

bel. I was tempted, and like the rest was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water about five minutes, when some voice in board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us.

In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us; each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned," cried some of the sailors from the fore-castle. "Go it, Sambo," cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boat-awain was heard shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"

"Lay aft, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, for God's sake!" My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white!"

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; he is after you! Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but as if by mutual instinct, we both swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved—they are along-side!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time: a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met with one in the water.

From the London People's Journal.

THE MORALS OF THE LONDON PEOPLE.

BY S. LAING.

To me the London nation appears remarkably distinguished for their strong moral sense and their acute quick intelligence. In these no people in the most educated, simple, or virtuous countries or districts, at home or abroad, can be compared to the Londoners. It stands to reason that this should be their character. They are a people living in the midst of temptation and opportunity, and therefore necessarily in the perpetual exercise, daily and hourly, of self-restraint and moral principle; living in the midst of the keenest competition in every trade and branch of industry, and therefore necessarily in the exercise of ingenuity and mental power in every work and calling. The needy, starving man in this population exerts every day, in walking through the streets of London, more practical virtue, more self-restraint and active virtuous principle, in withstanding temptations to dishonest immoral means of relieving his present want, and he struggles against and overcomes more of the vicious propensities of our nature, than the poor, or rich or middle-class man in a country population or small town population has occasion to exercise in the course of a whole lifetime. Man must live amongst men, and not in a state of isolation, to live in the highest moral condition; but they are individually and practically educated, by the circumstances in which they live, into high moral habits of honesty and self-restraint. Look at the exposure of property in London, and at the same amount of depredation in proportion to the vast amount of articles exposed to depredation in every street, lane and shop, and consider the total inadequacy of any police force, however numerous—and in all London the police

force does not exceed five thousand persons—or of any vigilance on the part of the owners themselves, however strict, to guard this property, if it were not guarded by the general, habitual, thorough honesty of the population itself.

Look at the temptations to inebriety, and the small proportion of the people totally abandoned to habitual drunkenness, or even the hourly dram-drinking of the Scotch people, or the *schnaps* of the lower classes of Germany. Virtue is not the child of the desert or the school room, but of the dense assemblages of mankind in which its social influences are called into action and into practical exertion every hour.

The urchin on the pavement dancing Jim Crow for a chance half-penny, and resisting in all his hunger the temptation of snatching the apple or the cake from the old woman's open stall or the pastry cook's window, is morally no uneducated being. His sense of right, his self-restraint, his moral education are as highly and truly cultivated as in the son of the bishop who is declaiming at Exeter hall about this poor boy's ignorance and vice, and whose son never knew in his position what it is to resist pressing temptation, secret opportunity and the urgent call of hunger. Practical moral education, a religious regard for what belongs to others, the doing as you would be done by, the neighborly sympathy with and help of real distress, and the generous glow at what is manly, bold, and right in common life, and the indignation at what is wrong or base, are in more full development among the laboring classes in London than among the same class elsewhere, either at home or abroad. They put more of the fair play feeling in their doings. The exceptions to this character—the vice, immorality, blackguardism, brutality of a comparative small number—and many of these not born and bred in the lowest ranks, but in much higher positions, from which they have sunk, besmeared with vice, immorality, and dishonesty which caused their fall—cannot be justly taken as a measure of the moral condition of the lower or laboring classes in London. The genuine cockneys are a good-natured, hearty set of men; their mobs are full of sport and rough play; and the ferocious spirit of mischief, wickedness and bloodshed rarely predominates. Considering their great temptation and opportunities, and the inadequacy of any social arrangements, or military or police force that we possess to oppose them, if a majority were inclined to active deeds of mischief, the London population may claim the highest place among the town population of Europe for a spirit of self-restraint on vicious propensities, and for a practical moral education in the right and reasonable.

INK-DROPS OF WISDOM.

RICHES are but cyphers: it is the mind that makes the sum.

Charity is frequently best displayed in helping others to help themselves.

Poverty is the only burden which grows heavier by being shared by those we love.

Those men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.

Whims are harder to remove than sorrows, for time, instead of weakening, strengthens them.

If a man could have his wishes, he would double his troubles.

No summer but it has a winter. He never reaped comfort in his adversity that sowed it not in his prosperity.

To a man of deep emotions, nature is a mirror full of shifting images; to an unmoved one, only a window through which he can watch what is going on around him.

Night keeps men alive without fire, candle, meat, drink or clothing; all he asks is a bed. The poorest man is happy as a king as soon as he lies down, and, fortunately, he has to stand only half his time.

