

POETRY.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I asked the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreath'd bowers;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "O no! not now,
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms;
In quivering tones her accents came—
Her eyes were dim with tears;
"My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried;
"Life! only life, is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul—
"My Master's time is mine!"

THE TREMBLING EYELID.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, that during the war of the American revolution, an armed vessel sailed out of the port of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried twenty guns, with a well appointed crew of more than a hundred, and provisions for a cruise of six months. As she spread her broad white sails, and steered from the harbour with a fresh, fair breeze, she made a noble appearance. Many throbbing hearts breathed a blessing on her voyage, for she bore a company of as bold and skilful seamen as ever dared the perils of the deep. But soon the north wind blew and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty near the harbour of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them, became a storm, and the storm a hurricane. Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge. They made every exertion courage could prompt or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two blows in cutting away the mast, without being relieved by another. The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, and could obtain neither provisions nor fresh water. They were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

Unfortunately the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny and madness ensued. The officers remained clear minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved about them. A more frightful scene can scarcely be imagined. The dark sky, the raging storm, the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel and the half frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other. Some lay in disgusting stupidity, others with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in places surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the servant, who, they supposed, refused to do their biddings. Others there were, who amid the beating of that pitiless tempest believed themselves in the home that they never more must see; and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear. A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making shrieks of defiance, and their curses were heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself more distressing attitudes. At length death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies stiffened in every form that suffering could devise. Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat with their heads reclining on their knees; others grasping the ice covered ropes; some in a posture of defiance, like the dying gladiator; others with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate. Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid the mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eyelids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration. The captain and lieutenant, and a few others who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen on the south-west side of the burial-ground at Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn.—When the clergyman, who was to perform the last service, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last agony, he was so affected as to faint. Some were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived but a short time. Others were restored after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost as to become cripples for life.

In a village at some distance from Plymouth, a widowed mother, with her daughter, were constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose eyelid attracted the notice of pity as he lay among the dead.

"Mother," said he in a feeble tone, "God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me grew intoxicated, I had enough to do to protect myself from them. Some attacked and dared me to fight. Others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did; and perhaps blaspheme my Maker.

"One by one they died, these poor infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method in their power

to restore them to order. They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor until they grew delirious; they died in heaps.

"Dear mother, our sufferings from cold and hunger you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I discovered a box among fragments of the wreck, far under water. I toiled with a rope to drag it up, but my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage. Uniting our strength we burst it open.—It contained only a few bottles of olive oil, yet we gave God thanks; for we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach. Then my comrade died; and I lay beside him as one dead, surrounded by corpses.

"Presently the violence of the tempest, that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps and strange voices amid the wreck where we lay. They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger to save us. They lifted in their arms and wrapped in blankets all who could speak. They then earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard was among the dead; and I was so exhausted with toil and suffering and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again.

"They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind. Then I prayed earnestly in my heart 'O Lord, for the sake of my widowed mother, for the sake of my dearest sister, save me!' Methought the last man had gone, and I besought the Redeemer to receive my spirit. But I felt a warm breath on my face. I strained every nerve. My whole soul strove and shuddered within me. Still my body was immovable as marble. Then a loud voice said, 'Come back and help me out with this poor lad. One of his eyelids trembles—he lives.' O the music of that sweet voice to me! The trembling eyelid, the prayer to God, and your lessons of temperance, my mother, saved me."

Then the loving sister embraced him with tears, and the mother said, 'Praise be to him who hath spared my son to be the comfort of my age!'

THE LATE RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, ESQ.—The wealthiest

Commoner in England.—We have already announced the demise of this gentleman, and we obtain the following particulars connected with the accumulation of his vast property from the Morning Herald. He died possessed, it is reported, of not less than seven millions sterling in personal property alone, irrespective of landed estates. As an individual capitalist there is not one in Europe at the present time who can approach within half the distance, excepting, perhaps, the excellent no less than wealthy Mr. Solomon Heine, of Hamburg, who, according to general repute, is estimated to concentrate in his own person the representation of money value to the vast amount of four millions sterling. It must be remembered, however, that this sum represents the whole property of Mr. Heine, whereas the late Mr. Arkwright was possessed of landed estates perhaps one or two millions beyond the amount at which the personality is rated. Immensely wealthy as are the Barings, the Rothschilds, the Hopes, &c., of Europe, there is not, has not been, one that could be placed at all in the comparison; not all the magnificent fortunes drawn out of, with all the vast capital remaining still in the princely house of Baring would, perhaps, all combined, reach to the amount; not all the capitals of all the Rothschilds throughout Europe together equal probably more than one half the enormous mass of accumulated hordes left behind by the late Mr. Arkwright. Out of Europe the only capitalist who could approach the comparison would be Mr. Astor, of New York, whose name will be familiar with all travellers from the massive and magnificent pile of buildings which, as Astor's Hotel, has administered to their convenience—a building which, of the description, and for the special use, stands unparalleled in the whole world; with this palatial structure it must be understood that Mr. Astor neither was nor is otherwise connected than as planner and proprietor, and as forming part of his vast estate. The reports current about the enormous wealth created and accumulated by this extraordinary man carry it as high as sixteen or seventeen millions of dollars, or say about four millions sterling; but of course whilst he is living this can only be matter of conjecture, though perhaps not far from the truth. In illustration of the fact, however, a curious anecdote has been in circulation in the United States.

