

become one of the great paves of the world. *From the same.*

### UPS AND DOWNS.

I am an *up* and *down* fellow, as you know—full of life, and *up* to any thing. Last night, thinking of the misfortunes I had experienced, I began to reckon *up* and set *down* the vicissitudes of life. *Up* and *down* mean, in many cases, the same thing; and frequently, when you think a man *up*, he is, in fact, *down*. For instance, neighbour A. tells me he is *up* and about a little, but that he is quite *down* with a cold. A. barrels *up* and salts *down* his beef and pork; he eats *up* a thing and it goes *down*; I let *down* my bars and put *up* my cattle; a man trips another *up*, or he trips him *down*; and so we go *up* and *down* continually.

I have seen many a young lady that was called *up* to the fashions, set *down* for a dunce, and rightly; and many a one who was *up* till twelve in the evening, and *down* till ten in the morning, for fashion's sake.—There are too many young fellows who, with haughty air, are “knocking *down* all opposition,” so as to be called *up* to the life. “*Down* with your dust,” says one, and “heads *up*—that's your sort;” while another class sit *up* and keep housed *up* to read and obtain knowledge, so that they may set *le down* upon some foundation. When I see a young lady modest, and not, as she walks the streets, flirt and swing with her head *up*, I set her *down* for something; but when I see one *up* to all kinds of “monkey shines,” as the saying is, creating a great deal of surf as she passes, I can't help saying to myself, “*down* with her house.”

About this time, I am informed, many persons are failing in this vicinity; if persons are breaking *down* so, I am thinking business is breaking *up*. In fact, such is the world and human nature, that we can't tell who is *up* or *down*. A man will appear to be well *up* on the ladder of fortune, when he is, in fact, just about to tumble *down*; a pretended friend will stand at your elbow to boost you *up*, as you think, when he is only there to pull you *down*; and one will praise you *up* where he thinks you will hear of it, and run you *down* where he thinks his interest is a little served by it. If you trade with some, they will, lawyer-like, “stuff you *up*” that they are giving you a bargain, and, if possible, will shave you *down* to the last copper.

And now, Messrs. Printers, if you have set yourselves *up* as monitors over the public, to put *down* every thing wrong, and to watch the morals of society, I shall give *up* the rest of this to you. I want to see good men held *up*, and bad men put *down*. I want to see honesty *up* and villainy *down*; and you must be right *up* and *down* in these things. I am coming *down* in a few days, to pay *up* for your paper, and mean to have it sent *up* to me until I come *down*.—N. Y. Constel.

FROM THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

### THE MONSOON AT MADRAS.

ON the 15th of October, the flag-staff was struck as a signal for the vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching war of elements had appeared; small fleecy clouds were perceived at intervals, to rise from the horizon, and to dissipate, in a thin and almost imperceptible vapour, over the deep blue of the still bright sky. There was a slight haze upon the distant waters, which seemed gradually to thicken, although not to a density sufficient to refract the rays of the sun, which still flooded the broad sea with one unvarying mass of glowing light. There was a sensation of suffocating heat in the atmosphere, which at the same moment seemed to oppress the lungs and depress the spirits. Towards the afternoon the aspect of the sky began to change; the horizon gathered blackness, and the sun, which had risen so brightly, had evidently culminated in glory to go down in darkness, and to have his splendour veiled from human sight by a long, gloomy period of storm and turbulence. Masses of heavy clouds appeared to rise from the sea black and portentous, accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, that died away, being succeeded by an intense, death like stillness, and the air was in a state of utter stagnation, and its vital properties arrested. It seemed no longer to circulate, until again agitated by the brief but mighty gusts that swept fiercely along, like the giant heralds of the storm. Meanwhile, the lower circles of the Heavens looked a deep brassy red, from the partial reflection of the sun beams upon the thick cloud which had now every where overspread it. The sun had long passed the meridian, and his rays were slanting upon the gathering billow, when those black and threatening ministers of the tempest rose rapidly towards the zenith,

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud  
And blots the sun yet straggling through a cloud;  
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze  
His glowing orb emits a sanguine blaze.

