

and your lying down, and all your Domestic Imports of Drink and Victual, so that the veriest *Shog* Gossip in the Parish is not more familiar with your Modes and Means of Living, nor knows so certainly whether the Visitor, that calls daily in his Chariot is a mere Friend or Physician. Also he knows your age to a Year, and your Height to an Inch, for he hath measured you with his Eye for a coffin, and your punderosity to a Pound, for he hath an interest in the Dead Weight, and hath so far inquired into your Fortune as to guess with what Equipage you shall travel, on your last Journey. For in professional curiosity, he is truly a *Pall* Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a Churchyard; but to be within Sound of his Hammering is to bear the Knocking at Death's Door.

To be Friends with an Undertaker is as impossible as to be the Crony of a Crocodile. He is by trade a Hypocrite, and deals of Necessity in Mental Reservations and Equivoques. Thus he drinks to your good Health but hopes, secretly it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty as to be Apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout,—with a short Neck. He bids you beware of your old Gout—and recommends a quack doctor. He laments the malignant Fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your Complexion—when it is Blue or Yellow; admires your upright Carriage—and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good Day—but means everlasting Night; and commends his Respects to your Father and Mother—but hopes you do not honor them. In short, his good Wishes are treacherous; his inquiries are suspicious; and his Civilities are dangerous: as when he proffereth the Use of his Coach—or to see you Home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with Humanity; at constant Issue with its Naturalists, and its Philanthropists, its Sages, its Counsellors, and its Legislators. For example, he praises the Weather—with the Wind at East; and rejoices in a wet Spring and Fall, for Death, and he read with one Sickle, and have a good or bad Harvest in common. He objects not to Bones in Bread (being as it were his own Diet,) nor to ill Drugs in Beer, nor to Sugar of Lead or arsenical Finings in Wine, nor to ardent Spirits, nor to interment in Churches. Neither doth he discountenance the Sitting on Infants; nor the swallowing of Plum Stones; nor of cold Ices at hot Balls—nor the drinking of Emolucations, nay he hath been known to contend that the wrong Dose was the right one. He approves, *contra* the Physicians, of a damp Bed, and wet Feet, of a hot Head and cold Extremities, and lends his own Countenance to the Natural Small Pox, rather than encourage Vaccination, which he calls a flying in the Face of Providence. And to these, a free Trade in Poison, whereby the Oxalic Crystals may currently become Proxy for the Epsom ones, and the corrosive Sublimate as common as Salt in Porridge. To the same End he would give unto every Cockney a Privilege to shoot, within ten miles round London, without a Taxed Licence, and would never consent in a Fine of Deodand for Fast Driving, except the Vehicle were a Hearse. Thus, whatever the popular Cry, he runs counter; a Heretic in Opinion, and a Hypocrite in Practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a Funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid Poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

To conclude, he is a Personage of ill presage to the House of Life; a Raven on the Chimney Pot—a Deathwatch in the Wainscot,—a Winding Sheet in the Candle. To meet with him is ominous. His Looks are sinister; his Dress is lugubrious; his Speech is prophetic; and his Touch is mortal. Nevertheless he hath one Merit, and in this our World, and in these our Times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he Undertakes he Performs.

From the New York New World.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

MY MISS MARGARET ROBINSON, OF N. Y. Bow down, my spirit, and adore, while thus I gaze on thee, Thou favored spot of all the earth, thrice hal- lowed Galilee: Bow down, my spirit, and adore, as in the courts above, Behold the place the Saviour trod, in sorrow and in love.

Throughout thy valleys rang his words, thy hill tops heard his voice, And Hermon, from its dewy height, called on them to rejoice. Thy verdant banks his pillow formed, his pil- low prest thy sod, And oft thy waters mirrored back the image of a God.

There is no sound along thy shore, no murmur of thy wave. But tells of Him who left the skies, and life eternal gave.

Methinks among those stirring leaves his accents linger yet,

And fancy sees each glittering shrub with tears of pity wet.

While heartless man denied a home, thy trees a shelter made; Thy smiles of beauty cheered his soul when faithless friends betrayed; Forsaken, scorned, his mission spurned, no angry wish He knew, But freely fell His love for all, as falls the genial dew.

How great that love thy silver waves the tale can well attest,

As from a simple seaman's boat that floated on thy breast,

The God, who reared those lofty hills and gave the seas their birth,

There deigned to teach the outcast poor, the ignorant of earth.

Or, when oppressed by multitudes, He turned him from his way;

And standing on the mountain top, taught them 'how to pray.'

When streams of truth and mercy flowed among the list'ning crowd,

And the stout heart, with holy fear, like oaks of Bashan bowed.

That list'ning crowd have passed away, their very names forgot,

While the heavenly word is echoing yet from earth's remotest spot;

And, like thy waves, that gospel sound shall still keep flowing on,

Unchanged by time, unspent by age, 'till all the earth be won.

'Thy conscious waters knew their God' and yielded to his will,

As moved along the troubled deep, the gentle words 'be still.'

Or when beneath the starless sky, upon the stormy wave,

He went in mercy's fairest guise, to succor and to save.

