

How needy! amidst titles and honors,
How ignoble and vain! in a palace how miserable!
How contemptible on a throne!
True religion is the source of happiness, the support of society, and the dying man's consolation. It is the guide of youth, and the stay of old age. It is the fairest flower that opens on earth, the sweetest incense that ascends to the skies.

JULIA BRACE, THE BLIND GIRL.

A resident in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford, is an object of much curiosity there, having added to these afflictions, the total loss of sight. She is deprived of all means of receiving ideas from others or of communicating her own, and it is thus she is surrounded by a cloud of almost impenetrable mental as well as physical darkness. We were gratified with a visit to that institution the other day, and through the politeness of the teachers, had an opportunity to witness the mental and mechanical operations of the pupils. When first admitted there, every thing in the world is blank, without name to objects presented to their sight and not having even the simple classifications of animal or vegetable life. When the name of an object is communicated through the peculiar and wonderful language of the fingers, or an idea is conveyed to their simple minds through the same medium, it is wonderful to see how the eye brightens, the countenance is lit up and the whole mental character seems to be bursting from its chrysalis state into vigorous action. It is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the beneficent means used to make the dumb speak and the deaf to hear, that was ever devised displaying a new and interesting feature in the character of humanity. The rapidity with which conversation is conducted, and the degree of intelligence some of these heretofore benighted pupils display, evince the completeness and entire success of this system of instruction. The Asylum is under the finest regulations, and the teachers not excepting the deaf and dumb ones who have been educated there, are gentlemen of great kindness of heart, patience of discipline and education. Julia Brace is the great object of interest, shut out as she is by the loss of the three important faculties, all communication with the world. She is not far from thirty years of age, and is ever occupied in some little household duties, to cheer her dull hours. She knits and washes tea-cups and threads her needle with her tongue, and has learned by some sort of intuition, to distinguish the Sabbath from other days. A favorite employment of hers, is spreading the coverlets over the beds, in the great hall, where the girls sleep. She was occupied thus when we saw her the other day. The keenest eye-sight and the nicest domestic taste, could not have performed the duty better, and an attempt by a teacher to deceive her, by reversing the order of the covering was detected instantly when she approached the bed. Her sense of feeling, of course, is very acute, and individuals who have once taken her by the hand, she is able to recognize afterward, although she has no tangible signs to indicate her knowledge. Her whole history and habits and perceptions and mental operations afford a world of inquisitive study for the philosopher. [Northampton Courier.]

THE THUGS; OR SECRET MURDERERS OF INDIA.

The last Edinburgh Review remarks "that it appears from the most overwhelming evidence, that there exists in India, a vast fraternity of murderers, consisting of many thousand persons—that this fraternity has existed for many ages, and through many political revolutions;—that it has spread its ramifications over the whole of that vast country from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas;—that it has flourished alike under Hindoo, Mahomedan, and British rulers;—that it has every year destroyed multitudes of victims; and yet that its constitution—we may say its very being—have been quite unknown to the most active and vigilant English functionaries, and very imperfectly understood even by the native government. It was indeed notorious that gangs of thieves sometimes strangled travellers. It was notorious that the members of these gangs were unusually expert at the operation of strangling; and that these gangs were merely small detached portions of a vast organized community, the members of which recognized each other as brethren in the remote parts of India, that these murders were all committed according to certain ancient and solemn forms, and were regarded by those who committed them, not as crimes, but as solemn rites which it would have been sinful to omit—all this was reserved for the present generations to discover.

NECESSITY OF KNOWLEDGE TO INSURE THE HEALTH OF MECHANICS.

"There is no class of society," says the Journal of Health, "to whom the laws of Hygiene (health) is of greater importance than it is to that composed of the laborer and mechanic. To such a healthful and vigorous frame is emphatically wealth. Every day, during which their capacity to labor is impaired by sickness or accident, is so much deducted from the fund upon which they and their families can alone depend for support; and yet, from a thousand circumstances intimately connected with their several professions, the health and vigor of their systems is liable, not merely to temporary impairment, but too often to complete destruction, whenever they place themselves in opposition to the laws of nature, or from ignorance, or prejudice, overlook every precept of hygiene. One of the means best calculated, therefore, to effect that amelioration in the condition of the working-men which they

themselves, as well as their friends of every profession, so earnestly desire, is to diffuse among them a knowledge of the laws of health, and of the means of avoiding the deleterious agents to which they are exposed."

Translated for the National Intelligencer from De La Martine's Voyage in the East.
SYRIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.
FACARDIN'S TOWER, Sept. 27.

