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POETRY.

CHANCE.—BY THOMAS WHITEHEAD.

I heard the Atheist, with defiant tongue,
Declare there was no God, no future state
Of punishment or wo, no after-peace;
That when this mortal tabernacle died
Naught more remained; that sunk for aye
Into oblivion's depths;—like flakes of snow
Fast-falling on the rushing tide of death,
We melted into nothingness.

Say, was it 'chance'
That form'd the world and pois'd the ball in space?
That made the planets in their courses roll?
That cloth'd the world with verdure? Gave to man
The right of sovereignty o'er all he saw?
That caus'd our hearts with sympathies to beat,
And in our minds a reasoning power placed?
That in the bowels of the silent earth
Dispos'd materials for men to form
The implements of labour, to obtain
The riches of the soil? That caus'd the trees
To bend their loaded branches to the ground,
Offering, with outstretch'd arms, their gifts to man?

Is it by 'chance' the elements have birth?
By 'chance' the alternating seasons come?
First Spring, now smiling like a virgin bride,
Now like the weeping Niobe, 'all tears;''
Causing the grain that in the soil is cast
To germinate with life? The million trees,
With simultaneous action, to put forth
Their posied blooms? The p'enteous Summer next,
A benefactress with a kindly face,
Smiling the more, the more she has to give?
Then Autumn, with his field of waving corn,
And the glad festival of 'Harvest Home!'
And Winter next, with icy wings outspread
Moulting his snowy feathers o'er the earth,
Accomplishing a mission not less wise?

Who holds the thunderbolt within His grasp?
And who directs the fearful lightning's flash?
A flaming tongue which to a listener tells
A wholesome truth, that in a good man's ear
Is 'as familiar as household words:'
'Mighty and wonderful are Thy works, O God,
In Thine own wisdom hast Thou made them all.'

Miscellaneous.

AN ARABIAN WEDDING.

(From Madame Prus's Residence in Algeria.)

The Arabian customs vary very much among this population; each tribe has its own, which it preserves even in the midst of cities. A few days ago I heard, in a neighbouring house, the sound of tambourines, reed pipes, &c., which usually announces a family festival. I mounted on my terrace, but was unable to see any thing in the adjoining court, except a few negroes preparing mats, as if to receive a numerous company. In vain I endeavoured to get a view into the interior of the house, my curiosity was doomed to be disappointed. I went into the street, when I heard a wedding spoken of. I walked about the entrance of the house where the nuptials were to take place, though with small hopes of success, when a Moorish women, carefully enveloped in her veil, passed near me, and, gently touching my arm, said to me in excellent French, 'thou wishest to see the wedding? Come!' She then linked her arm in mine, and we entered the house together. If I was astonished to hear her speak French so well, I was not surprised at the kindness of her act, as they all are, in general, civil and obliging to those that please them. She introduced me into a large hall on the ground floor, where I found myself in a company of about twenty Moorish ladies, richly dressed, and seated in the oriental style. They made room for me, and I seated myself among them; they received me most graciously, and, after shaking hands with me, made me the customary salutation by raising their hands to their lips. Coffee was served, without sugar, and the music began again. Three old women, no less hideous than the witches in Macbeth, resumed their tambourines to accompany the most discordant chaunt that ever offended Christian ears. These three matrons possess a great number of privileges at Bona. They preside at births, and if the new-born infant be a boy, they hail its arrival with the frightful din of their tambourines, and distract the ear of the suffering mother with their noisy congratulations. Part of their business is also to tattoo, which they do with great skill and taste, and to arrange the dress of the brides; in which last particular they signally fail, at least in the eyes of a Parisian. I had endured this dreadful concert for about three quarters of an hour, wondering in whose honour I was thus exercising my patience, when at last the music ceased, and a danse ensued. The lady who had introduced me had taken off the 'kouk,' or veil, that concealed her splendid attire, and I was able to examine her at leisure. She was singularly handsome, in spite of the pains she had taken to paint her face, according to the Moorish fashion. By this means, her beautiful eyebrows were joined in one arch across her forehead, and her eyes received additional lustre from the tinge of cucuma under her long eyelashes. Black patches were placed on her cheeks that glowed with artificial brightness, reminding one of the belles of the court of Louis XV., and her frequent bursts of gaiety disclosed a set of pearly teeth. Her long, black hair was gathered in large rolls under a fillet of crimson silk and gold; her beautifully modelled hands and arms were tattooed so admirably, that they seemed to be covered with black lacework of the most intricate design; the tips of her fingers were died with recon; and her legs and feet tattooed in the same manner as her arms. Her slippers were richly embroidered with gold and silver, and heavy golden bracelets adorned her arms and legs. All the other women wore the same kind of costume, the only variety consisting in the different arrangement of colours, in the greater or less beauty of the silken trousers, double chemises of cotton and muslin, and length of the gauze veils ornamented with gold and silver spangles. The weight of the earrings and gold chains with which they were loaded, seemed in no degree to impede their motions, and certainly, if their intrinsic value was rather a proof of the wealth than of the taste of the wearers, their size was a still greater testimony of the personal vigour that was able to endure such a weight in a height of forty-five degrees. When I had finished my scrutiny, which seemed by no means disagreeable to the objects of it, my first acquaintance offered me a place by her side, which I gladly accepted; and the following conversation took place between us:—

