



The following lines are peculiarly sublime. Its nature is described in a manner so elegant. It conveys the sense to the reader's imagination almost as expressively as the words on the spot.—*Leicester West.*

THE STRANGER

Written in a desert Island in a Gale.
Hear the waves on Jekyll breaking,
Hearing, howling, beat the shore;
For the oak's grey locks are shaking,
Hear the steady north-east roar.
Now the Moon, from clouds emerging
Sheds a pale and transient beam,
Where the waves, round Jekyll singing,
Reflect the camp fire's lonely gleam.
See the stranger, faint and weary,
Rest him here from toil and care;
Sleeps he in a place so dreary?
Sleeps he in the open air!
Sound he sleeps, the sand his pillow,
Secure he rests him any where;
Tho' reposing on the billow,
In the strife of nature's war.
Tho' round his head, the lightning's flash,
And deepning thunders lengthning roars,
Tho' at his feet the riv'd oak crash,
And the tall pine tree screech the shore.
In vain shall countless perils face him,
In vain shall dangers arm bebar'd,
Perils—dangers vain must chase him,
For a potent spell's his guard.
On his head's a father's blessing,
On his cheek, a mother's tear,
When last careless in again caressing,
Pure affection drops its care.
Tho' the mid waste be dreary,
Tho' the Moon's pale light be gone;
Yet the stranger's soul is cheery,
Yet he rests him here till morn.
See the sleeping Stranger smiling,
See the tear drop gathering there;
'Tis a dream of home, beguiling,
Him from sorrow and from care.

FLORIO.



MISCELLANY.

"Omnes unigue flosculos, carpatum atque delibemus."

A SERMON.

"WHOSE FINDER A WIFE FINDER A GOOD THING."
So said Solomon, the Prince of gallantry;
and Solomon ought to know. The soft moments spent by the Jewish Monarch in conjugal endearments and sweetest dalliance with the enchanting fair, bore testimony, no doubt, to the truth of his assertion; and, when surrounded with his numerous wives, he had good right to conclude, that he was in possession not only of one good thing, but of three hundred.

The age of profligacy is happily past; and on the threshold of domestic felicity, rendered doubly pleasing by the fascinating smile of her we love, have the deep drawn prejudices and superficial maxims of barbarous oriental nations been sacrificed, and the shrine of exclusive individual affection, erected on the ruins of divided friendship. For myself, I have no hesitation in declaring, that, in my opinion, one wife, particularly a modern one, is amply sufficient for one husband; or in other words, one good thing at a time is enough to answer all the purposes of human life.

In discussing my subject, I shall divide it into two general heads, and proceed by way of enquiry, to ascertain—First, what is a wife?—Secondly, in what sense she can be considered a good thing?—And lastly, shall wind up the interesting subject, by a brief improvement of the whole.

First—What is a wife? And here, to prevent the cavils of a sensorious and malignant world, it may be necessary for the preacher, to hit a truth, which the midnight curtain-lectures of many a hopeless Benedict, if they could be obtained, would confirm, beyond the possibility of doubt, viz.—that wives, as well as other sublunary things, very naturally divide themselves into two permanent classes—the good & the bad—or the fretful and unprofitful. But as Solomon meant to include only the better class, I shall take it for granted there was a slight omission in my text, and presume that the idea which he intended to communicate, was that a good wife was a good thing in a family, and treat the matter accordingly.

A good wife is a being selected by a benign Providence, to scatter the roses of contentment and strew the dark and serpentine paths of life with the choicest, the most fadeless flowers; and is truly the "last, best gift of God to man." Formed to charm, to allure and fascinate the whole soul of an affectionate husband, she can, at any time, transfuse a portion of her own spirit into his, & by the powerful magic of a smile change in a moment the bitter draughts of his existence, to streams of the most delicious nectar. It is a selfish race, unkind—and does the fickle goddess, Fortune, from disdainfully on his wretched prospects? He retires sullenly in the empty bustle of mankind, and fondly pressing his aching head on her snowy bosom, he presses his ferid lips to hers, generously glowing with hope and love, and drinks a long

oblivion to his wrongs and injuries. This brings me to my second proposition, viz.—In what sense she can be considered a good thing?

