

comparison with the conduct of its most jealous supporters. Often we see these act with folly that makes us say, that if the enemy had their choice of means for ruining the institution, they could select none so likely to be effectual. It seems to be sufficient to summon the fortress, and the garrison act so desperately ill among themselves, as almost to insure a speedy surrender without the stroke of sword.

Thirty years ago a captive prince of singular fortune lived on the isle of St. Helena in the Atlantic Ocean. He had risen to the summit of human greatness, and to all appearance had founded a new dynasty more illustrious than that of Charlemagne. He had enemies external to himself, but their petty efforts against him only served to increase his greatness. Napoleon, however had one enemy truly formidable,—he had himself. Through the machinations of this deadly foe was accomplished a ruin which all Europe had vainly conspired to bring about.

The labouring people of this country have a notion that the rest of the community are their enemies. Any one who mingles with the rest of the community must see that these are full of good feeling towards the laborers, are constantly speculating about the means of benefiting them, and in reality spend largely in their behalf. They are not the enemies of the working classes; but it is not difficult to see who are. It is the working classes themselves, who, arrogating the privilege of dispensing with fore-thought and self-denial, and throwing on others the blame of all mischances, subject themselves to such bitter woe in consequence, that if one-tenth of it were really visited on any one set of people by another, the world would ring with it forever. What should we think for instance of a government, which should force its industrious millions to spend each a large portion of his gains on indulgences alike injurious to health and morals? Yet this, we know, is done by the working classes themselves. What should we think of a master who permitted no new entrant into his work unless a sum of money be paid to make a feast with, however difficult it might be to raise such a sum? Yet exclusions of this kind are common things among the men themselves. A few years ago in a workshop in the west of Scotland, each new apprentice paid his fellows about seven pounds for 'leave to toil,' and when six or seven such sums had been amassed, there was a debauch which lasted a fortnight, involving the whole district in vice and wretchedness. There is a story of a master sailcloth maker recommending a widow's son into his work, with an entreaty that the boy might be spared the usual payment. He thought he had been successful but the youth was from the first subjected to so much persecution, that being wholly unable to raise money by any common means, he found it necessary to go to a distance each evening in disguise, and there stay an hour or two begging from the passers by. In this strange way, he at length obtained the means of purchasing a license to live by his industry. The whole system of fines for the admission of new hands into trades, presents a striking view of a class acting as its own enemy.

Some men have a turn for making enemies, while to others is awarded the praise of having none. But though there is such a thing as enemy making, it amounts to little; such enemies being seldom able to do any harm. The more narrowly we examine our position, and the things which effect us in the world, the more we shall be convinced that our only formidable enemy are ourselves. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue; the hand that most mercilessly despoils of our property is our own hand. All the real murderers in the world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killing of men and women—are self-murderers. Conscience tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

#### GOOD BYE.

There is hardly a greater perversion of the meaning of a phrase in the English language, than is contained in the words, 'Good bye,' words which in themselves, have no meaning whatever. In olden times it was customary among pious people when parting from those they loved or respected, to commend them to the protection of God. The phrase in French was 'a Dieu,' to God—anglicized, 'adieu,' and now used by thousands without a knowledge of its meaning. The whole English form of expression, 'God be with you,' a most beautiful phrase when taken leave of a friend, is superseded by—'Good bye,'—a corruption of this phrase.

#### WELSH SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

We awoke: 'twas a lovely morning, with the earliest sun shining brightly through the lattice; and we thought in our emotion to spring out of bed. Off went the bed clothes at a bound, and we sat erect!—but how shall we describe our horror! We had gone to bed more or less white—more or less European in the tinge of our skin: we awoke of a glaring red, or, where the crimson dye was less vivid, we bore a mottled appearance, like a speckled Lilliputian, who ran from him on his stirring, in frightened thousands, so there were now us in every direction, possible and impossible, by thousands—nay, by myriads. The bed was

literally brown with them; and ever, as we moved a limb, fresh gangs of latent devoursers fled from beneath, and scoured across the sheets.—Blackwood's Magazine.

#### STANZAS TO WAVERLEY.

BY EMELY VARNDELL.

I'll tune my harp to a lightsome lay  
To sing unto thee—sweet Waverley;  
Thy beauty would tell of other times,  
Of softer lights and sunnier climes.  
I have wandered far with feelings bland  
By the fair shores of my Father land,  
But still unto thee my heart will stray,  
Beautiful, beautiful Waverley.

How much of romance the heart enthralled  
That ponders awhile by the Abbey-walls!  
How many the ancient things that rise  
'Neath the wand of fancy's varied dyes!  
When the storm, the calm, the sun and shower  
All changed as now in the olden hour;  
And the convent monks wore cowls of grey  
In the lovely land of Waverley.

