

especially from Sowerby. I shall be here in time to see him to-morrow night, and he will be none the wiser."

This was said with a slight chuckle; and as soon as his simple preparations were complete, Mr Lisle, well wrapped up, and his face almost hidden by shawls, locked his door, assisted by Jennings, stole furtively down stairs, and reached unrecognised the railway station just in time for the London train.

It was quite dark the next evening when Mr Lisle returned; and so well had he managed, that Mr Sowerby, who paid his usual visit about half an hour afterwards, had evidently heard nothing of the suspicious absence of his esteemed client from Watley. The old man exulted over the success of his deception to Caleb the next morning, but dropped no hint as to the subject of his sudden journey.

[To be continued]

TIDES.

When the tide flows suddenly up a river, it checks the descent of the stream, so that a high wave called a bore, is driven with force up the channel. This sometimes occurs in the Ganges; and in the Amazon, at the equinoxes, during three successive days, five of these destructive waves, from twelve to fifteen feet high, follow one another up the river daily. In the Turry Channel in Cayenne, the sea rises forty feet in five minutes, and as suddenly ebbs. There may be some small flow of the water westward with the oceanic tide under the equator, though it is imperceptible; but that does not necessarily follow, since the tide in the open ocean is merely an alternate rise and fall of the surface, so that the motion, not the water, follows the moon. A bird resting on the sea is not carried forward as the waves rise and fall: indeed, if so heavy a body as water were to move at the rate of 1,000 miles in an hour, it would cause universal destruction, since in the most violent hurricanes the velocity of the wind hardly exceeds 100 miles in an hour. Over shallow however, and near the land, the water does advance, and rolls in waves on the beach.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

There are two good things in this world—a good speech and a good painting. It is difficult to say which is the better of the two. In many respects they are similar. Both represent ideas. A true painting embodies the lofty conceptions of the artist. The work of the true artist must have meaning. It must be the result, not of mechanical skill alone but also of mental workings. The artistical blending of the colours must be accomplished according to an ideal image. It must be the outward manifestation of an outward thought. The Painter must be, not the servile copyist of external nature, but the sketcher of his own vivid conceptions. So it is with a true speech. That, as well as a painting, must embody thought. The orator must accomplish the same as the painter accomplishes—the presentment of original conceptions. He must bring out the inner thoughts in bold relief and beautiful harmony. To do this he uses words as the painter uses oils. He must be an adept in word-painting. Then again, both the orator and painter must have not only the original thought as the source of their work, but also the artistical skill necessary to its representation. To do this the painter labours with his paints, mixing and analysing them. He faithfully uses the brush in properly distributing them. The orator studies his mother-tongue; unites and analyses words. Hence both require practice, and long, unremitted, toilsome practice.—Both, too, though not servile copyists of nature, must be true to nature. To attain this end the painter studies forms in the natural world, the orator forms of language. The painter studies the human face and person—the orator studies the human heart. Both, too, must be good men.

He is the true orator or painter who moves and satisfies man's nature: who stirs to its deepest depths the soul of man. But how can he who has not cultivated his own religious nature, develop it—come to know it, how can he find the spring of its movement in others? How can he touch the chord in another's breast who never felt the vibration in his own? Moreover, it is only when the religious part of a man's nature governs and moulds the other parts, that the whole being attains its greatest perfection. Thus do the imagination and the intellect depend upon this higher part, the religious nature. And the orator or painter who would attain the highest development of intellect or imagination, must reach it in the only way presented in the wonderful constitution of the soul. Both move the feelings. How many there are who can testify to the effect upon their soul of a genuine painting! How it excites thought, stirred emotion, awakes into active, breathing life the dormant energies of their spiritual being. And how many too, by thrilling eloquence, have been moved in the same strong way; and under its magic power have formed the stern resolve, nerved the strong arm, and triumphed in the fearful crisis! Yes! both have strengthened the feeble knees of doubt, both girt up the loins of weakness, both have fired zeal, both have lashed into foam the surges of the soul. So the analogy between oratory and painting might be traced still further, showing the similarity in source, mean and end.—H. W. Beecher.

SWEET TO THE TASTE AND BITTER TO THE THOUGHT.