Sorrow treads heavily, and leaves behind a deep impression even when she departs; while joy trips by with light steps as wind, and scarcely leaves a trace on our hearts of her faint footfalls.

Calumny, though raising upon nothing, is too swift to be overtaken, and too volatile to be impeded.

When one suspicion glides into the heart it poisons everything; it wounds the soul; its scar remains for ever painful, and easy to be burst open; and everything appears in an exaggerated point of view.

The characteristics of the two sexes are so widely different, that nothing is more disgusting than either encroaching on the other. To men belong the bold, hardy active virtues; to women, the patient, gentle, amiable graces; and the comparative excellence of each must ever depend on their dissimilitude.

NEW WORKS.

ANCIENT RUINS IN ENGLAND.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, in an interesting letter dated Chippenham (England), November 8, thus speaks of the celebrated ruins of Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain:

Salisbury Plain is eight or ten miles across, and about like a rolling prairie. It is nearly level, and still preserves its character of a plain, for the most of it is sheep pasture, covered with senseless sheep, and nearly as senseless shepherds. On crossing the plain, about eight miles from Salisbury, and two from Amesbury, you arrive at Stonehenge. The pile, a mile distant, has a most singular and interesting appearance. The stones are very dark, and look like a cluster of headless

giants, some standing up, and others reclining or lying down. What a silence and gloom prevails around. The day I was there, a most beautiful one, there were twenty or thirty visitors. With all they could say, all the hilarity and sociality, and much prevailed, there seemed to be present some great, some majestic spirits of the past. The stones seem to speak, yet they are silent. You feel, while walking around them, as if you were treading on holy ground. I never, in my whole life—not in Westminster Abbey, where lie the dust of kings and queens—not in the Hotel des Invalides, where sleep the ashes of Napoleon—nor beneath any human monuments, have felt the grand and awful spirit of the past, pressing with such a weight upon me. There is something in these stones, according to the most rational conclusion that I can come to, that connects us with the antediluvian world. Various are the opinions and various the conjectures, and few the traditions, respecting the people who built, the time of erection, and the object of Stonehenge. In the absence of all historical records—records more or less abundant respecting British, Roman, Grecian and Egyptian monuments—there seems a great degree of probability that the records respecting this singular pile were swept away by the flood. Then the very manner that the stones are thrown down show very satisfactorily that it was by a rushing of water from one direction, the south-west. The surface here is a flinty debris, mixed with vegetable mould, and beneath that the chalk formation. Some of the upright stones are imbedded in the chalk, and few of those have been moved. I have not time to enter into the arguments, pro or con, about any theories, but they seem numerous in favor of its antediluvian origin. Then the Serpent and Temple, at Abury and Silbury Hill, far more stupendous works, formed evidently by the same people, show, like Stonehenge, an entirely different style and class of works from those built by the early Britons, or the Romans, or the remotest people in Oriental lands. True, this may be called negative testimony; but what can you do? If you admit that the flood took place, and can clearly establish that no postdiluvian nations erected such works, or any thing like them; and that they are works that would be likely to endure such a convulsion and crisis, what more rational conclusion can we come to? It seems as if the Almighty designed that there should be no written or engraved records of the patriarchal ages, except in the volume of His own inspiration.

FRETFUL PEOPLE.

Business may be slack or unprofitable; you may have a great deal of work to do for little money; men may get into your debt, and then fail in business or leave the country, and thus swindle you; when adversity presses hard upon you, you may be forsaken by those whom you have considered your friends; your partner in life may be ill-natured, cross-grained or surly; your clothing may be bad, and you may not have money wherewith to purchase better; disease may make havoc among your potatoes, when you expect they are laid up safe and sound for your future use—all these things, and a host of others may happen to you, but, don't fret. When any misfortune befalls you, set about repairing the damage immediately, and don't sit down in a nook to fret and skulk at Miss Fortune's freaks, as if she, the hussey, could be moved to pity by your forlorn condition. Keep your mind occupied in some useful pursuit; for be you sure if you do not keep your thoughts engaged they will lie dormant; if there be no real causes for uneasiness and disquietude, our minds are so constituted that they are readily furnished with imaginary ones; and while you avoid a fretful disposition take care that you give others no cause to fret. If your wife (or husband) be crabbed, surly, or fiery-headed, given to fly into a passion about every little thing that goes wrong, don't let it disturb your mind; don't say or do anything that may increase the irritation in her (or his) mind; rather be an example of calmness and collectedness in the time of need. I don't say, suffer yourself to be kicked and scolded like a dog. No, no; if you be a wife, never think that bullying your husband in British-fishery-oratory-style will have any good effect on him; if he be a sensible man or one of fine feelings, it will make him pine and fret; if a vulgar and low bred man, it will tempt him to scold and strike you in return. If you be a husband, remember your duty; don't think that to bully and swagger over your wife, and make her do whatever you choose, is the way to show your manliness—it does nothing of the kind, it only shows that you are low bred and brutal; and if she have any of those feelings which she ought to have, if she be at all refined, your conduct will make her grieve and fret till death takes her from you; and then you, who by your brutal conduct have sent her to an untimely grave, will follow her thither pulling a face as though you were exceedingly sorry that she was gone! Husbands take care and be affectionate to your wives; don't spend the time and money at the ale-house that is needed at home. Wives, be affectionate to your husbands; endeavor to please and make them comfortable, and they will soon learn to prefer home before other places. I do not want or recommend you to sneak or snivel after your husbands. No, no; husbands and wives are equal, in my opinion, and neither has a right to exact from the other what he or she is unwilling should be exacted in return. I wish you to be happy; therefore, if you value your own happiness, and the peace and comfort of those with whom you have to do

