

Massachusetts, which the traveller would announce the most pleasantly situated and that village this State affords; it has a beautiful little church about 6 or 8 dwelling houses, of 20 or 25 other buildings in which are carried on the various branches of mechanism, &c.—*N. E. Far.*

*State of Female Society in Persia.*—According to the doctrine inculcated by Mahomet women in Persia are not only excluded from all society, but go about so little, that a traveller might pass through the whole country, and not see a female face; as the Persians are, perhaps, even more jealous than the Turks. The Armenian and other christian men living amongst them, are obliged to conform to Mahometan law in this respect, to cover their faces, and wrap up their figures in a large sort of domino or *feradgee*, in the same manner as the native women, or they could be insulted. So naturalized are the christians to this custom, that it was the cause of a great disappointment to us upon one occasion. An Italian doctor, who had lately been married to an Armenian, was powerful enough to induce his bride to uncover her face for our curiosity and amusement; but the best efforts to persuade her it would not be proper were in vain. The lady even smoked *shishan* (the Persian hooka) whilst we were company with her, but kept it under her veil; it was altogether a most ludicrous scene, when we told her that it was unfair she should have the opportunity of seeing us through the little holes of her dress and that we could not be permitted the advantage of seeing her, even with her husband's consent. We felt it would be extremely indecent to show her face, and we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with the assurance of her husband, that she was not worth seeing, and the great probability, that she would accidentally have slipped aside her veil if she had any hopes of exciting our admiration. The singular state of society among these people will be illustrated perhaps, by another trifling anecdote; for we were not a little amused during a sumptuous entertainment given us by a rich Persian, near Amudan, having in the course of conversation, asked our host how many children he had, and perceive him turn round to his servant for the necessary information.—*Alcock's Travels.*

*Napoleon and the Voltaic Battery.*—It is well known that Bonaparte during his whole reign, was in the habit of personal intercourse with the scientists of Paris, and that he not unfrequently attended the sittings of the Institute. Upon being informed of the decomposition of the Galvanic fluid by Davy, he asked with some impetuosity how it happened that the discovery had not been made in France. 'We have not constructed a Voltaic battery of sufficient power,' was the reply. 'Then,' exclaimed Bonaparte, 'let one be immediately formed, about any regard to cost and labor.' The demands of the Emperor were, of course,

obeyed: and on being informed that it was in full action, he repaired to the laboratory to witness its effect. On his alluding to the taste produced by the contact of two metals, with that rapidity which characterised all his motions, and before the attendants could interpose any precaution, he thrust the extreme wires of the battery under his tongue, and received a shock which nearly deprived him of sensation. After recovering from its effects he quitted the laboratory without making any remark, and was never afterwards heard to refer to the subject.—*Paris' Life of Sir H. Davy.*

*Brevity the Soul of Wit.*—Colonel S—, of the Royal Marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following is a specimen, which was delivered when going into the battle of the Nile:—Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man-of-war to which he belonged, had, in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings of the sailors to the highest pitch of ardor for the fight, by reminding them of the duty they owed to their king, and country; and, though last, not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweethearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; when, turning to our hero, he said, 'Now S—, I leave you to speak to the marines.' Col. S—, immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet. 'Do you see that land there?' he asked. They all shouted, 'Aye, aye, sir!' 'Now my lads, that's the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like devils, you'll soon be in the house of bondage.' He was answered by a real British cheer fore and aft.

*Earl Fitzwilliam.*—The following little story is so pretty in itself, so creditable to both parties, that we cannot refuse it a place in our columns, though it has appeared elsewhere. A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his Lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt, and he estimated the damage his crops had suffered at 50*l*. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his Lordship, 'I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood.' 'Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?' 'Yes, my Lord, I have found out I have sustained no loss at all, and have therefore brought the 50*l*. back again.' 'Ah!' exclaimed the venerable Earl, 'this is what I like, this is as it ought to be between man and man. He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family,

how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a check for 100*l*. 'Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him; and tell him the occasion that produced it.'—*Eng. pa.*

*Married Well.*—There is not an expression in the English language more wretchedly abused than this *married well*; it is abused, because it is misapplied. When properly used, it tells of a heart and hand connexion; a blending together of similar tastes and fancies for the journey of life; a giving away early in the spring of years the affections of the heart; and a joining then of the sexes in marriage, with the determination of adding a joy to each other. But this is all forgotten in the race of selfishness. We live to be happy, we ponder much upon the best mode of becoming so; yet it we wander from the true path in marriage, we get lost in a wild of misery, where the sun's light of enjoyment scarcely ever find its way. Now I for one, do not believe that money is the grand panacea for every ill of marriage, or that it will create a smile of joy upon the brow where affection does not dwell. Take the word of an old fellow for it, he who weds and wins modest merit; who seeks a partner for the social circle, and a helpmate for the domestic concerns of life; who uses the voice of reason, and I have no objection to his listening a little to the warblings of fancy in his choice, will marry well, although he may not obtain a copper with his bride, yet she brings to him a willing heart and a free mind; and these are of infinite value, to have around us, as we journey through the world.

*Dancing.*—'I am an old fellow,' says Cowper, in one of his letters to Hurb, 'but I had once my dancing days as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home, where I could observe her behaviour at the table, at the fire side, and in the trying circumstances of domestic life. We are all good when we are pleased; but she is the good woman who wants no fiddler to sweeten her.'

The facetious Mr. Sheridan, on hearing his father speak of the antiquity of his family, stating, at the same time, that the original name was O'Sheridan, humourously observed: 'No doubt of that, father; no one has a better right to the O, for we owe every body.'

*Evacuation at the Bowery Theatre.*—On a holiday night, particularly when a great military muster has taken place, it usually happens that the Theatres are filled to all overflowing, and not always with the most orderly or well regulated spectators. If Mrs. Trollope could have witnessed the spectacle at the Bowery on Monday evening, she would have had materials for another octavo. Booth played Richard the Third, and the house was crammed to such an