The violet rears its blushing head  
By the coffin stones of the mighty dead;  
And the ivy clings to the crumbling walls,  
Where to-wit, to-woo, the lone owl calls;  
And bat and bittern come out at night  
To bask awhile in the fair moon light,  
And enjoy themselves in dark array  
By the abbey-walls of Waverley.

A time shall come when thou wilt not be;  
The chaos of dark futurity  
Shall march at length with fun'ral pall  
And cast its mantle of shade o'er all;  
When the brilliant things of the earth I ween,  
The holdest sight, the loveliest scene,  
All like unto thee shall flee away,  
Beautiful, beautiful Waverley!

#### WOMEN.

Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that demerour, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed, rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to to defend the fair wearers, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; but it is a cumbersome panoply, and like a heavy armour, is seldom worn except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

#### MANUFACTURE OF INDIA RUBBER SHOES IN BRAZIL.

A number of blacks, bearing long poles on their shoulder, thickly stung with India Rubber shoes, also attracted our attention. These are for the most part manufactured in the interior, and brought down the river for sale by the natives. It has been estimated that at least 250,000 pairs of shoes are annually exported from the province of Para, and the number is constantly on the increase. A few here respecting the tree itself, and the manufacture works of the shoes may not be out of place. The tree is quite peculiar in its appearance and some times reaches the height of eighty and even a hundred feet. The trunk is perfectly round, rather smooth, and protected by a bark of a light colour,—the leaves grow in clusters of three together, are thin, of an ovate form, and are from ten to fourteen inches in length. The centre leaf of the cluster is always the longest. This remarkable tree bears a curious fruit of the size of a peach which, although not very palatable, is eagerly sought after by different animals; it is separated into three lobes, which contain each a small black nut. The trees are tapped in the same manner that New Englanders tap maple trees. The trunk having been perforated, a yellowish liquid resembling cream, flows out which is caught in small clay cups, fastened to the tree. When these become full their contents are emptied into large earthen jars, in which the liquid is kept until desired for use.

The operation of making the shoes is as simple as it is interesting. Imagine yourself dear reader, in one of the sereno groves of Brazil. Around you are a number of good looking natives, of low stature and olive complexion. All are variously engaged. One is stirring with a long wooden stick the contents of a cauldron, placed over a pile of blazing embers. This is the liquid as it was taken from the rubber tree.—Into this a wooden last, covered with clay, and having a handle, is plunged. A coating of the liquid remains. You will perceive another native then takes the last, and holds it in the smoke arising from the ignition of a species of palm fruit, for the purpose of causing the coating to assume a dark color. The last is then again plunged into the cauldron, and this process is repeated, as in dipping candles, until the coating is of the required thickness.—You will moreover, notice a number of indian girls, (some very pretty) engaged in making various impressions, such as flowers, &c. upon the soft surface of the rubber, by means of their thumb nails, which are especially pared and cultivated for this purpose. After this final operation, the shoes are placed in the sun to harden, and large numbers of them may be seen laid out on mats in exposed situations. The aboriginal name of the rubber is cabucha, from which the formidable word of caoutchouc is derived; in Para it is styled borracha, or seringa.—Bentley's Miscellany.

From the Westminster Review.

#### VALUE OR COMPRESSION IN ORATORY

Eloquence, we are persuaded, will never flourish in America or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of a speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat about with our breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and we read the solid rock, and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind, and leave no sediment: let it come to a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it. It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Cataline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Aeschines; by this that Mark Anthony, as Shakespeare makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us for the moment sympathise with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be edited in a single sentence. Our marshalling of speeches, essays, and books, according to their length, deeming that a work which covers great space—this 'inordinate taste for printed paper,' which devours so much and so indiscriminately, that it has no leisure for fairly testing any thing—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide of it; the orator who must court popularity, is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.

#### A GENTLEMAN.

From Bishop Doane's Address at Burlington College.

When you have found a man you have not far to go to find a Gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man. To be a gentleman it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the total. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog in England was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labour.

A gentleman is just a gentle man; no more no less, a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to give offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was of England's knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier. St. Paul describes a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippian Christians. 'Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable Sermon on the calling of a Gentleman, pointedly says: 'he should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by words and works, before a profane world.'

From the North British Review.

#### OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's gracious present to a working world, and for wearied minds and bodies it is the grand restorative.