'In a few minutes you will see the bride.'

'Where is she?'

'Behind that green damask curtain, where she has been hidden three days.'

'Why?'

'Because she came with her mother from one of the tribes in the mountains, and is lodging here with the mother of the bridegroom. Nobody is allowed to see her before the moment she is conducted to the nuptial chamber. She was married this morning before the cadi, veiled from head to foot, and neither her husband nor we have yet beheld her.'

'What is thy name?'

'Fatima.'

'How, then, Fatima, dost thou speak such good French?'

She laughed. 'Dost thou not perceive that I am a Frenchwoman?'

'What, thou?'

'Why, then, appear as a Moor?''

'That is very easily explained. My parents brought me to Africa a few years ago; they died, and I was left alone, an orphan, with the dreary prospect of entering a hospital of refuge. Mazoud, our neighbour, a young man of great wealth and kind disposition, offered me his hand and his fortune, with a solemn promise, that I should be his only wife, and enjoy the free exercise of my religion; my husband loves me most devotedly; and contrary to the custom of the country, I am sole mistress of my home, and respected by his family, who load me with kindness and marks of affection. I have nothing to desire, and if Mazoud were to imagine that any thing were wanting to complete my happiness, he would allow himself no rest, till he had discovered my wish and gratified it, anticipating my thoughts before I could find words to utter them.'

'But, Fatima, this is a complete rupture with thy country and countrymen.'

'My husband is dearer to me than all.'

