

Literature.

THE TANGIER JEWESSES.—The unmarried Jewesses live in a state of perfect seclusion; they by no means enjoy the same degree of liberty as the young Moorish women: on the contrary, they are not allowed to stir out; and a young Jewess will attain the age of eighteen or twenty without having been seen in the streets, or without having crossed the threshold of her house, except, perhaps, by stealth in the evening, to pay a visit to her nearest neighbours. Notwithstanding this kind of imprisonment, which must be rendered more severe by the very confined size of the house and their being destitute of gardens, these poor things seem always happy and cheerful, and never idle, which, after all, is the great secret of content. It must be observed, at the same time, that the communication which the Moorish houses have with each other, by means of the flat roof of terrace, and which is appropriated exclusively to the sex, renders this restraint somewhat more bearable. After marriage, the Jewesses enjoy a considerable greater degree of liberty, though even then they appear less frequently out of doors than the Moorish women, whom the better classes imitate, in some measure, by affecting a partial concealment of their face with the scarf which is thrown over the head. The beauty of the Jewish females renders them not unfrequently objects of attraction to the Moors, who are debarred from seeing or having any intercourse at all with our own women previous to marriage; and instances, on this account, are not uncommon, of the former abjuring their religion and becoming the wives of the Moors.—*Brooke's Travels in Spain and Morocco.*

THE SWIMMER AND THE LOGICIAN.—There is a story that there were two persons embarked in the same vessel, the one a logician and the other a swimmer. The logician asked the swimmer,—"Tell me, friend, have you learned anything at all of the science of logic or not?" He replied,—"I have not, till now, even as much as heard of the name of logic; so what mention can there be of learning it?" On hearing this, the other one began to make lamentation:—"Alas! you have sunk one-half of your life in the ocean of ignorance." In the meantime a storm made its appearance, the swimmer jocosely said to the logician,—"Tell me, sir, has you honour had any practice in the art of swimming or not?" He replied,—"None at all." The swimmer, heaving a sigh said,—"You have, indeed, thrown away your whole life upon the winds."—*The Orientalist.*

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

STATE OF ENGLISH TRADE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—To find that our principal export from England to the Turkish market, (manufactured cotton) was so very inferior to that of Switzerland and of France, and was only able to procure demand at all from the inferiority of its price: we are so completely surpassed by the Swiss in the beauty and texture of cotton prints, and by the French in the finest species in manufacture, that English has become another word for inferior; and the avidity with which our goods were formerly sought after, is sunk to the ignominious supply of those whose tastes are rather governed by frugality than by superior beauty and excellence. In cloth, an article of great demand in Turkey, we have never any pretension to vie with Germany; and, so

long as corn is sixty-five or seventy shillings in England, and from twenty to thirty shillings in Saxony, the reason of our inability to compete with them must be obvious. In hardware we are supplanted by the Prussians, and Belgium has had the principal supply of arms; some Armenian merchants, too, are making large fortunes by the opium trade to China, whilst our less favoured countrymen are prevented sharing any of the profits, by the impolitic restrictions of our East India charter.—*Alcock's Travels in Russia, Persia, &c.*

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

'Thanks be to God for the Mountains.'

Howitt's Book of the Seasons.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

Thou hast made thy children mighty.

By the touch of the mountain sod.

Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge

Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon

Whose lights must never die;

We are guardians of an altar

Midst the silence of the sky;

The rocks yield founts of courage

Stuck forth as by thy rod—

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,

Where thy still small voice is heard,

For the strong pines of the forests,

That by thy breath are stirr'd,

For the storms on whose free pinions

Thy spirit walks abroad—

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth

On his quarry from the heights,

And the Stag that knows no master,

Seeks there his wild delights;

But we for THY communion

Have sought the mountain sod—

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

The banners of the chieftain

Far, far below us waves;

The war-horse of the spearman

Cannot reach our lofty caves,

Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold

Of freedom's last abode;

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence

Round our camp of rock outspread;

For the stern desiles of battle,

Bearing record of our dead;

For the snows, and for the torrents,

For the free heart's burial sod,

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,

Our God, our fathers' God!

MRS. HEMANS.

