

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

Without denying to the Turks personally the possession of many good qualities, it is quite evident, that as a race, they remain a horde of barbarian conquerors encamped amidst an oppressed and miserable population. The old saying, that "where the hoofs of the Turkish cavalry have struck the grass never grows," remains true to this day. Vast regions of the finest country in the world, once teeming with population, are now overgrown with jungle, or lie outstretched in wide prairies and park-like wilderness, and haunted by the antelope and wild boar. Cities, once the chosen seats of civilization and the arts, and the cradle of Christianity, are now silent, save to the scream of the nightly jackall, and the hammer of the exploring antiquary. Up to the very gates of Constantinople the fertile plains of Thrace lie as silent and desolate as if the tent of Othman's race was still pitched amidst arid deserts of their native Tartary.—The Turk, as all experience proves is essentially an uncivilized animal. His religion, institutions, domestic habits, instincts of race, are all opposed to the requisites of modern civilized society, and are impregnated with a principal of decay. Even the sources of Turkish population seem blighted by this principal, and the first requisite of a nation, that of keeping up its numbers and expanding to fill the space allotted to it is entirely wanting. The pure Turks are a mere handful amidst a population of Greek, Slavonic, Armenian, and Arab rayahs, and by all accounts their number is constantly on the decline. The mere progress of population among the Christian subjects of the Porte is sufficient of itself, at no distant period, to make the overthrow of the Mahomedan regime inevitable. In the presence of these facts, which are confirmed by testimony of every intelligent and disinterested witness who has visited the east, what is the use in keeping up the diplomatic force of the integrity of the Turkish Empire? The regeneration of Turkey is a phrase which does very well to round a period in a parliamentary speech or official despatch, but it should be never forgotten that it is a mere phrase—a figure of speech which it is convenient to use for certain diplomatic purposes—but which has nothing whatever corresponding to it in the region of fact and reality.

REVOLTING.

An English chemist has ascertained and published to the world, that the bones and body of a single person are equivalent for fertilizing objects to eight bushels of manure, and that a poor-house doing good business would revive a ten acre waste. This statement has been laid before Parliament for the discussion of political economists, and that honourable body is solicited to grant the National Agricultural Society all the bodies which may die at the different arm houses throughout the country. This chemist further thinks, that if the dead were mixed with quick lime and used as manure, no such thing as famine would be known. A contemporary, in noticing the memorial, says: "We hope that Parliament will heed his request, moral as it may seem, while his new-yea, we not only hope that Government will heed his petition, but that every patriot in the Empire, will do so also, and vote the "National Agricultural Society," their bodies after their souls have no more use of them, why, not? Had not a fellow better nourish his fellow creatures than worms, become melons and bread rather than mud and corruption?—of course he had. Had this principle been generally carried out for the last fifty years, there would scarcely have been now a foot of unproductive land in the world.

There have been enough buried in any one of our grave yards within that time, to have converted the whole of the sandy desert. The richest land in the world, is the field on which was fought the battle of Waterloo. For turnips and other kitchen truck, your Major-Generals and subalterns, our friend, the chemist, says, are even better than plaster." How singular it is that Pagans and fire-worshippers should have attached more value to the body than those enjoying the lights of a revealed religion, and who believed in the resurrection of the body as well as the soul. Three thousand years ago and probably more, Pagans erected tombs for the reception of their mortal remains, which are at this day the wonders of the world—and yet we, in this enlightened age, propose to throw the dead bodies of the poor on the dung heap as common manure. Alas! this is the severest blow that poverty can inflict. But it is not the poor alone who are thus conditioned—we see sepulchres of the rich, the tombs where, what was once youth and beauty are quietly inurned, and who while living hoped and expected to lie undisturbed till the last trumpet should sound, ruthlessly desecrated, torn asunder by the hands of grasping avarice, and their bones, commixed and commingled, thrown like rubbish in a box to be carried off and interred in some other place to sell the land for a store-house, a tavern or a Post Office! This is one of the revolting features of the Utilitarian age in which we live.

