

LITERATURE.

ACTION WITH A PIRATE VESSEL.

The broadsides were now exchanged rapidly, and the wounded, brought down between decks every minute, told me that the action was severe. The orders of the negro captain were occasionally heard—they were cool and determined. Every minute some fresh manœuvre was executed, and the guns still worked as if there was nothing else to attend to. At last, the daylight came down the hatchway, and I left the cabin and walked forward between decks. I found the deck strewn with wounded and dying men, calling for water. I was glad to be able to do something which I could consistently do, and I brought water from the cask and gave it to them, one after another, as fast as I could. I think there were at least thirty men lying about the lower deck, some in pools of their own blood, and sinking fast, for there was no surgeon on board the Stella. Some more wounded men were brought down, and a conversation took place between one of the mates of the schooner, who was hurt, and the men who brought down the wounded, and listening to them, I found that at daylight they had discovered that an English frigate was under all sail, beating up to them, and about five miles to leeward—that in consequence, the Stella was now carrying on a running fight with the schooner, (who was to windward of her), and trying to escape. This accounted for the signals which I had perceived that the English schooner was making the evening before. My anxiety at this intelligence was naturally much increased. The Stella was trying to escape, and her sailing powers were so remarkable, that I was afraid she would succeed. The action was still continued between the two schooners, but now the shot no longer hit the Stella, nor were there any more wounded men brought down. It was evident that the two vessels were now firing at each other's masts and rigging, the one to prevent and the other to effect her escape, by dismantling her antagonist. I felt as if I could have given my left hand to have gone on deck. I waited half an hour more, and then curiosity conquering my fear, I crept gradually up the fore ladder. The men were working the guns to windward, the lee-side of the deck was clear, and I stepped forward, and got into the head, where I could see both to windward and to leeward. To leeward I perceived the frigate, about four miles distant, with every stretch of canvass that she could set on a wind; I knew her directly to be the Calliope, my own ship, and my heart beat quick at the chance of being once more on board of her. To windward, as the smoke occasionally cleared away, I saw the Arrow schooner, close hauled, on the same tack as the Stella, and distant about a mile, every ten seconds the smoke from her guns booming along the water's surface, and the shot whizzing through our rigging; she had not suffered much from our fire; her sails were full of shot holes, it is true, but her spars were not injured. I then turned my eyes upon the masts and rigging of the Stella; apparently, the damage done was about equal to that of the Arrow; our sails were torn, but our spars were unscathed. The water was smooth, although the breeze was fresh, and both schooners were running at the rate of six or seven miles an hour; but the Stella had evidently the advantage of sailing, and fore-reached upon her opponent. I perceived that every thing depended upon a lucky hit, and having satisfied myself with what I had seen, I hastened below. For more than half an hour the firing continued without advantage on either side, when a yell was given by the negro crew, and I heard them cry on the deck that the Arrow's fore-top-mast was shot away. I heard the voice of Vincent cheering on his men, and telling them to be steady in their aim. My heart sunk at the intelligence, and I sat down on a chest. The firing now slackened, for the Stella had shot ahead of the English schooner, and the negroes on deck were laughing and in high good humour. For a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, and I took it for granted that the Stella had left her pursuers far behind; when, of a sudden, a whole broadside of guns were poured into us, and there was a terrible crashing and confusion on deck. I ran up the