

Doctr.

THE SABBATH.

Hail, peaceful morn! thy dawn I hail!
How do thy hours my mind regale
With feasts of heavenly joy;
Nor can I half thy blessings name,
Which kindle in my soul a flame,
And all my powers employ.

Thou hallow'd season of repose—
Thou balm to soothe the throbbing woes
Of this care-stricken breast!
Thy sacred hours I'll ever greet,
And with the faithful will I meet,
To taste thy holy rest.

How shall I best improve thy hours?
Lord, on me shed, in copious showers,
Thy spirit and thy grace;
That when thy sacred courts I tread,
My soul may eat the heavenly bread,
And sing Jehovah's praise.

May every sermon, like the dew,
Gently distil, refresh, renew,
And console the mind;
Receive'd with meekness, truth, and love,
Engraved, fruitful may it prove,
And leave its joy behind.

Then to my chamber I'll repair,
With awe, to talk with God in prayer,
And all my griefs to tell;
His kind compassion will relieve—
His bounteous hand will mercies give—
With mourners he will dwell.

Thus may my Sabbath pass away,
My best, my holiest, happiest day—
The sweetest of the seven;
But yet a rest for saints remains,
A Sabbath, free from cares and pains,
Eternal and in heaven.

Miscellaneous.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

A new application of the extraordinary powers of electro-magnetism has for the first time been the subject of an illustrated lecture at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. The machine with which this application was demonstrated, is called the "Electro-magnetic Printing Telegraph," and the object of its construction is to enable a person in one place to carry on a rapid printed correspondence (either by the usual letters of the alphabet, or by private signals) with another person in another place, no matter what may be the distance between the two. The inventor of the instrument, Mr. Alex. Bain, the chronometer-maker, explained its action to those assembled to witness its operations. The principle upon which it is constructed, is something similar to that of the electric clock and the electro-telegraph, the electro-magnet being the main agent in all three; the mode of working it is, however, essentially different. The particular object contemplated by the inventor of this new communicator, is to afford the means of transmitting information—say, from London to Plymouth—in a second of time; and not only thus rapidly to transmit it, but to print it in a perfectly clear type at the same moment, so that any attendance at the place where the correspondence is addressed is dispensed with, so far as the working of the machine itself is concerned. As a means of telegraphic communication, it holds out a fair prospect of being extensively and most usefully introduced, although its working powers are by no means circumscribed to such an employment of them, because, in large establishments where precise orders are required to be delivered in writing, they could, with considerable advantage, be made use of. The apparatus we saw in the institution, consisted of a dial plate, with the alphabet in a circle upon it, and a revolving hand. From this plate, wires were conducted to a small frame fitted up with two electro-magnets, having communication with a cylinder, an inking-roller, and a wheel, the edge of which latter contained the letters of the alphabet. The wheel with the letters on it was placed between the inking-roller and the cylinder; and the cylinder was surrounded by the paper on which the printing was to be produced. These three separate parts all revolved horizontally. By moving the hand of the dial plate to the letter required to be printed, a current of the galvanic fluid was directed to the magnet governing the wheel in question, which thereupon turned round, until it presented the same letter to the surface of the paper, and a second supply of the same current being then directed as before, the wheel was made to press the letter against the paper, on which it left a printed impression, in consequence of being previously inked by the roller. In a word, whatever letter was indicated by the dial plate, was instantly afterwards printed at the other end of the wires by the united agency of the cylinder, wheel, and inking-roller. There are many minor details not here explained, particularly those which relate to the gradual rising and falling of the cylinder and inking-roller, in order to prevent ink being taken from the same place twice over, and any impression being made on one previously printed; but these will easily be understood by all who attend the lectures, which are certainly worth the attention of every one. The extraordinary effects here narrated are all to be traced to that peculiar power of the electro-magnet which permits the current of electricity to be established and broken at pleasure; as the distance to which its force can be instantaneously transmitted, is only limited by the length of the conducting wires.

