, considers religious instruction and principles as fundamental in the design of the Institution, and as the stock, upon which all other acquisitions should be engrafted. And as "without God, nothing is strong, nothing is holy," that His especial blessing and continued influence are necessary, to give efficiency and success, to the labours of the Professors and of the Students.

If then agreeably to these declarations, a foundation of experimental piety be laid in the hearts of the Students, and their learning and attainments be sanctified by the grace of God, the Institution will be a lasting blessing to the Country; and it may confidently be expected, that it will produce a succession of men who shall be eminently useful in the Church of Christ, and who in various other departments, shall be pillars and ornaments of the State.

We congratulate the Country upon the favourable auspices under which the College has been opened, and we sincerely wish that the Rev. Gentleman's most sanguine anticipations of its future usefulness, may be fully realised.

FIRE IN PORTLAND.—Yesterday morning, a fire took place in a Carpenter's work shop, nearly opposite to the New Church, in the Parish of Portland. The fire commenced while the carpenters were at breakfast, and upon the first discovery of it the building in which it originated was beyond recovery. The building consumed, contained the window sashes and Doors of a new House, which together with the tools were completely destroyed. The side and roof of a dwelling house, nearly adjoining, also took fire, but by the prompt assistance of the Engines was extinguished, but not without material injury. A little moist snow falling at the time, and no wind stirring, contributed to prevent the spreading of the flames, otherwise it might have extended much farther.

Nielson's Quebec Gazette of Feb. 1, states the day previous to have been the coldest they had this winter, up to

that time. The Thermometer in exposed situations had fallen to 32. The Fredericton Royal Gazette states it to have been at 42, ten degrees colder than at Quebec.

It is an undoubted fact, says the Medical Intelligencer that those men live longest, who are the last to shut themselves up and put on additional clothing in the autumn, and the last to leave it off and expose themselves in the spring. The coldness of November is dry and bracing; it increases the warmth of the body by quickening the circulation and thus renders an outer garment unnecessary, except in the evening or on days that are unpleasant; the coldness of the spring is damp and enervating—it depresses instead of cheering the spirits renders the circulation languid and extra clothing indispensable to comfort as well as to health.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. JAMES S. SMITH, to Mrs. MARY TULLY.
At Gagetown, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Clarke, Mr. William Lawes, to Miss Rebecca, second daughter of Mr. Andrew McCartney.
At Northampton, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Addington D. Parker, Mr. Leonard R. Harding, of Mauderville, to Maria, eldest daughter of Charles Connell, Esq.

DIED.

On Wednesday, 20th instant, after an afflicting illness of nearly two years, which she bore with pious resignation, to the Divine Will, Mrs. CATHERINE AKERLEY, wife of Mr. Obadiah Akerley, Sen. of this city, aged 72 years.—Her latest moments afforded to her family and all who visited her the gratifying assurance of the truth of that Revelation which saith "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

At Lakefield, King's County, on Monday last, Mr. CALEB McCRAIDY, aged 55 years.

On Tuesday afternoon, after a lingering illness, THOMAS SANCTON, Esq. in the 71st year of his age. Mr. S. was a native of Cockermonth, England, and came to this Province in 1791. He was universally esteemed for his probity, and for his mild and inoffensive manners, he was a very superior accountant, and had been CHAMBERLAIN of this City from 1817 to 1827. He has left six children to lament his death.

On the 18th inst. in the 76th year of his age, at his residence at the Nashwaak, ARCHIBALD McLEAN, Esq. Captain on the half pay of the late New-York Volunteers. He was a native of the Isle of Mull, North Britain, held a commission during the American War as early as the year 1776, and distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly at the memorable battle of the Euraw Springs in South Carolina. He was a Staff Adjutant during the late War; and was many years a Representative and a Magistrate of this County. In every situation Capt. McLean discharged his duties with strict honor and probity. He was disbanded with the troops in this Province in the year 1783, and has left a wife and numerous family to regret his loss.

AGENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Fredericton, Mr. J. T. Smith. Woodstock, Mr. Jeremiah Connell. Sheffield, Dr. J. W. Barker. Chatham, (Miramichi,) Mr. Robert Morrow. Newcastle, (ditto,) Mr. Edward Baker. Bathurst, Benjamin Dawson. Esq. Sussex Vale. Mr. George Hayward. Sackville, Rev. Mr. Busby. Moncton, William Wiley, Esq. Shepody, Mr. George Rogers. St. Andrews, Mr. G. Ruggles. St. Stephen's, Geo. S. Hill, Esq. Magaguadavic, Mr. Thomas Gard. Richibucto, J. W. Weldon, Esq.

NOVA-SCOTIA.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Charlotte Town, Mr. John Bowes.

CANADA.

Quebec, John Bignall, Esq. P. M.

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