

the tables yet marked with the impress of libations; see its amphora with wine yet congealed at the bottom, see its candelabra, its chairs and couches.

But where are the bacchanals who were wont to hold unhallowed revels in this marble hall? Where are the glowing beauties who reclined in yon perfumed chamber? The hand of the stranger may withdraw the draperies of Tyrian purple—the couch is tenantless.

The eye of the stranger may glance at the polished steel mirror—he sees only his own image there. The footsteps of the stranger may pause beside the graceful fountain—its waters no longer sparkle in the sun. The voice of the stranger may echo through the desolate rooms—the croak of the green lizard and the shrill cry of the cicada is the only response.

The stranger re-treads the silent streets. He passes by houses of public entertainment, with the sign of the *chequers* over the doorways—never more will wine be quaffed, songs be sung, and dice rattle within their walls. He explores the voluptuous *thermae*, or public baths, fitted up with everything conducive to enervating luxury; he passes the triumphal arches with their bronze trophies, and pauses awhile in front of the noble Forum, destined never to be completed; and then he muses for hours within the shattered Temples of Isis. The white-robed priests—the subtle impostors—here daily offered impious sacrifices to Isis and Osiris; here daily expounded mystic oracles to the deluded people who sought a knowledge of the future. The juggleries of the Egyptian priests are now bared—the mummeries of the creed which even they despised in secret, are exposed to the scorn of the world. The oracles are for ever dumb; never more will victims be offered on the altars, amid clouds of myrrh and frankincense, and music and song. In the dark day of wrath, did the miserable professors of the false worship cling to their sacrificial altars in hope to be saved? Did they, who so long had deceived others, and by deceiving themselves into a belief that Isis could interpose between them and destruction? Were they found at their posts, faithful amid the crash of annihilation, like the Roman sentinels at the City's gateways? No! they fled with the golden censors and jewelled ornaments of their temple—fled in the vain hope of renewing their licentious career in a far climate.

The stranger finally re-people the vast amphitheatre with the ghosts of the dead. He sees its tiers of seats crowded with ten thousand people, absorbed in the combats of the gladiators—trained combatants butchering one another to make holidays for the Pompeians. No stimulated scenes of tragedy were these! The game was indeed one of life or death; and when the excitement of bloody indict between man and man palled, the lion or the tiger were introduced, and man might best—be himself the greater beast of the two—to give renewed zest to the spectacle.

The olive buds and the flowers bloom amid the grey walls of Pompeii. Ivy and acanthus entwine around her fallen columns of Arabian marble. Life and Death are hand in hand, and the music of the sunny breeze plays perpetual requiem. The stranger twines himself a chaplet of ivy, and acanthus, and live, and fragrant wild flowers, to preserve the memory of Pompeii green when he shall have returned to his native isle. 'But here,' says he—

But here, if still beneath some nameless stone,
By waving weeds and ivy wreaths o'ergrown,
Lark the grey spoils of poet or of sage,
Cully's deep lore, or Livy's pictured page;
Sweet Menander where his relics fade,
Furn the dark refuge of oblivion's shade;
Oh! may their treasures burst the darkling mine!

Now in the living voice, the breathing line!
Their vestal fire our midnight lamp illumine,
And kindle learning's torch from sad Pompeii's tomb!

Then the solitary stranger vanishes forever from the scene, and leaves Pompeii to sleep out its slumber of eternity.

PRIVATE JUDGMENT

OUR POWER, RIGHT, DUTY.

The world, which we may see and examine, is very various and complex. There are the seas, the firmament, the great mountains, the wonders that embowels the living features in all their number and diversity. Science presents to man her book—but he is deaf. Has he not eyes, and hands, and his own powers of thought? Is not the world before him? The book of science records how other men have observed and meditated; but has he not his right of private judgment—may he not try to find out the world for himself? Certainly; he may do what he will, and what he can. What he will, must be limited by what he can. And the like of private judgment, with the like limitation, a man has in regard to the Bible, which is the foundation book of wisdom; and in regard to the other books of wisdom, of the different ages which are therewith truly connected, though their connection may not be recognised, nor its law of relation truly expressed. Our eyes may be as clear, and our hungerings as new and original, as those of Adam. Our faculties of thought may be as real and efficient, according to kind and measure, as those of Plato or Shakespeare. But the times in their course have unfolded much; and these wiser ones of