CAPTAIN ROCK'S GHOST.—Under the head "Extraordinary and Mysterious Ghost Story," the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* gives the following very national tale:—Even at the risk of publishing what may be called by some a second edition of the Windsor Ghost Story, we give the following statement of some very extraordinary and unaccountable circumstances, which have come to our knowledge within the last week, and for the perfect accuracy of the following version of which we can vouch on unquestionable authority. A reluctance to bring the parties concerned before the public, prevents us from mentioning their names at present, but we again repeat that we can pledge ourselves

for the authenticity of the statement. On Thursday night last, a respectable family, consisting of a lady and gentleman, with two female domestics, and residing in an isolated house, surrounded by a small garden, in the southern suburbs of the city, was suddenly roused by a loud and very unusual noise, consisting of a violent knocking at the door, and sounds resembling heavy footsteps in a room on the drawing-room floor, and along the lobby stairs. An immediate search was made, and no cause for the noise having been discovered, it may be easily imagined that no slight alarm was the consequence. Persons residing in an opposite house were called on, and every conjecture was used to account for the noise, but it still remained in mystery. The mysterious sounds were repeated on the following night, still louder than before; and again on the nights of Saturday and Sunday, on which occasions two or three friends remained up with the family, and made every effort to discover the cause in which the sounds originated, suspecting that some artifice was practised, but every attempt to detect such, being utterly baffled. On Monday night the family and their friends formed a party of seven persons, who were resolved to watch until morning, and give the unravelling of the mysterious circumstance the chance of a further and final experiment. All the doors were locked, with the exception of those of two rooms, between which the party was divided—viz. the servants' apartments up stairs, and a room on the ground floor. It had been found that the knocking only took place when the candles were extinguished, a circumstance, by-the-by, which seemed rather suspicious; the lights were, therefore, put out on this occasion, but matches were held in readiness to re-light them at a moment's notice. A few minutes after the room was in darkness, the elder servant, who was sitting on the bed, screamed, and exclaimed that she saw a face which she thought she had seen before, and could recognise, if it appeared again; at that moment, however, the candles were relighted, and the figure disappeared, but at the same time three loud knocks were given to the door of the room from the outer side, and the party below stairs, attracted by the loudness of the noise, rushed up and entered the room, but no trace could be found of any stranger being present, or, indeed, at all in the house. The lights were then a second time extinguished, and the servant immediately exclaimed that she saw the figure again, and that it was that of her brother, who had been dead for the last ten months. The sensation that followed this announcement may be better imagined than described. The lady of the house conjured the servant to speak to what she thus thought to be her brother's spirit, and sure enough a conversation ensued; but one of the speakers only was heard by the rest of those present—the woman, however, repeating the words which she imagined she heard from the lips of the spectre, and expressing her astonishment that they were not also audible to every one as well as to herself. The ghost, according to her interpretation, said that he could not enter heaven until he had settled some affairs here below, and having obtained leave to speak to her, had been obliged for that purpose to proceed in the way that he had done. He then mentioned a few trifling debts, which he required to have paid, but which amounted, on the whole, to only about 7s. due among seven different persons. He finally said, that that matter being arranged, he would not trouble her any more in future, and then disappeared—the poor woman appearing, during the scene, to suffer dreadfully from the effects of fright, and to require the assistance of two persons to support her in a sitting posture, and the whole party listening in breathless astonishment, mingled, we may believe, with awe and terror. One of the most singular circumstances in the affair was, that on the following morning, inquiries having been made, all the debts were found to be owing in the way described in the mysterious scene of the night before, although they had almost escaped from the memory of the creditors, and had been previously entirely unknown to the sister of the deceased man, according to her own solemn statement. It may be well to mention that the family in question, including the servant woman, belong to the Established Church. We may also mention that the gentleman himself possesses strong mental powers; that one of those who sat up with him on Monday night last, is a medical gentleman of standing in the city, who attended the family; that another is a respectable mercantile man, and an Elder in a Presbyterian Church in Dublin; and a third, an old soldier in the service of the latter; all persons of nerve, and sceptical enough in supernatural agencies, and yet all, we believe, firmly convinced of the perfect truth of all that we have just mentioned. Such is an outline of this very curious case, and the winding up of it has been that the family removed to another residence on Tuesday last, and that the servant appears still to suffer greatly from the excitement of the occasion.

