

triumphed in modern society; they may still have some enemies to repel, and some conflicts to sustain, but their victory is certain. They have in their favor the prevailing institutions, manners, opinions and passions; and that general and overwhelming current of ideas and events that flow on through all diversities, obstacles and perils, in the same direction, at Rome, Madrid, Turin, Berlin, and Vienna, no less than at London or Paris.—*Guizot.*

### THE JEWS.

The present moral and social condition of the Jews must be a miracle. We can come to no other conclusion. Had they continued, from the commencement of the Christian era down to the present hour, in some such national state in which we find the Chinese, walled off from the human family, and by their repulsion of alien elements, resisting every assault from without in the shape of hostile invasion, and from an overpowering national pride, forbidding the introduction of new and foreign customs, we should not see so much mystery interwoven with their existence. But this is not their state: far from it. They are neither a united and independent nation, nor a parasitic province. They are peeled and scattered and crumbled fragments; but like broken globes of quicksilver, instinct with a cohesive power, ever claiming affinity, and ever ready to amalgamate. Geography, arms, genius, politics, and foreign help, do not explain their existence: time and climate, and customs, equally fail to unravel it. None of these are or can be the springs of their perpetuity. They have been spread over every part of the habitable globe; they have lived under the regeme of every dynasty; they have shared the protection of just laws, the proscription of cruel ones and witnessed the rise and progress of both. They have used every tongue, and lived in every latitude. The snows of Lapland have chilled and the sun of Africa has scorched them. They have the Tiber, the Thames, the Jordan, the Mississippi. In every century, and in every degree of latitude and longitude, we find a Jew. It is not so with any other race. Empires the most illustrious have fallen, and buried the men that constructed them; but the Jews has lived among the ruins, a living monument of indestructibility. Persecution has unsheathed the sword and lighted the fagot; Papal superstition and Moslem barbarism have smote them with unsparing ferocity; penal rescripts and deep prejudice have visited on them the most unrighteous chastisement, and, notwithstanding all, they survive. Robert Montgomery, in his *Mesiah*, thus expresses the relative position of the Jews:

"Empires have sunk and kingdoms passed away,  
But still apart, sublime in misery, stands  
The wreck of Israel. Christ has come and bled,  
And miracles and ages round the cross  
A holy splendor of undying truth  
Preserve; yet their pining spirit looks  
For that arisen Sun which prophets hailed.  
And when I view him in the garb of wo,  
A wandering outcast by the world disowned,  
The haggard, lost, and long oppressed Jew,  
'His blood be on us,' through my spirit rolls  
In fearful echo from a nation's lips.  
Remember Zion! still for thee awaits  
A future teeming with triumphant sounds  
And shape of glory."

Like their own bush on Mount Horeb, Israel has continued in flames, but unconsumed. They are the aristocracy of Scripture, rest of their coronets, princes in degradation. A Babylonian, a Theban, a Spartan, an Athenian, a Roman, are names known in history only; their shadows alone haunt the world and flicker on its tablets. A Jew walks every street, dwells in every capital, traverses every exchange, and relieves the monotony of the nation of the earth. The race has inherited the heirloom of immortality, incapable of extinction or amalgamation. Like streamlets from a common head, and composed of waters of a peculiar nature, they have flowed along every stream, without blending with it, or partaking of its color or flavor, and traversed the surface of the globe, and the lapse of many centuries, peculiar, distinct, alone. The Jewish race, at this day, is, perhaps, the most striking seal of the truth of the Sacred Oracles. Their aggregate and individual character is as remarkable as their circumstances. Meanness the most overbearing—the degradation of Helots, and yet a conscious and manifested sense of the dignity of a royal priesthood,—crouching, cozening, squeezing, grasping,—on the exchange, in the shop, in the world, with nothing too low for them to pick up, and notwithstanding, in the synagogue, looking back along many thousand years to ancestry beside which that of our peer and princes is but of yesterday; regarding, justly, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as their great progenitors, and pressing

forward, on the wings of faith, and hope, and promise, to a long-expected day, when they, now kings and princes in disguise, shall become so indeed by a manifestation the most glorious, and in a dispensation the most sublime. The people are a perpetual miracle, a living echo of God's holy tones, prolonged from generation to generation.—*Frazier's Magazine.*

### Temperance.

#### GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Not many years since, a young married couple from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the vision of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it was red," and to taste of it "when it gives its colour in the cup." The charmer fastened round his victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell; and, at every step of his rapid degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heartstring broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts of the field would belittle. She pressed her way through the Bacchanal crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "Give me back my husband."

