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POETRY.

THANK GOD FOR THE HARVEST.

BY JAMES GOGGINS.

Thank God once more, for the fruitful plain,
Where waves a sea of bending grain;
Where the golden hues of morning meet
A mirror bright in the dew-bathed wheat.

The famine-fiend with his wing had thrown
A cloud of gloom o'er the earth's wide zone,
And the peasant boy lone in the world had wept,
Till he found a couch where his mother slept.

But now the shout of the reapers rings,
Till the blackbird starts on his trembling wings,
While his heart grows glad as he flies away,
O'er the harvest's brown and fragrant hay.

Gay sounds are heard where before awoke
No sound from shuttle nor anvil stroke,
And where was heard but the voice's wail,
The dance, the song, and the smile prevail.

Then God be praised for the fruitful plain,
Where waves a sea of the bending grain:
Where the golden hues of the morning meet
A mirror bright in the dew-bathed wheat.

GIVE ME A FAITHFUL HEART.

I do not crave bright gems of earth,
Nor gold of dazzling hue;
But I ask for something of more worth—
A heart that's pure and true.

Though earth may yield her costly gems,
That looked so fair to view;
I ask not for such diadems,
But a heart that's pure and true.

A heart that glows with noble deeds,
For this I e'er will sue;
A guileless heart from envy freed—
A heart that's pure and true.

A heart like this is real worth—
It nothing can outshine;
'Tis all I ask for here on earth—
A heart that's pure and kind.

Miscellaneous.

A NIGHT ON BEN LOMOND.

On reaching the peak, the sight was one of beauty and grandeur, such as imagination never painted. You see around you groups of hills, exquisitely dressed in the soft purple of the heather, amid which gleam the lakes, like eyes that tell the secrets of the earth, and drink in those of the heavens. Peak beyond peak caught from the shifting light all the colours of the prism, and on the farthest angel-companies seemed hovering in white robes.

About four o'clock we began our descent. Near the summit the traces of the path are not distinct, and I said to Mr. S., after a while, that we had lost it. He said, he thought, it was of no consequence; we could find our way down. I said, I thought, it was, as the ground was full of springs, that were bridged over in the pathway. He accordingly went to look for it, and I stood still; because I was so tired, I did not like to waste any labour.

Soon he called to me that he had found it, and I followed in the direction where he seemed to be. But I mistook, overshot it, and saw him no more. * * * I soon sank down utterly exhausted. When able to get up again, and look about me, I saw a light that looked about as big as a pin's head, that I knew to be from the inn at Rewardenan, but heard no sound, except the rush of the waterfall and the sighing of the night-wind.

For the first few minutes after I perceived I had got to my night's lodging, such as it was, the circumstance looked appalling. I was very lightly clad, my feet and dress were very wet, I had only a little shawl to throw round me, and the cold autumn wind had already come, and the night mist was to fall on me, all fevered and exhausted as I was. I thought, I should not live through the night, or, if I did, I must be an invalid henceforward. I could not even keep myself warm by walking; for now it was dark, it would be dangerous to stir. My only chance, however, lay in motion; and so convinced was I of this, that I did keep in motion the whole of that long night, imprisoned as I was on such a little perch of that great mountain.

For about two hours I saw the stars: and very cheery and companionable they looked; but then the mist fell, and I saw nothing more, except such apparitions as visited Ossian on the hill-side when he went out by night. To me, too, came those visionary shapes. Floating slowly and gracefully, their white robes would unfurl from the great body of mist in which they had been engaged, and come upon me with a kiss, persuasively cold as that of death. Then the moon rose. I could not see her; but her silver light filled the mist. Then I knew it was two o'clock, and that having weathered out so much of the night, I might the rest; and the hours hardly seemed long to me more.

