

them an example in industry, sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent or fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.—Cobbett.

A GOOD SERMON.

A story is told of Dr Beecher, of Cincinnati, that is worth recording as illustrating the truth that we can never tell what may result from an apparently very insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and, after looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was now the question; and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. And, when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his 'congregation,' but he had departed. A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage, one day, in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up, and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. 'I do not remember you,' said the doctor. 'I suppose not,' said the stranger; 'but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm.' 'I do not recall it, sir,' added the old man; 'pray when was it?' 'Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?' 'Yes, yes,' said the doctor grasping his hand. 'I do, indeed; and, if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since.' 'I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir are all over Ohio.'

INTELLECT DEVELOPED BY LABOUR.

Are labour and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place, we have seen that a man, in the midst of labour may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these high principles; and we have here a strong presumption that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul.

CHINA AS IT IS.

China is a very extensive empire; and though the whole nation uses the same character to express its ideas, and obeys the same laws in its institutions, still there is frequent collision, strife, war, and rebellion. Foreigners who know nothing about the internal state of the country, are apt to imagine that there reigns lasting peace. Nothing is however, more erroneous; insurrections of villages, cities, and districts, are of frequent occurrence. The refractory spirit of the people, the oppression and embezzlement of the mandarins, and other causes, such as death and demagogues, frequently cause an unexpected revolt. In these cases, the destruction of property, and hostility against the rulers of the land (especially if these have been tyrants), is often carried to great excess; there are instances of the infuriated mob broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. On the other hand, the cruelty of government, when victorious, knows no bounds; the treatment of political prisoners is really so shocking as to be incredible, if one had not been an eye-witness of these inhuman deeds. One of the most common evils in China is starvation. The population is very dense; the means of subsistence are, in ordinary times, frequently not above the demand; and it is, therefore, nothing extraordinary to witness, on the least failure of the crop, utter wretchedness and misery. To provide for all the hungry mouths is impossible; and the cruel policy of the mandarins carries their indifference so far, as to affirm that hunger is requisite to thin the dense masses of people. Whenever such a judgment is come upon the land, and the people are in want of necessities of life, dreadful disorders soon arise, and the most powerful disorders government would not be able to put down the rising and robberies which are committed on the strength of the prevailing misery. There seems to be a total change in the peaceful nature of the inhabitants, and many and many a patient labourer turns fiercely upon his rich neighbour, like a wolf or a tiger, to devour his substance. No one can have an idea of the anarchy which on such occasion ensues, and the utter demoralization of the people. Yet, as soon as relief is afforded, and a rich harvest promises fair, the spirit of order again prevails, and outrages are put a stop to. The people then combine, arm themselves, and

proceed in thousands to catch marauders like wild beasts. No mercy is shown on such occasions, and the mandarins on account of their weakness, cannot interfere. Scenes of this description very often occur, without giving rise to severe reflections on the character of Taou kwang's administration.—Gutzlaff.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
BY THE SEA.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN tired of towns and pining sore
For change to healthful ground,
Thou turn'st from crowds—still at the core
Feeling thy heart's worst wound—
When thou hast knocked at every door,
Yet no admittance found;
At every door where Pleasure in
Glides, with a sunny grace,
But which thine own bale barreth up
From thee then seek a place
Where gates of stone and brass are none
To frown thee in the face.

The woods have walks, where thou may'st
find

A balm to salve thy grief;
And in and out where waters wind
Are sources of relief,
In which, if thou wilt bathe the mind,
Thou'lt have no comfort brief,
But peace—that falleth like the dew!
For everything that shews
God's sunshine speaketh marvels true
Of mercy and repose,
And joy, in rural scenes, beyond
All that the loud world knows.

Yet more, than wood or woodland rill
Can give of keen delight,
We glean from ocean margins, till
The spirit—at the sight
Of all its range of changeful change—
Becometh, like it bright!
Bright when the sunlight on it falls,
Or grave and grand when, dark,
The shadowy night lets down its pall
Upon each human ark;
And every surge seems but to urge
Extinction of life's spark.

A change, an always active change,
An everness of grace,
Of grace and grandeur takes its range
Over the ocean's face:
As in a book for thoughts men look,
Thoughts in it we can trace!
A thought to turn us from ourselves
And all our petty cares—
A thought to move the spirit's love
To God and God's affairs;
And thereby give to all that live
The sympathy that spares—

That spares our brother man from blame,
And pities him when o'er
His nature come such clouds of shame
As menaced us before;
God only can the sea swell tame;
The mental peace restore!
Look on the ocean, then and feel
Its turmoil and its calm
Arouse or tranquillise thy mind—
A stimulant or balm;
A thundertone to make thee think,
Or, gently soothing psalm!