ladder to see what had happened. It appeared that as the Stella was crossing the bows of the Arrow, the latter had, as a last chance, thrown up in the wind, and discharged her whole broadside into us; two shots had struck our mainmast, which had fallen by the board. I perceived at once that the Stella's chances were over—nothing could save her; she might resist the schooner, but could not escape the frigate. I ran down below, and went into the cabin; I was afraid that the negroes might perceive the joy in my countenance. I heard the angry voice of the negro captain—I heard him stamping with rage, and I thanked God that I was not at his side. The wreck of the mast was soon cleared away. I heard him address his negroes, point out to them that it was better to die like men at their guns, than swing at the yard-arm like dogs. Some of them came down and took on deck a quarter-cask of spirits, which was plentifully supplied to all. The English schooner had borne down upon us, and the action now commenced at pistol-shot. Never shall I forget what took place for nearly three quarters of an hour; the negroes, most of them intoxicated, fought with rage and fury indescribable—their shouts, their screams—their cursing and blasphemy, mingled with the loud report of the guns, the crashing of the spars and bulwarks, the occasional cry of the wounded, and the powerful voice of Vincent. It was terrific between decks; the smoke was so thick, that those who came down for the powder could not see, but felt their way to the screen. Every two seconds I heard the men come aft, toss off the can of liquor, and throw it on the deck, when they went to resume their labour at their guns. At the end of the time I have mentioned, the shot flew from to leeward, as well as from to windward; the frigate had got within range, and was pouring in her broadside; still the firing and the shouting on the deck of the Stella continued, but the voices were fewer, and as the firing of the frigate became more severe, they became fainter and fainter; and at last but an occasional gun was fired from our decks. I became so uneasy, that I could remain where I was no longer; I went forward on the lower deck again, and tumbling over the wounded and dead, I crept up the fore-ladder. I looked over the combings of the hatchway; the decks were clear of smoke, for not a gun was being fired. Merciful heaven! what a scene of slaughter! Many of the guns were dismantled, and the decks were strewn with splinters and plankings of the gunwale, broken spars, and negroes lying dead, or drunk, in all directions—some out and torn to pieces, others whole, but mixed up with the fragments of other bodies: such a scene of blood I have never since witnessed. Out of the whole crew, I do not think there were twenty men left unhurt, and these were leaning or lying down, exhausted with fatigue, or overcome with liquor, on various parts of the deck. The fighting was over; there was not one man at his gun; and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell, while I was looking up, from the shot which continued every minute to pierce the bulwarks. Where was Vincent! I dare not go aft to see. I dare not venture to meet his eye. I dived down below again, and returned aft to the cabin; there was no more demand for powder; not a soul was to be seen abaft. Suddenly the after-hatchway grating was thrown off; I heard some one descend; I knew it was the hurried tread of the negro captain. It was so dark, and the cabin so full of smoke, that coming from the light he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk: he came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol, and then he commenced pulling down the screen, which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident; which were to blow up the vessel. I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed past him, ran up the ladder, sprung aft to the taffrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion—felt it, indeed, so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses; so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch, as it were, upon the deep blue water, dark as ink, and strewn with splintered fragments.—From "Perceval Keene," by Capt. Marryat.