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed towards the prostrate wretch.—*That my husband!* What have you done to him? *That my husband!* What have you done to that noble form that once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? *That my husband!* With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? *That my husband!* What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? *That my husband!* What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to "look erect on heaven," and see in his mirror the image of his God?—What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of his heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give back the man that stood with me by the altar.

The ears of the rum-seller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened on our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows, and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem, or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening. "Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!"

But has the rum-seller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice with profound defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done, and could do, in this work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence.* I mean a license! a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. He confounded! Why, the whole artillery of civil power was ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the *Aegis* of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar, on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed, and unto Cæsar, too, his victims appealed, and appealed in vain.

#### Hints to Mechanics and Workmen.

If you would avoid the diseases your particular trades and work are liable to produce, attend to the following hints:

Keep, if possible, regular hours. Never suppose that you have done extra work, when you sit up till midnight, and do not rise till eight or nine in the morning.

Abstain from ardent spirits, cordials, and malt liquors. Let your drink be like that of Franklin when he was a printer—pure water.

Never use tobacco in any form. By chewing, smoking, or snuffing, you spend money which would help to clothe you, or would enable you, if single, to make a useful present to an

aged mother or a dependent sister; if you are married, to buy your wife a frock, or get boots for your children. You also, by any of these filthy practices, injure your health, bringing on headache, gnawing at the stomach, low spirits, trembling of the limbs, and, at times, sleeplessness.

Be particular in preserving your skin clean, by regular washing of your hands, face and mouth, before each meal, and your whole body at least once a week; and by combing and brushing your hair daily.

Always have fresh air in the room in which you work, but so that you will not be in a draft.

Take a short time in the morning, if possible, and always in the evening toward sundown, by standing erect, and exercising your chest and limbs by a walk where the air is purest.

If confined in doors, let your food consist in a large portion of bread and milk, and well-boiled vegetables. Meat and fish ought to be used sparingly, and only at dinner.—You are better without coffee, tea, or chocolate. If you use any of them, it ought not to be more than once a day.—*Journal of Health.*

#### Importance of Fresh Air.

Dr Criscom, lecturing in New York upon the importance of air, a fact of which builders do not seem to be sufficiently aware in the construction of houses, says the lungs can contain about twelve pints of air, though nine and a half pints is as much as is inhaled at a single inspiration. In ordinary and placid breathing we inhale about one pint at an inspiration; public singers, when they "take breath," as it is called, inhale from five to seven pints. Eighteen respirations take place in a minute; it takes, therefore, eighteen pints of air every minute; and fifty-seven hogsheads every twenty-four hours, to supply the lungs. Seventy-two pulsations occur in one minute, and 103,680 in twenty-four hours. The dark venous blood passed and repassed from the veins through the heart, to be purified into virginal-colored arterial blood, by contact with fresh air in the lungs, amounts to twenty-four hogsheads in twenty-four hours. It is then sent through the arteries to nourish the whole system, distributing its vitality, to be recovered again from fresh air in the lungs. From the construction of some of our public buildings, it would seem that the builders thought that pints of air were sufficient in place of hogsheads.

#### Ants of the West Indies.

There are several families which chiefly attach themselves to particular plants, and seem to feed on the minute creatures which are found on the leaves and branches. Some swarm very much among the sugar-cane, and are said to be so far beneficial, as to defend that valuable plant from the destructive inroads of the rats; but others have been known to come down in such numbers from the woods and the mountains, as to do great injury.—This was the case in the island of Grenada, about 1777, when they descended from the hills in such numbers, that several parts of the country were literally covered by them. Neither fire nor water could stop their progress; for they were so swept onward by their living tide of numbers, as to extinguish the fires which were kindled to impede their course: and they so rushed into the streams of waters, that those which were drowned constituted a floating causeway for the great body of their invading army to pass over. Rats, mice, serpents, and every kind of reptiles were destroyed in their course; and at length they beset the growing canes, and rendered it necessary for the standing crop to be burned down—as the only apparent means of clearing them from the country. Their ravages, at last, were effectually checked, in the course of a kind providence, by the welcome fall of a succession of heavy rains.

