

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Fire of Brim Wood. (From Graham's Magazine.) BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

West with the farm-house old, Whose windows, looking o'er the bay, Gave to the sea breeze, damp and cold, An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port— The strange, old-fashioned, silent town— The light-house—the diamonded fort— The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked 'till the night Dazzling filled the little room; Our faces, lit from the light, Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spoke of many a banished scene, Of what we once had thought and said, Of what had been, and might have been, And all who were changed, and who was dead.

As all that fills the hearts of men, When first they feel, with secret pain, Their lives henceforth have separate ends, And never can be one again.

The first slight swelling of the heart, That waxes apace powerless to express, And leaves it still unglazed in part, Or sears it in too great excess.

The very tones in which he spoke Had something strange, I could not mark; The leaves of memory seemed to make A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oh! died the words upon our lips, As suddenly, from out the fire, The batt of wreck of stranded ships, The flames would leap, and then expire.

As if his splendor faded and failed, We thought of wrecks upon the main, Of ships dismantled, that were haled, And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames— The ocean, roaring up the beach— The gull's blast—the flickering flames— All mingled vaguely in our speech.

Until they made themselves a part Of fancies flitting through the brain— The long lost ventures of the heart, That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned! They were indeed too much akin— The fire-wood fire without that burned, The tongues that burned and glowed within.

The English Bible. AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

From Curran's "V. H. to Monasteries in the Levant."

In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over gentils as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage, but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal train, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genies of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the King was on a journey in the east, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery balls were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for my rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said: "We are flying to the North, and your face is turned towards the South. We desire to continue on our way; and it is known to you, O King! that we will not turn back on our flight, whether we fly above you, or your rays to protect you from the sun, although it is a ray may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because ye will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off, and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

"Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past, and the King cried out to them and said, "O, hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the King of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O King, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to stand much shade, but we will gather our wings together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and flying in a cloud over the throne of the King, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

"When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, I regretted that the diamond of Jehoshaphat, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that you and your race have rendered, and the obedience that you have shown to the King, thy lord and master, what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?" Now the king of the hoopoes was confuted with the great honor of standing before the feet of the King; and making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O King, live forever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his counselors what it shall be that the King shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

"But the king of the hoopoes flew away, and he went to his queen, who was disappointed, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the King for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished for as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they did not till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart, and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters

prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have; but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as they were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig, and she refused to speak to the morpua her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain Fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the Fowler looked at it; and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Isaacbar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Isaacbar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the Fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the Fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Isaacbar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a Jeweler, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the Jeweler told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the Fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

"Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the (wonder) of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Now a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their sins were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most frequented places, the unhappy King of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood upon the steps of the golden throne, and with tears in his eyes related the misadventures which had happened to his race.

"So King Sul mon looked kindly upon the King of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race, and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day."

Education of the Domestic Circle.

Something can be done with a child from a very early period of existence. For instance, if he cries, we may avoid a great evil, if we abstain from administering dainties for the purpose of soothing him; or, on the other hand, from using him harshly by way of punishment. The crying of a child on account of any little accident or disappointment, is less an evil to him than an annoyance to us; we probably attach too much consequence to the idea of keeping children quiet, as if quietness were in them a virtue. If, however, it appears really desirable to stop the crying of an infant, the best way is to produce a diversion in his mind. Create some novelty about or before him, and if it is sufficient to give a new turn to his feelings, he will become what is called 'good' immediately. This is a cheap way of effecting the object, and it can be attended by no innumerable bad consequences. It must be remarked, however, that we—that is, grown-up people—are ourselves the causes of much avoidable squalling among the young. A child is looking at something, or is enjoying himself in some little sport with a companion; from fondness or some other cause, we snatch him up of a sudden in our arms; he cries.

