

wished to save me the pain, but I knew she could not enter into the feelings of guilt and repentance, and I wish it to be a lesson to you.

Although Mr Miner was much respected in the town, he had many friends, yet he was aware there were those in town who knew his unfortunate early history, and he feared his sons would hear it garbled and incorrect, so he chose to tell them himself, though, as he told his wife, it was a sore punishment for his errors to tell them to his own sons. With deep feeling on all sides, he told them of his childhood and youth: of his disobedience to, and his disrespect of his mother; of his first step in error, then his first untruth, then his first debt at the refreshment saloon, which ended in involving him in deep crime, though he had no intention it should. Then he portrayed the misery he endured in the separation from all he loved, as an outcast from home and its comforts, the hardships of the voyage; when sick, no mother to nurse him, no word of kindness to soothe him; and, when he saw the hearts of his sons were touched, and sobs and tears told their sympathy, he said: 'Remember my sons, to avoid the beginning of sin—the first step in a dangerous course. You sometimes think your mother and I am very strict with you. Would that my parents had been more strict with me! I should never have had the humiliating disclosure to make you have just heard. Parents cannot be too strict on the score of principles; and those parents do not realize the duties involved in the parental relation who do not mark every deviation from rectitude with some token of displeasure.'

After praying with them, Mr Miner dismissed them to bed, feeling glad his task was performed, for he saw it would have a salutary influence in the years of temptation now before them.

As they left the room, Mrs Miner's heart thrilled with joy to think they were such good boys, so docile, so obedient, so truthful; and, as one of them had, of late, shown decided religious inclinations, she felt very hopeful and happy. As soon as the door closed, Mr Miner exclaimed, 'What can I say, to convey to you, my dear wife, my feelings in regard to the manner in which you have brought up these boys? My heart is full when I see them, and think it is all your management, by the goodness of God, that has made them what they are. I am so little at home, so fitful, know so little how to talk to children, they would never have been what they are without you. But God will repay you in raising up these children to surround you in your old age, and call you blessed.' Precious, indeed, were these words to Mrs Miner, for no woman's heart but loves the praise of her husband, and she thought this was the happiest day of her life, and had been a pleasant, profitable MAY-DAY to them all.

Life's duties, well performed,
Will render sweet results,

NEW WORKS.

From English Hospitals and English Nurses; the Narrative of twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.—By a Lady Volunteer.

EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES.

The news of the death of Nicholas stimulated the wounded—is it to be wondered at?—like wine. But let us first give two or three other hospital cases of suffering and character.

The tenacity of life in poor Cooney was wonderful; day after day, night after night, he lived and suffered on; growing weaker. How his piteous moans went through the hearts of his attendants, how terrible was it to watch the distortion of agony on his young face.—Poor boy! he was very patient, and he said he knew it was best for him, or the good God would not send him such suffering, and his trust was in him, and he did try to be patient. We used to tempt him with the best of the little at our disposal, for Dr Temple ordered him anything he could fancy. At length eggs, beat up with wine, were the only thing he could swallow, and until ten minutes before his death his nurse fed him with this. Death came at last, and he passed away as a child falls asleep, and with an intense relief did his attendants watch the calm, peaceful look on those features so long tortured with agony.—One did not gaze long; in half-an-hour (and that was longer than usual) he was wrapped in his blanket, and carried to the dead-house. Then there was poor Flack; he suffered too, we thought, the extent of human suffering.—He was covered with sores one toe off, and two toes off the others; he was ordered any thing he liked, but in vain; he was in too much pain to eat, he cared for nothing—nothing, would save him. One day he said, 'Tell me what I could eat—a bit of apple pudding! But oh dear! we thought, how was it to be got? how get the flour and the apples? and how get it boiled? However, it was made, but he could hardly touch it, though he insisted on its being set down by his side. Another man had the same fancy, and he declared it had done him more good than all the physic. Poor Flack died quiet, quietly, they told us. Fitzgerald was watched by many a time, expecting to see him