This was an extraordinary case in the West India Islands; but along the northern shores of South America, from Surinam to Honduras, ants occasionally make similar incursions from the interior. There they are gladly hailed by the inhabitants, who throw open their houses for their free ingress; as on such visits they destroy rats, scorpions, cockroaches, serpents, and all other reptiles, and then retire from the coast.

The remarkable instincts of these minute creatures most wonderfully display the wisdom of God. We are accustomed to view him as soaring far beyond the flights of thought, when we contemplate his power in

the planetary world; but when we see him controuling the inconceivably small movements of animal life, by the unerring laws of instinct, we behold both his goodness and wisdom. Let us look at an ant's nest, and what wonders do we discover!—its formation—the busy life it displays,—the division of labour, the order, the fixed laws, and activity with which the different classes of workmen carry on their operations, and the seeming forethought, design, and intelligence which directs all their movements.

#### RAILROADS.

In Massachusetts there are 32 finished railroads of an aggregate length of 1,047 miles, of which 217 miles are provided with a double track. The average of their dividends last year was 7 2-3 per cent, in 1847 it exceeded 8 per cent. The average speed of the passenger trains in Massachusetts has been 23.13 miles, and of the freight trains 12.35 miles per hour. In New York the average speed of the passenger trains has not exceeded 13 miles per hour, but is fast increasing.

In New York there are 982 miles of railroad average dividends 3 1/2 per cent. in 1848, showing these works in New York to be vastly less profitable than in Massachusetts. But the roads, many of them, are being relaid with good rail, and their profits will vastly increase.

In Vermont and New Hampshire there are about 500 miles of railroad finished and in progress.

In Connecticut there are 410 miles of railroad. The average dividend last year was only about 2 per cent.

The number of miles of finished railroad throughout the Union, is 6,500, and about as much more in progress, at an average cost of \$30,000 per mile.

In England there are 4,500 miles of railroad completed, at an average cost of \$150,000 per mile, all of it with a double track.—The gross receipts of the English railroads in 1848, were \$52,000,000; the nett income or dividend 4 1/2 per cent.

In England the average speed of the express trains is 45 miles per hour; this speed is the rule not the exception; some trains have been run at the rate of 65 and some more.

#### MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It has been ascertained that the true source of scorbutic disease, as it shows itself in our ships and prisons, is the want of potash in the blood; that salted meat contains little more than half the potash in fresh meats; and that, while an ounce of rice contains only five grains of potash, an ounce of potato contains 1,875 grains, which accounts for the great increase of the disease since the scarcity of the potato. In patients under this disease, the blood is found to be deficient in potash; and it has been ascertained by repeated experiments that whatever be the diet, such patients speedily recover if a few grains (from twelve to twenty) of some salt of potash be given daily. Limejuice is regularly ordered in the navy, as a specific for the disease, and the reason of its efficacy is not the acid, but the amount of potash, being 846 grains in an ounce. On these facts, it seems possible to found a slight, but very salutary improvement in the navy. Let a portion of tartrate of potash be ordered regularly to be mixed with the limejuice that is given out for use; and let arrangements be adopted for boiling the salt meat in steam. A large portion of the salt would thus be eliminated and the food made more wholesome.—A similar course might be adopted in work-houses and prisons. If so simple a remedy is in our hands, it is criminal to neglect it.

#### How to Split Paper.

Procure two rollers or cylinders of glass, or amber, rosin or metallic amalgam, strongly excite them by the well known means, so as to produce the attraction of cohesion, and then with pressure pass the paper between the rollers. One-half will adhere to the under roller and the other to the upper roller, and the split will be perfect.—Cease the excitation and remove each part.

The present population of the globe is estimated at 960,000,000. Of the whole number that have departed, about 18,000,000 have died unnatural deaths, such as 9,000,000 in war, 8,000,000 by famine and pestilence, 5,000,000 by martyrdom, and 580,000,000 by intoxicating liquor, while only 13,000,000 have died in a natural way.

Doubts are sponges to suck in knowledge.—*Bacon.*