

midst; love turns men from their savage rudeness; ambition shakes the very foundation of kingdoms. By the love of glory, weak nations swell into magnitude and strength. Whatever there is of terrible, whatever there is of beautiful in human events, all that shakes the soul to and fro, and is remembered while thought and flesh cling together—all these have their origin from the passions. As it is only in storms, and when their coming waters are driven up into the air, that we catch a sight of the depths of the sea, it is only in the season of perturbation that we have a glimpse of the real internal nature of man. It is then only that the might of these eruptions shaking his frame, dissipate all the feeble coverings of opinion, and rend in pieces that cobweb veil with which fashion hides the feelings of the heart. It is then only that Nature speaks her genuine feelings; and, as at the last night of Troy, when Venus illumined the darkness, Aeneas saw the gods themselves at work, so may we, when the blaze of passion is flung upon man's nature, mark in him the signs of a celestial origin, and tremble at the invisible agents of God!

From the London People's Journal.

FALSE CONCLUSIONS.

Nothing is sooner arrived at—nothing takes so long to disabuse the mind of—nothing is so common, as false conclusions; and having once made it, how tenacious we are of its safe keeping, and how offended we are if any bold people, glorying in their strong-mindedness, dare to hint that what we esteem to be truth is nothing but a sham. What prejudice was ever nursed by the philosophers with half the fondness they exhibited for the false conclusion that the world was a flat plane instead of a sphere? We laugh at these errors now, and esteem ourselves wise in our superior knowledge and freedom of childish notions—and yet we every day, every one of us, give ourselves up, unhesitatingly and unquestionably, to a belief in any species of falsehood that assumes the garb of truth: and this, not because we are deficient of good sense, but because there is in all of us a natural love of the mysterious and the romantic.

The prevalence of false conclusions are to be attributed to nothing but idleness and love of mental ease; and we accept a dogma without examination, just as a near-sighted traveller might an umbrella at an inn; never discovering its poverty and 'lopped and windowed wretchedness' till we come to bring it into use. No man, says Hooker, ever attained belief from the mere contemplation of the heavens and earth, for they are insufficient to give us the least spark concerning the mysteries of our faith; and so no man can be said to be mentally honest and independent who takes the coin of other men's experiences in the place of his own studied and painfully-arrived at conclusions.

There is an old story—almost too old to bear repeating, but like many other old things, old wine for instance—it is improved by years rather than otherwise—about two knights meeting in a field where there was a tablet, or schutcheon, or something of that sort, set up in the midst. One maintained that the shield was white, while the other as stoutly argued that it was black. Words ran high, and as is common in those cases, from words of course they came to blows; and then when they had sufficiently abused and injured each other, they discovered to their mutual regret, that they were both right and both wrong, for the tablet had two sides, and neither had taken the trouble to examine the other's. Now from this old story—we have read it no doubt every one of us when we were children—there is deep and important moral to be drawn; as there is, indeed from almost every odd tale that is told, and it is this:—whenever we would see the truth of a question, no matter whether it be great or small, we must be sure to remember to look on both sides.

Half the wars that have desolated the earth—half the misunderstandings that have arisen in families—half the popular errors we are prone to cherish, and the weakness that we nurse like school girls do their dolls, have arisen in the first place, probably from some in authority, who should have known better, and were, likely enough, paid for knowing better, arriving at false conclusions.

Seeing therefore—for it is well to put the matter in regular argumentative shape—that much misery has arisen, and constantly arises, from the indulgence of that species of mental idleness which is content to take all he hears for granted without inquiring into its truth or falsehood, it will be well in future for he who would possess a mind of his own—not a dictatorial, positive, disagreeable, positive sort of way, but a firm and independent manliness—to study well before he gives entire assent to a seeming fact; and, at the same time never take that for falsehood which may by possibility be sterling truth.

From the London People's Journal.

THE MUTABILITY OF THE IN-LECT.

BY CLARA WALBEY.