die; he looked just like a corpse; his strength was utterly gone. Among so many interesting cases he was one distinguished from all others, not only by his patience, but his cheerfulness. He was an Irishman all over, always merry, and making the best of everything: his gratitude for being waited upon was great. Even when apparently in a dying state he would look up into our faces and smile. He lingered on, his doctors having no hope of his recovery; it seemed impossible he could rally from such a shock. However, he did; his improvement at first was very gradual, but three months afterwards we had the satisfaction of seeing him leave the hospital for England, though of course a cripple still, as stout and rosy as one could wish to see; his face quite radiant with happiness at the thought of going back to old Ireland. Each ward contained at that time sixty beds, and to give an idea how crowded we were it is enough to say that the number was afterwards reduced to thirty. Each patient lay on a low tressed bed, raised a few inches from the ground. The news of the death of the Emperor of Russia came upon us with startling effect. Miss Stanley went through the wards and announced it to the men. Long life to ye! said many of the Irish, in a tone of congratulation, as though we had been the instruments of his death. It is better than a month's pay! said another, and God be praised! cried many a sufferer. It was curious enough that the day of the death of the emperor was signalled by an earthquake of a very violent nature. That scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It occurred about three o'clock in the afternoon. The day before a heavy mist hung down over the Bosphorus—a very unusual thing for Turkey. The hospital was shaken most violently; an instant rush was made by the nurses for the barrack-yard.—Many of the poor patients jumped out of their beds, and forgetting their sufferings in their terror, ran down the wards with fearful cries, and when the immediate excitement was over were unable to return to their beds without assistance. The clocks fell from the walls, and innumerable articles rolled about in great confusion. The extraordinary costumes of the patients and their extreme terror, made the scene, awful as it was, almost ludicrous.

From Travels in the Sandwich Islands, by S. Hill.

DISREGARD OF DEATH.

THESE semi-civilized islanders, if we may consider them so far advanced, whatever the cause, at any rate view the approach of death with an indifference which is extremely striking. Some, during illness, will listen to no counsel from any one, and others follow a custom which they see constantly terminate in, if it be not the cause of, death. The moment the least fever appears, they say, 'As I am too hot and my blood is boiling, I must find the means, of cooling myself; and they rise from their mats, and when near the sea, plunge into the waves, or lay themselves down upon the beach for the surf to pass over them. But if they dwell inland, and cannot reach the sea-shore they search out a fresh brook, in which they lie down at full length. The consequence, in both these cases, is of course the same. Death takes place, even very often in a few hours, but seldom later than the day after the experiment has been performed. The practice is of ancient date. The several persons who informed me of it, told me also that great pains had been taken with such of the people as were mingled with Europeans, to persuade them to abandon a custom which had been the cause of the destruction of so many who had gone before them, but that these counsels had only had effect with, or more properly, that the practice had only been forgone by a few who were entirely under white control. To these causes of mortality may also be added the want of such aid from their relatives, as all classes of Europeans are ever ready to render to one another, and which arises from a remarkable deficiency in sympathy in cases of illness, as, indeed, we shall presently see, even with the nearest akin. One of my European friends who mingled much with the natives, informed me, moreover, that there was a general impression among them of their early extinction; which so broke their spirit, that many when sick seemed to grow worse and to die, from despair, and the mere want of sufficient energy to take the commonest care of themselves. I frequently accompanied the general upon little riding or walking excursions in the immediate vicinity of Honolulu, and was everywhere struck with what we saw and heard of the course of the diseases that prevailed, and the indifference with which their consequences were regarded. In most of the houses into which we entered, two or three had been carried off; and in some there was not a single tenant remaining. All had been buried within a month. In one hamlet that we visited, as we came into the centre of the closely packed group of grass-huts, we observed a man, apparently about the middle age, seated upon his mat at the door, and wrapped up as it he were feeling the cold. We approached him, and the general asked what was the reason we saw nobody about the place, and that we did not hear the voices and the laugh of the women, with which a stranger is usually greeted among the natives at the threshold of their

dwellings; upon which the man informed us, that every human being in the hamlet, save himself, had been buried within the last week. 'And, why then,' said the general, 'do you not leave the place and come down to the town, where you may be among friends, and where the change may restore both your spirits and your health?' 'I do not want to live,' said the native, in answer to the suggestion of the general; 'all my friends are gone, and I shall soon follow them.'

AGE.

But few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental, or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong have none to use. The latter take care of themselves and the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years; the ox 15 or 20; the lion about 20; the dog 10 or 12; the rabbit 8; the guinea pig 6 or 7 years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the animal grows its full size. But man of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes to his average. He ought to live 100 years, according to this physiological law, five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches on the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all animals; and there is no reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that, more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of its own secret reflections.

STRANGENESS OF DEATH.

ANGELS have no death to undergo: there is no such tear of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to watch, from the other side of the material panorama that surrounds him, the great and amazing realities with which he has everlastingly to do—it is for him, so locked in an imprisonment of clay, and with no other loopholes of communication between himself and all that surrounds him, than the eye and the ear—it is for him to light up in his bosom a realizing sense of the things that eye hath never seen, and ear hath never heard. It is for man, and perhaps for man alone, to travel in thought over the ruins of a mighty desolation, and beyond the wreck of that present world by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world on which he is to expiate for ever. But a harder achievement, perhaps, than any—is for man, in the exercise of faith, to observe that most appalling of all contemplations, the decay and the dissolution of himself; to think of the time when his now animated framework, every part of which is so sensitive and dear to him, shall fall to pieces, when the vital warmth by which it is so thoroughly pervaded shall take its departure and leave to coldness and abandonment all that is visible of this moving, and acting, and thinking creature—when those limbs, with which he now steps so firmly; and that countenance, out of which he looks so gracefully, and that tongue with which he now speaks so eloquently; when that whole body, for the interest and provision of which he now labours so strenuously, as, if, indeed, it were immortal—when all these shall be reduced to a mass of putrefaction, and at length crumble, with the coffin which encloses them, into dust! Why, my brethren, to a being in the full consciousness and possession of its living energies, there is something, if I may be allowed the expression, so foreign and unnatural in death, that we ought not to wonder if it scare away the mind from the ethereal region of existence to which it is hastening.—Dr. Chalmers.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S YOUTH.