mankind have recorded in weighty words the visions and ponderings of their hearts. And upon our Bible we may write—'Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head.' The eye of this sage is not dim, nor his natural force abated; his brow is grave as with a burden of still unuttered truth; his yet youthful eye is bright as with a new-fallen tear of mercy. We may exercise our thought upon God, and religion, and human well-being, and the whole wide world of spiritual realities. We have our private judgement, and may do what we can; and what we can do we are bound to do; our eyes must themselves see, what yet without direction they would not have learned to observe; our mind by its own effort, must apprehend truth that by that effort it could not have discovered. Neither individuals nor communities may safely assert the right of private judgment, unless the duty of private judgment is weightily felt. When a thinking man feels bound to be a reality—bound to learn of truth and obey truth—then he feels his limitation; and claiming his right that he may perform his duty, in all lowliness and earnestness of spirit he exercises his faculty of inquiry. Our limitation is real; but so is our faculty real. Folly forbids inquiry because of limitation, and then establishes dark tyranny; or renounces inquiry because of limitation, and then sinks into thick unwholesome mists of ignorance. Wisdom declares us not wholly dependent, nor wholly independent, but inter-dependent—having real powers, limited according to laws that gradually become defined and clear, as we advance onward in a modest and communicating spirit.—*Theophilus Trinal.*

NEGRO RAFFLE.

In my tour through the southern States (says a correspondent of the *Louisville Journal*), I have met with many amusing incidents, but do not remember anything that created so great an excitement, for the time being, as a 'negro raffle,' in the town of—, in the state of Mississippi. Mr—, the owner of the boy, having a note to pay that day, and not having the wherewith to do it, was compelled to do what he gladly would not have done. The boy to be raffled was a smart, intelligent lad, of about eighteen years of age. He went by the name of Bill. There were eighty chances, with three dice, at ten dollars per chance. I was present when the affair came off; there remained one chance, which I took and gave to Bill, upon the condition that he would throw the dice himself, and 'shake like oxen.' Bill rolled his eyes in an astonished and astonishing manner, and after a hearty whoa whoa! in which he displayed two frightful rows of ivory opening a mouth 'like the break of day from east to west,' with a low bow, said, 'I'll try, massa.' As may be supposed, the scene became highly exciting.

The raffling commenced. Bill looked on, unconcerned at anything but the idea of leaving his old master. When the chances were all raffled off but the last, Bill took the box. Previously to throwing, however, he was offered a hundred dollars for his chance, the highest throw yet made being 46, which stood 'a tie' between two individuals; but Bill was no 'compromise man'; he refused the offer saying, 'De whole hog or noffin,' and made his first throw, which was 13, his second throw was 16. Bill stopped, scratched his head, threw again and came up 18. It was declared that Bill was 'high and free'; and such a shout I never heard in my life. Bill hardly knew what to do with himself. His success induced him to try another speculation of the same sort, believing that he could do, as a free man, as much as he had done before: he proposed to set himself up again in a raffle, and, as he had won before, he thought it would be no more than fair that he should put the price at six hundred dollars this time. The chances were soon taken, Bill reserving but one chance to himself. He pocketed five hundred and ninety dollars, and the sport again commenced. Bill's original owner and himself were the two highest again, and, in throwing off, Bill lost. It proved a very fortunate speculation for Bill and his master both. The master had made eight hundred dollars clear, and Bill had cleared five hundred dollars, and remained with his kind master. They started for home together, the master declaring that no money could induce him to part with Bill again, unless he was willing to leave, but promised him, if he would be as faithful to him as he had always been, until he was twenty one, he should have his freedom. They were both well contented, and every one present was satisfied that he had got his money worth.

POLITICAL PRISONERS IN NAPLES.