About four o'clock the whole sky was overspread, and the deep gloom of twilight was cast over the town and sea. The atmosphere was condensed almost to the thickness of a mist; which was increased by the thin spray scattered over the land from the sea, by the violence of the increasing gales. The rain now began to fall in sheeted masses, and the wind to howl more continuously; which, mingling with the roaring of the surf, produced a tumultuous union of sounds perfectly deafening.

As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the setting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted head of the tall, slim cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which ap-

peared to encircle the heavens, as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration; whilst the peal which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine, or the discharge of artillery in the gorge of a mountain where the repercussion of surrounding hills multiplies with terrific energy, its deep and astounding echoes. The heavens seemed to be one vast reservoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatening to fling its fiery ruin upon every thing around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapour by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable to escape from its prison igniting, but too weak to burst the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain that scarcely any thing, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the air to throb; it seemed as if mines were momentarily springing in the Heavens—and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind, and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered by the white feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach; fish, upwards of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the water spouts which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain frequently borne by the sweeping blast, to a considerable distance over land, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations; so that now during the violence of these tropical storms fish are found alive on the tops of houses; nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon.

*Rheumatism.*—‘I am troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection, in my arm,’ said a well-known, though rather *seedy*, Irish wit, the other day, to a friend. ‘It allows me to do some things, but prevents me from doing others. For instance, I can put my hand into my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I can never take any thing out!’

*Not bad.*—An old gentleman in Kentucky, as the sun goes down on Saturday night, daubs up the entrances to his bee-hive, to prevent the little fellows from working on the Sabbath.

*Something Romantic.*—Some years ago, a captain of a corsair carried off the wife of a poor woodman, in the environs of Messina. Having kept her several months on board his vessel, the pirate landed her in one of the South Sea Islands, and abandoned her to her fate. The savage Monarch of the Island, to whom she was brought, became so enamored of her, that he married her according to the customs of his country—placed her by his side on the throne—and when he died, left her the sovereignty of his dominions.—A European vessel lately arrived at Messina from a voyage to South America, has not only brought to the poor woodman this intelligence respecting the fate of his wife, but has also brought presents from her of sufficient value to make him one of the richest private individuals in Sicily, until such time as it shall please his royal spouse to call him to her court.

## ORIGINAL.

STANZAS.

FROM MY ALBUM.

I wish to weep, would that I might,  
Though grief and hate hath chilled my soul,  
And viper scorn with arrowy might  
Hath made me drink a poisoned bowl.

I ask, I ask, for woman's tears  
Too hotly scald my fading cheek,  
This drear and marble stillness sears  
The starting life chords soon to break.

A stranger in an alien land  
I pour my wild woes to the wind,  
The severed link of a far band  
No earthly hand my heart may bind.

The ice of death is in my soul,  
Hot fever on my throbbing brow,  
Dim shadowy mists before me roll,  
Mocking my eye with phantom show.

Undying melodies of heaven  
Have broke the bonds that wrapt my brain,  
I weep, such blessed tears are given,  
To soothe and soften burning pain,

Low voices of the future come  
As sisters, softly breathing peace,  
Glad tidings of my better home,  
‘Here, lone one, here thy sorrows cease.’

J. M.

No. 3.

Some suppose that our acquaintance with matter or mind,

reaches no further than the mere properties of them, and that there is a sort of unknown being, which is the substance or the subject by which these properties of solid extension and of cogitation are supported, and in which these properties inhere or exist. But perhaps this notion rises only from our turning the mere abstracted notion of substances or self subsisting into the idea of a distinct physical or natural being, without any necessity.