Can we wonder? Should any of us like to be whipped up from a dinner table in the midst of a cup, or from a concert room when Jenny Lind is enchanting all ears? Undoubtedly, it is unjust to a child to treat him thus, not to speak of the worse injustice of punishing him in such circumstances for crying. He is entitled to have all his will consulted before we snatch him away merely for our own amusement. Should it be necessary to interfere with his amusements, or put a stop to them, use diversion and kind words, by way of softening matters, and we shall probably have nothing to complain of. Our ancestors were severe with children. There used to be some terrible maxims about maintaining awe, and breaking or bending the will. Corporal correction was a wandantly resorted to. The direct result of the system of terror was to produce habits of falsehood and barbarism; for there is no child who will not tell a lie if afraid of punishment on letting out the truth, and the beating he gets only serves as an example of violence for his own conduct towards brothers, sisters and companions. Kindness is now the rule in fashion—upon the whole an improvement. An excess in this direction would, however, be as fatal as one of an opposite kind. It is not so much kindness that is required as simple civility and justice. Treat children with courtesy, and as rational beings, and they will generally be found sufficiently docile.

We hear obedience trumpeted as a first requisite; but the question is, how is a right kind of obedience to be obtained? Our opinion is, that the fewer commands we address to children the better. Ask them politely. It is difficult for any one, even a child, to refuse what is so asked. If they do, they lie so plainly in error, that little can be needed beyond a calm expression of opinion on the subject. They will be less likely to refuse a second time. As soon as their understanding fits them for such intercommunication, children should be made the companions, friends and confidants of their parents. The old rule was, that in their presence they should be perfect quiet. This might be a great blessing to the parent, but it was not

education to the child. If a child is brought to a family table, he should be allowed to join the family conversation, that he may learn to converse. It is both surprising and gratifying to observe how soon children work up to the standard of their parents' attainments, and how beautifully they repay the openness and confidence with which they are treated, by repaying the most unreserved confidence in return.

Wrecks of the English Aristocracy.

We find in a digest of Mr. Colman's recent book on Europe, prepared for the Boston Transcript, some interesting particulars of the wealth of several of the noblemen of Great Britain: Althorpe, the residence of Earl Spencer, consists of 10,000 acres, "all lying together in wood, meadow, pasture, gardens, parks and everything in a style of superior beauty and order." His house contains sleeping rooms for seventy guests—the entries and rooms are filled with pictures and statues. A gallery of pictures one hundred feet long, contains many of the works of the first masters. His library comprises more than 50,000 volumes, and is said to be the finest library in the world.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm (Goodwood) consists of 23,000 acres. His whole domain at Goodwood is 40,000 acres. He has a summer retreat in Scotland of between two and 300,000 acres. "Of the beauty and magnificence of this establishment," says Mr. Colman, "I cannot give you any adequate idea"—extensive parks, through which you ride for miles and miles; herds of deer, sheep and cattle—twenty-five race-horses in the stable, and a groom for each—an aviary, filled with a variety of splendid birds—fish ponds—grotes, &c.

The annual income of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of Chatsworth, is said to be \$300,000, or one million of dollars. This is said to be the most splendid nobleman's seat in the Kingdom. His arboretum, covering many acres, contains one or more specimens of every tree that can be acclimated—the kitchen garden covers 12 acres—a conservatory, 387 feet long, 117 wide, 67 high, with a carriage way 7600 square feet of glass, and warmed with hot water, passing through an extent of seven miles. The fountain at Chatsworth throws the water to the height of 276 feet. Here the Duke owns 3,500 acres, and 96,000 in Derbyshire. For a minute description of these sumptuous residences, and a full account of their interior arrangements, style of living, &c., the reader is referred to the letters of Mr. Colman.

On page 108, Vol. I., Mr. Colman gives an account of several noblemen whose annual income varied from £100,000 to £150,000, that is from \$500,000 to \$750,000. Speaking of Lord Yarborough, he says, that his Lordship "has an indefinite number of hunters, &c., &c., and adds:—"It was the custom at this place for his Lordship, and his guests were always invited to accompany him, at nine o'clock precisely, in the evening, to visit the stables, where the hunting and riding horses were kept, which were reached by a covered passage-way from the house. The stable presented all the neatness of a house parlor, and the grooms were more than a dozen in number, all drawn up in a line to receive the company." Lord Yarborough has more than 60,000 acres in his plantation—he has 600 tenants, and you can ride thirty miles in a direct line, upon his estate. "Many of the tenants of Lord Yarborough pay 1000 and 1400 guineas a year rent, and several of them live like noblemen, keeping their dogs, horses, carriages, and servants in living."