I felt that this was an argument that refuted all mine, and pressed her hand in token of acquiescence. The mother of the bride then made her appearance, and passed behind the damask curtain before mentioned, accompanied by three matrons. Small wax lights were distributed among us, after which the curtain rose, and the bride, supported on each side, was led into the midst of our circle, and placed on a cushion that had been prepared for her. They next proceeded to arrange her toilet, which had not been required for the ceremony of the morning. The matrons covered her with a velvet mantle worked in gold, slightly resembling the cape worn by our priests, but closed at the side. On her hair, the long tresses, of which were rolled under a fillet, like Fatima's, was placed first a velvet band, five inches in width, stiffly mounted on pasteboard, then a second one of the same kind, but ornamented with gold fringes and strings of golden coins. When this was done they proceeded to paint her eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips, a measure which seemed by no means useless, as she was deadly pale, and appeared completely exhausted. The poor young creature had been suffering from fever for several months; while her youth and good constitution had struggled against the malady, unassisted by any strange belief in fatalism. She had been betrothed for many years, and the time for her marriage having arrived, the promises exchanged on each side had to be redeemed, without any regard for the consequences. When her toilet was entirely finished, all the ladies who were present went into the court, and striking their chins with their fingers, produced that sound so like the barking of a dog, which is so often heard in the Arab towns, and is so disagreeable to the ear. This was a signal that the husband's authority was about to commence, and that the moment had arrived when he was permitted to take the first view of his young wife. She was then placed on the threshold of the door, and her hands were left free, in order that she might raise her veil. The bridegroom was just crossing the street; he advanced straight to his wife, viewed her by the light of our tapers, and placed a piece of money on her head, according to an ancient custom, as a sign that he accepted the spouse chosen for him, though the law would have permitted him immediately to repudiate her. The poor young woman, who seemed scarcely fifteen years' old, exhausted with illness, fatigue, and the painful uncertainty she was suffering, was suffering, was unable to lift her hand to her head in sufficient time to retain the piece of money, which confirmed her new title. It fell to the ground, upon which arose a general cry of distress: as Arab superstition regards an accident of this kind as an announcement of death to the person who lets fall the fatal medal. The bridegroom retired to his chamber, and the bride was led back among the circle of her friends to hear the hymeneal chant. This was another severe trial to my ears; and I much rejoiced that at least I was spared the words of this discordant music, which being in Arabic, I did not understand. We then went in a body to lead the bride to her husband. I wish I could describe to you any of the wonders that the tales of the Arabian Nights relate about the interior of the Moorish houses, but I was neither at Bagdad or Bassora, and Bona is still in a place of primitive simplicity, in regard to costly furniture and other articles of oriental magnificence; a slight covering of whitewash was the only sign of luxury in the houses of the richest Moors. On entering the nuptial chamber, the only thing I saw was a white mass squatted on the ground on the corner of the carpet. This was the bridegroom, who had to be roughly shaken before he would change his position and make room for his young wife. She was then placed beside him, and they remained in this singular attitude, resembling the China figures that are sometimes seen on each side of the fire place in old houses. We then returned to the hall, where the dancing began, accompanied by the same inevitable music. The mother of the bridegroom first danced for her son, and afterwards the mother of the bride for her daughter; then came the performance of the nearest relations. The spirit both of dancers and spectators was excited by such an increase of singing and vociferation, that for my part, satisfied with what I had seen of the attractions of such a party, I was too happy to return home, though even here I was molested all night long with the sound of the detestable Arab music, and the chants and other signs of rejoicing of the guests which were protracted till a late hour of the morning.

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM? OR WHAT ARE TREES MADE OF?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly, that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows? The following experiment will show, whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude every thing but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds*! Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was *not* obtained from the earth; we are therefore compelled to repeat our question,—'Where does the wood come from?' We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown, that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the *air*.

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast and solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle ships, Old England's wall of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I dwell once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this is air.—*Life of a Tree.*

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

Dr. Kane, in his 'Arctic Expedition,' says:—'Icicles hung around the deck, peaches became a mass of chalcedony, butter was cut with a chisel, beef with a pickaxe and crowbar. Walking out, you are conscious of a bracing atmosphere. Whiskers and face are glazed with ice. Put out your tongue, and it is frozen to your chin. Walking on, you get into a fine glow, often into a perspiration; but if the wind rises, then you have a sensation of pricking pains. Extremes meet. Extremes of heat and cold are alike. In our new life, cold gives a positive character to our existence, almost impossible to describe. We protect ourselves from metals, with fur and buckskin. The crawl, the chill, which is, with us at home, the indication of varying temperature, was there unknown. In fact, it was only by the direct attack of cold that we were aware of it, and officers and men agreed that we had suffered more at home from cold. With such an inveterate enemy, however, we could not hope to escape scars; but we all returned alive. On one occasion a poor fellow, recovering from inflammation of the lungs, being asked how his frost-bitten ear came on, produced it in a piece of paper, and said, 'Doctor, I didn't want to trouble you, but it dropped off last night.'

AWFUL TRAGEDY.