Each man wears a strong leathern girth round him above the hips. To this are secured the upper ends of two chains. One chain of four long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight links, each of the same weight and length with the four, and this unites the two prisoners together, so that they can stand about six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone, day or night. The dress of common felons, which, as well as the felon's cap, was there worn by the late cabinet minister of King Ferdinand of Naples, is composed of a rough and coarse red jacket, with trousers of the same material, very like the cloth made in this country from what is called devil's dust; the trousers are nearly black in colour. On his head he has a small cap, which makes up the suit; it is of the same material. The trousers button all the way up, that they may

be removed at night without disturbing the chains. The weight of these chains, I understand, is about eight rotoli, or between sixteen and seventeen English pounds for the shorter one, which must be doubled when we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The prisoners had a heavy limping movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other. But the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together. For no purpose are these chains undone; the meaning of these last words must be well considered—they are to be taken strictly.—*Mr Gladstone's Letters.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

LEND A HAND.

Working 'mid the world's commotion,
Fighting up life's stormy road,
Patriots with a high devotion,
Struggle in the cause of God.
And to us that band is praying—
All their griefs before us laying—
And to us that band is saying,
Brethren, lend a hand!

Men of freedom, men of daring!
Bless'd with health and strong in youth,
Come with all your noble bearing,
Fight the battle-fight of truth.
Former friends reject and slight us,
Fiends and men resist and spite us,
Earth and hell combine to fight us—
Heroes lend a hand.

Men of wealth, and men of station,
Vice has had your aid too long;
Come, then from their degradation,
Help to raise the wretched throng.
Of a doom of wo unthinking,
From a poison cup they're drinking—
In a sea of death they're sinking—
Rich ones lend a hand.

Men of genius, high and soaring,
Cease your flights past mortal ken;
Lend your mighty aid in pouring
Knowledge round the paths of men.
Round you is a solitude—
Minds with highest powers endued
Perishing for lack of food.
Genius lend a hand.

Men of God, whose noble calling
Has come down from heaven above,
Cease your scheming and caballing,
Preach in truth a saviour's love.
While but trifles you're decrying,
Millions for the truth are sighing,
And the second death are dying—
Christians lend a hand.

Men of every mind and station,
Sow the seed, and strike the blow;
Rise in honest indignation,
Rise to fight the common foe.
There's a field for all your working—
Vice is reigning, sin is lurking;
Let there be no dastard shirking.

NOW AND THEN.

'Now' is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time; 'now' is the watchword of the wise; 'now' is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind; and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that 'now' is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, 'Then' I will do it. No! this will never answer. 'Now' is ours: 'then' may never be.

KNOWLEDGE.

Acquirements in knowledge are not alone of value because they give us the means of gaining esteem; nor merely on account of their actual use; they make their possessor contented with himself; they make his narrow chamber a rich world to him, and beside his single lamp he can bring before his admiring eyes the wealth of God's creation which rules the life of the spirit and of nature. And the world which he understands, wherein his thoughts live, will become dear to him; and even if poor in gold and in the love of men, yet he will have enough and more than enough. The world is full of examples, which testify that life is to none so rich and valuable as to the thinker.

THE WORLD.

The world is a great deceiver. We tread within an enchanted circle, where nothing appears as it really is. We live in delusions, and form plans of imaginary bliss. We wander forever in the paradise of fools, and meditate in secret on the means of obtaining worldly success, which, when acquired, has seldom in one instance fulfilled our expectations.

THE WILD PIGEON.

A curious instance, says the *Western Flying post*, of what kindness will accomplish, is observable in the Amesbury union, where the boys have domesticated (besides small birds) five pigeons, one of which has been there eight years. They invariably, at the sound of the bell for meals, leave the trees in the vicinity, and fly direct into the school-room, perching on the boys' heads, who feed and caress them without their showing the least fear. When the boys are out for a ramble, the birds will at a call, come and alight on their heads.

WEDNESDAY'S MAIL.

FROM EUROPE.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times July 3.
FATAL RIOT IN STOCKPORT.