We passed the entire day at the marriage of a Syrian Greek girl. The ceremony began with a long procession of Grecian, Arabian, and Syrian women, who came some on horseback, others on foot, through the paths bordered by aloe and mulberry trees, to attend the affianced during this fatiguing day. For many days and many nights, already, a certain number of these females have never left the house of Habib, and have not ceased to utter cries, songs, and shrill and prolonged groans, like those vocal shouts which the vintagers and hay-makers pour forth in our own France during harvest. These clamors, these lamentations, these tears, and these premeditated rejoicings, are to prevent the bride from sleeping several days and nights before the marriage. The old and young men of the husband's family, do the same things on their side, and do not allow him to snatch any repose during eight days. We do not understand, in the least, the motives for this conduct.

Introduced into the gardens of Habib's house, the women enter the interior of the divan, to pay their respects to the young lady, to admire her dress, and to witness the ceremonies. As to ourselves, we were left in the court, or introduced into an inferior divan. There a table was placed in the European style, covered with a multitude of preserved fruits, of cakes of honey and sugar, liquors and sherbets, and during the entire evening, this collation is renewed in proportion as it has been destroyed by the numerous visitors. I succeeded in obtaining entrance, by exception, even into the divan of the women, at the precise moment when the Greek archbishop was giving the nuptial benediction. The girl was standing by the side of her intended, covered from head to foot with a veil of red gauze, embroidered with gold. For an instant, the priest has put aside the veil, and the young man has been able to catch a glimpse, for the first time, of her to whom he united his existence. She was eminently beautiful. The pale hue, with which fatigue and emotion covered her cheeks, a paleness rendered more striking by the reflections of the red veil, and the innumerable ornaments of gold, silver, pearls and diamonds with which she was loaded, and by the long tresses of black hair which fell, in every direction, over her person. Her eye-brows painted black, as also her lashes, and the borders of her eyes, her hands, with the extremities of the fingers and the nails, stained red with the henna, and painted with squares and moresque designs, all gave to this fascinating beauty a tone of novelty and solemnity for us, with which we were profoundly impressed. Her husband had scarcely time to regard her. He appeared overcome and expiring himself, with the weight of his watchings and fatigues, by means of which these barbarous customs exhaust the strength of even love itself.

The bishop received from the hands of one of his priests a crown of natural flowers, placed it on the head of the girl, took it off again, placed it on the hair of the young man, took it again to replace it on the veil of the bride, and thus passed it several times from one head to the other. Rings were likewise, by turns, put on the fingers of each. They then broke the same piece of bread; they drank the consecrated wine from the same cup. After which, the female friends carried off the bride to the apartments, where the women alone were allowed to follow, in order to change her toilet. The father, and the friends of the husband, led him also away, on their side, into the garden, and they made him sit down at the foot of a tree, surrounded by all the males of his family. The musicians and the dancers then arrived, and continued, until the sun had set, their barbaric symphonies, their shrill cries, and their contortions around the young man, who had fallen to sleep at the base of the tree, and whom his friends in vain aroused every instant.

When night had arrived, he was conducted alone, and in procession, to the dwelling of his father. Eight days must elapse before permission is given to the groom to go and take his wife and carry her home with him.

The women who filled Habib's house with their shrieks, left likewise, a little later. Nothing could have been more picturesque than this immense procession of women and girls, in the strangest and most splendid costumes, covered with sparkling stones, each one surrounded with their maids, and slaves bearing torches of resinous fire to light their road, and prolonging in this manner their luminous course amid the long and narrow pathways shaded by the aloe and orange trees, on the banks of the sea, at times in long silence, at others uttering cries which were echoed even on the waves, or amid the plane groves at the foot of Mount Libanus. We entered our own dwelling, near the country seat of Habib, where we yet heard the murmur of the conversation among the women of the family; we ascended our terrace, and we followed, for along time, with the eye, those wandering fires which circulated on all sides amidst the trees of the plain.

Dr. Franklin observed—"The eyes of other people, are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want fine clothes, fine houses or fine furniture."

FARMERS, LOOK OUT FOR THE WEEVIL, OR WHEAT WORM.

This insect destroyed a great deal of grain last year in some parts of the country, and every one who has grain growing ought to sow on lime or ashes at the proper time for applying the remedy, lest these insects should be at their work of destruction, and apply it as soon as they commence their work.

In our last number but one we published an article by Rev. H. Colman showing that slacked lime sown on grain as it was flowering would destroy the weevil. It should be sown when the grain is wet. In that article it is recommended to sow one peck of lime to the acre; but many farmers think it is best to sow more, as it is supposed that there is no danger of injuring the grain by applying more lime. We have applied slacked lime to tender cucumber and other vines without injury.

A farmer in Kennebec, last summer, when he found the weevil making ravages among his wheat, sowed on it common wood ashes, 2 1-2 bushels to the acre, when the dew was on, and in a few days he found that the insects had entirely disappeared and his wheat was good.