PUDSEY'S LEAP.

The young heir of Bolton, Henry de Pudsey, by a long course of the most reckless extravagance and dissipation, having involved himself to such an extent, that his father, far advanced in the vale of years, irritated and exasperated by continual and large demands upon his purse and property, peremptorily refused to assist him any further; and in a moment of extreme indignation forbade him, at the peril of incurring his curse, to approach his presence, until he had by a new and reformed line of conduct atoned for his past vices. Betrothed to a lady of rank and beauty in the neighbourhood, his profligacy had induced her—at the earnest suggestion of her kindred—to annul all proceedings of courtship or marriage between them; and thus cast off by father and mistress, the young, yet not utterly debased libertine began to feel the stings of that inward monitor, which—even at the eleventh hour—he had good sense and resolution to encourage, rather than to stifle.

For several months Henry de Pudsey had contrived to evade his enraged creditors, but at length he was traced to the little cottage of his nurse, not half a mile from the paternal mansion. In the dusk of twilight he stole from the arms of his weeping fostering mother, and, determined to make one last appeal to his father, advanced stealthily and sally to the Hall. He reached the doors, but he reached them not unobserved nor unpursued.

The myrmidons of the law were on his track, and only waited to see him fairly housed, ere they rushed upon their prey. The old gentleman was sitting in the twilight, near a casement, on whose panes the red glories of the departing day shone faintly.—His thoughts were of his outcast child, but no feelings of compassionate forgiveness were mixed with those reflections. His eyes rested on the already extensive tract of felled timber, of which his lands had been shorn to foster the reckless expenditure of that child, and his breast was full of bitterness towards poor Henry, when at that very unpropitious moment a voice—a well known voice—crying for

"Pardon! Pardon!" rang in his ears, and he beheld his repentant son at his feet!

"Begone! profligate! begone! Approach not, lest I curse you!" cried the old man: "fly this instant, or I summon my menials to fling you forth into the hands of your pursuers!"

Scarcely had the cruel menace passed the lips of the obdurate parent, ere loud and angry voices announced the proximity of danger, and the faithful nurse, hurrying into the room, half-dragged her sorrow-stunned foster-child down a narrow back stair-case, which, entering through the gardens, led to the banks of the River, and was still unguarded.

Henry flew with the agility of youth and terror. He has passed to the little postern that leads to the open country, but his path to the roads—to the hills—to the woods—is barred; on every side he hears the tramp of many feet, and the shouts of many voices. Either way—to the right—to the left—peril lies.—Before him is the precipice and the river—perhaps escape—perhaps death! One moment he hesitates—another, and he sees his pursuers close upon him—the next, and he is on the topmost peak of the cliff! He draws a long breath—murmurs the name of Katherine—thinks a prayer—and with scarce a hope of aught save death, springs from the promontory! That promontory is full ninety feet above the bed of the Ribble!

The ancient mansion of Gisborne contained one desolate heart, on the day that beheld the stern Marmaduke de Pudsey humbled and penitent for the cruelty with which he had driven his only child from his feet to a watery grave! A girl of extreme beauty sat in one of those little rooms, so often seen in the houses of our ancestors, that partake a divided character of solemnity and cheerfulness. There were scriptural paintings of high merit, to give a something of conventional sedateness to its interior, augmented by the stained glass of an oriel window; while a harp, a lute, books, and a vase or two of flowers, agreeably mellowed the otherwise sombre aspect of the place. It was now, indeed, the sanctuary to which a sincere mourner had retreated, in order by prayer and commune with her own pure heart, to attain some degree of composure, ere she mingled in scenes where, though the intensity of her grief might win respect, it would fail to meet with that deep sympathy so consoling to the afflicted.

Katherine of Gisborne was yet young, though left sole and undisputed mistress of Ribblesdale; and when her sense of duty induced her to discard the libertine heir of De Pudsey, she struggled in vain to conquer an attachment which had "grown with her growth," and which, in truth, was appreciated and returned. She had spent some hours in devotion, and many tears had fallen for him who she believed to have perished beneath the waters of the Ribble, when a low tap at the door of the apartment announced an intruder. Slowly but composedly she inquired, "Who is there?"

"My lady," said an attendant, "Margery Moon entreats admittance for a brief space."

"She comes to sorrow with me," said Katherine, mentally. "It will be a trial, but I may not selfishly refuse the nurse of poor Henry." Then bidding the servant to admit the old woman, she seated herself, until the opening and closing of the door warning her that her guest was in her presence, she turned round to greet her. The aged nurse stood intently gazing on the countenance of Katherine, and with a low curtsy, exclaimed—

"You have been weeping for him! you do not, then, cease to love him?"

"No, no, good Margery," cried the lady of Ribblesdale. "You know I ever loved him—never shall love another." And with an uncontrollable burst of grief she flung her arms around the neck of the woman.

"God bless thee, my fair and good child," cried Margery; "I knew it was so, and all will yet be well; and he will deserve thy love."

Katherine started. She gazed on the face of the nurse, as if to ascertain by that scrutiny whether the senses of the visitor were not wandering, and was not without a degree of alarm on perceiving a smile steal across her withered features.