It may give an idea of the extent of the mountain, that though I called, every now and then, with all my force, in case by chance, some aid might be near,—and though no less than twenty men, with their dogs, were looking for me,—I never heard a sound, except the rush of the water fall, and the sighing of the night-wind, and once or twice the startling of the grouse in the heather. It was sublime indeed, a never-to-be forgot presentation of stern, serene realities. At last came the signs of day, the gradual clearing and breaking up, some faint sounds from I know not what; the little flies, too, arose from their bed amid the purple heather, and bit me. Truly they were very welcome to do so. But what was my disappointment to find the mist so thick, that I could see neither lake nor inn, nor any thing to guide me. I ascended the hill, crossed the torrent in the waterfall, first drinking some of the water which was as good as ambrosia. I crossed in that place, because the waterfall made steps, as it were to the next hill. To be sure, they were covered with water; but I was already entirely wet with the mist, so that it did not matter. I kept on scrambling, as it happened, in the right direction, till about seven, some of the shepherds found me. The moment they came, all my feverish strength departed; and they carried me home, where my arrival relieved my friends of distress far greater than I had undergone; for I had my grand solicitude, my Ossianic visions: while they had only doubt, amounting to anguish, and a fruitless search through the night.—*Memoirs of Margaret F. Ossoli.*

SIAMESE DEITIES.

Curiosity, assisted by a special permit, induced me once, during my sojourn at Bangkok, to visit those two most remarkable edifices in the whole empire of Siam—the watts, or temples of the two White Elephants—those most revered of all the Siamese deities, and which, as the cross in the Christian, and the crescent in the Moslem, float proudly for the Siamese in the banner of their nation. An elephant is certainly more terribly emblematical of the oppressive yoke of tyranny than any thing that I know of; at least, in my own humble opinion, I would rather be trodden under foot by any other quadruped, where I reduced to the miserable necessity of such an unenviable choice. The watts themselves were very fine buildings, replete with all the gorgeous beauties of oriental architecture. The first or chief watt, the residence of the larger of these two rare and beautiful creatures, is situated on the east bank of the river Menan, about half-a-mile from the shore, and in the centre of a garden, deliciously scented with the tube-rose, the yellow honeysuckle, and that rare specimen of the passion-flower, called by the Siamese the bell-flower, from its very great resemblance to a bell. On either side of the watt were two huge banyan trees, evidently of long growth, from the great number of shoots that had taken firm root in the ground, and were now forming different and distinct branches of their own. Under these trees a whole posse of Siamese priests, clad in gamboge-dyed dresses, were chaunting laudatory verses about the great white elephant, and with the exception of one malevolent glare at us, as we entered the highly-finished gates of the walls that enclosed the gardens of the watts, they took no further notice of our proceedings, but allowed us to round the garden unmolested, picking such rich bouquets as would made the heart of a ball-going young London lady palpitate again with joy and excitement. After a lapse of about a quarter of an hour, which was pleasantly enough spent in surveying the outside of the watt, its thousand pretty pedestals, and as many indescribable and singular little images, a venerable looking old fellow, clad in a most remarkable yellow surplice, who wore a smile of satisfaction upon his face, which plainly indicated that he had been well feed by our attendant Cicerone, came forward and offered to conduct us into the presence of white elephant, the senior. We closely followed our guide, and were admitted into the presence of this noble animal. I have never before seen so large an elephant; his skin was as smooth and spotless and white as the driven snow, with the exception of a large scarlet rim round the eyes. The brute was too dignified and accustomed to homage to pay the slightest attention to the intrusion of such unpresuming visitors as ourselves, but went on helping himself to leaves and branches from the mighty piles that were that were heaped up before him. The room itself was an unpresuming one, exceedingly lofty, with windows around the loftiest part; but the flooring was covered with a mat-work, wrought of pure chased gold, each interwoven seam being about half an inch wide, and about the thickness of a half-sovereign! If this was not sin to snakes, as the Yankees say, I don't know what was. The idea of a great unweildy brute, like the elephant, trampling under foot and wearing out more gold in one year than many hard-working people gain in ten. And then the soiled mess that this costly capeting was in, in many parts, would have been sufficient to cause a miser to go off instantly. Several priests were busily engaged, in different part of the room, polishing up tarnished spots; others, professionally goldsmiths, were extracting the worn strips, and replacing them with new ones, so heavy and so bright, that it made our eyes and mouth water to see such infamous waste. Every one to his liking, however. The sovereigns and potentates of Europe manage to make millions slip through their fingers in the pursuits of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and indulging every appetite that vicious nature can give birth to. The King of Siam would doubtless do the same if he could; but he can't, for this simple reason, that so limited are the resources for gratification and pleasure, and so cheaply obtainable these few, that his Majesty, who does not spend much in wearing apparel, turns his treasures into mats for his favourite doll or deity to tread upon. The man who was so fortunate as to entrap this elephant got from the king of Siam, a pension of one thousand tikols per annum, which pension is hereditary; besides this, he was raised to a very high office in the kindom, that of carrying water for the elephant to slake his thirst with; and the jars in which the water is transported, and the trough from which this leviathan drinks, are both more or less filagreed and worked with gold. The elephants are the only dignitaries connected with the court, that are permitted to breakfast before his Majesty, and, if they don't get it early roar for it in a very appalling manner. The elephant's trumpeting must certainly drown the feeble cracked notes of the king's bugler. These creatures seldom or never leave their cells except upon stated feast days, when they head a procession that marches round their respective watt some half dozen times, and they are then re-led to their stately couch. The white elephant junior differed from the white elephant senior considerably in size and appearance, and consequently luxuriated in silver instead of gold. He was evidently the younger son of a junior branch of the family, and was accordingly neglected and ill-treated. Even the priests neglected to repair the rents in his silver matting, which was fast going to pieces, and if one might judge from the meagre and sickly look of the poor animal, it was not likely to live long enough to tread upon a new. The watt in which this poor brute was confined, was also insignificant in comparison with the other, and the garden, though abounding with flowers, was evidently ill-looked after and neglected. This problem is easily solved by the fact, that the King is in the daily habit of attending the other watt, and his fifteen hundred wives supply themselves with bouquets therefrom; whereas this watt has never seen the stout shadow of his Majesty since the first installation of the ill-conditioned elephant.—*Neale's Residence in Siam.*