I have already, in some measure, anticipated an answer to this question, in the preceding section of my sermon, because the two points were very nearly, not to say inseparably, connected together.

A good wife may be considered a good thing; nay, the very best of things, when she fills up the measure of her domestic duties, and presides with pleasure over the concerns of a thriving family. She is the centre of that powerfully attractive system, in which involve, with uniform motion, all the bewitching graces, all the homeborn delights of refined and tranquil love. She gives a new charm, and adds an exquisite delight to all the blandishments of social life. Solitude is a stranger where she dwells; and melancholy pausing over his mournful story, dares not approach her consecrated mansion. Here is the silver wand which chases away the demon of sorrow, and restores the sunshine of her soul. In her right hand she holds health, happiness, and dawning honours; and in her left an inverted mirror, reflecting the loveliest objects in creation. I come now to the

IMPROVEMENT.

Stranger! whoever thou art, who standest alone amid the storms of the world, labour incessantly, and with all thy might, to obtain that good thing mentioned in my text: A little wooing will answer the purpose, and procure thee a jewel of inestimable value. Does thy heart pant for glory, and the brow stern with the victories of battle, or desire the blood-stained laurels of the conqueror? Banish the puerile dream, and let sober reason chase the delusive vision from thy soul. A wife will soften the asperity of thy temper, and smooth thy brow, clouded with sadness. She will kindly watch over thy bed of sickness, and whisper in softest accents, the language of consolation to thy drooping heart. She will form thy mind to generous exertions, and make thee nobly emulous of real greatness; and when the last, faint flashes of life's expiring lamp, have quivered out their little moment, her tears will moisten the clay-cold form; and her prayers, ascending for thy final happiness, will gently waft thy disembodied spirit to the gardens of the Paradise of God.

ACCOUNT OF THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

Translated from a Latin letter, written by Father Storpe, a German missionary.
The most celebrated of the caravans is that which goes every year from Damascus, or Aleppo, to the tomb of Mahomet. It generally sets forward in July, about which time shoals of Pilgrims arrive from Persia, the Mogul's territories, Tartary, and from all other countries where Mahometanism is professed.

Some days before the caravan sets out, the pilgrims make a general procession, called the procession of Mahomet, in order, as they say, to obtain a happy journey, through the prophet's intercession. Those most distinguished by birth or riches, appear in the finest habits, mounted on horses sumptuously caparisoned, and followed by slaves, leading horses and camels, covered with costly ornaments.

The pilgrims, called "the issue of the race of Mahomet," begin the march clothed in long robes, with green bonnets on their heads; they walk four in a rank, and are followed by several musicians, after which come the camels, with two kettle drums in their front, and many trumpets, the noise of which inspires these creatures with a kind of fierce air.

Next to these come on horseback the other pilgrims, six in rank, followed by carriages full of children, which their parents intend to present to the prophet. These are surrounded with crowds of singers, who, at the same time, use a thousand extravagant gestures.

Then succeeded two hundred cavaliers, clothed in bear skins. They have the management of small pieces of cannon mounted on their carriages, which they discharge every hour. These cannon are escorted by another company, who wear tigers skins, in the form of cuirasses. Their long muskets, tartar bonnets, and huge scymetars, give them a warlike appearance.

Before the Mufti, walk four hundred men clothed in green, with yellow mitres on their heads. He is accompanied by the doctors of the law, and an abundance of singers. Mahomet's standard is carried immediately behind him, made of green satin, embroidered with gold. It is guarded by twelve horsemen in coats of mail, with silver maces in their hands, accompanied with trumpets, and men who strive continually in concert on plates of silver.

Next follows the pavilion to be presented before the tomb of Mahomet, borne by three camels, adorned with green feathers and plates of silver. It is of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and set with jewels of all colours.

Lastly, the Bashaw of Jerusalem, preceded by drums, trumpets, and other instruments, brings up the rear.