During the lifetime of the late Stephen Girard, who from a poor outcast exile from St. Domingo driven out by the former slave population, became the greatest banker and capitalist of Philadelphia, it was a subject of something like rival contention between the people of Philadelphia and New York which possessed the greatest capitalist—that is, which was the more wealthy man, Girard or Astor. Doubtless the question was not without its interest to the money-making parties themselves. The death of the one or the other, or of both, could however alone solve the speculations, and in the former case then only to the survivor. Accordingly, on the death of Stephen Girard some years ago, the actual extent of his wealth was verified by the publication of his testament, by which the largest proportion was bequeathed for the establishment and support of literary and public institutions. When Mr. Astor was informed that the total sum of Girard's wealth reached only to some eleven or twelve million of dollars, he is reported to have exhibited signs of satisfaction, and in an under tone, as if speaking to himself, to have remarked "that would do"—meaning of course that it did not come up to the mark of his own prodigious possessions.

The late Mr. Richard Arkwright was the only son of Sir Richard Arkwright, the founder and father of the "factory system" as it now exists. He succeeded to all the numerous spinning factories on the death of Sir Richard in 1792, then estimated at the value, capital stock included, of about half a million sterling. As the profits of cotton spinning then, and for years afterwards, were counted by shillings per pound, instead of lardings, as now, except in the finer sorts, it may be safely asserted that by his extensive spinners in Cranford, Bakewell, and Manchester alone he could not have derived a less income than £400,000 per annum. The extensive works at Manchester alone he disposed of some time afterwards in favour of his managers, Messrs. Barton and Simpson, who both realised large fortunes. He gave up the spinning works at Bakewell some five or six years ago only to parties who, it is believed, had been long in his service; but those at Cranford near his own residence he carried on, as understood, to the time of his death. Mr. Richard Arkwright, besides various other concerns highly prosperous for the most part, was the principal if not the sole proprietor of some banking establishments in the counties of Derby and Nottingham. From taste and not from niggardly notions of saving he lived without the least ostentation of display; the scale of his household expenditure is supposed not to have exceeded £3,000 per annum, of which the larger portion was laid out upon his gardens, on which he prided himself; so that by the natural and equable force of accumulation during 52 years, even had not one pound of surplus income been reinvested and made to bear interest, he must still have been possessed of millions.

He was probably the last of the historic names connected and coeval with the foundation of what are now designated the factory and power systems. The late Sir Robert Peel, who may be esteemed the head if not the parent of calico printing, realised and bequeathed a vast fortune to his descendants. The mountain of wealth accumulated by Mr. Arkwright has already been referred to. But Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning-jenny," died in but middling circumstances. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule" frame, which has carried the art of spinning yarn to its greatest perfection, died in poverty, notwithstanding a parliamentary grant of £5,000 in 1812, which melted away through the misfortunes of his sons in the business in which, by means of this grant, he established them. And lastly, the late Mr. William Radcliffe, of Stockport, (whose death occurred only last year) the inventor of the "dressing machines, and veritable father of the "power-loom" system, for until the epoch of that invention the power-loom was powerless or impracticable, perished in almost abject poverty; a fact reflecting no small discredit on the opulent manufacturers of Manchester, who, after plundering him of his

invention by the unscrupulous appropriation of which they enriched themselves, might surely have left a few crumbs from their own overloaded tables to comfort the old age and penury of the man they contributed to sink into pauperism.