ALL must witness and acknowledge the mutability of material objects, as its evidential phases occur hourly and momentarily. No one can welcome in the joyous spring, with its sweet gifts and sweeter promises—can watch the culminating splendors of the glorious summer—can indulge in mournful reverie over the fading and typical beauties of Autumn—or mentally exult in the wild majesty of winter, throned in ice and glooms—

and not acknowledge it. The germinating seed, the perishing blossom, the mellowing fruit, visibly portray it, as do dawn and sunset, the changes of the moon, and the alternations of the storm and sunshine, as successively their shadows and glories modify the aspect of the earth. We all know that the blanched and curlless lock must follow, if life endure, the rich, glossy tresses of youth—the brilliant hues of life's meridian pale before the frosts of old age. Yet, in the frailty of our hope we dream not—at least as far as regards our individual identities—of the blunted intellect, or even of the eradication of wishes and sources of enjoyment, for most persons have a cherished vision of their mental immutability, which is manifest in their calculations. The literary man, haply, reckons on his immutable powers of creation, of criticism, or compilation; the mercenary and heartless coquette on the unchanging piquancy of her wit, as well as the durability of her other powers of fascination; the beautiful star of the splendid *conversations* on the unsubdued brilliancy of her meridian glory; the routine man of business on his unvarying tastes and inclinations, imagining not for an instant that the wealth he is so indefatigably hoarding he may in time lose all capacity for enjoying. If any probability of change pass through their minds, it looms so distantly and faintly on their mental horizon that they cannot realise it, and it is thus, virtually unacknowledged. Indeed there could not be so much reckless waste of the returnless opportunities of life for improvement, as ever may be discovered where hopes and energies are exclusively devoted to any essentially worldly pursuit, where the mutability of the immaterial as well as material universe recognised in its awful reality. We may have many years before us, though this can only be a hope to our finite perceptions; but will they be dowered with the same undaunted trust and power? Our mental weakness may increase with our age, in the same ratio as our physical energies decline, and thus the difficulties in time become fourfold.

The power of habit is seldom sufficiently allowed for in estimations of the advantages and delights that accrue from success; thus, while the man of business is engaged in the accumulation of wealth, he imagines that he can at once throw aside the habit of hoarding and appreciate and luxuriate in the power and pleasure of expending his hoarded treasures. This, however, is seldom the case, when the habit has been the slow but certain growth of years, and where there is no extraordinary versatility of disposition. The same dread of expenditure continues, while the motive for accumulation has ceased to exist; and with the acquisition of power is lost the zest for its employment.

In conclusion it must be added that, much as the intellect may and does suffer from the inroads of time, and cave, of profitless pursuits and unrestrained inclinations, nothing but mental aberration can disturb or destroy the awakened and cultured sympathies of the heart. The more indeed they are exercised the more fit are they further execution.

There is no illusion connected with the happiness they promote—for human ingratitude, earthly success now influences the selfish in their endeavors to assist and relieve; their reward is simply the consciousness of having acted in accordance with the sublime requirements of a divine duty: a conviction which, if truly entertained in all its awfulness and magnitude of meaning is sufficient to console in every trial, sustain in every affliction, and bless and exalt the lot which is by worldly estimation the most unenviable and despised.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THERE'S LIGHT BEHIND THE CLOUD!

In the lone and weary nights, my child,

When all around is drear;

When the moon is hidden by the clouds,

And grief and pain are near—

Oh never think, my gentle boy,

In that gloomy, trying hour,

That thou art not protected still

By a kind Almighty Power.

Soon will those dark clouds roll away,

And the glorious stars appear;

And the pensive moon, with her calm, pale light,

Will shine in beauty bright.

There is an Eye above my child,

That slumbers not nor sleeps;

There is a Friend in heaven, love,

Who still his vigil keeps.

And though in trouble's darkest hour

His face He seems to shroud,

Believe—remember—oh, my child,

There's light beyond the cloud.

From the Adventures of a Greek Lady.

TURKISH DINNER.