When faithless Peter asked a sign, and lo! a sign was given,

He learned that faith should ever trust, though clouds obscure the Heaven,

For faith is like the summer flower that opens its portals wide,

If the warm sunshine be bestowed, or if it be denied.

Lonely and sad, throughout thy midst, the holy Jordan flows,

Nor ripples with thy curling breeze, nor ming- ling current knows;

So passed the Saviour through this world, mingling, but yet a part,

With human passions in his frame, the God- head at his heart.

And, meeting with thy western sky, Mount Tabor rears his head,

At whose broad base the Saviour once his famished followers fed,

And on whose summit as he stood, his face with glory shone,

While from the cloud the Father spoke, and hailed him as his own.

Capernaum, where the Chosen One his purest lessons taught,

Chorazin and Bethsaida street, where healing oft was wrought,

Low on the dust their fallen towers in shapeless ruin lie,

Who, in the fullness of their pride, a Saviour dared deny.

Yes, tower and ruin, hill and plain, but most thou beautiful sea,

Both every varying look of thine some image bring to me,

For though it is with spirit-eyes I've looked along thy shore,

With spirit step have trod the path the Savior trod before.

I feel the impress on my soul the holy shep- herd's felt,

When first before the manger rode adoringly they knelt;

And fain I'd pass away in peace, as though mine eyes had seen

The Savior in his glory bright, nor wordly mist between.

What though thy shores no sightless bard with classic beauty sang,

Nor clang of spear, nor battle shout, along thy margin rang,

A deeper charm is resting there, than mortal lyre can sound,

For there the star of Bethlehem shone, and lo! 'tis holy ground.

Thou art the holy spot of earth, by prophets long foretold,

Where the righteous of the world should come, as to a shepherd's fold;

Thou art the 'Mecca of the mind,' where man in homage turns,

Thy shores the altar where the heart its purest incense burns.

Thou shalt remain when battling spear to ploughshare shall be turned,

And peace and goodness fill the heart where fearful passion burned;

Thou shalt remain in all thy pride, 'till nature sinks to rest,

And unborn millions pass away, like foam from off thy breast.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From Kohl's Russia and the Russians in 1842.

ISWOSCHTSCHIKS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The poorest Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are the Finlanders. Their droschka is frequently nothing but a board over the axle of the wheels; and their small long-haired horses with dim eyes, botched head-gear, and bony haunches, are many of them perfect images of poverty and distress. Scantly covered with ragged kaftans, they frequent the outer rings of the city and suburbs, and, poor themselves, they carry the poor for a trifle to visit their equals. In the inner districts, on the other hand, you meet with very elegant equipages, as smart as hands can make them, black horses with coats that shine like satin, harness adorned with the precious metals, sledges of such light and elegant construction that they seem to be made for flying, covers tastefully lined with fur, and drivers with superb beards and long kaftans of fine cloths, like Turkish pashas, who do not stir but for 'blue tickets.' As it is not thought quite respectable in Petersburg to ride with an Iswoschtschik, and not be able to pay visits in your own carriage and four, (they are used by the female sex only as high as ladies maids and tradesmen's wives, but by men of all ranks, though by those of the highest only in cases of necessity,) recourse is had to these eprace Iswoschtschiks when you wish it to be supposed that you are in your own carriage.

As in wealthy Russian houses only the footmen wear the family livery, and the coachmen one and the same old national uniform, though of different quality, you need but order the elegant Iswoschtschik to hide the mark which distinguishes him as such under his kaftan, and then everybody will imagine that horse, driver, and vehicle are your own property. Sometimes, in fact, these are the carriages of people of quality, who have turned their coachman into an Iswoschtschik for the time of their absence from Petersburg, and sent him into the streets to earn money for them. Petersburg swarms, moreover, with people, officers civil and military, who are rent sometimes this way, sometimes that, and who meanwhile authorize their speculative coachman to earn provender for their horses and sometimes to boot.

EFFECTS OF FROST.

The sledges with oxen, calves, and goats, have the most extraordinary appearance. These animals are brought to market perfectly frozen. Of course they are suffered to freeze in an extended posture, because in this state they are most manageable. There stand the tall figures of the oxen, like blood stained ghosts, lifting up their long horns around the sides of the sledge; while the goats, looking exactly as if they were alive, only with faint, glazed, and frozen eyes, stand threateningly opposite to one another. Every part is hard as stone. The carcasses are cut up like trunks of trees, with axe and saw. The Russians are particularly fond of the sucking pig, and whole trains of sledges laden with infant swine come to the market. The little starvelings, strung together like thrushes, are sold together by the dozen; and long legged mothers keep watch over them around the sledge.

The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science. For as every part, flesh or bone, is alike hard, they have no occasion to pay regard to the natural divisions of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks, an inch or two inches thick, as we do a ramp of beef. The flesh splits and shivers during the operation like wood, and the little beggar wenchies are very busy picking up the animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak, a chop, a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter of meat.

