POETRY.

HEAVEN.

Oh, Heaven is nearer than mortals think.
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No; Heaven is near us; the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the hovering angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of holy thought
To the thirsting soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.

I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage
To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And those smiling faces will greet us then,
Which on earth we have valued most.

CURIOUS RHYMES.

What is earth, sexton—A place to dig graves;
What is earth, rich man—A place to work slaves
What is earth, grey beard—A place to grow old;
What is earth, miser—A place to dig gold;
What is earth, school boy—A place for my play;
What is earth, maiden—A place to be gay;
What is earth, seamstress—A place where I weep
What is earth, sluggard—A good place to sleep;
What is earth, soldier—A good place for battle;
What is earth, herdsman—A place to raise cattle
What is earth, widow—A place of true sorrow;
What is earth, tradesman—I'll tell you tomorrow;
What is earth, sick man—'Tis nothing to me;
What is earth, sailor—My home is the sea;
What is earth, statesman—A place to win fame;
What is earth, author—I'll write there my name;
What is earth, monarch—For my realm it's giv'n
What is earth, christian—The gateway of heav'n

ROBERT HALL.

In a sketch of the celebrated Robert Hall, the late Mr. Jay gives the following:

"He was at the Tabernacle the first time I ever preached in Bristol, and when I was little more than seventeen. When I came down from the pulpit, as I passed him, he said, 'Sir, I like your sermon much better than your quotations.' I never knew him severe upon a preacher, however moderate his abilities, if, free from affectation, he spoke with simplicity, nor tried to rise above his level. But, as to others, nothing could be occasionally more witty and crushing than his remarks. One evening, in a rather crowded place (I was sitting by him) a minister was preaching very finely and flourishingly to little purpose, from the 'white horse,' and the 'red horse,' and the 'black horse,' and the 'pale horse,' in the Revelation. He sat very impatiently, and when the sermon closed, he pushed out towards the door, saying, 'Let me out of this horse-fair.

"I was once in the library at the academy, conversing with one of the students, who was speaking of his experience, and lamenting the hardness of his heart. Mr. Hall, as he was near, taking down a book from the shelf, hearing this, turned towards him and said, 'well, thy head is soft enough; that's a comfort.' I could not laugh at this; it grieved me; for the young man was modest, and humble, and diffident. He must have felt it severely! and I have no doubt but Mr. Hall's reflections smote him afterwards for his apparent harshness. We must not fling about arrows, and if any of them pierce, say it was sport. Should not only ill-nature, but wit or humour, expose us to this evil, we know the prayer, 'Set a watch, O Lord, upon my mouth; keep the door of my lips.'

"A minister, popular too, one day said to me, 'I wonder you think so highly of Mr. Hall's talents. I was some time ago traveling with him into Wales, and we had several disputes, and I more than once seon silenced him.' I concluded how the truth was, and some weeks after, when his name was mentioned, Mr. Hall asked me if I knew him. 'I lately travelled with him,' said he, 'and it was wonderful, sir how such a baggage of ignorance and confidence could have been squeezed into the vehicle. He disgusted and wearied me with his dogmatism and perverseness, till God was good enough to enable me to go to sleep."

THE FIRST MAN I KILLED.

A young English sailor, on the verge of the Black Sea, gives an account of a skirmish in which he was engaged with a party of Russians, one of whom he shot. It shows how dreadful is war, how opposed it is to the sensibilities of our nature. In writing home to his friends the generous young sailor said:

"We dispersed a few hundred yards' distance from the beach, to keep the coast clear while the boats' crews made prizes of the guns. The enemy had the advantage of the wood, and also knowing the country well, and a troop of them showed in advance. We were ordered to fire I took steady aim and fired on my man at about sixty yards. He fell like a stone. At the same time, a broadside from the——went in among the trees, and the enemy disappeared, we could scarce tell how. I felt as though I must go up to him, to see whether he was dead or alive.—He lay quite still and I was more afraid of him lying so, than when he stood facing me a few minutes before. It's a strange feeling to come over you all at once that you have killed a man. He had unbuttoned his jacket, and was pressing his hand over the front of his chest, where the wound was. He breathed hard, and the blood poured from the wound and also from his mouth every breath he took. His face was as white as death, and his eyes looked so big and bright as he turned them and started at me: I shall never forget it. He was a fine young fellow, not more than five-and- twenty. I went down on my knees beside him, and my breast felt so full, as though my own heart would burst. He had a real English face, and did not look like an enemy. What I felt I never can tell; but if my life would have saved his, I believe I should have given it. I laid his head on my knee, and he grasped hold of my hand, and tried to speak, but his voice was gone. I could not tell a word he said, and every time he tried to speak the blood poured, out so I knew it would soon be over. I am not ashamed to say that I was worse than he; for he never shed a tear, and I couldn't help it. His eyes were closing when a gun was fired from the——to order us aboard, and that roused him. He pointed to the beach, where the boat was just pushing off with the guns, which he had taken, and where our mariners were waiting to man the second boat, and then he pointed to the wood, where the enemy was concealed. Poor fellow! he little thought how I had shot him down. I was wondering how I could leave him to die and no one near him, when he had something like a convulsion for a moment, and then his face rolled over, and with a sigh he was gone. I trust the Almighty has received his soul. I laid his head gently down on the grass and left him. It seemed so strange when I looked at him for the last time. I some how thought of every thing I had heard about the Turks and Russians, and the rest of them; but all that seemed so far off, and the dead man so near."