HISTORY OF A PIECE OF LAND IN MANCHESTER.—ITS LUCKY OWNERS.—Some time about the year 1780—a piece of land was purchased of the lord of the manor of Manchester, Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., for which the lessee covenanted to pay £32 per annum as chief rent, the quantity of land being about 2,400 superficial square yards, and its site near the infirmary. The lessee erected a good family house on the property, as well as some other buildings, occupied as a joiner's shop, &c., but not of much value. The property remained in the original lessee's hands for about 20 years, when it was sold for its then market value—report says £5,000. The second lessee was occupied a few years only, when he died intestate. Greatly, however, to the credit of the heir-at-law, he scorned to take advantage of his parent's apparent remissness, and eventually the entire property was placed under the management of a gentleman who had the approbation of the whole family. On the arrival of the youngest

child at her majority, or as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, means were adopted to ascertain the value of all the property of the deceased party—the land in question of course included. This was found no difficult task, save as regards the particular property referred to; but this, owing to its favourable situation, and the vast extension of warehouse property in the town, and this extension taking the direction in which the property lay, made its real value most difficult to ascertain. The mode adopted, however, was to put it up to auction, but at the same time coupled with a determination not then to sell it—the putting it up to auction being merely a feeler; £11,000 was bid for it. After a short lapse of time, it was offered, with the consent of all the family, to two of the sons, at £11,000, which, after some hesitation on their part, was accepted. In about 18 months afterwards, a part of the land was sold for £9,300, and for the remainder £22,000 was offered some 18 months afterwards, but refused. It has, however, been sold lately for the purpose of building a warehouse on it, for £17,000, making altogether the astonishing sum of £26,300. If no value be placed on the erections, and they could not amount to much, seeing that all have been pulled down, it will appear that this land has increased its value within a fraction of sixty-fold! and had the second offer of £22,000 been accepted, but which was refused, it would, with interest upon it, have increased more than seventy-fold.

CATCHING CROWS IN ITALY.—A traveller gives the following remarkable account of crow-shooting in Italy:—"Being called up," says the author, "early in the morning, a few days after Christmas, we proceeded with two servants, about a mile from the city of Milan, and entered a large meadow covered with hoar-frost, when my friends conducted me to a cottage, a little on one side of the meadow, where we found five or six peasants, with a good fire, several fowling-pieces, and abundance of ammunition in readiness. Being told that everything was prepared, we drank coffee until the peasants, who had left us about an hour, returned, and informed us that we might proceed as soon as we pleased. We however, advanced no further than the porch of the house, where, as we waited some time, without the approach of any crows, I was eager to fire at them, but my friend checked my ardour. 'Stay, said he, they will descend presently, and approach so near to us, that we may shoot them without trouble.' Soon after, to my utter astonishment, I observed them stop their course all at once, take several circuits round the meadow, and afterwards descend, a few at a time, upon the ground upon which we were waiting for their appearance. Not knowing the secret, my curiosity still increased, especially as I observed that the whole of them not only descended, but that they seemed to have stationed themselves, as it were, in various parts of the field. But this was not all, for upon a closer inspection, I found their heads were absolutely fixed to the ground, from whence, after a struggle of some duration, I saw them successively rising, and apparently with a white cap on their heads, which I soon perceived to be made of strong cartridge paper. It was now that this comedy commenced, and began to take a tragical turn; for the crows, to liberate themselves, putting themselves in a number of laughable attitudes, brought forward the peasants, who clapping their hands, and setting up a loud cry, the motion of the crows became the most confused imaginable. Flight, if such an awkward movement deserve the name, was in all directions, striking against each other with such force, as frequently to bring them to the ground.

