

and their affections for parents were like those of a slave to his master. I have seen them loved, respected, and confided in, and taught to believe and to feel sensibly that every little deviation from the path of right was a severe infliction upon all who loved them, and they became kind and obedient. I have seen them looked upon with scorn and contempt, with sneer and ridicule, and they became disheartened and sad, and their dispositions gradually moulded into hatred and revenge. I have seen them smiled upon and treated with tenderness and affection, even in infancy, and they reciprocated that smile and those kind attentions.

Children are left too much to the care of governors and teachers. Wealth, pride, indolence and inattention—nothing, save death or marked incapacity, should ever take them from their parents, and put them in pupilage to others. Parents cannot love their children unless they care for them. Others may care for them, sport with them, sympathise in their sorrows—love them tenderly even—but the tie of consanguinity that would sacrifice all ease, comfort, health, life, for their good does not bind them to their hearts.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

### IRON THE CIVILIZER.

THE Age of Gold and the Age of Bronze have given place to the Age of Iron. Iron is your true agent of civilisation. So says Mr Robert Stephenson, at Bangor. In sight of the Menai and Conway tubular bridges, he might feel justified in proclaiming this; tho' the saying might remind one of the 'nothing like leather' maxim. Yet assuredly iron is a great power in this present age. It is revolutionising the whole world. The iron rail and the iron wires of the telegraph have already brought towns so near to each other that a country has now become as one vast city. And iron railroads are bringing countries nearer to each other, and are binding them into one common interest. We even here of an iron bond of union between England and Calcutta—a railway stretching across Europe and Asia Minor, rendering the distance in point of time between London and Calcutta only one week. Nor is the proposal a mere chimera; it is a thing that will be realized, and in our day. Fourteen years will probably see the Calais and Calcutta trains running. Iron will form the road and iron locomotives the fiery horses, to bear the iron carriages freighted with their living loads, along the great highway of civilization.

We have seen but the beginning of the gigantic power of railways. The next generation may see an extension of the Calais and Calcutta line to Peking, across the centre of Asia. The New York and California Railway will then be a 'great fact,' for Yankees are no dreamers, but hard, practical, energetic workers; and Asa Whitney's scheme will not long remain on paper only. But iron is also working away in other directions. Not to speak of iron beadsteads and iron drawing room furniture, we have iron steamships, iron tubular bridges, iron viaducts, and iron lighthouses. The Queen has just ordered an iron ball room, to be constructed by Bellhouse, of Manchester, for her highland country seat at Balmoral. Then, have we not seen the Iron and Crystal palace of all nations?—There was the iron house, also built at Manchester, by Fairbairn, for the Sultan of Turkey. We shall have iron cottages and furniture of all kinds soon—iron boats, iron stools, and iron crockery. The uses of the metal are endless, and its supply almost inexhaustible.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

### ONLY A TRIFLE.

'THAT'S right,' said I to my friend Simpkins, the baker, as the sickly looking widow of Harry Watkins went out of his shop-door with a loaf of bread he had given her—'that's right, Simpkins; I am glad you are helping the poor creature, for she has had a hard time of it since Harry died, and her own health failed her.'

'Hard enough, sir, hard enough; and I am glad to help her, though what I give her don't cost much—only a trifle, sir.'

'How often does she come?'

'Only three times a week. I told her to come oftener, if she needed to, but she says three loaves are plenty for her and her little one, with what she gets by sewing.'

'Have you any more such customers, Simpkins?'

'Only two or three, sir.'

'Only two or three; why it must be quite a tax upon your profits.'

'Oh no, not so much as you suppose; altogether it amounts to only a trifle.'

I could not but smile as my friend repeated these words; but after I left him, I fell to thinking how much good he is doing with 'only a trifle.' He supplies three or four families with the bread they eat from day to day; and though the actual cost for a year shows but a small sum in dollars and cents, the benefit conferred is by no means a small one. A sixpence, to a man who has plenty to eat and drink, and wherewithal to be clothed, is nothing; but it is something to one on the verge of starvation. And we know not how much good we are doing when we give 'only a trifle' to a good object.