"Hush, dear lady," cried the nurse, lowering her voice to a whisper; "be not agitated, nor fearful—he lives!"

And it was quite true. The promontory was full ninety feet from the bed of the Ribble, but Henry was saved! The waters were then high, swollen by long rains; and a sudden storm among the hills had increased each tributary torrent. He sank, and sank, and rose; and finally, for he was an expert swimmer, he reached the opposite bank, though far down the stream; whence, in the advanced darkness of the night, he effected his escape to Gisborne, where a dangerous illness held him for many days. The sun of prosperity, however, arose over his supposed grave, for his father's heart softened, and, hopeless from the detail given by the baffled pursuers of his child—melted toward him, and he grieved with great grief. But Henry was quite safe at Gisborne; he had gained the hut of his foster-brother, who resided there; and watched and teared by his faithful old nurse, Margery Moon, he recovered, to find himself once more restored to the arms of his father, and the affections of his mistress. Nor was his after-life stained by even a shadow of a blot, such as had marred the beauty of his youth. So runs the legend of "Pudsey's Leap"—and a terrible leap it was.

A NOVEL CASE.—A WARNING TO LADIES.

An Editor recovering Sixteen Hundred Dollars of a Lady for Breach of Promise.—Many of our readers, perhaps, have heard something of the facts in relation to an interesting affair which occurred some year or two since, at Seabrook, N. H., the parties to which are Mr. J. M. P., publisher of the Village Transcript, at Amesbury, Mr. John M.G., a young man from the "land of cakes," and at the time a sub-contractor on the Eastern Railroad; and last, but not least in our story, Miss Emily S. B., a fair and interesting young lady, the daughter of a substantial citizen of Seabrook. It appears that, for a considerable period, an intimate intercourse had subsisted between Mr. P. and the young lady, which, so far at least as was known, was both agreeable and reciprocal, and which had continued so up to the time when Mr. M.G.,

in pursuance of his vocation, took up his residence in the family of Mr. B., the father of the young lady, who lived on the line of the road.

About this time, Mr. P. came to the conclusion that he would get married. For this purpose he consulted with Miss B., who expressed her entire willingness to join her hand and her fortunes with his, and that without delay. The parents were consulted, their consent obtained, and thus all the necessary preliminaries were adjusted. Every thing thus far promised well, at least to the vision of Mr. P. Furniture and other necessary appendages were immediately purchased—a residence was selected by the lady herself—the wedding garments were bespoken—and even the happy day itself—the bans having been previously published—a day which was to render complete all their joys and consummate their happiness here below, by the tying of the nuptial knot—this day, even, was appointed by the lady herself! But the perfidy, nay treachery and deceit of a beautiful young lady! What shall or can be said in extenuation of such extraordinary conduct? The facts, as they were disclosed at the trial, were, that at this very time, when the engagement was entered into and sanctioned by Miss B. herself, and the arrangements making to celebrate the wedding, she was encouraging the addresses of, and finally, the day before she was to be married to Mr. P., she left her father's residence at midnight, and eloped with M.G. to New York, where they were married!

The residue is soon told.—After spending the "honey moon" in New York, M.G. and his "lady love" returned to Seabrook. In the meantime, Mr. P., feeling, as would naturally be expected, that he had been most unhandsonely treated, resolved to seek, in a court of justice, that satisfaction and vindication of himself which he was denied elsewhere. Immediately, therefore, upon the return of M.G. a suit was instituted against him, the damages being laid at \$5,000. This was upwards of a year since, but owing to some neglect in procuring the evidence of the marriage of M.G. to Miss B. the case was deferred to the term of the Common Pleas Court, which is now in session at Exeter, where it was called, progressed in, and finished on Monday last, the result of which was a verdict for Mr. P. with \$1,600 damages.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that this verdict has given very general satisfaction in the community where the facts are known. This is a novel case—the first of the kind that has ever happened in New Hampshire, or perhaps in New England, as we are assured by a veteran of the New Hampshire bar.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

A certain Cure for the Cancer—if you follow the Directions.—Take half an ounce of bluestone, a quarter of an ounce of burnt copperas, a quarter of an ounce of burnt alum, half a quarter of an ounce of verdigris; powder them all together. Take bluestone and burnt alum, a quarter of an ounce of each, finely powdered; add to that half a pint of the best rum and a table spoonful of honey. You can put it in a tin cup and lay a saucer on it, and set it on some live coals, and let it boil a few minutes; then strain it through a fine cloth and put it in a phial.