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

The despatches received from Vancouver's Island continue to give favourable accounts of its capabilities. The climate is found to be agreeable, and even in the northern part, considerably milder than that of England. For settlers, the facilities, both as regards the raising of produce and the erection of works and dwellings, appear to be greater than had been anticipated. Game is everywhere abundant; and is calculated to prove an important item in economizing domestic expenditure, while, in addition to wild fowl on the waters, there are many valuable fisheries, besides a great frequency of oyster-beds. Deer are often met, and there are also some black bears, which, however, are considered harmless. One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the island is the great number of inlets, or arms of the sea, which being deep and narrow, and penetrating a considerable distance inland, furnish in many instances, from the great rush of water in and out, an important and permanent motive power. The natural features of the country are described as being very beautiful, owing to its lakes, hills, woodlands, and occasional patches of prairie. The oak is abundant, frequently growing in glades, with park-like regularity. There is also a cypress which grows to a large size, and is particularly valuable for building purposes. The pines are of three sorts, and are found 160 feet in height, and from 12 to 16 feet in circumference. One description is extremely plentiful, and possesses superior qualities for ship-building purposes. Varieties of maple and other trees are likewise common, and the valuable hemp, known as the *urtica canabina* grows wild and luxuriantly in the woods. Artificial grasses, it is believed, might be cultivated with great advantage, and seeds of several descriptions have been sent out. The soil generally is a dark vegetable mould, averaging 18 inches in depth, and unusually fertile. Contrary to what is seen in England, the best lands are mostly those where pine trees grow. The flora of the island is much the same as that of Great Britain. With regard to its mineral resources, the principal rocks are stated to be all of an excellent kind for building materials, both as respects appearance and durability. It is also considered that the geological features of the districts thus far surveyed are all such as strongly to favour the anticipation that gold may be found throughout an extensive range. There is an abundance of felspar and quartz, specim[illegible] of which have been transmitted to London for examination. I[illegible] stone is likewise found in several places, but its value has not [illegible] been determined upon. The quantity of iron is sufficient to affect the compass considerably, and captains of vessels who have visited the island, are of opinion, that this disturbance is unusually great along its shores. The native Indians behave well, and a small party of settlers penetrating into the interior with a canoe met a number of them, by whom they were warmly welcomed. They described a large lake, which no white man had ever yet seen, but which the explorers now visited, and found to between 20 and 30 miles in length, and from 2 to 3 miles in breadth. —*London Times.*

DECEIVING CHILDREN.—On a certain occasion, a physician was called to visit a sick boy about twelve years of age. As he entered, the mother took him aside, and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine, unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said the doctor, "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with. I will have nothing to do with deceiving a child, lest I help him to become a man that will deceive his fellow-men, and finally deceive himself and be lost forever."