From a little tract, by Mr Passmore Ed.

wards, under this title, we extract the following:—"Who does not feel his heart swell with unspeakable emotion, when he thinks on Clarkson and Wilberforce, and the holy enterprise to which they consecrated their lives? The act of emancipating the slaves of our colonies sparkle as the most lovely gem in England's diadem. England has done more than any other country for the destruction of slavery; and paradoxical as it may appear she is now doing more than any other country to sustain and extend it. Slavery at the present moment is widening and fortifying itself, on account of the great and increasing demand for the production of slave labor.—She condemns slavery in her creed and upholds it in her conduct. She is permitting political economy to flourish in the very vitals of philanthropy. The higher claims of humanity are forgotten in the lower considerations of demand and supply. That which sanctifies the spiritual is forgotten in that which ministers to the sensual. Just as the price of sugar has decreased in this country, the price of human flesh has increased in Cuba and the Brazil. A larger demand for sugar has called for a larger demand for slave labor. Slavery has increased in proportion to the demand for its labor, and the slave trade in proportion to the increase of slavery. What the British gain in sweetness their negro brethren lose in smiles. Since the introduction of the cruising system, the practice of over-crowding the slave ships has appallingly increased. Vessels of 130 tons' burden have been captured with nearly 500 human beings stowed away between the decks. The unfortunate creatures "are packed on their sides, and generally jammed in in such masses, that even allowing that there was elevation sufficient for them to rise up, they could not do so without the whole section moving together.—They are put like books upon a shelf. Food is conveyed to them frequently, by some person kept for the purpose, who has to get on a mass of filth, and almost upon a mass of living bodies at the same time. Frequently those that are more remote get no food at all." It is impossible to extinguish the slave trade by force, but it can be done by judiciously directed moral power. Let us show the depth of our sincerity, and love, by all well directed efforts in favor of the negro, and thereby give the world another guarantee that humanity will yet be redeemed.

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

We all know what it is to the learner to be dragged on day by day through the dull routine of exercises, in which a school-girl feels no particular interest, except what arises from getting in advance of her fellows, obtaining a prize, or suffering a punishment. We can all remember the atmosphere of the school-room, so ungenial to the fresh and buoyant spirits of youth. The clatter of slates, the dull point of the pencil, and the white cloud, where the wrong figure—the figure that would prove the incorrectness of the whole—had so often been rubbed out. To say nothing of the morning's lessons before the dust from the desks and floor had been put in motion, we can all remember the afternoon sensations with which we took our places, perhaps between companions the most unloved by us of any in the school; and how, while the summer's sun was shining in through the high windows, we pored with aching head over some dull, dry words, that would not transmit themselves to the tablet of our memories, though repeated with indefatigable industry—repeated until they seemed to have no identity, no distinctness, but were mingled with the universal hum and buzz of close, heated room, where the heart if it did not forget itself to stone, at least forgot itself to sleep, and lost all power of feeling any thing but weariness, and occasional pining for relief. Class after class was then called up from this hot-bed of intellect. The tones of the teacher's voice, though not always the most musical, might easily have been pricked down in notes, they were so uniform in their cadences, of interrogation, rejection, and reproof. These, blending with the slow dull answers of the scholars, and occasionally the quick guess of one ambitious to attain the highest place, all mingled with the general monotony, and increased the stupor that weighed down every eye and deadened every pulse. I know not how it may affect others, but the number of languid, listless inert young ladies, who now recline upon our sofas, murmuring and repining at every claim made upon their personal exertions, is to me a truly melancholy spectacle, and one which demands the attention of a benevolent and enlightened public, even more perhaps than some of those great national schemes in which the people and the government are alike interested. It is but rarely now that we meet with a really healthy woman; and highly as intellectual attainment may be prized, I think all will allow, that no qualification can be of much value, without the power of bringing it into use.—Mrs. Ellis

A missionary writing from China, says that the Chinese use little fire, and measure cold by the thickness of jackets. Three jackets cold is moderately cool; six jackets cold is keen; and from ten to fifteen jackets cold is extremely severe.

"I wonder," said a Scotch maiden, "what my brother John sees in the lasses that he likes them sae well; for my part I would na gie the company o' ae lad for wenty lasses."

A QUANDRY.—A baker with both arms in the dough, up to the elbows, and a flea in the leg of his trousers.

THURSDAY'S MAIL.

EUROPE.

From Willmer and Smith's European Times, January 10.

DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAM SHIP AMAZON BY FIRE

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

It becomes our painful duty to report the particulars of a most appalling accident.—The royal mail steam ship Amazon, Captain Symons, which left Southampton on Friday for the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, has been totally consumed by fire, and of 156 persons who were on board her when she left, it is feared only twenty one have been saved.

Of the passengers only two or three escaped, Mr R. Neilson, of this town, being one of them. He arrived in Liverpool on Wednesday morning, and has furnished a contemporary with the following most interesting account of the sad catastrophe, of his wonderful escape, and of the dreadful fate of nearly all the rest of the passengers:

Mr Neilson's Narrative.—The Amazon sailed from Southampton on Friday evening with 156 people on board. At 9 p.m. on Friday night, the bearings of the engines became so hot that they were stopped till cooled. At 10 proceeded. At noon on Saturday, lat. 49. 12, lon. 4.57. At 9.30 p.m., Mr Neilson was in the engine room, and saw the grease flying off like steam, from her bearings being again heated. Stopped the engines and commenced pumping on them, and did not resume her course till 11.30. Mr N. remained on deck until half past 12, up to which time all was safe; he proceeded to the engine room, and thence to his cabin, leaving Mr Vincent, midshipman, on duty on deck. In ten minutes Mr V. went down the forehold, saw flames near the galley, and gave the alarm to the captain and started the fire bell. Many hands turned up, and the scene of confusion beggared all description. Most of those on deck were in their night clothes, and, from seeing Mr Burnett in a life buoy Mr N. returned to his cabin for an India-rubber belt. Before he could return on deck the flames had burst the glass panels, and, rushing aft, prevented several passengers gaining the deck. Mr Neilson urged them forward in vain, and rushed past them. Captain Symons was exerting himself most heroically to induce others to stem the flames, but in vain. His last order was, "For God's sake, Mr Roberts, put her before the wind." This was done; but Mr Roberts left the helm, and young Mr Vincent who was lowering the dingy from the stern, jumped out and put the helm hard up, and the vessel payed off. The mail boat on the port side was lowered, with about twenty five people; it swamped alongside, and all perished. The pinnace was also lowered; she hung by her foretackle on being lowered and the sea swept all hands out of her. On the starboard side the gig was being steadily lowered full of hands; the second cutter in front of her, also full, was being lowering down, when a sea struck her bow, unhooked the tackle, and as the ship rose to the sea, lifted the cutter by the stern tackle, and canted all but two into the sea, who hung, doubled over the thwart, screaming for help. On the starboard side was No. 2 lifeboat, in which were twelve seamen trying to lower her, but were prevented by her being fast to the keel crane. Mr Neilson joined these men, in vain trying to get her over the side, when one of the men begged him to regain the deck and assist in raising her with the tackle.—This was done, and the boat raised out of the keel crane and lowered down; but before half in the water, the flames had burst through the companion and caught the men at the fore tackle, who sprang into the boat, followed by Mr Neilson and two others who were the last to leave the ship. In this state the boat was dragged until an oar could be got out to fend her off from the cutter, still hanging in the tackle, when the word was given to cut away the fore tackle, and she drifted clear of the doomed ship, which flew through the water at a fearful pace, and soon left the boat astern. The lifeboat was shortly after joined by the dingy, then in a sinking state, with five people, including Mr Vincent.—They were immediately taken on board, and every effort made in order to assist and save others. The gale had increased, the sea running fearfully high, and the first effort of the crew to reach the burning ship was paralysed by a tremendous sea, which swamped the dingy, tore off the lifeboat's rudder and nearly filled her with water. There was nothing for it but to bring her head to wind, watching the seas, and directing the men to pull so as to meet them right ahead. While in this state a bark hove in sight, and passed between the burning ship and the boat; they answered the joyful cheer of the boat's crew, and then left them to their fate. The mainmast of the Amazon went first, then the foremast, but sometime elapsed before the mizenmast went by the board—chimneys were red hot, and the hull one mass of flames." About 4 a.m., it rained very heavily, which beat down the sea; the boat was put about and pulled before the wind. As she passed the stern of the ship, the fire reached the magazine, and the rockets exploded, and in three-quarters of an hour the ship rolled over and disappeared.