A Lay Sermon.

THE SKY.

Text—The sky above looks calm and fair:

Why should it not, since heaven is there?

My hearers—when we seek for heaven, we naturally look some ways beyond this insignificant earth of ours—the paltry pile of dirt—the mere sweepings of the solar system, gathered together by the besom of the Omnipotent, and swept into one corner of creation to become inhabited by the fecundity of its

own filth. Yes, we look, instinctly as it were upwards to the calm, blue sky, and angel Hope softly whispers—There is heaven! there is happiness!—there all is purity, and all is peace; and there, if any where, must all our anticipations of a happy hereafter be realized. The calmness, tranquillity, and loveliness of the sky are enough to convince one that heaven is there. Behold it just after it has been rinsed by the rains—when the sun hangs itself out to dry, and not a cloud is left to cast a blemish upon its beauties. Does it not then look like the kingdom of contentment, and the home of the happy? View it at the clear, still midnight, when every sound is asleep—when the day-wind has folded its wings in a valley of repose—when the zephyrs disdain to disturb even the dew-drop that hangs upon the flower—when myriads of stars, like so many angels' eyes, are peeping from behind the deep blue curtain of night; aye, view it then, and say if it does not appear like some celestial city, lighted with the lamps of eternal love, and as though heaven were built upon its borders. Far in the gorgeous west, when the sun goes to bed beneath a canopy of purple and crimson, pillars of gold seem to support the porch of heaven, and juvenile gods appear to be blazing away with fireworks, in commemoration of man's glorious redemption. When the limpid lake of the sky becomes muddled by storms—when the red lightning rips the black wardrobe of the firmament asunder, and Jove madly drives his thundering chariot over the rough pavement above, we cannot but be impressed with the idea that the mansion of the Almighty is somewhere in those regions—that heaven is there, and that some noisy preparations are being made, too, for the reception of such an unwelcome creature as wicked, perverse and trustful man.

My friends—you can't stay here forever, by some thousands of years at least, however much you may enjoy the luxuries of life and the vanities of the world. When the soul finds that its carnal habitation is getting too dilapidated for comfort, it will trudge for Texas eternity, and leave it as vacant as a pauper's pocket. Yes the time is even now treading close upon your heels, when you must return to dust, and slumber as soundly in the silent sepulchre as a superannuated racoon upon a chestnut rail. There your corporeal portion will be wholly insensible to either pleasure or pain. The tears of sorrow may be shed over your grave, but they can never moisten and mould together the dry ashes of mortality. The light of love can infuse no warmth into the cold clay that lies embodied in the bosom of its parent earth; for the perishable part perisheth, and ceaseth forever to participate in the pleasures of the world, and to sympathise with the feelings of friends. But my friends, the soul escapes from the grave as easily as a shiner through a shad net. On the wings of immortality it speeds its way to heaven, when its earthly lease has expired, and takes up its abode in a palace of peace, where it can never be molested through all eternity—for the good reason that the rent is required in advance.

My dear friends—where do you suppose this heaven is located, in which the spirit abides when it has shaken off the shackles of mortality? I know no more about it for certainty than you do; but I have reason to believe that it is somewhere in the regions of the sky; for that is the only place that seems untouched and untarnished by the greasy fingers of corruption. The effluvia of earth generated by sin has not yet risen to contaminate its purity, nor has the smoke of worldly wickedness yet ascended to cast a stain upon its delicate ceiling. The beautiful bubble of life, that exhibits its rainbow colours upon the turbid stream of time for a little, while and then bursts into nothing, I believe forms again upon the surface of yon ethereal ocean, to float about from everlasting to everlasting either in the sunshine of eternal bliss or amid the breakers of woe. When we meditate upon the evils that belong to earth we grow sick of our situations, and become disgusted with even the dainties that the world affords; but when we permit our thoughts to play truant in the skies, they are sure to return with a garland composed of the fragrant flowers of faith culled from the ever-blooming fields of futurity, where all is loveliness, holiness, beauty, and grandeur.