The wheat insect is a small fly which deposits its eggs in the hull of the wheat when it is in full blow, as the hull is then open. These eggs produce a number of maggots to each deposit, which are large enough to eat the wheat when it arrives to its milky state. This fly deposits its eggs at the time the wheat is usually in the blow.

Late sown wheat usually escapes the ravages of this insect, as the time of depositing its eggs is past before the wheat blossoms.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, after speaking of the fine crops of grain, observes:—

"But have we nothing to fear from a blast coming over these fair prospects of ours? Yes; the wheat grower has much to fear from weevils, destructive insects, mildew, &c., and it behooves every man, whether he be farmer, merchant, lawyer, or minister, who may know of any means by which wheat can be preserved from those destroying insects, and carried through to maturity, to communicate it to the public, that all may be benefited by such information; but he who will keep back that which would be really useful to the working class, is a selfish man, and is not doing as he would wish to be done by.

"Holding this to be good doctrine, I give the favorable result of sowing ashes on wheat, as told to me by one who can always be depended upon.

"Mr. Herrick, of Poland, informed me that a year ago last spring he had 2 1-2 bushels of wheat sown on one piece—ground all alike—and on one bushel of sowing, he sowed on two bushels of strong ashes. He sowed on the ashes at the time of a heavy dew, and when the wheat 'was just coming into blow'—he sowed as much as he could on the wheat heads. The result was that from one bushel of seed, he got 15 bushels of wheat entirely free from weevils, and from the remainder, 1 1-2 bushels seed, he got only five bushels of poor blighted wheat, almost wholly destroyed by weevils. The whole was sown at one time—ground manured alike, and the only difference in the management was the addition of the two bushels of ashes. Is not so simple and so cheap an experiment well worthy of the attention of wheat growers? If ashes are not handy, I would recommend sowing on lime, in lieu of ashes."—Yankee Farmer.

NEWSPAPERS.—We hope the reader will not be so uncharitable as to think that we are actuated by selfish motives, if we indite a short article upon the importance and general usefulness of newspapers—the true circulating medium of the mental world. The fact that their circulation is rapidly increasing throughout the country, is creditable to the good taste and intelligence of the people, and (although we say it, who, perhaps, ought not to say it) shows that they are becoming more inclined to place a just estimate upon the value of these brief chroniclers of the times.

In a pecuniary point of view no man was ever a loser by subscribing and promptly paying for a newspaper; for in whatever business he may be engaged, he will be sure to find something applicable to it in the columns of a well conducted journal. If he has any thing to sell, his paper will tell him what it is worth, and where he can find a market for it. And when he has any thing to purchase, it will save him time and steps by directing him at once to the place where it may be obtained.

But there is another point of view in which a newspaper should be considered an indispensable article in every family.

It is the happy lot of every man in this free country to enjoy the happy lot of participating in its government, and of making his influence felt in the selection of its public officers. No individual can be qualified to exercise this precious right, understandingly, unless he makes himself acquainted with what is passing in the political world, and with the merits of the various questions by which it is agitated. The requisite knowledge on these points can only be obtained from the newspaper press, whose peculiar business is to collect facts, and spread them before the public.

But, pecuniary and political considerations aside, a newspaper is worth forty times its cost to the younger members of a family, for the practical information it gives them of what is going on in the world, and for the important aid it renders in qualifying them for the active duties of life. It points out to them the shoals and quicksands with which their path will be beset—strips vice of its borrowed plumes, and takes from the head of folly its cap and bells: in short, it is a condensing lens, through which they may look with

perfect safety and profit at the mingled discord and harmony of the scene in which it will soon become their duty to take a part, impressing upon their susceptible minds the important truth that the only path to respectability and honor is that to which uprightness and virtue point.—These considerations, if all others fail, should induce every man who loves his family to furnish them with a newspaper.—Portland Argus.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Extract of a Sermon on "Domestic Happiness," BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY.

Ah! what's so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his process accomplished and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful re-union of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science drops the labors and painfulness of research; closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow; leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, and yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush, that hath a father's heart, To take, in childish play, a childish part; But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy, That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade—What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer: he has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he seats himself and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with head uncovered around his garden—enters again and retires to rest! and the "rest of a laboring man is sweet whether he eats little or much." Inhabitant of this lonely dwelling—who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joy and destiny obscure; Nor grandeur hear with disdainful smile, The short and simple annals of the poor."