The cancer must be dressed twice a day. If it is not raw, you must scarify it a little.—Scrape a little lint of linen; then pour but a little of the liquid in a spoon; dip the lint in it, and then in the powder; lay it on, and bind a small piece of linen on it, in order to confine it to the place.

You must be careful to pick all the flesh off every time you dress it. Wash the cancer with a little milk and water, or castile soap. When the patient finds the powder has no effect, a poultice must be applied, in order to rot the roots. If the cancer does not become easy, apply the powder again.

When the cancer is out, pour a little of the liquid in the hole, and apply the powder again twice, in order to kill the remaining roots.

The patient must not be alarmed on account of its swelling, and must refrain from all kinds of spirits.

"I do hereby certify, that I had a cancer in the corner of my eye, in the year 1816, and that the above cured me." October 18, 1842. JOHN TODDENTER.

"I do hereby certify, that I had a cancer in my lip, in the year 1823, and that the above made a final cure." ELIJAH NEAL.

EARL OF DALHOUSIE.—This family, which is of high antiquity, claims to be of German descent, but have settled in North Britain, as a family of note, since the time of David the First. Sir Alexander Dalhousie was varden of the Middle Marshes, and, in 1332, constable of the castle of Roxburgh, which he had taken by escalade. Having excited the enmity of one of the Douglas's, he was seized by his orders, and confined in the castle of Hermitage, where he perished by famine, under similar circumstances to those described of the Duke of Rothsay, in the "Fair Maid of Perth." From Sir Alexander we pass to his lineal descendant, Sir John, who, for his loyalty and valour in rescuing James the Sixth from the attempt made on his life by the Earl of Gowrie and his brother, Alexander Ruthven, at Perth, was created Lord Ramsay, of Bains, and Viscount Haddington, and was subsequently advanced to the dignity of Earl of Holderness, in the peerage of England. On his Lordship's death, the titles descended to his eldest son, Sir George Ramsay, who obtained the title of Lord Ramsay, of Dalhousie; his son William succeeded him, and was further elevated to the earldom of the Castle of Dalhousie, and to the barony of Ramsay, of Kerrington. We pass on from this lord to George, the eighth earl, who was high commissioner to the general assembly of the Church of Scotland from 1717 to 1782, and was a representative peer in 1774, 1780, and 1784. He was succeeded, on his death in 1787, by his son George, who distinguished himself at Waterloo, for which he was created a peer of the United Kingdom, as Baron Dalhousie, of Dalhousie castle. In 1819, his lordship was made governor-general of British North America. Whilst there, he planted Wolfe's plain with oats, a circumstance which gave rise to the following epigram:—

"Some men love honour,  
Other men love groats;  
Here Wolfe reaped laurels—  
Lord Dalhousie oats."

On his decease, in 1838, he was succeeded by Sir James Andrew Ramsay, the present peer. His lordship married, 21st January, 1836, Susan Georgiana, eldest daughter of George, Marquis of Tweeddale, and has issue. His Lordship sits in the House of Lords under his English barony of Dalhousie, and takes precedence before Baron Meldrum, and immediately after Baron Hill. He is related to the Hon. James Ramsay (brother), Lady E. Moncrieff (sister), Baron Panmure (uncle), who is heir apparent to the title. He holds the place of brigadier-general of the royal company of archers of Scotland. On his accession to the peerage he was a representative of the East Lothian county. His politics are conservative, than which we know nothing more. His motto is, "Ora et labora"—Pray and labour. Town residence—36, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square. Seat—Dalhousie castle, Edinburgh.

