

ministry of the apostles, and when Christianity was not a humble and oppressed creed, but the adopted religion of a vast empire. Yet I felt a pleasure in lending my faith to a poor Greek, who assured me that one of the ruins, an immense hall, with long windows, a niche at each end, and an entrance or door of gigantic dimensions, occupied the very spot where had stood the first church of Christ in Pegamus. Nor is it at all improbable, but rather in accordance to the general habits of men, that the Greek Christians should have revered and preserved the locality until enabled to erect a splendid temple on what had been originally a humble tabernacle. Though these ecclesiastical buildings, which are principally in the Roman style, and formed of admirably strong brick-work, mixed sparingly with stone and traversed of marble, cannot pretend to any great beauty as works of art, but rather denote periods of the lowest empire, when taste had disappeared, and the science of the architect had sunk to the mere craft of the bricklayer, still they do not cease to be impressive, picturesque objects, and present themselves to the eye whichever way you turn. In looking from the plain towards the Acropolis, they stand out boldly in the picture, and offer greater breadth and mass of ruin than any thing on that hill; and, on gazing from the summit of the Acropolis downwards, they show little vast fortresses and barracks of wood, like skeletons of Titanic forms, raising their heads reproachingly, but proudly, above the pigmy wooden houses of the dishonoured city of Pegamus. But if in this it differ from the other cities of the seven churches, if the Christian remains and the Christian style predominate here, as they do not elsewhere, and the objects first to meet and the last to retain the melancholy regard of the traveller are these essentially connected with his religion, still the most mourn over the desecration of these edifices dedicated to the faith of Jesus—must mourn over the present darkness of Pegamus, once so rich in Gospel light, so crowded with temples to echo that Gospel's words. One of the churches serves as a workshop for coarse pottery, and her I saw converted into a cow-stall; and the poor Greeks, with these stately structures of their ancestors before their eyes, some of which could easily be repaired and returned to their original and holy uses, are confined to a small church under the Acropolis, low, narrow, dark, and itself ruinous. This mean edifice is the only one which now echoes the name of Christ; and, alas! the hymn of praise is subdued and whispered, for fear of offending the fanatic Turks; and moral intelligence and spiritual illumination are not to be looked for in the long-oppressed and barbarized Greek priests. It is probable that the primitive church was not materially or in brick or stone, extent of elevation, much superior to this lowly temple; but how immeasurably different the light that beamed—the spirit that animated it.—The Seven Churches: Amulet.

THE BALANCE SHEET.—A newspaper is a balance-sheet. How few of the every day people of the world who run over the items and glance at the sum total, cast one thought to the huge folios, the ledgers, day-books, and memoranda which have been laboriously collated and painfully examined before the balance could be struck? So far the resemblance, and imparisibi. The amag clerk, with the corner of a desk thrust into the pit of his stomach, sits his hours on a three-legged stool, a piece of animated mechanism—so regular his habits, so methodical his arrangements, so unvarying his duties. A medium of arithmetic and a proportion of steadiness are his requisites. He is a mechanical drudge, whose feelings may be considered in his wages, and so he strikes his balance-sheet. The periodical writer knows no hours. His regularities are irregular. Cessation of labour is out of the question—his mind works, and exhausts its fuel as fast as a steam engine. Sedentary in his occupation as he of the counting-house, his mind must be abroad; it must range through time and space; and over men and things, through matter and spirit. His acquirements are not to be limited; however varied and extensive his accomplishments, they are unequal to his pressing necessities. His perception should be intuitive, his knowledge inexhaustible, and his reasoning truth itself. And with all this he shall not 'scape calumny. His best efforts are thwarted by caprice, his judgment warped by studied misrepresentation, his personal malignity; his health and domestic happiness sacrificed unscrupulously to the sordid views of the worldly-minded, who cannot appreciate his feelings. His finest train of thought, is interrupted by a demand for a tensine paragraph, saturated with blood and broken limbs. He toils day after day, through the mass of labour, amusement, fiction, forgery, poetry,

politics, abuse, and absurdity, of all other papers, to compose his own. It is accomplished, and a trifling error in his balance-sheet sends him to his home dissatisfied with himself, embroiled with his employers, and disgusted with the world. And this, gentle reader is no exaggerated sketch of the delights that attend the hacks—we beg pardon—the GENTLEMEN of the press. [London Atlas]

TO A GROUP OF CHILDREN.

How glad, how beautiful you steal
Our hearts into your play,
And with a sweet delusion chase
Life's weariness away.
We gaze, until we fondly deem
You thus will ever be,
A little race, distinct from us,
From man's disquiet free.
We are not light as playful winds,
Nor graceful as the flowers;
And gladness flashes from your eyes,
Whilst sorrow is in ours.
Boys, can you ever grow to men,
War's horrid game to learn?
Girls, must you lonely women be,
Their distant doom to mourn.
A blessed life, a blessed lot,
Should yours be ever more;
The light which gathers round you now,
You send far on before.
Color'd from this your future life
In fancy is as fair;
Alas, alas! ye know it not—
Glad pilgrims unto care.