A PUZZLED YANKEE.

The following extract of a letter from a Yankee correspondent of the Galveston News, is highly amusing:

Well, I put up with a first rate, good natured fellow, that I met at a billiard table. I went in and was introduced to his wife, a fine, fat woman—looked as though she lived on laffin, her face was so full of fun. After a while—after we'd talked about my girl, and about the garden, and about the weather, in come three or four children, laffin, and skippin, as merry as crickets.—There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine lookin' fellows, and I started for my saddle-bags, in which I put a lot of sugar candy for the children as I went along.

'Come here,' said I, 'you little rogue, come here and tell me what your name is,'

The oldest came to me and says: 'My name is Peter Smith."

'And what's your name, sir?'

'Bob Smith.'

The next said his name was Bill Smith, and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy, and old Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

'Why,' says I, 'Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly.'

'No,' said she, laffin,' I set a good deal on 'em, but we spoil 'em too much.'

'No, no,' says I 'they're prale well behaved children; and by gracious,' says I, pretended to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith. I never did see anything equal to it,' says I: your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and perfect picture of hair, sir,' tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs Smith would have died laffin' at that her arms fell down by her side, and she shook the whole house laffin.'"

'Do you think so, Col. Jones,' said she, looking towards Mr. Smith, and I thought she'd go off in a laffin fit.

'Yes,' says I, 'I do raily.'

'Ha, ha, haw! says Mr. Smith kind o' half laffin, 'you are too hard on me now with your jokes.'

'I ain't jokin at all' says I, they are handsom children, and do look wonderfully like you.'

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be blacks—every one of 'em! and their hair was as curly as the blackest per-on's! Mr. and Mrs Smith never had any children, and they sort of petted them niggers as playthings

I never felt as streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things. I could a got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in earnest. Though I was soft soaping 'em all the time, how to get over the scrape I didn't know. Mrs Smith laughed so hard when she saw how confused I was, that she almost suffocated.

A little afterwards, there was a whole family of relations arrived from the city, and turned the matter off; but the next morning I could see that Mr Smith did not like the remembrance of what I said and I don't believe he'll vote for me when the election comes. I 'spect Mrs Smith kept the old fellow under the joke for some time.

Ruins of the Alexandrian Library.—It is stated in the Daily News that Capt. Newenham an Admiralty agent on the Southampton station, who has just returned from Alexandria visited while there the ruins of Alexandrian, Library. A large mound in the Alexandria has been beleived for ages to mark the spot where once stood the famous library which was burned by the Caliph Omar. This mound is now in process of removal. Splendid houses are to be built on its site. While Capt. Newenham was there, an immense stone of blue gran to was dug out, which weighed several tons and is covered work; bearing evident marks of having been fused together by intense heat. The Captain learnt in Egypt that the French savant who discovered the burned city of Soccarah, beyond Grand Cairo, was packing up an immense number of treasures for transportation to France.

The celebrated preacher Rowland Hill, was very fond of mending old clocks. Once at a friend's he had retired, as the company supposed before preaching, to consider his sermon; but on the host's entering the room to inform him that the time had arrived for going to the place of worship, he found him with an old clock all to pieces on the table. Mr. Hill said to him:

"I have been mending your clock, and I will finish it to morrow."

He preached with more than usual ease and fervor, and drew several beautiful images from the occupation in which his friend to his surprise, had found him engaged.

He rode a great deal, and by exercise preserved vigorous health. On one occasion, when asked by a medical friend what physician and apothecary he employed, to be always so well, he replied:

"My physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary an *ass!*"

A constable, who had lately been inducted into office, was in attendance on the Court, and was ordered by the Judge to "call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell."

He immediately began at the top of his voice,

"John Bell and Elizabeth Bell—*John Bell and Elizabeth Bell*—JOHN BELL AND ELIZABETH BELL."

"One at a time," said the Judge.