CHILDREN'S JOYS AND SORROWS.

I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold, think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore? The first has been already given; the child, like the beast, only knows present, though shortest sorrow; one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without, the dreamer from himself into his asthetic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence. Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and indeed both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood which return; the dream this mock-sun of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul. The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after-stage, whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young hearts, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man. Parents, consider then, that every childhood's Rupert—the name given in Germany to the fictitious being employed to frighten children into obedience—even though it has lain chained for tens of years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man as soon as it finds him on a sick bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens; as the man grows older, he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.—Jean Paul Richter

New Works.

From Lord Mahon's History of the American Revolution.
LA FAYETTE.

It so chanced that in the summer of 1776, La Fayette, still in his teens, and serving as a subaltern with the army, was stationed with his regiment at Metz. It happened also that in the course of a foreign tour their Royal Highnesses of Gloucester passed a few days in that town. The principal officers entertained the Duke at dinner, when the conversation turned to the last news from Philadelphia and the new Declaration of Independence. Being at that period offended with his Court, from its neglect of the Duchess, the Duke indulged in opposition topics, and, in some degree at least, took the part of the Americans. The details were new to La Fayette. He listened with eagerness, and prolonged the conversation by asking questions of the Royal guest. The cause of the colonies that had risen against England seemed to him just and noble, even on the showing of one of the English princes; and before he left the table, he thought came into his head that he would go to America, and offer the Americans his services. He determined to return to Paris, and make further inquiries. His inquiries being mainly addressed to Silas Deane and other zealous friends of the insurgents, could not fail to confirm him in his first impressions. He became fired with an ardent zeal for Republican principles and the American cause. That zeal continued ever afterwards—for well nigh sixty years—the polar star of his course.—That zeal, favored as it was by fortune, adapted to the times that came upon him, and urged forward by great personal vanity, laid the foundation of his fame far more, as I conceive, than any strength of mind or talent of his own. Few men have ever been so conspicuous from afar with so little, when closely viewed, of real weight or dimension. As a general, it can scarcely be pretended that his exploits were either many or considerable. As an orator, we look in vain for any high powers of debate. As a statesman, we find only an undistinguishing eagerness to apply the Transatlantic examples, and to act the part of Washington without duly estimating either the immense superiority of Washington's character above his own, or the manifold points of difference between America and Europe.

It was said by Napoleon at St. Helena, that 'La Fayette was a man of no ability, either in civil or military life; his understanding was confined to narrow bounds; his character was full of dissimulation, and swayed by vague ideas of liberty, which, in him were undefined and ill digested.' No doubt there is some exaggeration in these words. No doubt the late Emperor, at that period, was stirred by personal resentment at the General in 1815; yet it will perhaps be found more easy by an admirer of La Fayette to impugn the good faith of the draughtsman than the general accuracy of the portrait.

The fortune of La Fayette was ample, his yearly income being little short of two hundred thousand livres; and his connexions as we have seen, were among the first at Court. Under such circumstances, Silas Deane felt the vast importance of securing him. An agreement was concluded between them, by the intervention of one Mr Carmichael (for as yet La Fayette spoke no English, and Deane little French), according to the terms of which the Marquis de La Fayette was to join the American service, and to receive from Congress the rank of Major General—no slight temptation to a stripling of nineteen! La Fayette was to be accompanied, or rather attended, by the Barron de Kalb and eleven other officers of lower rank, seeking service in America. He sent, in secret, an agent to Bordeaux, there to purchase and prepare a vessel for their voyage. Meanwhile he made an excursion of three weeks to London, where his kinsman, the Marquis de Noailles, was ambassador. He was presented to the King, and graciously received. He saw at the opera General Clinton, who had come home on a winter leave of absence, and was next to meet him on the field of battle in America. But, mindful of his own hostile designs, he deemed it proper to forbear from prying into the military forces of the kingdom, and declined an invitation to visit the naval armament at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, La Fayette bade farewell to his young wife, leaving her four months gone with child, and set out for Bordeaux. Thus far all had prospered according to his wishes. But at Bordeaux he found that his preparations had been discovered and complained of by Lord Stormont, and that a LETTER DE CACHET for his arrest was already issued. Nevertheless, he did not relinquish his design. He crossed the Spanish frontier in the disguise of a courier, found his vessel at Passages, and there embarked with his companions. Towards the middle of June he landed on the coast of Carolina; and after a few days' rest, pursued his route to Philadelphia. His reception by the Congress was not at first a warm one; but La Fayette declared that he would accept no pay, and was willing to serve as a volunteer; and under these circumstances, the Assembly fulfilled the terms of the secret agreement, and bestowed on him the rank of Major General.