The Creator has given us a natural restorative—sleep; and a moral restorative—Sabbath keeping; and it is ruin to dispense with either. Under the pressure of high excitement, individuals have passed weeks together with little sleep, or none; but when the process is long continued, the over-driven powers rebel, and fever, delirium, and death come on. Nor can this natural amount be systematically curtailed without corresponding mischief. The Sabbath does not arrive like sleep. The day of rest does not steal over us like the hour of slumber. It does not entrance us almost whether we will or not; but, addressing us as intelligent beings, our Creator assures us that we need it, and bids us notice its return, and court its renovation. And if, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days alike, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business or the man of letters—finds his ideas becoming turbid and slow; the equipoise of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful, and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subdues into habitual melancholy, or in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world.

And the manual worker—the artisan, engineer—toiling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright intention of his eye gets blunted, and, forgetful of their cunning, his fingers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility, nor by a plastic and tuneful touch mould dead matter, or wield mechanic power; but mingling his life's blood in his daily drudgery, his locks are prematurely grey, his genial humor sours, and slaving it till he has become a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort or any blink of balmy feeling, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol. To an industrious population, so essential is the periodic rest, that when the attempt was made in France to abolish the weekly Sabbath, it was found necessary to issue a decree suspending labour one day in every ten. Master manufacturers have stated that they could perceive an evident deterioration in the quality of the goods produced, as the week drew near to a close, just because the tact, alertness and energy of the workers began to experience inevitable exhaustion. When a steamer on the Thames blew up a few months ago, the firemen and stokers laid the blame on their broken Sabbath; it stupefied and embittered them—made them blunder at their work, and heedless what havoc these blunders might create. And we have been informed that when the engines of an extensive steam-packet company in the south of England, were getting constantly damaged, the mischief was instantly repaired by giving the men what the bounty of their Creator had given them long before, the rest of each seventh day. And what is so essential to industrial efficiency is no less indispensable to the laborer's health and longevity.

From the Bombay Times.

#### THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.

Doubtless most of our readers have heard of the practice of the natives of Bengal in the disposal of their dead. The custom among them is to carry the corpses of their deceased to the banks of the Ganges, where they are deposited with all due ceremony. On the rise of the river these are carried away by its waters, and hundreds of dead bodies may be seen at a time floating on its surface, and which are carried down by the stream into the sea. The sight is said to be disgusting in the extreme; some of the putrid carcasses frequently reaching against the cables of the vessels anchored in the river. Did the inhabitants confine themselves to the deposition of none but dead bodies on the banks, there would not be much cause for complaint; but it has often been found that persons supposed to be at the point of death have been thus dealt with, and that in consequence many have died who would, had they been properly cared for, have recovered. Many have been taken to the river, but it would have been better far for them had they died, for they were turned out of caste, and refused admittance into their own homes, it being reckoned a sign of the displeasure of the deity of the river that they had not died, and been engulfed in its stream. Another method in practice of disposing of their dead is by incineration. Hitherto the inhabitants of Calcutta have been permitted to burn their dead all along the banks of the river. People at the point of death are brought to the river, and there left till they die, when they are burnt, and their ashes thrown into the stream by their friends if able to afford it, or if not, they are allowed to lie on the bank till carried away by the stream. In order to put a stop to such a murderous system, the Government have ordered that the inhabitants shall dispose of their dead at either of five 'Ghat' set apart for the purpose, where their proceedings may be watched by the police. We copy the following remarks on the subject from the Calcutta Christian Advocate of the 19th ult.—'We have often referred to the subject of Ghat murders, and to the propriety and importance of their suppression. Little if anything, has we believe, been attempted by the authorities. The difficulties arising out of religious prejudice, and the extent of country over which the practice prevails, together with the difficulty of obtaining evidence on which the murderers could be convicted, have presented an almost insuperable barrier to the commencement of reform in this department; we therefore hail any, even the remotest effort, tending to check a practice so fraught with mischief to the people. Our contemporaries state that the authorities have determined that for Calcutta only five Ghats shall be used for burning the dead of the city. This may bring the evil within the grasp of the police, and if they be on the alert, enable them to check the practice. The many Ghats and other places at which the funeral rites of the Hindus were performed was one of the most formidable obstacles in the way of the suppression of Ghat murders. This to some extent, and as far as Calcutta is concerned, has now been remedied. This order should be extended all along the banks of the Ganges, places should be set apart by the Government, to which the dying should be brought, and proper officers appointed to watch the movements of the death parties. This would at least be a check upon crime; and where such a sacrifice of life is concerned, surely the funds and officers of justice could not be more humanely or legitimately employed.'

#### NEW DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.

Good cotton, useless for artillery purposes, is said to be an excellent styptic for pressing cuts and wounds. Dissolved in either, and applied to the severed cut, it forms an adhesive covering of singular closeness, so that the process of healing is carried on speedily and