It should be observed, that the noise of their talons scratching upon the thick paper caps that inclosed their heads, had no small effect; till in the end, taking to our firearms, we were employed near an hour in shooting them; and at the termination of which I was informed by my friends, that holes being purposely dug in the ground, and filled with paper of a conical form, the narrow extremities of the latter containing each a piece of raw meat, it was the smell of the meat that brought the crows to the spot. It is further to be observed, that the inside of this paper cap was copiously larded with bird-lime, attached so much the closer by the pressure of the crow's heads after the meat, that it was impossible for them to disengage themselves.

HOW TO PAY OFF ARREARS.—A letter from Constantinople, of the 28th of June, gives an amusing account of the interview between Mehmet Ali and the Turkish Envoy, Sahib Muhib Effendi, relative to the arrears of tribute due to the Sublime Porte. The dialogue, which we give verbatim, is eminently characteristic of the tact and talents of the wily Albanian. Sahib Muhib Effendi thus writes to the Porte:—"Upon my cautiously advising to the question of arrears, and stating how agreeable it would be to the sultan—whom may God preserve—to receive the arrears, his highness exclaimed:—'Allah! Allah! my memory is certainly failing me. By the Sultan's breath, I have forgotten. Ah! the arrears! How many years are due?' I was about to insinuate the quantum according to august instructions, when the Pacha cut short my purpose by saying, 'One, two, three years! Mahallah! How can I remember such trifles? Oof! my datter (registers) are at Cairo. Ah—ah! Sahib Muhib Effendi, you are a prudent man; I am your friend. You do not calculate upon impossibilities, like those Kafirs who attempt to circumvent the Porte. May they go to an exceeding hot place! I am the Sultan's footstool; all I have is his. I will send for my registers some day. But I cannot convert onion peelings into ingots. But the Padisha's glory! He! he! let more salutes be fired. His viziers think that I possess the *Senke-Fars* (philosopher's stone), and that Egypt breeds dollars. Arrears, of! You said two, three, perhaps less.' Whereupon I was going to suggest that I had said no such thing, but he nipped the thread of my speech by exclaiming, 'Allah akbar!—God is great! we shall see. My registers will soon come. But that does not signify. Let more salutes be fired. You are an exceedingly discreet and gifted man, O Sahib Muhib Effendi! We will settle accounts with the Porte in a twinkling. I would not

withhold the value of a hair from my lord and master the Sultan, in whom be the blessings of increase. My head is at his feet. Tell him so."

THE NEW STEAM COACH.—A Steam Coach, or, more properly speaking, a Steam Carriage, on an improved principle, and carrying sixteen persons, belonging to the General Steam Company, was on Saturday last tried on the road between the north east point of the regent's park and the Manor house at Tottenham. The carriage, which is an experimental one, has four transverse seats, each of which accommodates four persons; the boiler and apparatus is behind the seats; the conductor, or he who has the management of the carriage, sits on the front seat and guides it, and governs its speed by a sort of handle, which rises from the foot-board. The carriage left the York and Albany Tavern a little after four o'clock, and proceeded with a full load of scientific gentlemen to the Manor house, Tottenham; here it was turned round with perfect facility by the conductor, and it returned to the York and Albany Tavern. The distance traversed is between eight and nine miles; it was traversed in rather less than half an hour. The road undulates considerably, and there are some steep ascents; nevertheless the speed up hill was good, certainly twelve miles an hour; on level ground it was fourteen; and on the descents sixteen or eighteen miles. The carriage was turned round when going at the rate of ten miles an hour. The conductor had a perfect command of the carriage, and caused it to pass between carriages drawn by horses, carts, &c., with which some portions of the road were crowded, without coming in contact with any of them, and with a facility of management that was surprising. The appearance of the carriage and the rapidity of its motion caused several horses to shy, but no accident ensued. There is no visible escape of steam, nor is there any annoyance from smoke. The trip was very satisfactory, and it appears certain that a carriage of this sort can be used on any roads. An extract from a printed description published by the Company will further explain its advantages:—"The Steam Coach is capable of ascending the steepest hills or descending into the deepest glens with ease and safety; it is indifferent to the inequality of surface, passes through the most crowded and public streets with as much facility as a Stage Coach; stopping more promptly, setting down passengers at their houses or hotels, delivering parcels to their respective consignees, acknowledging a responsibility (the best guarantee for propriety of management), and consulting in the most entire manner the accommodation and safety of passengers."