Of the Duke of Richmond's estate of 23,000 acres, Mr. Colman says—"The service, at dinner, was always silver or gold throughout, plates and dishes, except for the jellies and puddings, and those the most beautiful china." In truth Mr. Colman's book resembles the grotto of antiques, the glitter of whose illuminated altitudes does not surpass the splendor of the gold, and silver, and diamonds, and pearls, which were displayed before him. In a certain sense, apart from the valuable and curious information which it conveys, this work may, fitly enough, be called—the ladies own book.—The Duke has more than forty race horses, and sixty grooms and hostlers. His salmon fishery at the Gordon Castle used to be let for £10,000, and now lets for £7000 per annum, or \$45,000.

If the reader is desirous of knowing something of the style of surpassing splendor in which a British baronet may live, with his 500 tenants around him, he will be abundantly gratified, by turning to Mr. Colman's account of Sir Charles Morgan's establishment at Tredegar, vol. I., p. 293.—Then let him turn to the account of Woburn Abbey, p. 310, the residence of the Duke of Bedford, which, says Mr. C., "in its magnificence distances anything I have yet seen, and, next to the royal palace, may be considered the acme of elegance and grandeur."

After alluding to a court ball, at which one lady wore £20,000, or \$300,000 worth of diamonds, Mr. C. remarks—"The Duchess of Roxburgh, whom I do not know, appeared most splendidly; and well she might, as the annual income of the Duke is stated to be £300,000." Upon this point these statements may suffice. There are very, very few of our wealthiest men, whose entire estate is equal to the income of this nobleman, for a single year.

In the eyes of these noblemen, our 'merchant princes' must appear to be a set of beggarly fellows. The comparative estimate of wealth is well exhibited in the remark of John Jacob Astor, of New York, who is reported to have said, that riches are not essential to happiness, and that he who had only \$500,000, was as well off as if he were a rich man.

Mr. Colman's account of the poverty and misery of Ireland are not surprising.—"Too many years we have heard this story from every traveler who has visited that unhappy country. His statements of the equality of poverty and insupportable filth of Edinburgh and Dundee—bonnie Dundee—are rather startling.

In connection with the poverty of Ireland, Mr. Colman presents an extract from the probates of fortunes, left by Irish bishops, laid before the House of Commons, 1832—meaning Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose sees were in Ireland. The aggregate wealth of eleven deceased bishops amounted to one million eight hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The wealthiest of these descendants of poor St. Peter was Agar, bishop of Cashel, whose estate is set down at £400,000, or two millions of dollars.

A contemporary gives the following as a cure for hiccup:—"Hold up, high above your head, two fingers of your right hand, lean back in your seat, opening your mouth and throat, so as to give a free passage to your lungs; breathe very long and softly, and look very steadily at your fingers."—This is rather a comical prescription.

The Soul—A Dialogue.

Andin.—For some time I have wished to write a book on the immortality of the soul, and if I had been well enough, I should have done it; for I think on that subject I could write as not many have done. I have been without a friend in the world. And that is a state in which a man knows whether he believes in God or not; for if he does, his soul craves God, in such a way that almost he is seen in the clouds, and felt in the air, and in the coming of thoughts into the mind. I have known the want of food, and one who'd winter, the want of warm clothing; and I have known what it is to need medical help, and not to have it, because unable to pay for it.

Marham.—Have you?

Andin.—Yes, I have. And in such circumstances, I know that life looks quite another thing to what it does to a man at ease.

Marham.—Poor Oliver! life must have looked stern to you, very stern.

Andin.—For a while it did, and then it grew sublime; for I saw God in it all. And, besides, there is in the soul an instinct of her having been made for a fore-ordained end, of her having been created for a special purpose, which only she herself can answer, and not any other out of a hundred million other souls. So the more lonely I was, and the poorer, and the more the pain in my forehead grew like the pressure of a crown of thorns, and the more I was an exception among men, so much the more I was persuaded of having a destiny of my own, and a peculiar one. And I said to myself, "What I am to be, I can suffer for, and I will." So as my lot in life grew strange, I had a trembling joy in it for the sake of what I thought most spiritually come of it. But, dear uncle! those tears, I cannot bear them. Besides, I am happy now. And now our souls, yours and mine, have found one another.

Marham.—But to have suffered as you have, and been alone—

Andin.—Lonely I never was; indeed I was not.

Marham.—For God was with you. And I do believe he was.