CANAL BETWEEN CAIRO AND SUEZ.—We learn, on the authority of a correspondent at Cairo, that the Pasha has determined on constructing a canal between that city and Suez, and that the work is to be commenced forthwith. It is expected that this undertaking will prove so arduous as may at first sight appear; in many places all that is requisite to be done being merely to clear out the bed of the ancient canal; and as Mehemet Ali has now turned his sword into a ploughshare, it is not improbable he may find employment for some of his troops on the work. The following particulars of this ancient canal may not be uninteresting to our readers:—

The great Sesostris appears to have been the first who conceived the project of uniting the Nile to the Red Sea by means of a canal, and actually commenced this gigantic enterprise, which, however, he did not finish. At a subsequent period it was resumed by one of his successors, Pharaoh Necho, on which occasion 120,000 men perished. It was not, however, then completed, in consequence of the response of the Oracle, which was consulted by that monarch, to the effect that "the construction of the proposed canal would expose Egypt to the invasion of foreigners." During the dominion of the Persians, however, it was continued by Darius, the son of Hystaspes, and finally completed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, after whom it was named. The geographer Strabo relates that it "was furnished with ingeniously contrived sluices, which were opened to admit the passage of vessels, and afterwards very promptly shut." It was 140 miles long, 60 yards wide, and 30 feet deep. It commenced at the Pelusiac, or most easterly branch of the Nile, near Bubastis, (about 35 miles north of Cairo,) and after flowing through the Lake Amer, like the Rhone through the Lake of Geneva, it terminated at Assinie, a town near the site of the modern Suez. By means of this canal, vessels from the Red Sea, when they reached the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, could either descend to the Egyptian ports of the Mediterranean, or ascend the river to Memphis and Thebes. By furnishing an abundant supply of water for irrigation, it fertilised the desert on both sides of its banks, which were soon covered with opulent cities, among which may be mentioned Pharonopolis, Hieropolis, and Serapeum, the positions of which are indicated in our charts.

During the Roman dominion in Egypt, this canal was renewed or repaired by the Emperor Trajan, who added a Branch to it, which communicated with the Nile near old Cairo. This prolongation of the canal bore the name of the Emperor, as is explicitly stated in the following passage from Ptolemy—"Between Heliopolis and Babylon (Old Cairo), flows the river Trajan."

Our correspondent does not inform us whether it is in contemplation to renew the whole of these canals, or what deviation is contemplated in consequence of the Pelusiac being now dried up, except that the point of junction with the Nile is to be at Shubra, in order that the city of Cairo may derive benefit from the undertaking.

We may add that, although our correspondent was assured on very good authority, that the work is to be commenced immediately, he is rather sceptical as to the means possessed by the Pasha of carrying it into immediate execution.—Bobby Times.

THE ISTHMS OF PANAMA.—We subjoin a copy of the letter from Baron Humboldt to M. Solomon, read by M. Guizot:—"August, 1842. Sir—I learn with regret that you are not more advanced in your interesting enterprise than you were when I last had the pleasure of seeing you at Paris. It is twenty-five years since a project for a communication between the two oceans, either by the Isthmus of Panama, by the Lake Nicaragua, or by the Isthmus of Capica, has been proposed and topographically discussed, and yet nothing has been yet commenced. I had believed that the British embassy would have found the means of inspiring confidence, by sending an engineer to survey the valley which separates the two seas, and across which a canal might be cut. Be assured that the parties who have made use of my name in saying that the two seas have not the same level, have done so for the purpose of an excuse for not entering on the undertaking." We likewise subjoin the extract from the document addressed to the Academy of Sciences on the subject, by an American gentleman, Mr. Warden:—"The cutting necessary to unite the two seas by means of the three rivers, Vinotinto, Bernardino, and Faren, is only 12½ miles in length. The canal in all would be 29 miles in length. It might be made navigable for vessels of from 1000 to 1200 tons burthen, and the water may be kept at its proper level by means of only two locks. All the materials necessary for the construction of the canal are found in abundance on the spot. The total expense is estimated at 2,778,615 dollars, including the expense of four steam-boats and two iron bridges to open for the passage of ships."