it—if you wish to make the best of life—DON'T FRET.

A FERRYMAN'S ESTIMATE OF THE PASCHA, TAXES AND THE KURDS.

We were nearly an hour crossing the Zab, and found the current very violent about mid-way. After strenuous exertions, however, we arrived safely at Kallack; but with the exception of one or two old men, the village had been entirely deserted by its inhabitants. Those who were left behind informed us that a band of predatory Kurds having paid them a visit the day before, had plundered the village and murdered two of the people, on account of which all the survivors abandoned their dwellings and took refuge at Arbela.

"Those Kurds are true sons of the accursed," said the ferryman; "when Mohammed Pascha, peace be unto him, was alive, they dared not have made free with even an old slipper. He has gone now, and every thief of a Kurd that can muster a dozen idle rascles together makes up for lost time by spoiling honest people, and taking their lives if they resist."

"But the Pascha was a tyrant and an oppressor," I observed.

"It is true," was his reply; "yet still he kept the country quiet, and these Kurds within their mountains. We never saw their ill-favored visages in our neighborhood before, may confusion light upon them! As for oppression, O Effendi, we are used to that, and probably may suffer as much or more under the next Pascha as we did under him that is gone. Still it is something to awake in the morning with a whole throat, and not be roused up at midnight with your roof all on fire, your women screaming, and your children spitted like Kabob on the spears of those unclean sons of darkness. Heavy taxes are bad, but they are much better than all this."

I felt much disposed to agree with the sentiments of the worthy ferryman; who, however, was a native of a village on the other side; and after expressing my hope that they might remain free from a similar visitation, I mounted my horse, and rode on to rejoin my companions, who were some distance in advance.

As I proceeded, I could not help contrasting the feelings which an occurrence like that above mentioned would excite in England with those produced by it in this country. In our own land, a single murder would be the talk of the whole neighborhood; but here the violent death of two persons, and the plunder of a village, seemed too much of an every day event to create much notice. The people who were only a few miles distant from the scene of the atrocity professed their utter ignorance of it.—*Turkey and its Destiny.*

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy to be neat! to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy is it to invest our houses with the truest elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper: it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candleabra, or the marble ornaments; it consists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a place far out-vieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

GROWTH OF THE HUMAN NAILS.

I stained the roots of my finger nails on the 1st of last August, to find out the exact time a healthy nail took to form—in other words, to find out how often a man changes his finger nails. On the 14th of this month all the old nails had disappeared: thus it took exactly four months and fifteen days to form new nails. Allowing this period to be the average time for the complete renewal of the human nail, a man who lives to 70 years has had each nail renewed 186 times—in other words, he wears out 1860 finger nails in 70 years. In the four and a half months I could distinguish no difference in the periods of formation—the growth was gradually and systematic, from week to week, without any variation. I stained the nails with corrosive sublimate; the color was tawny, and was not the least affected with all its numerous washings and exposure to the air. My occupation is sedentary; the nails may grow faster on some and slower on other individuals, according to their constitutions, or the particular occupations in which they may be engaged.—*Scientific American.*

DOCTOR FRANKLIN'S TOAST.

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when as nearly as the precise words can be recollected, the following toasts were drunk:

"England—The Sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador filled with national pride, but being too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank the following:

"France, the Moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays, are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said:

"George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."