Andin.—And so were the souls of many saints, and heroes, and noble thinkers,—men of like sufferings with my own.

Marham.—True saints and true heroes. Now, Oliver, tell me, were you never tempted to forego your scruples, and enter—

Andin.—No, uncle, not for a moment.

Marham.—If you had flattered a little, or been less nobly scrupulous, your genius would have been acknowledged and well paid very soon. No doubt you felt this; and was not it ever a temptation?

Andin.—No, uncle.

Marham.—My noble boy! And you set down so long to poor food, and scanty, perhaps.

Andin.—But I ate it, like the sacrament, in a high communion of soul. For sometimes I felt as though there stood about me Tasso, and others like him. And I thought of one who was so holy, the priests could not understand him, and who was therefore so poor and unfriended, that he had not where to lay his head; I thought of Christ in the wilderness, hungry and alone.

Marham.—And in that way you held faithful to your convictions.

Andin.—Yes.

Marham.—And yet, am I right, Oliver? Surely I must be, for you are young still. And was not a home sometimes a hope with you?

Andin.—And so a temptation? No, uncle.

Marham.—But with such prospects as I found you with, you must have been in dread of starvation;—not an unalloyed thing for you some time.

Andin.—One while I had that fear; but I made an Ode to the Poor-house, and then I was not afraid of poverty any more.

Marham.—What do you mean?

Andin.—And I was the better man, besides. I mean, that I made up my mind to die in rags and want, and then I was not afraid of doing so. And as soon as there was nothing in this world that could frighten me, at once, with ease of mind, goodness grew easier with me.

Marham.—Ease of mind! But I think I can guess at what you mean. God be every thing to you, as the world grew nothing.

Andin.—But the world never did become nothing to me; for always, even from the middle of a city, it felt great and wonderful about me; but when no temporal good could come of it to me, then the eternal meaning of it entered my soul freshly every day. The more I felt the world was not mine at all, and could not be, the more blessedly I felt it was God's; and so, another way, it was mine again, gloriously.

The Malabar.

My heart leaps up when I behold A rainbow in the sky; So was it when my life began, So is it now I am a man; So be it when I shall grow old, Or many times and then I die. 'Tis the child's father that makes; And I could wish my days to be Bound each to each by natural piety.

Songs of Prosperity.

FROM THE CHINESE. Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull; Where jails are empty, and where barns are full; Where church paths are with frequent feet out-worn; Law courts quiet, and silent; and farmers; Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride; Where the signs are, and youths in multiplied; Where the signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people and well governed state.

A Lesson for those who Read.

And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman, said I once. Old Newman looked down, and his wife looked up to reply.—"Never to signify;—and if he has I deserve it." "And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often." "Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world could not excel. "How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? If he do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world, but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best for her own sake, for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—Curran's Life of Simon.

Life in Australia.