"One at a time—*one at a time*—ONE AT A TIME!" shouted the constable.

"Now you have done it!" exclaimed the Judge, out of patience.

"Now you've done it—*now you've done it*—NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!" yelled the constable.

There was no standing this. The court, bar and by standers broke out into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished constable.

The Harpers' New Fire Proof Buildings'—A Correspondent of the Traveler, gives an account of the extent and structure of the new buildings of the Harpers, establishment, as follows:

Harper's new buildings are nearly finished, and will be one of the "elephants" of this great city. These gentlemen lost, it is said, $600,000 by the fire which destroyed their former establishment and they determined to profit by their experience and consequently decided that their new structure should be fire proof. The buildings now nearly finished have a front of about 200 feet on Pearl, and the same on Cliff streets, and are already partly occupied. They are six stories high, and not a particle of wood has been used in their construction; even the window sashes are cast iron. A novel feature is the use of wrought iron beams throughout. These beams are to led something after the manner of railroad iron of the T. pattern, and are placed about three feet apart between which brick arches of four inches rise are constructed, over which a floor is made of cement, and when completed, nothing can be more durable or substantial. These iron beams are made by Messrs. Cooper & Hewitt, the patentees, at Trenton, N. J., who, I understand, have large orders from the United States Government. Messrs. Duncan, Sherman & Co., are using them in the the construction of their new banking house, and it is said the saving in insurance on stores would in a few years pay the extra cost over wood, and they will, no doubt, come into general use for public buildings, stores, factories, &c. *Presbyterian*

Making Brides.—A traveller in Germany says: "The Germans, by the way, have a queer way of making 'brides,' and of doing some other things in the courting and marrying way which may interest you, perhaps. When a maiden is betrothed, she is called a 'bride,' and so continues till she becomes 'wife.' All the while she is engaged 'bride." The lovers, immediately upon the betrothal, exchange plain gold rings which are even worn afterwards till death parts them. The woman wears hers on the third finger on the left hand, and when she becomes 'wife,' her ring is transferred to the third finger of the right hand, and there it remains. The husband also wears his ring just as the wife wears hers, so that if you look upon a man's hand you can tell whether he is mortgaged or not. There is no cheating for him ever after—no coquetting with the girls, as if he were an unmarried man; for lo! the whole story is told by his finger ring. A married Viennese lady was much amused when I told her that in our country we only 'ring' the women, but let the husband run at large unmarked! "Oh, that is dreadful!" said she, more than half shocked, 'Think, there is Frederick, my husband—only twenty four—so young, so handsome—and all the girls would be taking him for an unmarried man, and be making love to him! Oh, it is dreadful, is it not? They would never know he was married. How could you do so in your country? I would not live there with Frederick for the world.'"

Jewish Method of Slaughtering Animals.—The following is from a paper read by A. K. Gardiner, M. D., before the New York Academy of Medicine, and published January, 1853:

"The usual method of slaughtering animals in this city is, first to stun the beast by a blow of an ax between the horns, then to cut the throat and suspend them by the hind legs to allow them to bleed to death. The Jew butchers do not prostrate the animal with the ax, but first suspend, and then cut the throat. This must be performed in a peculiar manner.

"It is necessary to have along knife, which must be free from rust, nick, or any imperfection of the cutting edge, one cut only being allowed. If more is required, or any formality neglected, the animal is deemed unfit for food for the Hebrew. After the animal is dead he is examined by the Jew butcher. This is done by cutting into the plural and abdominal cavities, running the hand in and feeling the lungs and liver.—Should these organs be found adherent to the sides, or should any hard lumps be felt in them the butcher places a leaden tag upon the animal inscribed with the Chaldaic word *tripha*, signifying improper or unfit. On the contrary, should these organs be found healthy and the operation of killing be otherwise correctly performed, the tag stamped *sosher*, proper or fit, is then placed upon the various portions of the animal. For the Hebrews it is only placed upon the fore quarters. From the difficulty of removing the blood-vessels, as required by their law, from the hind quarters, this portion is rarely eaten by the Hebrews, but the mark is placed upon them for the benefit of many Christians, who prefer the meat thus examined. The butcher is paid by the society in which he worships, an annual salary, and in addition, receives a small sum from the keeper of the slaughter-house for his services."

The leading English journals complain bitterly of the cost of the war. The London Times gives the totals expenses for twelve months at eighty millions of dollars. For the present year the expenditure will be still greater, unless peace shall be declared. The calculation is that at least one hundred millions would be necessary, and with the best view of the subject, at least fifty millions of dollars must be raised annually, so long as the war may last, either by an appeal to the money markot, or by doubling the rates upon the tax payers.

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