Without rudder, compass, water or food, the crew pulled on and made for the coast of France, as near as they could guess. Day broke clear, but without any prospect of relief, and Mr Neilson and Mr Vincent proceeded to divide the crew into two watches, when the man at the look-out announced a sail;

for upwards of an hour of deep anxiety her course could not be ascertained. She, however, at last was made out to be an outward bound brig, and proved to be the Marsden, of London, Captain Evans, who took the exhausted crew on board, and treated them with the greatest possible kindness. He tried to land them on the coast of France, but could not, and eventually bore up for the English channel, and landed them at Plymouth, where they were received and treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness by Mr Radmore of the Globe hotel. To Mr Vincent's conduct throughout too much praise cannot be given, and we are assured by Mr Neilson, from whom we receive this narrative, that he never for one moment evinced the slightest symptom of fear or hesitation, or uttered a murmur of discontent, his chief care seeming to be for his men, who, encouraged by his example, acted with a steadiness, uniformity, and discipline, which alone, under Divine Providence, could secure any chance of escape from such a combination of dangers.

MR. VINCENT'S NARRATIVE.

Mr Vincent (son of Captain Vincent of the Severn) the midshipman in the Amazon, who was saved, has furnished the following narrative:

"We left Southampton with the West Indian and Mexican mails on board on Friday, the 2nd instant. On the 3rd, at noon, we were in latitude 49 12 north, longitude 4 57 west, steering west by south half south, with an increasing fresh breeze. At 9.30 p.m. we stopped with half bearings. At 11.20 we proceeded, wind still increasing. About 20 minutes to one on Sunday morning fire was observed bursting through the hatchway fore side of the fore funnel. Every possible exertion was made to put out the fire, but all was ineffectual. The mail boat was lowered, with 20 or 25 persons in it, but was immediately swamped and went astern, the people clinging to one another. They were all lost. The pinnace was next lowered, but she hung by the fore tackle, and being swamped the people were all washed out of her. In lowering the second cutter the sea raised her and unhooked the fore tackle, so that she fell down perpendicularly, and all but two of the persons in her were washed out. Captain Symons was all this time using his best exertions to save his passengers and crew. Sixteen men, including two passengers, succeeded in lowering the life boat, and about the same time, I, with two men, the steward and a passenger, got into and lowered the dingy. In about half an hour the life boat took the dingy's people into her, and bore down for the ship with the dingy in tow, but the sea increasing, and being nearly swamped, they were obliged to cast the dingy off, and bring the boat's head to sea. The masts went—first the foremast, and then the mizenmast. About this time a barque passed astern of the life boat; we hailed her with our united 21 voices, and thought she answered us, but she wore and stood under the stern of the burning vessel, and immediately hauled her wind and stood away again. The gig, with five hands, was at this time some little way from us, but the sea was running so high we could render her no assistance, and shortly afterwards lost sight of her. About 4 a.m. (Sunday) it was raining heavily, and the wind shifted to the northward; sea confused, but decreasing; put the boat before the sea. At 5 o'clock the ship's magazine exploded, and about half an hour afterwards the funnels went over the sides and sunk. At noon we were picked up by the Marsden, of London, Captain Evans, by whom we were treated in the kindest manner possible. The captain shifted in to the coast of France, but the wind shifting to the southward he bore up for Plymouth, where we arrived at 10.50 p.m. on the 5th, and were most hospitably and kindly received by the landlord of the Globe Hotel."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emperor of Russia fully intends, it is said, to pass a part of the winter at Venice.

The necessities of life throughout Austria have risen nearly fifty per cent. from the combined causes of bad government and the depreciation of the currency.

A firman has been issued by the Sultan, for the purpose of legalising and facilitating self government by the Protestant communities of Turkey.

The Sultan has just issued a firman in favor of the Christian Protestants, allowing them to meet together freely, and permit their marriages and deaths to be registered.

It is said that the Northern Courts have intimated to the French President their intention of causing that article of the treaty of Vienna, according to which no member of the family of Napoleon can occupy the throne of France, to be strictly observed.

The Archbishop Paris refused General Cavaignac to Mad'le Odier, because he would not consent to have the future children educated in the Roman Catholic religion, the lady being a Protestant, whereupon the veteran went to Holland to get married.

The Russian Government are taking contracts for iron in the English markets for the construction of the Railway bridge over the Vistula and other royal bridges.

Karasinski, who had been condemned to 20 years' hard labor in Siberia for a political offence, has had his sentence commuted on the intercession of the Prince of Warsaw, but he is to remain all his life in that country.

The Madrid Gazette publishes a royal decree ordering the construction at the public expense, of a railroad, between Aranjuez and Almanza.