DISCOVERY IN TANNING.—We learn from the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, that an important discovery in the art of tanning has been made. Our contemporary says—"The long and tedious process of tanning leather is now about to undergo a wonderful change, by the introduction of Mr. Cox's patent system. We have before us specimens of sole leather tanned in the amazingly short space of twelve hours! We have also other specimens tanned in eight days (the longest period for the strongest hides), one of which is of the extraordinary thickness of 6-10ths of an inch. The time required to tan a substance of hide equal to that before us would be, by the old system of tanning, from ten to twenty months. The quality of the leather appears excellent, being of good colour and texture."

PEWS IN CHURCHES.—Archdeacon Manning, in his visitation charge, just published, states that, 300 years ago, the whole area of the churches, with a few slight exceptions, private and permanent use was assigned by the Bishop or a faculty. He considers pews to be a great abuse.

FACT RESPECTING THE DEATH-BED OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—Dr. Bogue wrote an essay on the divine authority of the New Testament, intended chiefly for the refutation of infidels, by a discussion of the principal objections which they make to Christianity. Of this important work the emperor sent a copy to Napoleon, at St. Helena. The emperor read it with interest and satisfaction; and, if it did not completely lead him to the acknowledgment of Jesus Christ as his Saviour, it had a powerful influence in removing his doubts and producing some degree of conviction. After his death, this copy became the property of a non-commissioned officer, who taught English to the children of the emperor's attendants. Upon the return of the regiment to England, he presented it to Dr. Bogue, who accepted it with deep emotion, regarding the circumstance as an evidence of the divine blessing on his work. At the same time, the Abbé Bonavita went from Paris, through Belgium and Holland, to St. Helena, in order to be the emperor's chaplain. In Belgium he became acquainted with an Englishman, a zealous supporter of the Bible Society. They travelled together to London, and had much intercourse during the Abbé's stay in that city. The English gentleman availed himself of this opportunity to entrust to the Abbé a splendidly bound Bible, of a beautiful edition, begging him to present it to the unhappy exile. He thankfully undertook the commission, saying he was sure the emperor would highly value the present. This proved to be the fact. Personally entitled to credit, who attended Napoleon's dying bed, and had declared that he assiduously read the Holy Scriptures; and that in the pangs of his severe malady, he often with strong emotion uttered the great name of Jesus. It may even be said, that he "confessed Christ before men." In a familiar but solemn conversation, he exclaimed, with an expressive accent and emphatic brevity, which had an electric effect—

"I know men; and I tell you that Jesus was not a man. His religion is a self-existent mystery; and it proceeded from a mind not human. There is in it a deep peculiarity of character [individualité] which has produced a succession of doctrines and maxims till then unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from human knowledge. Only in himself he found completely the example of the imitation of his life. Neither was he a philosopher; for his proofs were intricate, and his disciples from the first adored him. In fact, science and philosophy are powerless to salvation; and the subject of Jesus in coming into the world was to unveil the mysteries of heaven and the laws of mind. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded empires; but what have we rested the creations of our genius? Only force. Only Jesus has founded an empire upon love; and at this moment, millions of men would die for him. It was not a day nor a battle that won the victory over the world for the Christian religion. No; it was a long war, a fight of three centuries; begun by the Apostles, and continued by their successors and the flow of the Christian generation that followed. In that war, all the kings and powers of the earth were on one side; on the other side I see no more but a mysterious force, and a few men scattered here and there through all parts of the world, and who had no meeting point but their faith in the mysteries of the cross. I do before my time, and my body will be put into the ground to become the food of worms. Such is the fate of the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep wretchedness and Christ's eternal kingdom, proclaimed, loved, adored, and spreading through the world! Was that dying? Was I not rather to live? The death of Christ is the death of God."