A FISH STORM. Dr Wood, a Naturalist, relates the astonishing fact that after a thunderstorm at Louisville, on the 21st ult. he saw the puddles of water collected in the streets and the commons, swarming with a species of piscatory tribe, varying in size from 10 to 3 dwts, which not without some hesitation, he ranks with the genus *Exocoetus*, although the pectoral fins are not united with the sides quite near enough to the spinal membrane to be the true *Elvolans*. He further observes that by placing them in a glass jar of water between himself and the light of a taper, he found the body to be transparent and void of veins or arteries. Only two parts of the body contained blood vessels visible to the naked eye. The air vessel covered the whole interior of the sides of the back. Whether they ascended in the clouds in spawn and there attained their present size, or whether they were drawn up in that perfection, he does not decide; but reasoning from the fact that young frogs have been known to cover the ground after a heavy rain, he thinks it not improbable that the ethereal world might have rained these fishes. Let the philosophers of nature determine.

THE PURGATORY BALANCE-SHEET. The following statement was, in all seriousness, stuck up, three or four years ago, in the churches of Madrid, the capital of Spain.

"The sacred and royal bank of piety has relieved from purgatory, from its establishment in 1721, to November, 1826,

1,030,395 souls, at an expense of £1,720,437. 11,402 do from Nov. 1826, to Nov.

1827, 14,276

£1,734,703

The number of masses calculated to accomplish this pious work, was 558,921; consequently, each soul cost one mass and nine-tenths, or thirty-four shillings and four pence." [London Christian Observer.]

A printer, on seeing the sheriff closely pursuing an unfortunate author, remarked that it was "a new edition of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' unbound and hot pressed."

"Have you seen the perpetual motion?" said a loquacious old lady to her husband one day. "Yes, my dear," replied the glib husband. "Where?" inquired she. "Between your jaws, my love."

An Irishman, on board a man of war, was desired by his messmates to go down and fetch a can of small beer. Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, my soul," says he, "and so when I'm gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away, and leave me behind."

...the sky,
...journey of the earth,
...footstep unalied to clay—
As man erst did, ere shadow on his mirth,
Or clouds and darkness fell upon his day—
How happy were our pathway to that land,
Where the pure hearted wander—an unending band!

Spirit of Man!—Mysterious habitant!
Well would he trace the story of thy power—
Well would that sympathy within us pant
To follow from the glory of thy bower,
The Eden where thy lustre cloudless shone,
To the world's wilderness—the weary way,
Where the wain tenants of that bower, alone,
Led by a voice they dar'd not but obey,
Wander'd, till, mingled with Mortality,
They sunk beneath the ringing sentence—*Thou shalt die!*

They pass'd into the world—and as they went,
Still musing on the shapes of coming years,
With step uncertain, and with faces bent
On the sad ground they water'd with their tears,
New thoughts within their brooding spirits rose,
With a strange mastery unfeild before:
As when on opening ears faint music flows,
Or light's first beams on cloudless eyeballs pour—
Spirits of Life or Darkness, that began,
As Eden clos'd its gates, their empire on Man.

It was the bondage of their Destiny
To wander and to suffer—to abide,
Unmurmuring, the fate they could not fly,
The holy vengeance they had both defied;
Yet Life should be but Trial—and reward
Should crown the struggling years, so Virtue led
To Heaven the heart its majesty had awed,
And lighted through the ordeal of the dead—
Hope in her angel robes still beckon'd hence,
And pointed to a home of nobler recompense!

The following Ode, written by Rev. JOHN PIERPONT, was sung at the opening of the Marlborough Hotel, in Boston, as a Temperance House, on the 4th of July. Without by any means intending a comparison, we do not see that Mr Pierpont does not make the words jingle as well on cold water as Byron did upon "gin and water."

In Eden's green retreats
A water brook that played
Between soft mossy seats
Beneath a palm-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,—
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing:
And Eve to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host,
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
In Canaan's land?

"Sweet fields" beyond death's flood,
"Stand dressed in living green,"
Fer from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom,
Cold Water thus hath given,
If even beyond the tomb,
It is the drink of Heaven,
Are not good wells,
And crystal springs
The very things
For our hotels?

MISCELLANEOUS.

RELIGION. Bright as the morning star in the radiance of the sunbeams, cometh the seraph of immortality.

Religion, the child of heaven, wears an angelic smile, and is distinguished by all the graces of its divine original. Elevated and aspiring, yet winning and attractive; benevolent, gracious, courteous and condescending; her features formed to complacency; her voice attuned to harmony; her eyes shining with benignity, and all her motions, though composed and steady, are yet graceful and unassuming. Religion erects her votaries a temple sacred to immortality. Invited to heaven, and called to glory, he soars above this dim spot man calls earth, and is lost in the incomprehensible progression of eternity, that opens to his prospect. Religion is divine vigor in the soul, triumphing over the darkness of nature, and teaching us to acquiesce in the allotments of Providence. It is the image of God stamped upon human nature, refining its baseness, enriching its poverty, healing its maladies, and converting its very wants and miseries into abundance, happiness, and glory. Without this divine treasure, man is poor indeed! Amidst op-