The procession being ended, every pilgrim thinks of nothing but his departure for Mecca; which city is the Arabic Felix, on the river Euphrates, two or three days journey from the Red Sea. In their progress they pray frequently every day, always with their faces turned to that city, on which they bestow the epithet of magnificent. The Grand Mosque is in the middle of the

city, they pretend it is situated on the very spot on which Abraham built his first dwelling house. They call it "the square house," believing from tradition that the patriarch's mansion was of that figure. Near it is a kind of chapel, which incloses a well much celebrated throughout the East. They say that the water of that well flows from a spring which God discovered to Agat and Ismael, when being expelled by Abraham from his house, they were forced to retire into Arabia.

Mahomet took the advantage of this well to render the city of his nativity respected by all his followers. He declared that the water of it had the virtue not only of curing all bodily diseases, but also of purifying souls stained with the blackest crimes.

His resentment against his fellow-citizens of Mecca, who were for banishing him from the place of his nativity, inspired him with a resolution of being revenged upon them. He declared that Medina should be his city, and the seat of empire for him and his successors. He ordered that his sepulchre should be built there, and accordingly his coffin rests in the great mosque called Kiabi. It is surrounded by a kind of tower, being supported by three marble pillars, and covered with a pavilion of the richest stuff, embroidered with gold, and surrounded with a multitude of lamps continually burning. The walls of this tower are covered with plates of silver.

To this tomb the caravans come to pay their homage. That which brings the presents from the Grand Seigneur, no sooner arrives, than the dervises who have the care of the mosque appear to receive them. The pilgrims make the whole edifice resound their shouts of joy, and songs in honour of their prophet; after which there is nothing but feasting and open rejoicing, till the departure of the caravan.

The day of departing the pilgrims assemble again, and set out, singing some verses of the Alcoran with a loud voice. Every one thinks it an honour to supply them with provisions for the whole journey. And they are sure upon their return to meet the congratulations of all the towns from whence they set out. They are honoured every where, and from that time they begin to enter into the possession of all privileges which their religion grants to those who go to visit the prophet's tomb. Their pilgrimage screens them from all pursuits on former delinquencies, and if criminals, render them perfectly guiltless.

Not only the pilgrims enjoy such singular privileges, but also the camels which have had the honour to bear presents to Mecca and Medina, are not to be treated afterwards like common animals; they are considered as consecrated to Mahomet, which exempts them from all labour and service. They have cottages built for their abodes, where they live at ease, are well fed and taken care of.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

One night last week a young man by the name of Isaac chandler, residing in Fryeburg, district of Maine, got up in his sleep, went about half a mile to a neighbor's barn, procured a cord and a bundle of hay and carried them into the woods at a considerable distance from the house. He then ascended a maple tree with the cord & hay. After reaching the height of 20 feet, he placed the hay in the crotch of the tree, ascended about six feet higher, tied the cord to a limb and then fastened it round his ankles, after which he swang off head foremost, so that his head touched the top of the hay. In this horrid situation he awoke, and with his cries, roused the nearest neighbour's, who directed their course to the place from whence the noise proceeded. It was about break of day when they arrived. They there to their astonishment found the young man in the situation described, suspended by the heels 34 feet in the air. A number of attempts were made to climb the tree in order to extricate him, but it being large without many limbs near the bottom, and the bark smooth, they proved ineffectual. and he after becoming composed enough to relieve his situation, recovered his former posture on the limb from which he made his descent, loosened the cord, and came down very much to the satisfaction of himself and friends—Since the above took place he has been confined to his house, in consequence of the lameness occasioned by the great exertions he must have made, in accomplishing so curious a midnight enterprise. There are more than twenty who can attest to the foregoing relation as being strictly true.

An epigram on the late King of Prussia; and a receipt by Voltaire.

"KING, author, philosopher, poet, musician, Freemason, economist, bard, politician. How had Europe rejoic'd if a Christian he'd been! If a man, how he then had enraptur'd his queen!"

The above was many years ago handed about Berlin, and shewn to the King, who, with the spirit of Lord Mansfield, deemed it a libel, because it was true; but instead of filing an information, and using the tedious methods practised in this country, he took a summary way of punishing the author, who he knew from internal evidence must be Voltaire, at that time resident in Berlin.