I have often wondered at the propensity many men have to christen their eldest son after themselves, unless they want indeed a colourable pretext sometimes to break open the youngster's letters.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

### BUILD NOT UPON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,  
For so the world has done  
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,  
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,  
Be sure and pledge with truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth.

For if we give not heart for heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've play'd the 'unwise' part,  
And 'built upon the sand.'

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And hold enough of shining stuff;  
For Charity is cold.

But place not all your hope and trust  
In what the deep mine brings;  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmix'd with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,  
Will often have to stand  
Beside his coffer chest, and own  
'Tis 'built upon the sand.'

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,  
And soothe where'er we can;  
Fair speech should bind the human mind,  
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,  
Let deeds with language dwell;  
The one who pities starving birds,  
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those who talk, yet fail to do,  
But 'build upon the sand.'

### New Works.

#### MODERN WONDERS.

Had Julius Caesar been permitted in 1851, to revisit this world, that we might show him how much Britain has advanced since he first invaded our shores, it would have been desirable that he had popped up his head thro' the pavement at the Wellington statue, before the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England. Had he been guided by our own warrior, his equal in arms and every thing else, to some of the London lions; had he been shown the Crystal Palace, and been conducted along the more crowded thoroughfares to the terminus of the South-eastern Counties Railroad, and seen the Electric Telegraph sending despatches to Paris in a minute had he jumped into an express train, and gone to Southampton very smoothly at the rate of sixty miles an hour; had he been taken on board a man of war carrying a hundred and twenty guns, all sixty-eight pounders; had he been told that it required nine miles of canvas to make one set of sails, and an oak-forest of five hundred acres in extent, to furnish her timbers; had he next visited one of the Ocean Steamers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; verily the old Roman hero would in this way, have seen more wonders in one day than he ever beheld in his life. These steamers—the Himalaya for instance, now building—measures upwards of three thousand tons, and are propelled by engines of twelve hundred horse power. They realize a rate of speed equal to that of eighteen miles an hour; and in spite of both wind and tide, going upwards of four hundred and thirty miles daily, they reach Alexandria in a week. In one of these steamers Caesar would have found himself, not only in a floating hotel, but in something like an English royal brough, with its carpenters, smiths, bakers, butchers with their live stock, grocers with three thousand pounds of tea in their boxes, wine merchants with three thousand bottles of rich and rare wines, and six thousand bottles of inferior liquors; spirit dealers with puncheons of rum and brandy; confectioners and poulterers with their stock of game and fowls almost innumerable; and all this for one outward and homeward voyage, notwithstanding that fresh provisions for the crew and passengers are taken on board at every foreign port which the steamer reaches. Caesar's ghost would have been above all things astonished at seeing the engine department, so powerful, majestic, and shining like silver. Although it combines and condenses, within the space of a breakfast parlour, the energies of twelve hundred horses, yet a boy with one hand can stop the vast movement in a moment, and a bucketful of coals and of water, carries away the whole three thousand tons over the stormiest ocean, like a thing of air.—*Atom's Lands of Messiah, the Pope, and Mahammed.*

#### OLD BONES AND BITS OF SKIN.

How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skins, is a problem which the French gelatine makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of coloured gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organised and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which they may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste

fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs, and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colours. As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and as a solid it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made in to very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glace* for copying drawings, or applied to the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth, when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

#### HELP AND SELF HELP.

The poor has a reserved guard of ways and means, which they bring to the rescue as a forlorn hope, and which they leave in ambush when they receive external aid; and it is really true that this reserve guard, when they are compelled to use the manœuvres, and to bring all forces into play, drives them to plans and labours which produce for them as a community, far more relief than can be artificially administered upon the more gigantic scheme of charity. True charity enables men to help themselves; unties the knots by which their limbs are bound, but carefully abstains from dictating the movements of the liberated hands. We often err, when we desire to teach the poor to do good to themselves, by labouring to make them act a play of our composing, in a manner of the puppets. Certain absurd rudiments of knowledge, in all civilized society, men have a right to demand that their neighbours should receive. States that do not profess to be quite savage, have a right to demand—for the preservation of their own health, if not out of any higher motive—that no citizen shall be without that modicum of education by which he is raised above the brute, and made less apt to prey upon his fellows. Without prescribing forms of dress, the law will suffer no man to go absolutely naked; without prescribing forms of opinion, the law should suffer no man to be absolutely ignorant. But when we seek the physical well-being of the poor, we must be careful how we reject their experience of life, and teach them to walk according to our theories.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