My hearers—hope brings heaven nearer to earth than it really is. Although it seems to be near enough for you to touch it with a long pole, it is nevertheless a good way off; and when you have ascended the highest mountain of morality you appear to be just as far distant as when beheld from the deepest ravine of iniquity, and yet it is absolutely nearer. But my friends, there is no use in climbing, if you wish to gain the summit of salvation. The ladder of ambition can never reach the sky, nor are the wings of wealth sufficiently strong to bear you to the realms of happiness. The good old man bows down his head with humility as he is about to enter the door of heaven; but the young, the gay, and the proud seem to think they can carry their caputs erect as though they were upon the free list and could pass in without interruption—but in this they will find they are most woefully mistaken. Humble yourselves, then, if you wish finally to obtain a home in the sky, which, no doubt, was designed as an eternal resting place for all weary pilgrims in this toiling sphere. So mote it be!

Communications.

ORIGINAL ENIGMA.

'Tis found in eternity, 'tis useful in death;
It belongs to religion; and yet not to faith;

In the midst of the forest it ever is seen,
In the breezes we hear it, 'tis seen in the stream.

Thro' the evening we view it, but not thro' the night;

It appears in the sunbeams that dazzle the light;
All human existence it brings to a close,
And claims the same kindred to friends as to foes.

'Tis the bound'ry of space as well as of love,
It is breathed in the highest heavens above;
It is seen in the ocean's blue rolling wave;
'Tis the end of time, and closes the grave.

A. M.

Beaubair's Island, 25th November, 1844.

Mr. Editor,

SIR,—Perhaps there is no community within the precincts of this Province, enjoying the like privileges and advantages with this, that is so destitute of all institutions of a literary character. Is it not a deplorable fact, that throughout the length and breadth of this community, where so many young men reside, no one institution of a literary character, is to be found. 'Tis true that Debating Societies have been formed, and have gone into operation; but they existed, as it were, only for a moment, and then, beneath the withering scorn of a proud, cold-hearted, selfish few, who would not, voluntarily, take an interest therein; or, when requested to use their influence in order to uphold such institutions, declined, for this very insignificant reason, that they once attended the like institutions themselves, but received no benefit therefrom, or in consequence of other untoward circumstances, sunk into oblivion. But, I think, I may safely affirm, that among the many reasons why the Debating Societies heretofore organized have fallen to the ground, a very prominent one is—that many of the members thereof, did not take sufficient interest therein. That they did not, is palpable from the manner in which they employed their winter evenings, other than those upon which these societies met. Instead of spending them in such a way, as would enable them to acquire themselves with credit at such meetings, they tripped "the light fantastic toe," and amid the circle of the giddy throng, forgot the subject for consideration and discussion at the approaching meeting,—went there totally unprepared, and, in many cases, not aware of the subject to be discussed. For this very plain reason, then, it is not a matter of astonishment, that such institutions became defunct, or that the Debating Society of the winter of 1842 is now numbered among the things that were.

I would now, Sir, through this medium, call the attention of the young men of this place, to the utility and propriety of forming a DEBATING or LITERARY SOCIETY this winter. The navigation is about being closed for the season, consequently, business being dull, cannot prevent them from giving their attendance. The advantages of such an institution can only be known by its issues; but if formed upon efficient principles, and governed by proper rules and regulations, it cannot be otherwise than productive of good: and of the benefits accruing from such institutions, we have a proof in the eulogiums lavished upon them, by those who have tasted of the advantages and pleasures arising from them. Let young men therefore, instead of spending their leisure hours in the mazy dance, in midnight revels, or upon things that can work no real advantage, employ them in the attainment of intellectual knowledge, which, when youth with its vigour, its pleasures, and its brilliant prospects, shall have passed away for ever, will be to them a source of solace and amusement in their declining years; and will afford that pleasure which the greatest wealth cannot procure, and which the distressing hand of poverty cannot entirely remove. Let them form a Literary, or Debating Society, upon proper and efficient principles; let these principles be rigidly adhered to, and they may rest assured, by perseverance in the praiseworthy task, despite the frowns and sneers of the aforesaid scornful few, their efforts will be crowned with success.