The following account of an awful tragedy, which occurred at the village of Dunkirk, in the State of New York, on the 15th June last, is copied from the *Fredonia Censor* of that date. We learn from the account, with much surprise, that Lynch Law still exists in the State of New York:—"This morning (June the 15th) our village (Dunkirk) was shocked at the intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. Isaac Smith, foreman in the extensive machine shop of the N. Y. and Erie Railroad Company, aged 49 years. He was a native of New Hampshire, and, until December last, when he came to this village, a resident of East Boston, Mass., where he had accumulated a handsome property, on which his family, a wife and nine children, resided, until their removal to this place, where they arrived last Saturday. They were affectionately received by the husband and father, whom they however soon discovered was much changed in his usual deportment, evidently the subject of sadness and gloom. They were not long in suspense, for he soon told them the story of his wrongs, that he had been falsely charged with the commission of an act, that, false as it was, would seriously, in his view affect his character, and that of his family. Being of a nervous temperament, and very jealous of a well-earned reputation for integrity and purity of life, any attempt to soothe and mitigate seemed only to enhance the anguish of a wounded spirit. Reason tottered, and, in an evil moment, he resolved to commit the rash deed. Having risen at an early hour, and imprinting a kiss on each of his children while yet in their beds, he retired to the lower part of the house, whence the report of a pistol was soon heard; his wife and children quickly starting from their beds met him on the stairs, when he faced about, and descending to the room, he turned, and throwing a rapid glance upon each of the distressed group, he as quickly applied a razor to the left side of his neck, cutting a horrible gash, at the same instant exclaiming, 'Remember I am innocent!' This act, with this declaration, was repeated three times in rapid succession. On examination of the wounds, after death, by the surgeon in attendance, it was ascertained there was a slightly lacerated wound of the scalp, occasioned, as was believed, by the discharge of the pistol, which failing to do the work intended, resort was had to the razor. The miserable creature, who was the moving cause of these distressing consequences, has confessed, that the charge was wholly untrue, and without the least cause of provocation on the part of Mr. Smith. The coroner being called, an inquest was held upon the body, and a verdict rendered by the jury, that the deceased came to his death by his own hand, while in a state of mental aberration."

The Buffalo *Express*, after copying the foregoing, says:—"The woman above referred to, was a Mrs. Tole. The inhabitants of the village, after learning her perfidy, rose *en masse*, proceeded to Tole's house, lynched him, and burned his house to ashes. Much agitation prevailed throughout the village yesterday, and it is yet difficult to foretell the result of this base and inhuman conduct. Ordinary hanging would be a luxury to such wretches."

CHLOROFORM.

We observe it stated, that Chloroform has been employed in Edinburgh, in from 80,000 to 100,000 cases, without a single accident or bad effect of any kind, traceable to its use. Mr. Carmichael, a surgeon of that city, commenting on the fact, says—"Would 80,000 or 100,000 full doses of opium, or antimony, or Epsom salts, or any other potent medicine, have been followed with as great impunity?" Chloroform is now habitually used in Edinburgh in all kinds of surgical operations, down to tooth-drawing. It saves many lives which otherwise would sink under the nervous shock which is experienced from a severe operation undergone in a state of consciousness. Such is the published opinion of the discoverer of its use as an anæsthetic, the now celebrated Dr. J. Y. Simpson; and this opinion has not been gainsayed by any of the profession in Edinburgh. At the same time, Chloroform has received the sanction and recommendation of the most authoritative bodies in France and the United States. Nevertheless, the public of London are almost wholly denied the vast benefit of this agent, purely through the prejudices of the profession. This forms a curious illustration of the condition of medicine and of the medical mind in the metropolis, but it is not a new one. Not only is there a distaste amongst scientific men in England for every thing that comes from the North, but there is a general benightedness in the London medical world. They opposed vaccination while it was embraced in the Provinces; and, to the indelible disgrace of all concerned, inoculation with small-pox maintained its ground in a London Hospital devoted to the purpose a quarter of a century after Jenner's discovery. The London public should take the matter into their own hands. Let them not be too ready to lay stress upon account of fatal effects from Chloroform. Of such there have been a few; but it is remarkable, that in Edinburgh, where the article is prepared in perfect purity, with the benefit of first-rate apparatus, and where it is administered with judgment and due care, not one accident has happened. Even admitting that the accidents which have happened elsewhere were not avoidable by any degree of care, they should be placed beside the lives which have been saved by the special use of this agent. Taking the matter on still lower ground, the rejection of Chloroform, because of a few fatal cases, is no more rational than it would be to refuse to travel by railways, because one person in several millions has been killed by a collision.—*English paper.*

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.