A Turkish dinner usually consists of only two dishes; but each dish is composed of a variety of ingredients, such as meat, poultry, fish, &c. From these dishes the guests are helped with spoons of black horn: the handles of the spoons used at our dinner were set with diamonds. The dessert, which was served on dishes of silver beautifully wrought, consisted of peaches, oranges, fresh figs, almonds, and a variety of exquisite sweetmeats. Coffee was served in cups of costly porcelain, and cruet of wrought gold contained liquors. Those placed before the princess were set with diamonds and fine pearls. The nap-

kens were of a fabric resembling cambric, extremely fine, and so silky, that its surface, reflected by the radiant light of the lamps, presented the effect of silver-tissue. There was one Turkish custom which was calculated to create an unpleasant impression, in spite of all the delicate courtesy with which we were treated. Every vessel out of which Christians, or, as we were called, infidels, have eaten or drunk, is condemned as impure, and is set aside, never again to be used by Mohammedans. Accordingly, we were requested to carry away with us the plates, cups, &c., which we had used at dinner. We could not take umbrage at this little affront, concealed as it was under a graceful veil of generosity. We accepted the offerings, which, independently of their intrinsic value, were objects of curiosity; and we promised to preserve them as memorials of our delightful visit.

From the New York Daily News.

THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE growth of the city of New York is one of the most remarkable characteristics of this country. Its natural advantages are very great, and these seem to be appreciated both by capitalists and mere adventurers. The number of buildings going up is very large, and among these is a large proportion of princely residences. For five thousand pounds a house may be purchased in a fashionable part of the town, with thirty five feet frontage, sixty five feet depth, with a height of five storeys. The interior for I have an instance in my eye, is finished in the most costly manner. The halls are paved with marble, the decorations are in the highest style of art; every convenience of the kitchen, of baths, of water closets, of ventilation, and of heating is carefully attended to. This will doubtless be the residence of some successful merchant or professional man, who began the world fifteen or twenty years ago without a penny. Before he takes possession, the most expensive carpets, mirrors, candleabra, china, and plate will be provided for his comfort; a luxurious carriage will be ready to take him from the door, and servants in liveries will usher him into his new house. This is New York—this is American life. If he happens to have a wife of good connections and education, she will at once slide into her new position, and leave her former humble apartments with a belief that she has fully deserved her good fortune. At once, and as it by magic, she dresses with taste and propriety; falls into the manners of the gay world as if she always practised them; and if she has wit and beauty, she attracts about her the most distinguished of our male society. She patronises the Opera, attends the most fashionable church of her own denomination, and floats along in a sea of delight. Her husband, rewarded by the novelty of his new pleasures, looks back to his former career with the satisfaction of feeling that to himself alone he owes his advancement. He next looks forward to see how his prosperity may be prolonged to his family. Generally, if he have children who have passed their infancy in restrained circumstances, his cares were of no avail. The daughters marry, and often badly, to young men who have petensions without money or worth; and the sons, if they have not been disciplined in the school of the father, become gay young men about town, with no other view than to expend money for the sake of personal pride or personal pleasure. The second generation generally, therefore, undoes the work of the first, and the third ends where the first began. There is no country in the world where fortune is so easily won and so easily lost as in the United States. It depends entirely on the character of the individual who possesses it whether it is or is not honorably or usefully enjoyed. The great wealth of the city of New York is manifest, not only by the number of its magnificent private residences, but by the official statements annually published of its taxable resources. What we term its real estate, or, in other words, the real estate of its citizens, is now valued at about 190,000,000 of dollars, and according to our system of undervaluing for taxation, may be set down as one half more. The personal property of the inhabitants is estimated at 55,000,000 of dollars, and this does not include, in fact, the plate, jewelry, the private securities, or the amount of cash they are possessed of. In five years the aggregate of this value has increased more than 16,000,000 dollars. We should like to know of any city in the world which, in proportion to its age and population, compares with New York. Take another instance. The last day's receipts at the custom house for duties has been 75,000 dollars, and the balance in its vaults is within a fraction of 4,000,000 dollars, notwithstanding the continued draught on it for the public service.

ANECDOTE OF BERNADOTTE.