At Philadelphia La Fayette saw the American troops for the first time, and, according to his own account, was struck with their grotesque appearance—with green houghs fastened to their hats—coarse hunting shirts

instead of uniforms—and muskets, many wanting bayonets, and all of unequal make and size. But he soon learnt to think more favorably of those raw levies; when notwithstanding all their disadvantages, he observed their conduct in the field. With regard to their commander, his early impressions never changed. It was also at Philadelphia, and at a dinner table, comprising several members of the Congress that La Fayette was introduced to Washington. The boy-general found himself warmly welcomed by the chief whom he had long admired. 'When you come to the army,' said Washington, 'I shall be pleased if you will make my quarters your home, and consider yourself as one of my family.' The invitation thus frankly tendered was no less frankly accepted. Thus did a cordial intimacy arise between them, Washington at all times treating La Fayette with fatherly kindness, and La Fayette looking up to Washington with filial regard.

La Fayette had already begun to speak a little English, and by degrees acquired more. But to the last the difficulties of the language were a main obstacle, not only to himself, but to every other foreigner who served with, or under, the United States. Thus there are still preserved some of the ill-spelled and scarcely intelligible notes of Count Pulasky, during the short time that he served as general of cavalry. Still worse was the case of Baron Steuben, a veteran of the school of Frederic the Second, who joined the Americans a few months later than La Fayette, and who greatly aided them in the establishment of discipline. The Baron, it appears, could not teach and drill, nor even swear and curse, but by means of an interpreter! He was, therefore, most fortunate in securing as his aid de-camp Captain Walker of New York—most fortunate, if as his American biographers assure us, there was not, perhaps, another officer in the army, unless Hamilton be excepted, who could speak French and English so as to be well understood in both.

La Fayette did not always confine himself to the bounds of his own profession; sometimes, and, perhaps, not greatly to his credit, he stepped beyond them. Here is one case recorded with much satisfaction by himself. He states that soon after his arrival in America, and while attending on Sunday the service of the Church of England, he was displeased with the Clergyman, because he said nothing in his sermon at all of politics. 'I charged him to his face,' says La Fayette, 'with preaching only about Heaven! * * * But next Sunday,' continued the keen young officer, 'I heard him again, when his loud invectives against the execrable House of Hanover,' showed that he was ready and willing to take my good advice.'

JOHN HORNE TOOKE.

His abilities were ill fitted for the profession of a clergyman, which indeed he at last renounced, but they highly qualified him for his favorite occupation as a demagogue. Between him and Wilkes there now arose a violent animosity and a keen altercation carried on in newspapers. Descending to the lowest and most selfish details, they were not ashamed thus publicly to wrangle respecting a Welsh pony and a hamper of claret! Even before the close of 1770 might be discerned the growing discord and weakness of Wilkes and his city friends. At a meeting which they convened to consider their course of action, some proposed a new Remonstrance to the King, while others urged an impeachment of Lord North in the House of Commons. 'What is the use of a new Remonstrance?' cried Wilkes. 'It would only serve to make another paper kite for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!'—'What is the use of an impeachment?' cried Sawbridge. 'Lord North is quite sure of the Bishops and the Scotch Peers in the Upper House, and could not fail to be acquitted!' But although those ardent patriots might differ a little as to the means, they were bent on one and the same end; and the Remonstrance which was at last agreed upon, appears to have been framed by their united wisdom. As thus drawn up it teemed with silly vagaries fit only to please the lowest orders of intellects. Thus it prayed that His Majesty would for ever remove from his presence and councils all his Ministers and Secretaries of State, especially Lord Mansfield (who by the way was not one of them), and that His Majesty would not again admit any Scotchman into the administration!

THUNDER OF WATERFALLS.

Dr Tyndall, in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' No. 2, makes the following observations on the productions of bubbles in connection with the origin of the sound of agitated water:—When the smoke is projected from the lips of a tobacco smoker, a little explosion usually accompanies the puff; but the nature of this is in a great measure dependent on the state of the lips at the time, whether they be dry or moist. The sound appears to be chiefly due to the sudden bursting of the film which connects both lips. If an inflated bladder be jumped upon, it will emit an explosion as loud as a pistol shot. Sound, to some extent, always accompanies the sudden liberation of compressed air. And this fact is also exhibited in the department of a jet. If the surface of the fluid on which it falls intersects its limpid portion, the jet enters silently, and no bubbles, as before remarked, are produced. The moment, however, after the bubbles make their appearance, an audible rattle also commences, which becomes louder and louder as the mass of the jet is increased. The very nature of the sound