DUTY OF THE PHYSICIAN.—And here you will forgive me, perhaps, if I presume to state what appears to me to be the conduct proper to be observed by a physician in withholding, or making his patients acquainted with, his opinion of the probable issue of a malady manifesting mortal symptoms. I own, I think it my first duty to protract his life by all practicable means, and to interpose myself between him and every thing which may possibly aggravate his danger; and, unless I shall have found him averse from doing what was necessary in aid of my remedies, from a want of proper sense of his perilous situation, I forbear to step out of the bounds of my province in order to offer any advice which is not necessary to promote his cure. At the same time, I think it indispensable to let his friends know the danger of his case the instant I discover it. An arrangement of his worldly affairs, in which the comfort or happiness of those who are to come after him is involved, may be necessary; and a suggestion of his danger, by which the accomplishment of this object is to be obtained, naturally induces a contemplation of his more

important spiritual concerns, a careful review of his past life, and such sincere sorrow and contrition for what he has done amiss, as justifies our humble hope of his pardon and acceptance hereafter. If friends can do their good offices at a proper time, and under the suggestions of the physician, it is far better that they should undertake them than the medical adviser. They do so without destroying his hopes, for the patient will still believe, that he has an appeal to his physician beyond their tears, whereas, if the physician lay open his dangers to him, however delicately he may do this, he runs a risk of appearing to pronounce a sentence of condemnation to death, against which there is no appeal—no hope, and, on that account, what is most awful to think of, perhaps, the sick man's repentance may be less available. But friends may be absent, and nobody near the patient in his extremity of sufficient influence or pretensions to inform him of his dangerous condition, and, surely, it is lamentable to think, that any human being should leave the world unprepared to meet his creator and judge 'with all his crimes broad blown!' Rather than so, I have departed from my strict professional duty, and have done that which I would have done by myself, and have apprised my patient of the great danger he was about to undergo.—*Sir Henry Hallford's Essays.*

[The following interesting and powerfully wrought scene—is taken from the interesting historical Novel, by T. C. Grattan, entitled "JACQUELINE OF HOLLAND." The warning of the approaching danger conveyed in the first few lines, is given by two strangers—a youth and a gigantic Frieslander.]

"These gentlemen are little cognoscent of the forest, if they know not, that in this month of September, the straggling remnants of the Orox and Bonassus herds come down in this very track to the sea-side, raging and furious." "Holy martyrs! it is too true. This must be the very district called the wild-bull chase. Is it so?" exclaimed the prelate perturbedly. "It is," said the young man; "and hark! may St. Andrew be my hold, if I hear not the snorting of the monster even now! Oost, heard you that?" To this latter question in the dialect of Friesland the giant only answered by grasping the young man's waist, and forcibly lifting him behind a thick clump of twisted oak roots, which presented the appearance of a natural redoubt. He then loosened his knife in his belt, but without drawing it, and grasping his mace in both hands he stood prepared with that pale but stern anxiety which marks the face of the intrepid man, who knows his peril, but fears it not. At the same instant, the horses and dogs, every one, startled and trembled, in the instinct of brute alarm. The very deer that lay on the ground in the last gasp of death, made a straggling effort to rise, and expired without a shudder of fear. In the next moment a roar of terrible depth resounded through the forest, and the monster which sent it forth appeared close to the group, crashing through branch and briar, with an air of savage majesty at once appalling and sublime. His height and bulk were enormous, double that of an ordinary sized bull; he was jet black, with the exception of a broad stripe of white running along his back, as was visible while he stooped his huge head to the earth, butting against it, and tearing it up furiously with his short thick horns; while his eyes gleamed like fire balls under the tuft of hair, curling garland-like on his front; and he lashed his long-tail and shook his mane, that hung full six feet from his neck and swept the ground. The hardy Van Monfoort, who was on foot, at the first alarm abandoned his horse, stepped up beside Jacqueline, and aided her in holding in her restive palfrey, but not with sufficient steadiness to enable her to dismount. The bishop, at the first curvet of his agitated garron, was flung sprawling into a tangle of black-berries, and his face and hands soon streamed with the mingled juice of the crushed fruit and his own blood, which the thorns profusely shed as he rolled himself deeper and deeper in the covering of the briars. The first victim to the fury of the orox was an unlucky pricker, who, slipping from the branch which he grasped, in an effort to mount an oak, fell to the earth, and was in a moment lifted on the fierce animal's horns, and tossed bleeding and breathless to a distance of several yards; the prostrate ecclesiastic was the next object of attack. The monster bounded towards