#### THE CLOVES OF COMMERCE.

The article known in commerce as cloves, are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen that resembles in appearance the lawrel or the bay. It is a native of Molucca, or Spice Islands, cut has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very ends of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of small stalks or filaments. The other parts of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower-cup, and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften, and readily unroll. The smell of cloves is very strong and romantic, but not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, acrid, and lasting. Both the taste and smell depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odour and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.

#### HOW BEATTIE TAUGHT THE EXISTENCE OF A DEITY TO HIS SON.

In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould with my finger the three initial letters of his name, and sowing cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed and smoothed the ground. Ten days after this he came running to me, and, with astonishment, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on me going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I carelessly, on coming to the place, "I see it is so; but what is there in this worth notice? Is it not mere chance?" and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, "It cannot have happened by chance; somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." "So you think," said I, "that what appears as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he, with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, and legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were. "Come you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; some thing must have made me." "And what is that some thing?" I asked. He said, "I do not know." I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him (though he could not express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that which is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could, in

some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.—*Beattie's Life.*

#### GOOD OBSERVERS.

To learn to observe, is an necessary introduction to learn to think. There are few good observers—consequently correct thinkers are not numerous. Our systems of education are mainly based on artificial methods of study. To quote the language of an eminent naturalist,—'The earliest efforts of infant intellect are directed towards the observation of natural objects. Animals, plants, are collected by the school-boy, who delights to note their shape and qualities, and rudely to compare and classify. But the thirst for natural knowledge is rudely quenched by unpalatable draughts of scholastic lore, administered too often by a tasteless pedagogue, who, blind to the indications of a true course of education, thus plainly pointed out by human nature, developing itself according to the laws of its own god-given constitution, prunes and trims, binds and cramps the youthful intellect into traditional and fantastic shapes—even as the gardeners of a past age tortured shrubs and trees into monstrous outlines, vainly fancying to improve their aspect, arresting the growth or the spreading boughs and the budding of the clustering foliage, mistaking an unhealthy formality for beauty.' If men will but return to the condition of the child, and seek to know the things by which they are surrounded, they may of themselves learn correct habits of thought. They will then appreciate the lectures which may be delivered in their institutions, and be enabled to discover the true from the false whenever these are presented.

#### A GREAT BORER.

The ship worm, or toredo, is a bivalve shellfish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative the oyster, seems to have registered a vow to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within its power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shellfish, is a prodigious one; for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs, and went to sea in ships, the toredo has unceasingly endeavoured—unfortunately with too much success—to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the object of its attack, for many a goodly landing pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder attempts, such as the endeavour to swamp Holland by destroying the piles of her embankments.

The shipworm is the only mollusk that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians; and more than once it has alarmed them effectively. A century and a quarter ago indeed, all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the toredo was sent by the Deity to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders. In our own country, although we undergo no danger of being suddenly submerged, as our Dutch neighbors might be, we have suffered seriously in our dockyards and harbours by the operation of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. As a defence against it, the under-water portion of the wood-work in dockyards has been studded with broad-headed iron nails.—(*Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.*)

#### EXECUTIONS AMONG THE HEBREWS.

The Hebrews have no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide the execution devolved on the next of kin, by a right of blood revenge. In other cases criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the command was given. And this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person to be slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander in chief, to Benaiah, a person of so much distinction as to be immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact, the office even of a regular executioner is not by any means dishonorable in the east. The post of chief executioner is in most oriental courts one of honor and distinction. When thus there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a sort of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave.

We see this feeling distinctly in the present narrative, where the two princes much preferred to die by Gideon's own hand, than by that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was perhaps partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rulers of blood revenge made it necessary that the execution of these who had slain his own brethren should either be performed by himself or by a member of his own family. It seems very probable, from all that transpires, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves slain.—*Kitto's Pictorial Family Bible.*

Be at peace with mankind, at war with their vices.