How seldom do we give a thought to the organization of the "house we live in," or the manner in which it is strengthened or undermined! We seem to think that it can take care of itself, exactly as well without our aid as with it, and better, too, perhaps. We don't reflect that, after all, we are mere animal chemical machines, and that various substances combined in the human stomach, present the same phenomena that they would in the receivers of a chemist's laboratory. For example, we see it stated, that without lime, the secretion of milk fails, the bones and teeth become soft, or are arrested in their development; without soda, no bile can be formed; without phosphorus and magnesia, the nervous tissues lose their energy, and the impaired condition of the brain is evinced by loss of memory, frightful headaches, and impending paralysis.

Ghastly paleness, prostration, faintings and coldness, attend the lack of carbon; deprived of sulphur, the hair would rapidly cease to grow; and the absence of iron is marked by lividity, disordered digestion, passive dropsy, and other symptoms of an anæmic or chlorotic character. The food we receive daily, furnishes the natural source of these elementary substances, and serves during health to repair the waste of these matters through the skin, kidneys, and other excretories, consequent upon the voluntary and vegetative functions of the economy. Hence the equilibrium is preserved. Inordinate use of particular organs induces a disproportionate consumption of their substance, and hence of the elements from which this substance is formed. Excesses in watching, thought, and muscular effort, for example, by overtaxing the brain and muscular fibre, render these tissues rapidly effete, and, therefore, cause an exaggerated demand for their particular pabulum, as phosphorus and iron.—*St. Louis Times.*

WOMEN AND MEN.—Women may talk of their inherent rights as much as they please, but they can't overcome nature. They may preach about the equality of the sex, but they can't overcome facts and organizations. Men and oaks were made to be twined, and women and ivy were made to twine about them. Though an equality were established between calico and cassimere to-morrow, it would not be a week before all the officers would be men, and all the soldiers women. Females are perfectly willing to go ahead, provided the men go first. Set fire to a steamboat, and not a yard of dimity will budge till corduroy sets the example. So long as the men cling to the vessels, the women will cling to the men. But if the men plunge over-board, chemisettes plunge too. As we said before, reformers may prate as they may about equal rights, but can't alter the regulation of God. It is as impossible for women to cut themselves loose from men, as it is for steel-dust to free itself from its attachment to a magnet.—*Exchange paper.*

HOW TO BRING A WITNESS TO THE POINT.

Lord Cockburn was one of the most intimate friends Jeffrey had—first his associate and friendly rival at the Scottish bar, and afterwards his brother on the Scottish bench. Many stories perhaps mythical, are current in Scotland, bringing out the contrast of the two friends—Jeffrey and Cockburn—in their characters addressing Scottish juries; Jeffrey, the clear, Attic intellect, speaking in a distinct, musical voice, from which the Scottish accent had been almost eradicated; Cockburn, the Scotchman all over, and, what is more, the Scotch humorist. One of the stories is as follows:

In one case, in which Jeffrey and Cockburn, when barristers, were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

"Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses a large, plain, and very stupid-looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was clear he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated, altering the words:

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

Still in vain—the witness only stared the harder.

"I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with his clear English language. "do you consider the man perfectly rational?"

No answer yet; the witness only staring vacantly at the elegant little figure of his interrogator, and said "Eh!"

'Let me tackle him?" said Cockburn.

Then assuming his broadest Scotch tone, and turning to the obdurate witness.

"Hae you your mull wi' ye?"

"Ou ay," said the awakened Cimon, stretching out his snuff horn.

"Noo, hoo lang ha' ye kent John Simpson?" said Cockburn taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that high," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged attitude of Simpson, at the time of their first acquaintance.