He went to the boy, and after examining his condition, said to him.

"My little man, you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and will make you feel badly for a while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it at once, and without the least resistance. He said also, he would take anything from his mother which the physician prescribed, but would not take anything else from her; for she had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she had given him medicines, that he would not trust to anything that she said. But he saw at once that the doctor was telling him the truth; and when he took the bitter draught, he knew just what to expect.

Is not honesty with children, as well as with others, and in all circumstances, the best policy? How can parents hope to gain anything in the long run by deceiving their children?

A PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE.—About four months ago, a young man from Lincoln, named Bealby, took a house and shop in High-street, Boston, and furnished and fitted it up as for a grocer. On Good Friday he married a respectable female from Spilsby, and brought her to his new house. After two or three days, he proposed to his wife that, before they opened shop, they should visit some relations of his in Scotland. She assented, and he took her to Liverpool. On arriving there, he secured a passage for himself and wife for New York, and having sailed, half the voyage was made, before the wife discovered the imposition. The small-pox, the measles, and the ship fever broke out on board, and the husband was attacked with the first and the wife with the last. On landing at New York, the husband, instead of engaging in any business, lived in idleness, till all his money was expended. He then determined on proceeding to California, but his wife, having no faith in him, refused to accompany him, and decided on returning to England. To accomplish this, having no funds she donned a garb that would ensure her from insult, and obtained an engagement as cook's mate on board a vessel bound for Old England. (The cook himself was a man of colour.) She reached her destination without accident, in the exclusive possession of her secret, a few days since. Her steps were immediately directed homeward, and the last 57 miles she travelled on foot, doing it in 29 hours, passing through Boston about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, in her sailor's attire, and arriving at Spilsby, the home of her parents, at 2 o'clock last evening.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

AN HOUR IN THE CAR OF A BALLOON.

The following letter has been been addressed to the editor of an English journal:—