R. HOWITT.

ANECDOTE OF SIR T. LAWRENCE.—A lady once asked him the reason why he had so long ceased to play at billiards, the only game he was fond of, and at which he so greatly excelled. His reply was full of character. 'My dear Mrs.—,' he replied, 'although I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often very high bets. Next to gambling yourself is the vice of encouraging it in others; and, as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, when, who should casually come in, but the Duke of Wellington! We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a match; but we were both so out of practice, that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues.'—*Annual Obituary.*

PHILOSOPHIC CONFESSIONS.—I have ever preferred the humble destinies of private life to any station that could only be gained by a sacrifice of principle. I have ever thought, and continue to think, that happiness, to a well governed mind, depends upon neither station nor fortune. The pleasure derived from these ceases with their novelty, and the man relapses again into his former habits and feelings. My philosophy, humble as it is, has taught me to view, not with contempt indeed, but with indifference, all that fortune, or the favors of a court, or what is more captivating though more capricious, than either, the applause of the multitude, can bestow, in comparison with an approving conscience, in the steady pursuit of active duties.—Sir James Scarlett's Speech.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF DR. BAILLIE.—This celebrated physician, (not more famed for his medical skill, than for his strong, common-sense mode of displaying it,) being called in to attend Frederick Reynolds during a nervous complaint,—the dramatist (anxious to ascertain the cause of his disease) said, 'Pray, doctor, do you not think I write too much for my constitution?' 'No,' replied Baillie; 'but you do for your reputation.' Sheridan, on being told of this blunt opinion, remarked, 'For this wholesome advice both towards patient and public, he hoped Reynolds offered a double fee.' We wonder the dramatist omitted this new, but true, anecdote in his entertaining *Life and Times.*

IRISH PONTY AND CIRCUMLOCUTION.—Observing one day an unusual commotion in the streets of Derby, I enquired of a bystander the reason; and he, with a mellifluous brogue, replied in the following metaphorical manner: 'The reason, Sir! Why, you

see that Justice and little Larry O'Hone, the carpenter, have been putting up a picture-frame at the end of the strate yonder, and they are going to hang one of 'Adam's copies' in it.'—'What's that?'—'Why, Murdoch O'Donnel.'—'Oh, there's a man to be hung?'—'Do they put up a gallows for any other purpose?'—'Whist! his offence?'—'No offence, your honors; it was only a liberty he took.'—'Well, what was the liberty?'—'Why, you see, Sir, poor Murdoch was in delicate health, and his physician advised that he should take exercise on horseback, and so having no horse of his own, he borrowed one from Squire Doyle's paddock; and no sooner was he on its showlders, than the Devil put it into the cracher's head to go over to Kellogreen cattle-fair, where he had a good many acquaintances; and when we was got there, Murdoch spied a friend at the door of a shebeen-house and left the animal grazing outside, whilst he went in to have a thimbleful of whiskey; and then, you see, they got frisky and had another, and another, till poor Murdoch went to slape on the bench; and when he wouke up, he found the cracher gone, and his pocket stuffed full with a big lump of money.'—'In short,' said I, 'you mean to say he has been horse-stealing?'—'Why, Sir,' he replied, stammering and scratching his head, 'they call it so in England!'—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

GENIUS.—Genius of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because they may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but, without question, the peculiar quality is unborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike; but there is an undefinable though wide difference between the ear of the musician, or the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind more easily described by its effects than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose; as the light on the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until the charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the internal golden flame of the opal; a something which may be abstracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its affinities.—*Galt.*

New Bridge of Don.—The new bridge of Don is now completed. It is about 520 feet in length, and consists of five arches, each of 75 feet span, and 25 feet rise, constructed entirely of cut granite, from a design by Telford. Notwithstanding the unparalleled difficulties in procuring proper foundations, the work has been finished by the contractors in a most substantial and elegant manner, and now forms one of the most useful improvements in the North of Scotland, shortening the road, half a mile, and avoiding three steep hills, all within two miles of Aberdeen. And this magnificent structure has been obtained without costing the public a single shilling; the expense having been wholly defrayed from an annual sum of only £2 5s. 3d. sterling, in fen-dues, left in trust to the magistrates and Council of Aberdeen, in 1605, by Sir Alexander Hoy, then one of the clerks of sessions, for the maintaining the old bridge of Don; founded by King Robert Bruce.—*Scotch paper.*

Calumny may induce my ruin [says Mr Revel-hiore,] but it cannot dishonor me. Absolved or proscribed, I shall still enjoy the esteem of the enlightened and the good. Should I have the misfortune to lose even that, I should yet console myself for the injustice of the wicked, and the error of honest men; because, when I shall have sat in judgment on my past conduct, with the utmost severity, I am still certain I shall be at peace with himself.

An English gentleman who rarely said much, and when he did speak, spoke always to the point, was once travelling on horse-back with his servant, a man much like his master. On crossing a bridge the nobleman stopped his horse, and thus addressed his servant—'John?'—'Sir.'—'Do you like eggs?'—'Yes, sir.'—They then rode on. Some months after business calling the nobleman into the country, he crossed the same bridge, and again turned to his servant—'John?'—'Sir.'—'How?'—'Boiled, sir,' was the immediate reply.