"And dy'e think noo, atween you and me," said the barrister, in his most insinuating Scotch manner, "that there's ony thing intill the crater?"

"I wudna lippen him wi' a bull calf," (I would not trust him with the guardianship of an infant bull,) was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. The end was attained, amid the convulsions of the court; what Jeffrey could not do with all his cleverness, Cockburn had done by dint of his inveterate Scotticism.

REV. JOHN WESLEY AND HIS LIKENESS.

Mr. Dudley was one evening taking tea with that eminent artist, Mr. Culy, when he asked him whether he had seen his gallery of busts. Mr. Dudley answering in the negative, and expressing a wish to be gratified with a sight of it, Mr. Culy conducted him thither, and after admiring the busts of the several great men of the day, he came to *one* which particularly attracted this notice, and on inquiry found it was the likeness of the Rev. John Wesley. 'This bust,' said Cully, 'struck Lord Shelburne in the same manner it does you, and there is a remarkable fact connected with it which, as I know you are fond of anecdote, I will relate to you precisely in the same manner and words that I did to him. 'My lord,' said I, 'perhaps you have heard of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied; '*he—that race of fanatics!*' 'Well, my lord; Mr. Wesley had often been urged to have his picture taken, but he always refused, alleging as a reason, that he thought it nothing but vanity; indeed, so frequently had he been pressed on this point, that his friends were reluctantly compelled to give up the idea. One day he called on me on the business of our church. I began the old subject of entreating him to allow me to take off his likeness. 'Well,' said I, 'knowing you value money for the means of doing good, if you will grant my request, I will engage to give you ten guineas for the first ten minutes that you sit, and for every minute that exceeds that time, you shall receive a guinea. 'What!' said Mr. Wesley; 'do I understand you aright, that you will give me ten guineas for having my picture taken? Well I agree to it.' He then stripped off his coat, and lay on the sofa, and in eight minutes I had the most perfect bust I had ever taken. He then washed his face, and I counted ten guineas into his hand. 'Well,' said he, turning to his companion, 'I never till now earned money so speedily; but what shall we do with it? They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster Bridge.

The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently, too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison, after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy! They then proceeded on, followed by the blessings of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Barton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable, than in Giltspur-Street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the turnkey to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered, if they were in search of poverty, they need not go far. The first ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers for several months without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude, and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said, 'Gentlemen, as you came here in search of poverty, pray go up stairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back towards them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed riveted on the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay stretched out on a pallet of straw a young woman in the last stage of consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too late for the unfortunate female, who expired a few hours afterwards from starvation, as the doctor declared. You may imagine, my lord, that the remaining eight guineas would not go far in aiding such distress as this. No expense was spared for the relief of the now only surviving sufferer. But so extreme was the weakness to which he was reduced, that six weeks elapsed before he could speak sufficiently to relate his own history.

It appeared that he had been a reputable merchant, and had married a beautiful young lady, eminently accomplished, whom he almost idolized. They lived happily together for some time, until, by failure of a speculation in which his whole property was embarked he was completely ruined. No sooner did he become acquainted with his misfortune, than he called all his creditors together, and laid before them the state of his affairs, showing them his books, which were in the most perfect order. They all willingly signed the dividend except a lawyer who owed his rise in the world to this merchant: the sum was two hundred and fifty pounds for which he obstinately declared, he should be sent to jail. It was in vain the creditors urged him to pity his forlorn condition, and to consider his great respectability: that feeling was a stranger to his breast, and in spite of all their remonstrances, he was hurried away to prison, followed by his weeping wife. As she was very accomplished she continued to maintain herself and her husband for some time, solely by the use of her pencil in painting small ornaments on cards; and thus they managed to put a little aside for the time of her confinement. But so long an illness succeeded this event, that she was incapacitated from exerting herself for their subsistence, and their scanty savings were soon expended by procuring the necessaries which her situation then required. They were driven to pawn their clothes, and their resources failing, they found themselves at last reduced to absolute starvation. The poor infant