Mr. Boreas narrated to me, during our ride, the following anecdote. Up the country was a store which had been frequently robbed by bush-rangers. At length the owner hired an old sergeant to take charge of it, who declared, with some ferocious asseverations, that no bush-ranger should rob it whilst he was in possession. That he might be enabled to keep his word, he provided himself with a fearful army of five-armed, which he arranged in convenient positions about the store; so that, in whatever part of it he might chance to be, when the enemy appeared, he might be able to lay his hand on a weapon, and be thus always ready for action. But he placed his chief dependence on a large blunderbuss, which he loaded so heavily, that, like a gun charged with grape and cannister, it was calculated to scatter destruction amongst a whole army of assailants. Day after day elapsed, and no enemy appeared. The sergeant began to hug himself on the terror his name and mighty preparations had inspired, and to venture on a few modest wishes that they would come, in order that they might see what they should see. It chanced, one fine day, that a young fellow came to the store, and requested permission to light his pipe at the fire. This the sergeant, who was tolerably amiable when his bristles were stroked the right way, immediately granted, and the young man proceeded toward the fire, but suddenly turned round, and, seizing the sergeant by the throat, put a pistol to his head, saying, "Now, my old man-of-war, speak a word or move a finger, and your hour is come. Deliver up the keys; right about face, double quick, march!" This was a dreadful situation for the old booster, and he hastily wished that an earthquake, or something very dreadful, would happen, to save him from being the jest of the neighborhood. Now it chanced that the keys were in an inner room, the door of which would only partly open, in consequence of a heavy box being behind it, and only one man at a time could enter. The bush-ranger foolishly went in first, instead of driving the old man before him, and thus the latter had an opportunity of whipping to the place where his beloved blunderbuss hung. He quickly seized it, and, trembling with anxiety and impatience, waited the re-appearance of his foe. His destined victim soon presented himself, and the sergeant presented, took aim, and fired; and what an explosion took place! Pots, pans, panikins, saucers, plates, utensils, and things (as a word-stringing lawyer would say) came rattling down. The sergeant was stunned for a time. When he came to himself, he saw no signs of the bush-ranger, and addressed himself to look for the divers articles into which he doubted not that he was certainly blown. But no signs could he find of human remains; and, after cudgelling his brains in sore perplexity, he found that his pet blunderbuss had played him false. It was so heavily loaded that it had kicked violently, and the whole charge went off through the roof, while the bush-ranger went off through the door, very much frightened, but not at all hurt. My companion also told me, that one night after (Mr. Boreas) had retired to his bed in his hut, he became conscious that some reptile was his bed-fellow. He fancied he felt it moving, and quickly jumped out, no little alarmed. The eunuchs were still alive on the hearth, but he could find no candle, and was obliged to be content with a spill, formed of a piece of paper, which he twisted up. This he succeeded in lighting, after puffing, on his knees at the dining table, and continuing to fill his eyes and mouth with the ashes. He then seized a tomahawk, and, on raising his pillow, discovered a black snake under it. He had but time to make one blow at it, when his spill was burned out, and he was left in darkness. He had no means of getting another light, and waited for the morning in great trepidation, having, for safety, perched himself upon a stool, like a crouching hamannulus, with his knees carefully drawn up to his chin. At daylight, he searched for his dangerous bed-fellow, but without success; however, after he had lighted his fire, and it began to blaze up, the snake made its appearance, with a view of enjoying the heat, and he had the satisfaction of destroying it. The small spot of land, on which he built a house at the expense of ten pounds; and with the assistance of his brother, and of labor occasionally hired, cultivated a small farm and a little garden. He had, moreover, an interest in the cattle located at the station we visited together; and, altogether rubbed on very well. When he arrived in the colony, he brought with him, by the advice of his friends, an investment in Morrison's pills; but the speculation did not answer, and the pills are still on sale. His rather boisterous manner, and the tribe of dogs which always attended him, excited the indignation of the housekeeper at Ulladulla; and, when her spleen was particularly excited, and vexation stopped her utterance, she invariably began to dust and rub, with great energy, an old brass warming-pan that had accompanied her from Devonshire, and for which she entertained a peculiar regard, as a precious relic of by-gone days. Whatever a female emigrant leaves behind her in the old country, she rarely forgets her warming-pan; which, in some manner, is always associated in her mind with domestic comfort and social teardrinking.—Rambles and Observations in New South Wales.

See and Buy Spontaneously.

The hospitalities of all settlers in the bush (and, on the south coast of Sydney, I should say, "the bush") commenced at the Shoalhaven are gladly extended to all comers; who, indeed, receive them, not as a favor, but as a matter of course. If the settler happens to be out, the traveler takes possession; and makes himself as comfortable as he can. I hear that, on one occasion, when Mr.— returned home late, he found a stranger, in a red night-cap, in comfortable possession of his bed. The night-cap nodded, and the stranger said, "How d'ye do, Mr. Ldon's knock-your-name! I found you out, so I turned in. Good night." The owner of the house thereupon made his bed upon the table.—Rambles and Observations in New South Wales.

LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—Curran's Life of Simon.

Apes on the Shores of the White Nile.