SIR;—Although numerous have been the descriptions given of the beauty and delights experienced in a balloon voyage, still, perhaps, the following account of my visit to regions of space, on Monday last, in Mr. Hampton's Erin-go-brah, from the Rosemary Branch, Islington, may not prove altogether uninteresting:—At 7¼ in the evening, everything being in readiness we took our seats in the car, viz: Mr. Hamton, Mr. Dean, and myself; and just as the signal was given to let go, Mr. Coxwell, in the Sylph, which started from the Eagle Tavern, passed directly over our heads, but was almost immediately afterwards lost sight of in a cloud. Being released from our earthyly ties, we darted upward in pursuit of our rival; and it was not long before we followed his example by entering the same cloud, and for some time remained in a considerable state of doubt as to whether he was above or below us, and although an aerial collision would have been a novelty, I doubt much if it would have been very agreeable. We continued floating silently along in the midst of a dense mass of scud, when suddenly I perceived before us, in a thin white vaporing cloud, a spectral looking balloon, with car, passengers, &c. "There's the Sylph," I instantly exclaimed, but Mr. Hampton knew better, for he sharply replied, "No, no; look; 'tis the reflection of ourselves on the cloud;" and then saluting the spectre aeronaut, by taking off his cap, and waving the flag, which compliment was as quickly returned, our ghostly companion melted into thin air, and was seen no more. Immediately afterward, we emerged from the clouds into a glorious sunshine, and the gas, thus suddenly acted upon changed color, from a dirty yellow to a state of invisibility, at the same time rapidly expanding, which caused us to ascend with increased rapidity. Such a sight as was now presented to our astonished gaze, was, perhaps, never before witnessed for grandeur and magnificence; it is almost past the power of pen or pencil to depict with any degree of truthfulness the glory of that scene. To the westward there appeared to be a mighty range of gigantic mountains, covered with snow, piled one above another, in frightful confusion, and assuming the most fantastic shapes, which were constantly changing: there were domes, lofty spires, vast pyramids, giant castles, dashing against and finally annihilating each other; but only to take new forms. Above, in the clear blue sky, myriads of little pink and white fleecy clouds floated gently on, like fairies or angels of another world; below, the vast city of the earth, with its thousand steeples, its countless streets, its bridges, its railways, its wide-stretching suburbs, and its noble river, winding like a silver thread far, far away into the rich verdant country. Up, up we go, and another change comes on: the mountain tops are burnished with the brightest gold; anon another change, the sun sinks near them, and they are on fire—yes, fierce volcanoes appear on every peak, and running lava runs down their snowy sides; and now the sun finally sinks to rest in the midst of streams of fire, shooting upward brighter than the flight of a million rockets. Again a change—the spell is broken, the magic of the scene is past: the fierce fires rage no more; domes, spires, castles fade away, and nothing is left but the bright blue sky (even the little fairies and angels are gone,) and a mass of shapeless leaden clouds lazily floating far away beneath us. During my travels in various parts of the world, I have seen many strange and beautiful scenes. I was on one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps, on the night of the memorable storm which passed over Switzerland, in the month of August, 1840; I have seen many a glorious sunset from the summit of the Lebanon; the wild and strange appearance of the sky while traversing the burning deserts of Egypt; a moonlight night on the calm Mediterranean, amid the Grecian Isles; a tempest on the broad Atlantic; but never can I call to my recollection a scene of such surpassing grandeur, magnificence and sublimity as that which I witnessed from the car of the balloon; and I firmly believe, that had the most skeptical man, with regard to the existence of a Deity, been present that scene, so awfully grand, would have done more to have convinced him that there is a Supreme Being, than all the arguments and preaching his fellow man could bring forth. Immediately after the setting of the sun, the gas became condensed, and we began rapidly to descend, and effected a safe landing in a meadow, near Enfield, close to the Eastern Counties Railway. Here we received every kindness and attention from the farmers, peasants, and especially the station-master at Waltham, who acted in the most gentlemanly manner, and gave every facility in forwarding the balloon to London. The greatest height we attained was about two miles, and the time we were up exactly an hour. In conclusion, I must say that in this, as well as former ascents I have made with Mr. Hampton, I have always found him the same—cool, resolute, and careful in the extreme, and just the man for a person to make his first ascent with; and although it will now be years, if ever, I have the pleasure of taking another aerial flight with him, I can never forget the hours I have spent in the car of his balloon.

I am, Sir, Your ob't servant,
J. G. MOON.

London, July 21, 1852.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME SKETCH.

The Knickerbocker, for July, says of the following that "many an over-praised novel, in these latter days, does not possess half the naturalness and true feeling of this little sketch:"—

"Sarcastic people are wont to say that poets dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it. And others, neither sarcastic not simple, send them up aloft, among the rubbish; just because they do not know what to do with them down stairs and 'among folks.' and so they class them under the head of rubbish, and consign them to the grand receptacle of dilapidated 'has-beens,' and despised 'used-to-be's,' the old garret.

"The garret is to the apartments of the homestead what the adverb is to the pedagogue in parsing; everything they do not know how to dispose of is consigned to the list of adverbs. And it is for this precious reason that we love garrets; because they *do* contain the relics of the old and the past—souvenirs of other and happier and simpler times.

"They have come to build houses now-a-days without garrets. Impious innovation!

"You man of bronze and 'bearded like the pard,' who would make people believe, if you could, that you never were 'a toddlin' wee thing;' that you never wore 'a rifle-dress,' or jingled a rattle-box with infinite delight that you never had a mother, and that she never became an old woman, and wore caps and spectacles, and may-be took snuff; go home once more, after all these years of absence, all booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you are, and let us go up the stairs together; in that old fashioned, spacious garret, that extends from gable to gable, with its narrow oval windows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which steals 'a dim religious light' upon a museum of things unnameable, that once figured below stairs, but were long since crowded out by the Vandal hand of these modern times.

"The loose boards of the floor rattle somewhat as they used to do—don't they?—when beneath your little pattering feet they clattered aforetime, when of a rainy day, 'mother,' wearied with many-tongued importunity, granted the—'let us go up to the garret and play.' And play! Precious little of 'play' have you had since, we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity and your dreamings of ambition.