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—A ROAD-SIDE INN.—The house was composed of but one room, adjoining the stable, and, like it, paved with sharp pebbles; and the smoke of the fire, which on our arrival had been the signal for lighting, instead of ascending the chimney, revolved in dusky clouds through the room, and then, Irish cabin fashion, escaped through the open door and the single small casement that admitted a very dubious light into the gloomy interior. In this room was assembled all the passengers of the diligence, the two drivers included, the master and mistress of the inn, and their dirty Maritimes, two pigs, four gaunt dogs, the genuine representatives of famine, two cats curtailed of their fair proportions of tails and ears, a tame partridge in a cage, and a ragged beggar-boy of eight or nine years old, a real desecrated, having on no garment save a soldier's old coat, "a world too wide" for his young limbs, and an old foraging cap stuck knowingly upon one ear, who had accompanied the diligence on foot from Loxa. Our hopes of finding the larder of this lone venta productive of something that might furnish forth a breakfast for us, were somewhat damped by seeing our coachman pull out of his pocket a dirty newspaper parcel, containing something that looked very much like a roasted crow, but turned out to be a cold duck, and a piece of beef so long cooked, and apparently so often re-cooked, that it might have passed for petrified horse-flesh. These he began to cut up with an old rusty knife as long as a couteau du chasse, while the maid broke up some eggs (the only provision the house afforded besides bread) for the eternal omelet; and, while she was occupied in beating them up, preparatory to their being fried, one of the dogs performed his part of the household business, and saved her the trouble of cleaning the frying pan, by licking it with all his might. At the same time the scene was agreeably diversified by the mules, which the supplementary coachman had just unharnessed, being unceremoniously walked through the middle of the group on their way to the stable; and the driver of the calesa who had sprained his ankle in the course of the morning, sat himself down within the door, and was operated upon by an old crone, who, holding his naked leg in her lap, and planting her foot against his stomach, tried to reduce the sprain by pulling the limb with all her strength, which novel mode of treatment extorted screams of pain from the luckless patient. We had brought with us tea, bread, and oranges, which rendered us independent of the delicate repast in preparation; but the Spanish part of the diligence party were not so nice as we were, and did ample justice to the above-mentioned viands; to which was added a preparation of eggs, which, I am very sure, is not included in the two hundred methods of cooking them already cited in the Almanach des Gourmands, and is therefore worthy of being particularized as the two hundred and first. It consisted in breaking a number of eggs into a large earthen vessel filled with boiling water, to which was added a quantity of bread crumbled by the dirty fingers of the hostess, and a seasoning of salt, pepper, and garlic; the whole mess being stirred up, until it assumed the appearance of a curdled soup. It was then placed upon the table, in the identical vessel in which it had been concocted; and the assembled party partook of it, without the addition of plates being deemed necessary; each individual in turn dipping in his spoon and carrying it brimful to his mouth, just as I have seen Turks fraternize (minus the spoon) round a smoking

bowl of pilaf; or precisely as French soldiers partake of their meals, mangeant a la gamelle.—Mrs. Romer.

INTERESTING FACT.—There is at present in the possession of an individual in this place a male canary of about 15 years of age, that is unable to feed itself, and to whose musical powers ill-natured time has put a complete stop. On the same floor, but in a separate apartment, is another male canary, a son of the aged bird. This young one being allowed to leave his cage early in the morning, and fly about at pleasure, is in the practice of visiting his old friend, and kindly feeding him as birds feed their young; and this he does several times in the course of the day. He also perches on the cage of his progenitor and sings with great spirit, no doubt to cheer up his old relative in his declining days. The old bird has a particular way of calling on this prop of his old age when he requires his services, which are always given and received with mutual satisfaction. When the young bird is in any way obstructed from attending to the call of the other, he appears to be very angry, and expresses his displeasure in a certain noisy and screaming manner, which is well understood by the inmates of the house.—Aberdeen Herald.

REGULARITY IN FARMING OPERATIONS.—In all farming operations, a due regard to order and regularity should be invariably observed; so that every one employed should not only know his own business well, but the proper time and season for the due performance of it. No two sorts of work or operations should be allowed to interfere or clash with each other, or, to a certainty, at least one of them will be performed in a slovenly or disorderly manner. All should be as regular and systematic as if the whole business of the farm were regulated by some well adjusted machine. To be engaged in different sorts of work out of the proper season, (for there is a season for all things), particularly sowing and planting; to witness a profusion of weeds allowed to grow up, and ripen in their seeds; to notice rubbish and litter scattered about during the summer, are sure indications of slovenliness, if not of decided bad management. In the fall, to neglect the repairing and opening of ditches and drains where they require it—and when the work is done, having the various farming implements all properly secured and stowed away, until such time as they may be wanted again in the ensuing spring or summer—and not left to rot in the fields where they happen to be last used, or placed in gaps instead of proper fencing materials—all too plainly indicate something wrong in the system. It is extremely difficult in this country to find hired men that will pay due attention to all these matters, without the strictest personal superintendence of the farmer in every case. Farm labourers that have been constantly accustomed to work on English Farms that were well managed are of much greater value here than any other class of workmen, but we are sorry to say, that very few of the former class come to British America.—Toronto Cultivator.