PROFANATION OF THE LORD'S DAY BY THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—We are assured, on the best authority, "that of the persons who have private letter boxes in the Liverpool Post Office, about one half do not send for their letters on the Sabbath days;" "and in those streets which are situated in the business part of the town, the letter carriers are unable to deliver about one half of the letters on the Lord's day, in consequence of the shops and offices being shut up, and no persons on the premises." The exemplary conduct of the "one half" who do not send, might read an excellent lesson to the other half of the owners of private letter boxes at Liverpool, who do by their families, or servants, or clerks, it would seem unnecessarily, send to profane the Sabbath. And the moiety of the shop and office keepers who make use of the Sabbath day labour of the letter carriers at their own doors, would do well, both for their own spiritual interest, and that of the Post Office officials, to act like half their neighbours, and by taking rest to themselves, contribute towards procuring the same privilege for others. The above testimony goes far to prove that even in large mercantile towns there is no necessity for Post Office labour on the Lord's day; for if the "business part" does not require it, how much less the rest! We could wish that our respected London contemporary the *Watchman* would confirm the report, that merchants of the *West* connexion do not receive their letters on the Lord's day. We have been assured that such is the case at Manchester; and it is well known that a large share of the business of the manufacturing districts in England, and consequently an extensive correspondence, is carried on by the members of that religious body.—*Scottish Guardian*.

FATHER MATHEW IN SEAGOR (NORTH OF IRELAND).—Last Sunday Seagor was visited by the Apostle of Temperance. He arrived in Lurgan on Saturday evening, and on the next morning proceeded to the lower Seagor chapel, where he celebrated mass, and administered the pledge to a number of postulants. He then started for the newly erected church, which is built on the site of the one blown down during the tremendous storm of 1839. The church was immense beyond conception. After reaching an eloquent sermon in behalf of the Church, Father Mathew proceeded to administer the pledge in the open air. It is utterly impossible to describe the enthusiasm that prevailed. The fields, for a great distance around, were covered with a dense mass of persons, all eager for the medal. Father Mathew himself remarked that, as far as his own experience of crowds went, he could not calculate those before him at less than 40,000! It was out of the question, from the limited time, that this vast number could be received; however, the Rev. Gentleman plied his benevolent labours as assiduously as possible, and at the close of the day he had enrolled many thousands. He did not commence until about four o'clock. On the next day he resumed the work at about nine o'clock, A. M., and in the evening at seven o'clock, the total number enrolled was 22,000. Never did we witness such enthusiasm; the people flocked incessantly from the counties Tyrone, Antrim, and Armagh; and on Monday evening, when the Apostle started for Dublin, many thousands were waiting, expecting to have the pledge administered to them.—*Belfast Vindicator*.

RUFUS'S STONE.—We found upon a recent pilgrimage to this historical monument that the Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, the warden of the