"Here we are now, in the midst of the garret. The old barrel—shall we rummage it? Old files of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a good deal tattered! 'This the *Columbian Star*. How familiar with the 'letters or papers for father!'

"Dive deeper into the barrel, There! A bundle—up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old Almanacs, by all that is memorable! Almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going back to—let us see how far: 1845, 1834, 1823—before our time—1805, when our mothers were children. And the day-book—how blotted and blurred with many records and many tears!

"There, you have hit your head against that beam. Time was when you ran to and fro beneath it, but you are nearer to it now by more than 'the altitude of a copine.' That beam is strewn with forgotten papers of seeds for next year's sowing; a distaff, with some few shreds of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the rafters overhead; and tucked away close under the eaves, is 'the little wheel,' that used to stand by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low song has ceased; and perhaps—perhaps she who drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—you can remember the line, don't you?

"'*Her wheel at rest, the matron charms no more.*'

"Well let that pass. Do you see that little craft careened in that dark corner? It was red once; it was the only casket in the house once, and contained a mother's jewels. The old red CRADLE, for all the world! And you occupied it once; ay, great as you are, it was your world once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld, beneath the heaven of a mother' seyes, as you rocked in that little barque of love on the hither shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a mother's heart.

"And there, attached to two rafters, are the fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you remember it, and what it was for, and who fastened it there? 'Twas 'the children's swing.' *You* are here, indeed, but where are NELLY and CHARLEY! There hangs his little cap by that window and there the little red frock she used to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub brow, and her robes are spotless in the betterland.'

THE SELLER SOLD.

An incident recently occurred in a town on the Connecticut river, which illustrates the danger of practical joking, though it served at the same time its purposes of fun and raillery. A certain barber happening in at a store, a clerk who wished to play the barber a trick, offered him a bottle of bear's oil. The latter did not want it, but being over-urged took it and paid for it. On opening it in his shop, the oil was found to be lamp oil, with a very rank smell. Nothing was said of the shave which the clerk had practised, and the barber shaved as usual, until the matter had time to be forgotten.

A few evenings since, the clerk went into the barber's shop to be shaved, preparatory to a ball. After the harvest of the chin was reaped, the clerk straightened himself up and exclaimed, "Now slap on the oil." A good handful was poured out, 'slapped on,' and rubbed in. A second handful followed, but before it could be rubbed in, the clerk 'smelt suthin,' and leaped from the chair as if he had been shot, at the same time giving utterance to sundry expletives coming under the cognizance of the statute against profane swearing. The barber assured the enraged customer that he had used bear's oil on his head, and from the very bottle he had sold him. If it was poor oil, it was the clerk's fault.

There was no resisting this, and the matter was settled, by refunding the money paid for the oil, and a shampooing at the clerk's expense. The clerk went to the ball, but the rank lamp oil stuck to his hair, and the snuffs of those who came near him showed that the barber was very wicked when he shampooed him.

MORAL.—Honesty is the best policy; and lamp oil is by no means the best thing to make the course of pleasure "run smooth."

An absurd opinion prevails among many people, that men of genius and learning are, *ex necessitate*, weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The admirable Crichton stood six feet six inchas, and was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with; Cunningham and Galt were as big and as strong as Anak. Smollett was a strong and wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, could use his 'daddles with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a first-rate genius prevented him from sporting the champion's belt, and rivalling the fame of the "Game Chicken." Hogg was a strong, well built carle, whom we would have backed for a fall against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thompson, the Scottish parson, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the Church. Johnson was as strong as Hercules; Bruce, of Kinnaird, a second Antæus; and Belzoni, the traveller, a revivification of Samson himself.

ONE OF THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.—Mr. Hunt, a Wesleyan missionary among the Fejees, who are cannibals of the worst description, recently stated, that five hundred persons had been eaten in five years, within fifteen miles of his residence. Some of them eat raw human flesh, and chew it as sailors do tobacco. They sometimes eat their best friends.—When parents grow old, they were killed by their children.—Sometimes they were burned alive, or thrown to the sharks.—Women, on the death of their husbands, were killed.