I am, yours, &c.,

AMICUS ADOLESCENTIUM.

Chatham, 27th November, 1844.

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames
with reason,
But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason.

Burns

I dreamed that on a lovely night,
I sat me down with great delight,

The gurgling stream glid by me;

The rushing of the evening breeze,
Played music through the leafless trees,
That grew in numbers round me.

Not distant far, to me appeared,
An aged sire with silvered beard,
My ravished ears he greeted;
He sung with most especial ease,
His accent hung upon the breeze,
These words I heard repeated:—

"Oh! that I ever lived to see,
To see, alas, such misery,
As now does overtake me:
Oh! grief of griefs, 'twill break my heart,
I would sooner from this world depart,
Than pass for seven pence ha'p'ny."

But spying me, he ceased his song,
Then towards me he moved along,
With such a look of sadness;
His palled face, his furrowed cheeks,
Discovered many, many griefs;
I shook his hand with gladness.

"Kind sir," I said, "inform me how,
Such grief o'er spreads thy placid brow,
And why this lamentation:
Perhaps thy friends have proved untrue,
And basely striven to undo,
Your well-known reputation."

"Ah! friend," he said, "'tis few I had
With such a sympathizing mind
And with such generous dealings;
But since I am permitted here
Without compulsion, dread or fear,
I'll give vent to my feelings:

"For scores of years, without disgrace,
I've lived in honor in this place,
By rich and poor respected;
But now I find by my old friends,
To suit their avaricious ends,
I'm scoff'd at and rejected.

"My birth and parentage, though great,
And how respected by the state,
Perhaps I should not mention;
Yet still I've stood extremely high,
Yes friend you know quite well that I
Was marked with great attention.

"I ne'er o'erstepped my own sphere,
Nor ever ventured to compare,
With yon proud sick'd edged villa's;
But in intrinsic value, I
Am sure that I stand near as high,
As that prized modern shilling.

"But can I e'er believe it true,
That none of that retailing crew,
For twelve pence now will take me:
This is my grief, 'twill break my heart,
I'd sooner from this world depart,
Than pass for seven pence ha'p'ny."

'Twas then along his aged face,
The tears did trickle down apace;
But while I gazed at him,
There assembled forth a numerous crowd,
Who groaned and hissed my friend aloud,
From Douglstown and Chatham.

But oh, the change! I can't tell how,
He raised his bold, indignant brow,
(For indignation fired it.)
"Your conduct, Sirs, I'll have unfurled,
And held forth to a gazing world,
For honesty has required it."

"Yes, yes, false friends, I'll turn to you,
Your base conduct I review,
With proper indignation;
Tho' oft I've proved the friend sincere,
You've done your best for to impair,
My well-known reputation.

"Yes, oft you've pressed me to your hearth,
As one from whom you could not part,
Though dearest friends desired it:
No, never would you let me go,
To feed the starving friend or foe,
Though heaven itself required it.

"Yea, often in the sacred pew,
You worshipped and adored me too,
And though with mock'd affection,
You look'd the parson in the face,
Yet oh, you money gathering race,
'Twas I had your attention."

"But, Sir," I unto him did say,
"Such language is better far away,
For fear of hurting feelings."
"No, no, to this retailing crew,
I'll give them just according to
Their own deserts and dealings."

"From Scotian and Canadian towns,
You've brought us here in scores of pounds,
So great the speculation;
That for some time past in Miramichi,
Scarce any other coin but me,
Was had in circulation.