On Tuesday night a dreadful riot occurred in Stockport between the lower class of Irish Catholics and English Protestants, embittered by party spirit and quarrels arising out of constant discussion as to the right of the former to continue their processions. The third edition of the *Manchester Guardian*, of Wednesday, gives a semi-official account of its origin, from which we extract the following particulars:—

Sunday was the anniversary of the usual procession of all the Roman Catholic scholars connected with the three chapels in Stockport. The recent royal proclamation against Roman Catholic processions had been much discussed, and the Irish Orangemen and other Protestants, English and Irish, contended that the procession ought not to be allowed.

Various respectable residents of Stockport, apprehensive that if the procession took place it would lead to some serious breach of the peace, applied to Mr Sadler, chief-constable, to know whether the authorities meant to prohibit it, under the powers of the proclamation. The subject we believe, was also brought under the notice of the mayor and the borough magistrates, but, from whatever cause, no orders were given to forbid the procession, and it took place. Previously however, the Rev. Randolph Frith, of the Catholic Chapel, Edgeley, senior priest in Stockport, waited on Mr Sadler and gave the most solemn assurances that no symbols or garb should appear in the procession beyond what had been used on former anniversaries, or anything that could be deemed a defiance of the proclamation.

When it became known that the procession would not be prevented, party feeling among the lower classes ran high; the Catholics boasting they would not be stopped, and the Protestants declaring that their procession ought to be put down. The procession, however, did take place on Sunday afternoon, and, on the whole, passed off quietly. It started about two o'clock from the Catholic Chapel at Edgeley, which is a suburb of the town, near the railway station, and proceeded down Edward street, across the Waterloo road, down Churchgate and Park street, through Warren street, up Heaton lane, up the Wellington road South, and so returning again to the Roman Catholic Chapel, Edgeley. It was headed by the priests and a number of Irish labourers, walking six a breast. There were no banners. The priests did not wear canonical vestments, but appeared in ordinary attire. Even the girls' handkerchiefs or veils, which they usually wore on those occasions, were laid aside; and they only wore white frocks, and little crosses suspended round the neck by ribbons. The only badges or symbols that might be supposed to contravene the proclamation, were a ball and cross, and a gilt dove. No breach of the peace occurred, and even Sunday evening, which is often disturbed in Stockport by noisy brawls amongst the Irish population (who are said to exceed 14,000 in the borough), passed over with more than usual tranquillity.

On Monday afternoon information reached the Police office that an Englishman and an Irishman, both of them in liquor, had been fighting in the liquor vanits of the Bishop Blaize public house, and that expressions had been used having relation to the procession of the previous day, and to 'Popery' and Protestantism. There were reports also of other disturbances particularly in the Highgate, sent into the police authorities; though, on their arrival at the spots indicated, the mob had separated.

During the whole of Tuesday everything remained tranquil; but the Rev. Mr. Foster, priest of St. Michael's Roman Catholic Chapel, in the Park, called on Mr. Sadler; intimating that there was considerable angry feeling on the part of the Irish Catholics; and that he was apprehensive of their assembling in the evening in Bomber's brow, (or Garnett street.) As Mr. Sadler was popular amongst them, Mr. Foster proposed to meet him at eight o'clock, and that they should go together to the spot, in order to prevent any disturbance. Mr. Foster, however, being unable to keep the appointment, Mr. Sadler proceeded to take such precautions as he thought advisable. He sent three or four of his officers into the Highgate, and, matters being quiet, he contented himself with sending only a few more officers there. Shortly afterwards he received a message that, very suddenly considerable numbers of English and Irish had simultaneously made their appearance in Highgate, and had commenced fighting with sticks and other weapons.

Which party commenced this fray Mr. Sadler was unable, either then or subsequently, to ascertain. He immediately got together some assistant constables, and was proceeding with them to the spot, when information reached him that the rioters had been driven back by the police, and others from Highgate, and that a considerable number of Irish had gone in the direction of High street which leads to a neighborhood principally inhabited by them, and known as Rock-row, Petty-carr, Carr-green, &c. Making for Rock row, he saw a number of people collected at the upper end of the row, (which with only one or two exceptions, is inhabited wholly by Irish,) and extending into a field adjoining St. Peter's Church. They appeared to be in conflict, and as he was proceeding to