With these words Napoleon ceased; but General Bertrand making no reply, he added, "If you do not understand that Jesus Christ is God, I have been wrong in calling you General."—*Archives du Christianisme.*

DISCOVERY OF KING ALPIN'S BODY.—A skeleton was found last week in digging through the mound at Phylis, on which the ancient stone stands to commemorate the battle fought between the Picts and Scots in the year 834. The skeleton must be the remains of King Alpin, who was taken prisoner in the action, and beheaded by the Picts; but though some historians state that his head and body were removed by the Scots to Icolmkill and there buried, the fact of now finding the head severed from the body, which was in the centre of the mound, and distant some fields from the mass of the bones of those who fell in the action, renders it certain that this must be the skeleton of some Christian, and there is no record of any one of note having fallen on this occasion except King Alpin. It is singular that the skeleton of King Alpin, the last King of the independent Picts, and from whom Her Majesty Queen Victoria is lineally descended, was discovered on the very day she crossed the Tay, and entered the border of her ancestors' old dominions. These Royal remains have been carefully collected and placed in a shell, and are now deposited in the Watt Institution, Dundee.

A HEATHEN HOSPITAL.—The Rev. Mr. Allen, an American missionary, in giving details concerning the various Institutions in Bombay, thus notices what every one may regard as a most singular establishment:—"It has been said that Heathenism never furnished a hospital. There is at least one exception to the truth of this remark. There is one here, supported at an expense of 16,000 dollars annually. It was founded by a donation of 100,000 dollars, by a merchant of the Jain sect—the sect which appears to approach nearer than any other to the primitive Hindooism, with which Pythagoras became acquainted at Babylon. Its doctrines strictly forbid the destruction of animal life in any case whatever. The management of this hospital is wholly in heathen hands, and heathen liberality furnishes all its resources. In it are gratuitously supported from 50 to 60 old horses, which would otherwise be killed as past service; about 175 cows and oxen; 200 dogs, for whose destruction the authorities of Bombay offer a bounty twice a year; a large number of cats, monkeys and other animals. The charities are accessible to living beings of every species except the human race. Men, women, and children, wounded, sick, and destitute, are allowed to die unaided within the walls of its walls. Such is the character of the only hospital as far as is known, that Heathenism ever built."—*Hong Kong Gazette.*

SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN.—This argument on the necessity of cutting off half the claimants to votes at a election really the only one of reasonable appearance the opposition have. For on every other ground, the admission of women to vote would be a great addition of security for the general welfare. Among other reasons why it would do good, are these two special ones—women in general are not such bad men as men are; and secondly, they are not such knaves. A man is ordinarily an ass, ready to follow any clapnet which rogues may put before him; and this from some slavish expectation of being the successful thief, or the victorious public prosecutor. If all the detestable and disgraceful public men which have darkened the last quarter of a century were to have been submitted to a jury of women, three out of four would have been stopped by the superior sense and wisdom of the referees. Women, in fact, are vastly further advanced in civilization than men are; vastly more removed from the instincts and passions of savage life; more accustomed to calculate consequences, because it is on them they are always fallen in their bitterness, and above all things less deteriorated by that wear and tear with the meanness and villainy of the world, which is the inlet to half the miseries of mankind, by enfeebling the belief in the possibility of resistance.—*Col. Thompson's Exercises.*

IMPARTIALITY.—An indolent youth, being asked why he was so shamefully fond of his pillow, to the manifest injury of his reputation, replied—"I am engaged, every morning, to hearing counsel.—Industry and health advise me to rise, and sloth and idleness, to lie still; and they give their respective length, pro and con. It is my part to be strictly impartial, and to hear with patience what is said on both sides, and, by the time the cause is fairly argued, dinner is generally on the table."

A GOOD TOAST.—The following toast was given at a public dinner in Connecticut—viz. *The NUTMEG STATE.* Where shall we find a grater?