It was some time during the short peace of 1802 that a foreign gentleman came to Gibraltar with letters of credit and introduction from a mercantile house in Italy to a house of business on the rock, the ostensible object of this being to open transactions between the two firms. The merchant of the rock having read the letters, received the bearer with cordiality, and made him welcome as an inmate of his house. The foreign merchant, when introduced by his host to the Governor, expressed, as must every stranger, astonishment at the stupendous works, betraying by his observations the most profound ignorance of the science of fortification, and at the same time expressing a natural desire to see the lions, which the Governor readily assented to, and introduced him to one of his staff as a

Cicerone. The extravagant wonder and puerile observations of the man of commerce at all he saw afforded no small amusement to his conductor, who, after a day or two, tired of doing the civil, allowed the gentleman to rove about among the sentinels, to whom he soon became as familiar as *un chien du regiment*. The time of the departure of the visitor was now close at hand, when one morning the hospitable Gibraltar merchant, who was in the habit of catering for himself, was on his way before breakfast to the fish market, when he found that in his haste he had put on a wrong hat. On taking it off to examine it he recognised it as the hat of his guest. Something, however, unusual in its appearance induced him to scrutinize it more closely, when he observed a double crown, concealed in which, to his astonishment, he found plans and elevations, with a most perfect reconnaissance of the rock, made by the very simple gentleman who knew not the angle of the flank from the flanked angle of a bastion, nor could tell a 'horn work' from a 'ram's-horn.' Our Gibraltar merchant pocketing the papers, hastened to lay the matter before the Governor.

In the meantime the foreign gentleman having missed his hat, suspecting that all was not right, and that by remaining a moment longer he should endanger his personal liberty, hurried down to the port, and, engaging with a boatman, was beyond the range of the guns of the fortress, and on his way to Cadiz, before his friend returned home. The person who thus escaped from the rock, on his arrival at Cadiz, coolly called on the British consul, to whom he related the cause of his sudden flight from the British fortress and the loss of his papers and drawings, 'but no matter,' said he, pointing to his forehead, 'I have it all here; my name is Bernadotte.' It will be remembered that at St. Helena Bonaparte mentioned the design he had of laying siege to Gibraltar, with the mode of proceeding and the amount of force to be employed, and the result of which he was confident would have been success—all no doubt planned from the information obtained from the man destined to wear the crown of Sweden.

LIFE IN ITALY.

LORD Byron has pictured Italy as a 'pleasant place' of residence; but it would appear from the following narrative that there are occasional drawbacks. A writer in the *Constitutionnel* says: Rome August 10.—A capital sentence has just been pronounced against a man named Pinto, who, on the 2nd ultimo, assassinated his father-in-law. This murder was attended with such atrocious circumstances that it appears certain that the sentence will be approved of by the Pope. This will be the first time that Pius IX. will have sanctioned a capital condemnation. Malefactors, however, have recently become so audacious in their proceedings, that severity has become an imperative necessity. On Saturday last a frightful attack was committed in the environs of Rome on the family of an advocate, who had taken up their residence in a country house. In the evening of that day the advocate, after finishing his business in Rome, went as usual to his country house to pass the Sunday with his family, when he was met by his servant who told him that his house had been attacked by robbers who were pillaging it.

The advocate who was armed with a double barrelled gun, on coming to the house found the door guarded by two brigands, both of whom he immediately shot. He then entered the house, when he was suddenly surrounded by five or six men, with whom a desperate struggle took place. He was overpowered by numbers and killed. The servant in the meantime had run off to procure assistance, but unfortunately it arrived too late; the robbers had taken to flight, leaving behind them their two dead companions. The wife of the advocate was lying weltering in her blood, but still breathing, and a little girl of nine years of age was hanging to a beam. She was immediately cut down, and hopes are entertained of saving her life. No clue has yet been discovered of the robbers. The port of Repetta was yesterday the scene of sanguinary quarrel between a liberated convict and a young man whose father had been killed by the former.

The young man having been grossly insulted in a public-house by this fellow, left the place to avoid a conflict, but finding himself closely pursued by the man, who had armed himself with a pitchfork, he, in his own defence, laid hold of a long knife, which was lying on a stall, and plunged it into the breast of his aggressor, and laid him dead at his feet. The young man immediately surrendered himself to the police, but it is thought that the act will only be considered as justifiable homicide.

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

THE celebrated Benjamin Franklin, while a youth, drew up the following rules for his guidance and self government. They well deserve the attention of all who may read them:—

1. *Temperance*.—Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.
2. *Silence*.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. *Order*.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. *Resolution*.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. *Frugality*.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is waste nothing.