WITCHCRAFT.—An improper translation of some texts of Scripture, and misapplication of the import of other texts, was rendered subservient to their views by believers in this system. Exodus xxii. 18, is one of the principal of these passages, and one on which laws have been framed and sentences passed. The word which in our translation of the Bible has been rendered witch, occurs about ten or eleven times in the Bible, and has been rendered by different translators in different ways. Among other readings, it has been translated "this latter being derived from a Syriac word, meaning to pray, or to offer up prayer, or worship." By Josephus it has been translated "poisoner," so that it might be rendered in this passage, "a poisoner shall not live." Some individuals had no doubt studied the arts of magic or witchcraft—some had pretended and others had believed that themselves were adepts in them.—Witchcraft among the Jews was connected with idolatry, and therefore deserved the punishment of death.—Rev. Walter Scott.

"OUT OF DEBT OR OF DANGER" is the motto and title of one of Maria Edgeworth's moral tales. It should be never out of mind, and always in practice. The most humiliating and uncomfortable situation in the world, is that of the person who is in debt, and sensible of his present inability to escape the thrall. To such it is unnecessary to talk; but parents should make the sentiment at the head of our paragraph the basis of all instruction upon matters of worldly policy. The young man who has health, a good salary, or even an indifferent one, should have no burden of little debts or large, unpaid, upon his memory. He should always take care also, to keep a shot in the locker, against contingency. To have one's income suddenly withdrawn is bad enough, but when, in addition, there are sundry arrears of back debts, all of which will be sure to torment him upon the least appearance of inability to pay, is the most unsettled posture of affairs a poor mortal can get into.

MILLER ANTICIPATED.—In the Antiquarian Library at Worcester, there is an elaborate essay of 166 pages, printed in London in 1724, upon Scripture prophecy, wherein, it is endeavored to explain the three periods contained in the 12th chapter of Daniel, with arguments to make it probable that the first period expired in the year 1718, that the second will occur in 1745, and the end of all things in 1790." There is a great mass of learning and research in this work, and though written a hundred and twenty years ago, it exhausts all the topics now resorted to by the advocates of the modern advent. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the proofs contained in this book that the naughty world ought to have come to an end in 1790; but it obstinately held on and grievously disappointed the saints of that day.—Boston Post.

In a late article Miller says: "Get ready, and if Christ comes, you will be glad and rejoice; and if he does not come, then we must wait till he does." This is what we call backing out.

RUSSIAN APPETITE.—Madame Jimot says, that, in the preceding year, young Platoff was billeted on her hotel. He used to turn in all standing, boots and spurs, into her fine white sheets, and was endowed with so splendid an appetite with it. The whole household was lost in wonder, and amongst them laid a plot to check his march of stomach if possible. They gave the young Cossack a pretty strong dose of tartar emetic, and waited patiently the result. Presumption and vanity, to think that anything but a cannon ball would turn the stomach of a Russian accustomed to the digestion of train oil, bullock's liver, and saw-dust rusks. The patient fell into a profound sleep of some hours, and then awoke, calling lustily for his dinner, to the great horror and dismay of madame's establishment.

NAUVOO.—The editor of the Cuyahoga Falls True American says he conversed with a gentleman a day or two since, who had lately visited the Mormon Prophet, who states that there are now at Nauvo, congregated from all parts of the world, some 17 or 18,000 souls—in a miserably wretched condition, subject to the order of Smith. While hundreds become dissatisfied with the represented "Promised Land," and leave for a better "heritage," their places are filling up by fresh converts to a wicked system of delusion. The great temple, estimated to cost half a million of dollars, has advanced about 14 feet in its walls.

One of those who mistake moroseness for religion, and gloom for piety, was one day struck with surprise on beholding a beautiful set of curls on the head of a lovely maid, a member of his class, whose hair had been usually worn plain.—"Ah! Eliza," said he, "you should not waste your precious time in curling your hair; if God intended it to be curled, he would have curled it for you." "Indeed!" said the witty maid, "I must differ from you. When I was an infant he curled it for me; but now that I am grown up, he thinks I am able to curl it myself."

A German prince, in a dream, seeing three rats, one fat the other lean, and the third blind, sent to a celebrated Bohemian gipsy, and demanded an explanation. "The fat rat," said the sorceress, "is your prime minister; the lean rat, your people; and the blind rat, yourself."

It appears from an article in the Edinburgh Review, upon the beauties of the advertising system, that the Times of London charges 7s. for publishing an advertisement of a death, in the simplest form; and that the addition of the words "sincerely regretted" raises the charge to 10s.