Solid extension seems to be the very substance of matter, or of all bodies; and a power of thinking, always in operation, seems to be the very substance of all spirits. It must be confessed, however, when we say spirit is a thinking substance, and matter is an extended solid substance, we are often led to imagine that extension and solidity are but mere modes and properties of a certain substance or subject which supports them, and which we call body, and that a power of thinking is but a mere mode and property of some unknown substance or subject which supports it, and which we call spirit; but this is rather deemed to be a mistake, to which we are led by the mere form and use of words. Now, if we exclude space out of our consideration, there will remain but two sorts of substances in the universe, that is matter and mind; or as we otherwise call them, body and spirit; at least at present we have no ideas of any other substances but these. Among substances some are called simple, some are compound. Simple substances, in a philosophical sense, are either spirits, which have no manner of composition in them, and in this sense the blessed God himself is called a simple Being—an infinite eternal Spirit. Or they are the first principles of bodies, which are usually called elements, of which all other bodies are compounds. *Elements* are such substances as cannot be resolved, or reduced into two or more substances of different kinds. Every substance in nature which is within the reach of man, is a legitimate subject of chemical analysis, and manifests the presence of two or more of the fifty elementary substances of which the infinite variety of compounds, in and about this planet are composed. The mineral and vegetable worlds present the same constituents in different proportions, and in animal substances the constituents are not essentially different; ultimate decomposition still presents us with similar products, hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, in their infinitely varying proportions. The bases of bones is calcium or its oxide lime, combined with phosphoric acid; and lime combined with carbonic acid constitutes the shells of eggs and of crustaceous animals; various salts, consisting of similar acids united to similar alkaline and earthy bases, are found in the animal solids and fluids, and in their secretions and excretions, whether healthy or morbid. In the atmosphere which surrounds this globe, and in the waters which encircle it, or which fall from heaven to moisten it, we still trace the same simplicity of means and infinity of ends. Turning again to the mineral kingdom, we find all that the industry of man has been able to investigate, proclaiming the same general and wonderful plan; the few earthy bodies chiefly silica and alumina, seem to form the solid materials of the globe. The precious stones are crystallizations of one or more of the earthy bases united to silica, or some other acid, and receiving their various tints from a metallic oxide. The ores of the metals lie embedded in similar combinations. Animals are emphatically called organic bodies, as also vegetables; and the disorganization of every individual in both, is inevitable, and yet marvellous to think, the species are secure in continuance.

To man dissolution appears most formidable, and this no doubt arises from the apprehension of the mind. Death is styled the king of terrors, and who can avoid his embraces? Those feelings of agony, pangs and convulsions which many suffer in their last moments, may not arise so much from acute pain as from mental distress, as a course of pain and sickness usually stupifies and indisposes the nerves for any quick sensations. Various means have been thought of for mitigating the agony of death. Lord Bacon considered this as part of the province of a physician, and ranked *enthanasia*, or the art of dying easily, among the desiderata of science.

To ease the pains of the dying is the last kind office we can afford them; yet it cannot be thought an act of kindness to administer such medicines as will render them insensible. Is not this to destroy life before it is gone; and should not the mind be fully awake on this awful occasion?

On this account, and because the principal cause of the agony may arise from the mind, we may judge that the proper medicine is not contained in the *materia medica*; and that the physician of souls, Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour—through whom we have victory over the power of death—can alone give ease, peace and comfort in the last struggle.

It must appear that the art of dying easily is intimately connected with the art of living and dying well, which art is clearly and fully taught in the sacred scriptures, and consists in renouncing sin, with a firm dependence upon Christ for mercy and salvation, and for power to do his will, with the resolute determination to follow all his directions.

Of the celestial bodies, we know nothing chemically save that they are material, and contain some of the inorganic substances which are reckoned the first in order in our list of simples.

CIVIS MUNDI.

## SCHEDIASMA.

MIRAMICHI:  
TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1834.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The papers by the mail on Saturday furnished nothing later from Europe than were in possession of two weeks ago. It appears that