The same is the case with fish: they too are as if cut out of the marble and wood. Those of the diminutive species, like the *smilki*, are brought in sacks, and they are put into the scales with shovels. The large pike, salmon and sturgeon, every inch of which was once so lithe and supple, are now stiffened as if by magic. To protect them from the warmth, in case of sudden thaw—for thawing would essentially deteriorate their flavour—they are covered with snow and lumps of ice, in which they lie cool enough. It is not uncommon for the whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that crowbar and pincers are required to get at individual fish.

From Elements of Chemistry. By Robert Kane, M. D. M. R. T. A. &c.

THE INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.

Although at the surface the temperature of the earth is solely dependent upon the radiating power of the sun, yet it is found that it contains within itself a source of heat, which, in ages excessively remote, must have retained the general mass of constituents of the mineral globe in igneous liquefaction. In fact, if we dig below the surface of the earth, we arrive, at a depth of about forty feet, at a layer of which the temperature is in winter and in summer exactly the same. It is termed the stratum of invariable temperature, and is in general of the mean temperature of the place; that is, the temperature of the surface falls in winter as much below that of the invariable stratum, as in summer it is raised above it by the excessive action of the solar rays. The heat of the sun falling upon the surface, is transmitted inward in virtue of the conducting power of the ground; and thus, each summer,

a thin layer of elevated temperature moves inward, those of successive summers being separated from each other by the intervening colder shell, which marks the period of diminished heat in winter, until they mix and confound themselves in the layer of constant temperature, below which the influence of the sun is felt no more. But on descending beyond this depth, the temperature gradually increases, and although subject to irregularities consequent on the different conducting powers of the rocks of different countries, the augmentation is in general about one degree for every forty two feet, or about 120 degrees for every mile. At the depth of two miles therefore water could not exist as a liquid, unless from the great pressure to which it would be subjected; at four miles depth tin and bismuth would naturally be liquid; and at five miles, lead. At a depth of thirty miles the temperature would be so high as to melt iron; and still more easily, almost without exception, the rocks, which constitute the solid earth which we inhabit. The neutral heat, therefore, although insensible at the surface, is still, there is every reason to believe, in violent activity at a small depth below: we live upon a pellicle of solid crystalline rocks, with which the melted mass has become skinned over, and which extends but to 1-140 of the distance to the centre. Hence we can well imagine, that in many places where orifices or cracks in this solid crust might form, violent manifestations of the internal fire should be produced, and the magnificent phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes should arise.

From Dr. Vaughan's Modern Pulpit.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

No age has been so characterized by a diffused intelligence as the age in which we live. Its remaining ignorance and folly may be sufficiently humiliating, but its amount of knowledge and culture is unprecedented in the history of the human family. If we look to past times, even to the spaces which have been rendered most conspicuous by the works of genius and the progress of civilization, we see, in general, the civilization of a class rather than of a people, and the intelligence and dominance of a few, contrasted with the ignorance and subjection of the many. Such has ever been the state of things in the East: and such, in a degree little apprehended in modern times, was the condition of society even in Greece and Rome. Throughout the ancient world, authors were a class, and their readers were a class—the people at large possessing little sympathy with either. Even the arts were aristocratic rather than popular, affording a better indication in respect to the wealth and power of men in authority, than in respect to the social state of the people subject to that authority. The majority were slaves, and a small minority only could read—need we say more?

INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

If we look to the scientific world, we see every department occupied in a manner of which the history of science affords no precedent. The multitude of persons devoted to such studies has supplied an augmented stimulus to exertion. Every branch of knowledge has been divided and subdivided in a manner peculiar to our times, in order that the whole might be better understood, and the result of a better attention to the parts. Acquisition and skill which would once have been accounted extraordinary, now have their place as so much moderate attainment: The men possessed of such attainment are found every where. Disciplined mind, accordingly, is everywhere; and the ever increasing number of such minds is the constant diffusion of a power which cannot fail to distinguish between the instructed and the uninstructed, the skillful and the unskillful, in preaching as in other things. Such men may not have been students of divinity, nor have given much attention to the teaching contained in books on the subject of pulpit oratory,—but the mental training which has given them the power of clear and vigorous conception on one matter, is inseparable from considerable power of judgment in relation to many other matters, and especially in regard to such qualities as are of the greatest importance in a sermon, viz. a real knowledge of the subject, together with order, precision, adaptation, and force in the manner of treating it.

In all these respects it is with the world of letters as it is with the world of science. Every where we find men capable of sympathizing with the spirit of our general literature, and men who can themselves use our language in a manner fitted to meet the public eye. Even the men occupied in the regular craft of authorship would seem to be almost as numerous as the members of the most crowded professions. That easy, accurate and effective style of writing which secured so much fame to our Drydens and Popes, our Addisons and Johnsons, would now appear to be within the power of almost any person choosing to attempt it. Not only does the periodical press abound with compositions of that high order, but even the cheapest productions of that description, meant for the humblest class of readers frequently exhibit a literary power scarcely inferior to that displayed in the most costly publications. In this ready mastery of our mother tongue, in this power over the materials of thought, and in this aptness in all matters of arrangement,