He sent his sergeant at arms (one of the tall regiment) not with a mace and a scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the reformation of such foot soldiers as commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian soldier went to the poet, and told him he came by his Majesty's special com-

mand, to reward him for an epigram he had asked for. The poor philosopher's remonstrance was vain; and after submitting with the best grace he could, crossed the sea, and made the farewell compliment to his country visitor; who did not offer to bid him adieu, with the most Germanic ceremony that ceremony was not yet concluded; when the monarch he had the honour to be acquainted with, convinced that his commission was actually fulfilled, on which occasion he wrote a receipt. This was also submitted to the King in manner and form, &c.

"Received from the right hand of Casimir Bachofner, thirty lashes on my naked back, in full for an epigram on Frederic the King of Prussia.—I say, received by me, T. A. S. Five to do."

This anecdote was not known till after Voltaire's death: when Frederic, in a moment produced the receipt to his favourite courtiers.

THEATRE ROYAL, Daymarket.—On the 17th May the play of Venice Preserved was acted at this theatre, and Mrs. Siddons, for the first time represented the unfortunate Belvidere. Her delineation of this arduous character is too well known to need any encomiums.—Cooke was particularly happy in his representation of Pierre—his recitation of the following passage produced an electric effect upon the audience—

Pierre—Yet for all this I am a villain.
Jaffier—A villain!
Pierre—Yes, and a most notorious villain. To see the sufferings of my fellow creatures, And own myself a man—to see our senators Cheat the deluded people with a show Of liberty, which yet they never must taste of. For upwards of ten minutes the applause was enthusiastic, and there was not an individual in the audience, who did not seem to enter fully into the indignation of the wronged Venetian.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR LOVE.—Take eight ounces of consideration, half the quantity of indifference, ten grains of ingratitude, six scruples of patience, a small sprig of rue, two handfuls of employment, four months absence, mix them together with the constant conversation of a rival. To these add as much discretion as nature hath allotted you; boil them together without intermission till a third part be consumed; cool them with a few sighs, and spread over all the thoughts of your lover's imperfections, and apply the plaster warm to your heart. Be sure you do not take it off till it comes off of itself. If this fails, your case is desperate.

THE SENSIBLE FOOL.

Alphonso, king of Naples, had in his court a fool, who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his household, sent him to the Levant to buy horses with ten thousand ducats; this the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly.—Some time after, the king called for the book, and found at last his own name, with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king being somewhat moved, asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says the jester, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never like to see again. But if he does come again, says the king and bring me the horses, what folly is that in me? Why if ever he does come again, replied the fool, I'll blot out your name, and put in his.

A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay.—The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack?—"that is of no consequence," replied the peasant, "you may set it down a waggon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon."

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, APRIL 23.

FOR THE SNOWBALL.

Breach of Promise of Marriage.

Mr. Serjeant Corke stated this case to have been tried at the last York Assizes. He now moved that the verdict, which was for the Plaintiff, should be set aside, and a new trial granted. He said, that the witness who proved the breach of promise, proved herself to be a sly old fox, for she placed herself in an adjoining room to that in which were the Plaintiff and her daughter, only separated by a slight partition, where she caught the wind throughout the whole of the amour the Defendant had been very cold, and the Plaintiff and her mother had endeavoured to melt the very heart of a Snowball. A variety of letters had passed between the parties, which he would, however, read part of one, in order to shew that the Lady was warmer than his client. It complimented Mr. Snowball, upon his gentlemanly appearance, his mild expressions, his gentle nature, and that with the innocence of a lamb, he was never known to be in a passion. Thus, continued the Learned Counsel, they strove to warm the Snowball, when finding it impossible, a quarrel ensued, and Mr. Snowball became colder than ever. At length, the lady became very angry, and told him, he should never have either her money or her person, which the Learned Serjeant contended, was a release, and that a wrong verdict had been entered, but that at least, on the score of excessive damages, 5000 having been given, he hoped what he prayed would be allowed.

Lord Ellenborough.—"Take a rule to shew cause."