Harrow was the school for Robert Peel; and to Harrow he was accordingly sent, and remained there until of age to go to Oxford.—At Harrow he acquired that character which he sustained through life. He was diligent, studious and sagacious, if not quick, but never brilliant; preserving a high station amongst his schoolmates by exertion and perseverance rather than genius; and being remarkable for prudent good sense rather than showy talent. To the truth of this delineation we have the unexceptional testimony of his illustrious schoolfellow, Lord Byron, who, like most other men of original genius and great and independent mind, made no figure either at school or college, and at Harrow was eclipsed by Peel, his inferior in everything but prudence, steadiness and application. At Christchurch College, Oxford, he

displayed, after leaving Harrow School, the same highly useful assemblage of qualities. To some quickness he united much diligence and aptitude for study; and in mathematics, as well as classical literature generally, he obtained high honours. But all his acquirements were of the solid kind, and such as a laborious student of good practical sagacity may always acquire.—Of wit or imagination, or of the inventive faculty in general, Mr Peel had little; and to such men the absence of these more specious qualifications is a negative advantage. If they are unable to dazzle others, in the same ratio are they exempted from being dazzled by them; and hence it is, that persons so qualified have to deal, and are better adapted to the ordinary business of life than their more accomplished competitors. In the course of the year 1808 Mr Peel completed his studies at Oxford.

The Politician.

BRITISH PRESS.

From the Illustrated London News.
THE NEW BUDGET.

The annual balance-sheet of the nation is always a document of curiosity and interest.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made his first estimate early in February, whilst we were still at war, and whilst there was every probability that hostilities would be continued during several campaigns. The peace concluded by diplomacy, on the pressure of France and Austria, rendered it necessary that the Finance Minister should make a second statement. This task was performed by Sir Cornwall Lewis on Monday last. The most sanguine of relief, and the most impatient of fiscal policy, could not have anticipated much retrenchment under the circumstances; and few ventured to anticipate any change in the form of raising the revenue. It would have been unreasonable to expect that our expenditure, based on the continuance of war, would cease with the termination of hostilities; for troops have to be brought home, and pending contracts to be completed. Though nominally at peace, the nation has learned by bitter experience, the folly of being unarmed and defenceless whilst all Europe heaves with the throes of past and still present commotions. For these and other reasons, a Peace Budget was expected by no one.

The following abstract which we have made as succinct as was possible with lucidity, will show what burdens the people of Great Britain have borne, or have yet to bear, on account of the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer commenced his statement by observing that the deficiency of the last financial year was £3,560,000, more than covered by the loan of £5,000,000, of which £3,500,000 was received last year, and £1,500,000 in the current year. Connected with that operation was the funding of £3,000,000 of Exchequer bills which has been effected.

The expenditure in the past year	
was	£88,428,000
Revenue	65,705,000
Excess of Expenditure over Revenue	22,723,000
Add loan to Sardinia	1,000,000
Add redemption of hereditary pensions	213,000
Total excess of expenditure over revenue	23,936,000
To cover this there has been raised in Exchequer Bills and Bonds £26,478,000, which gave a surplus over the deficiency of £2,542,000.	
The total war expenditure in 1854-55 and 1855-56 was	£155,120,000
The total peace expenditure in 1852-53 and 1853-54 was	102,032,000
Difference against war	£53,088,000
The revenue in the two years of war	
was	£125,200,000
Ditto ditto of peace	108,018,000
Increase during the war	£17,182,000
But to this increase of war Revenue, arising from war taxes must be added:—	
Additions to funded and unfunded debt	£33,604,000
Surplus income of two years of peace	6,986,000
	£36,771,000

This aggregate presents the total sum applicable to the war expenditure, over and above the total sum applicable to the Peace expenditure. The estimated expenditure of the present year compared with the expenditure of the two years immediately preceding the peace shows an excess of £24,500,000, which added to £53,088,000 set down above as different against war, gives a total war expenditure of £77,588,000. That then, is the sum it has cost us to blockade the Baltic during two seasons, and to assist the French in capturing the Malakoff, and the south side of Sebastopol. From the past we look to the future. In