The vessels (says Werne) not being able to reach the dry land, owing to the shore, in order to take a survey of the country and to make a shooting excursion, I could not, however, make up my mind to use my gun, the only animals in the neighborhood I could shoot being white-gray long-tailed apes, called Abelenk, similar to the Cercopithecus Sabacus, but more silver-gray, and far larger. I had shot such an one on a former occasion, and the mortally wounded animal had, by his similarity to a human being and his piteous gestures, excited my compassion so much that I determined never to kill another. Mr. Arnaud, on the contrary, took a peculiar pleasure in watching the wounded monkeys which fell by his shot, because in the agonies of death, the roof of their mouths became white like that of a dying man. It was affecting to see how the mother apes precipitated themselves down from the old sun-trees and secured their young, playing before our feet, behind the high branches, and darted round the corner until another malignant ball reached them from behind, whereupon they let their young fall from their arms, but the little creatures clung firmly to the old one by running, climbing, and springing under her belly. They live together in families of several hundreds, and their territory is very limited even in the forest, as I myself subsequently ascertained. Although they fear the water, very much; and do not swim voluntarily, yet they always fled for security, to the high branches hanging over the stream, and often fell in, whereupon they, in spite of imminent danger, carefully wiped their faces and tried to get the water out of their ears before they climbed up into the trees. Such a republic of apes is really a droll sight, coaxing, caressing, and combing each other, plundering, fighting, and tugging one another by the ears, and, during all these important concerns, hastening every moment down to the river, where, however, they satisfy themselves with a hurried draught, in order that they may not be devoured by the crocodiles constantly keeping watch there. The monkeys on board our vessels got being fastened, turned restless at the sight of the jolly free life, and at the clamor of their brethren in the trees.—Werne's Expedition up the White Nile.

The Worth of a Great Sorrow.

The course of a great sorrow is commonplace enough, a thing of every day. There is the wild incredulity and the unreal composure, half-stupor, half excitement; there is the struggle, more or less vehement, of the will against the adverse power which is laboring to subdue it; the defeat and the victory, the brave effort, the helpless surrender. There are prayers, such as that prayer which was wrung from the agony of a great heart, and which is the voice of a new grief for all time, "Lord, thou hast permitted it, therefore I submit with all my strength." There is the heavy weariness, and the aching resignation, and the utter weakness, and the deep solemn calm, and the holy strength, and the melancholy peace so sweet in the midst of bitterness, when the vision of heaven draws upon those eyes which are too blind with tears to see any longer the beauty of earth; there is the slow painful return to old habits and ways, the endeavor, now feeble, now rigorous, and gradual interrupted success, the shuddering recurrence of familiar images and associated sounds, and the final closing up of a memory into the heart's inmost temple, where it dwells and lives forever, which the world calls forgetfulness, or at least recovery. And the mourner goes back again to the outer world and common life, like one who has had a fever and is in health again, though somewhat wan and feeble, and needing more than heretofore to be cared for and considered. Sorrows are the pulses of spiritual life; after each beat we pause only that we may gather strength for the next.—Seven Tales by Seven Authors.

Office of Old Age.

Is your eyesight duller? Then the world is seen by you in a cathedral light. Is your hearing duller? Then it is just as though you were always where loud voices and footsteps ought not to be heard. Is your temper not as merry as it was once? Then it is more solemn; so that round you the common atmosphere feels like that of the house of the Lord. Yes, for twilight and silence and solemnity, old age makes us like daily dwellers in the house of the Lord; and a mortal sickness does this, sometimes, as well as old age. But it is our own thoughts that have to supply the service, and our own hearts that have to make the music triumphant, or else like a dirge. And the sermon is preached to us by conscience from some text taken out of the book of our remembrance. While to it all, amen has to be said by ourselves; and when it is said gladly, then there is an echo to it in heaven, and joy among the angels.—Mountford's Euthanasia.

Poverty came to me, and she said, "I must dwell with thee."

And while I held the door of my room half open, she was hid, and ragged, and her voice was hoarse. But when I said to her, "Thou art my sister," her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart, and she was ragged no longer, nor yet gay, but like the angels, whom God so clothes. And through looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God. For, before this, my eyes could see only what coarse worth there is in medals, and stars, and crowns, and in such character as gets itself talked of and applauded in purple and fine linen.—Mountford's Euthanasia.

For the second childhood of a saint is the ethry infancy of a happy immortality, as we believe.—Mountford's Euthanasia.

SUPERIORITY OF WOMAN.

According to Hallet, women bear hunger longer than men; the effects of Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Ungar, they grow older, and are never bald; according to Flinzy, they are seldom attacked by lions, (on the contrary they will run after lions), and according to Gunter they

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PARISHIAN EDUCATION.—The Parishian Society have set themselves seriously at work to educate their children. Their General Assembly recommended last year, that each