New Forest, has enclosed "Rufus's Stone," as it is called, in an iron casing of the same triangular shape as the original, with bars at the top, so that the visitors may still see the remains of the stone, though they cannot chip off any more of it, a practice which had reduced the monument to a third of its original size, and defaced all the inscriptions. The stone was put up by the Earl Delawarr, near a century ago, to mark the spot whereon grew the oak against and from which the arrow glanced (aimed by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a stag) and shot the king. The Earl, when a boy, had seen the oak, which tradition pointed out as the fatal tree, growing on the spot, and when the storm laid low the monarch of the forest, in whose time so many kings had reigned and died since the red haired Norman fell before him, the Earl erected the stone to commemorate the event. So many pieces, however, had been taken away by the cockney vandals, that unless the Right Hon. warden had encased the remains, not a relic would have been left to gratify the visitor. On the three sides of the iron casing the inscriptions on the stone are repeated, with a few lines recording the present addition in 1841. We may as well mention to parties visiting the place for the first time, that "mine host" of the Compton Arms, at Stoney Cross, about a quarter of a mile from the spot, is very attentive to visitors, and sends down people to carry refreshments, seats, &c., if required. At the bottom of the hollow, scarce a quarter of a mile further, is the cottage of the descendant of the Purkis who conveyed Rufus in his cart to Winchester, when he was deserted by all his courtiers. A wheel of the cart used to be shown in the yard of the cottage, but was burnt, as we have stated in a former paper, as a Christmas Yule above a century ago. The guide-books speak of it as a recent event. The cottage was a gift for the service rendered by Purkis. The descendant, to the number of above a hundred (and several of them now in their ancestor's avocation, that of woodmen), contemplated putting up a new stone by a subscription of a shilling each, but the good taste of the warden has rendered it unnecessary. We beg to suggest that the iron should be painted white, as looking better, and thereby more easily found by the visitor who may explore the Forest without a guide. We may add, as another mem. for strangers, that the view half way down the hill, descending from the high road, is the most extensive and magnificent in the south of England.

THUNDER STORMS.—The distance of a thunder storm, and consequently the danger, is not difficult to be ascertained. As light travels at the rate of about 66,420 leagues in a second, or nearly 200,000 miles in one second of time, its effects may be considered as instantaneous within any moderate distance. Sound, on the contrary, is transmitted only at the rate of 1,142 feet in a second. By accurately observing, therefore, the time which intervenes between the flash of light and the beginning of the noise of the thunder which follows it, a very accurate calculation may be made of its distance, viz: when you observe the lightning, and ten seconds elapse before you hear the thunder, you are two miles out of danger; if five seconds elapse between, one mile out of danger; but if you only distinguish one second to elapse before the lightning and thunder, then you may estimate yourself only 1,142 feet from the dangerous fluid, and the nearer to the light you hear the thunder within one second, you may count yourself in danger: by having a knowledge of these things, there is no better means of removing apprehensions. If thunder rumbles seven seconds, you must be aware that the electric fluid has passed through space from atmosphere to the earth, a distance of nearly a mile and a half. Sometimes the fluid skips from one cloud to another before it comes to the earth. There is no danger to be apprehended by the thunder, but that it operates as a warning when well calculated.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*.

THE WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.—To get on in this world, you must be content to be always stopping where you are; to advance, you must be stationary; to get up, you must keep down; following riches is like following wild geese, you must crawl after both on your belly—the minute you pop up your head, off they go whistling down the wind, and you see no more of them; if you have not the art of sticking by nature, you must acquire it by art; put a couple of pounds of bird-lime upon your office stool, and sit upon it; get a chain round your leg and tie yourself to your counter like a pair of shop scissors; nail yourself up against the wall of your place of business, like a weasel on a barn door, or the sign of the Spread Eagle; or, what will do best of all, marry a poor honest girl without a penny, and my life for yours if you don't do business! Never mind what your relations say about genius, talent, learning, pushing, enterprise, and such stuff, when they are advising you for your good, stick up to your eyes with the old proverb, "It is better to skiver me and welcome; but to do any good I tell you over and over again, you must be a stickler.—You may get fat upon a rock, if you never quit your hold of it!"—*American Paper*.

At a late meeting of the Lincoln Temperance Society, the question was raised whether the use of brandy in cookery, particularly in plum-pudding, would be an infringement of the rules. After a long and grave debate it was resolved that brandy in puddings is eaten and not drunk, and that therefore, it does not fall within the list of prohibited articles.—*London Paper*.

DRUNK AND SOBER.—We saw a hog lying in the gutter the other day; and in the opposite one was a well-dressed man (?). The first had a ring in his nose—the latter, a ring on his finger. The man was drunk—the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we—and so is a man.—*Scotch paper*.

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